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UELLA PARSONS REPORTS: DEBBIE & EDDIE'S HONEYMOON!

modern screen

DELL

modern screen's
25th
anniversary issue
ANNOUNCING
YOUR
955 AWARD
NNERS!

JAN 28 1956

Debbie Reynolds

Canned
FISH-MEATS

If it weren't for brand names

You'd have to be a doctor to buy the right baby food

You're fussier about a baby than about anybody else in the family.

You shield him from drafts, boil his dishes, measure his meals by ounces.

Yet you don't hesitate to let strangers fix his food! You buy it in cans or jars at your grocer's. And you know you're *right.*

How can you be so sure? In fact—how can you be sure about anything you buy? Isn't it because you've learned the basic rule of safe and sound buying:

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No matter what kind of a product you want to buy, you know you can trust a good brand. You know the company stands back of it because its reputation is at stake. And so—you know you are right.

The more good brands you know, the better you buy. Get to know them in this magazine. You'll cut buying mistakes—get more for your shopping dollar.

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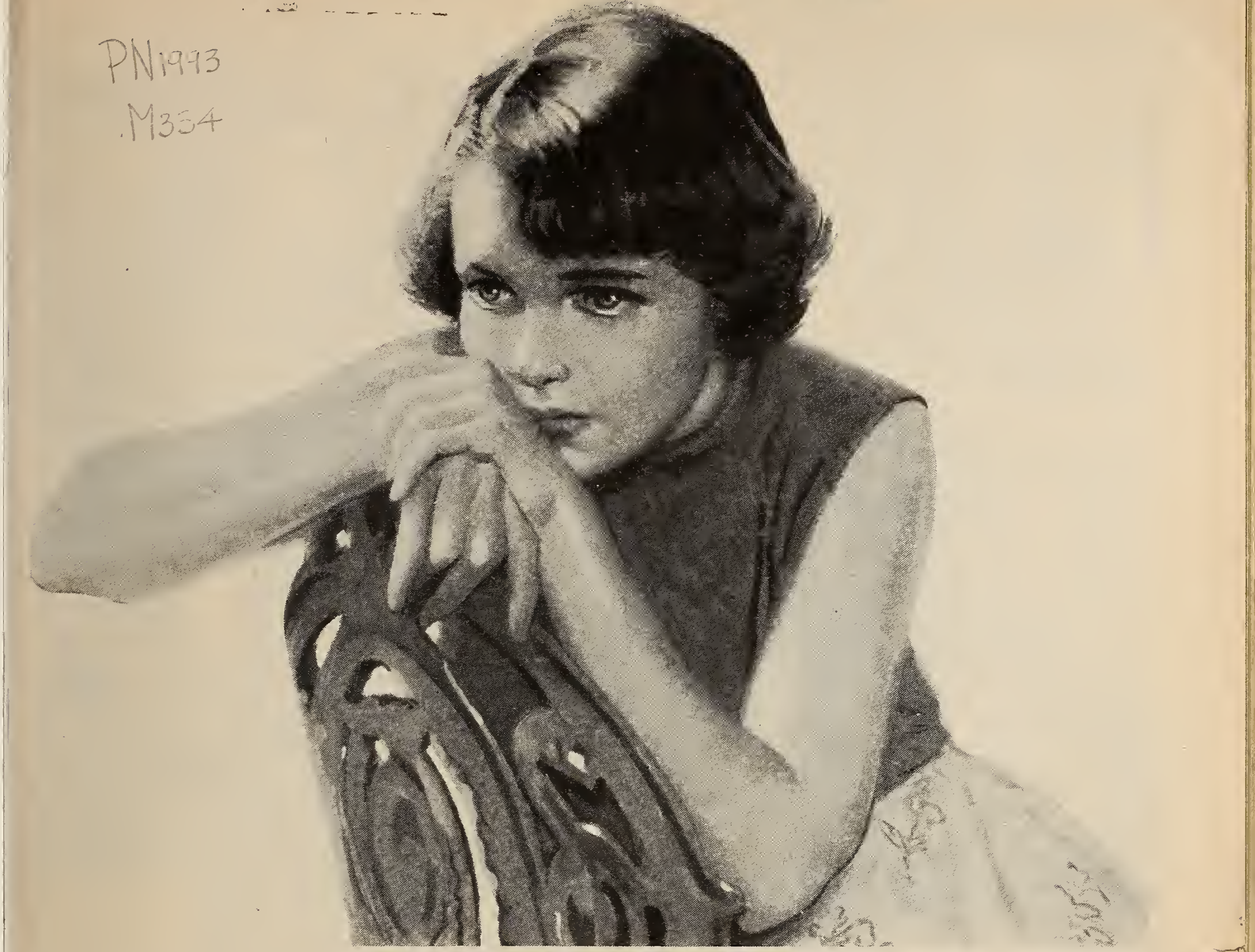

"I'd give anything to belong"...

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls . . . just as nicely dressed, too . . . and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath* (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

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January, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds by John Engstead. Debbie can currently be seen in MGM's *The Tender Trap*. Other photographers' credits on page 65.

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. For whom is Gene Tierney carrying a torch? —F.L., N.Y.C.

A. *Aly Khan.*

Q. Sophia Loren, one of Italy's biggest stars, doesn't have an Italian name. How come? —E.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Sophia's real name is Sofia Sciccolone.*

Q. Is it true that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh plan to make movies together? D.J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *They have formed their own independent production company, Curtleigh Corporation.*

Q. In the Martin and Lewis reconciliation, who made the first move? —G.Y., TROY, N.Y.

A. *Lewis.*

Q. Isn't Ava Gardner secretly in love with a flamenco dancer in Madrid? —V.E., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *They are powerfully attracted to each other.*

Q. Did Betty Hutton do her own trapeze stunts in The Greatest Show on Earth? —E.D., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Miss Hutton's most difficult stunts were performed by Jacqueline Rainet.*

Q. Is it true that Clark Gable has refused to lend his first wife any money? —L.Y., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. *No; Gable recently paid off the mortgage on Josephine Dillon's house.*

Q. Can you tell the true story about Robert Mitchum's friendship with Swedish star Ingrid Tulean? —A.L., PARIS, FRANCE

A. *They played in* Foreign Intrigue *together; had nothing to do with each other after hours.*

Q. Is George Nader part English? —D.Y., MONTREAL, CANADA

A. *One-fourth.*

Q. What is Ingrid Bergman's true age? —S.L., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Forty.*

Q. Can you tell me when Marilyn Monroe was born and the extent of her formal education?—L.R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *She was born on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles; attended Van Nuys High School for one year.*

Q. Who in Hollywood can draw a gun fastest—Gary Cooper or John Wayne or who? —H.T., CODY, WYO.

A. *John Derek.*

Q. Is it true that Melinda Wayne, John Wayne's daughter, and Charles Dailey, Dan Dailey's son, are having a big romance? —H.E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *No; they just happened to spend some of their vacation together in Rome.*

Q. Have the Henry Fondas separated? Is this his third or fourth marriage? —L.T., SEABRIGHT, N.J.

A. *They've separated. Fonda has been married three times.*

Q. Did Grace Kelly ever give Clark Gable a burro for his birthday? —S.L., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. *On his 52nd birthday.*

Q. I've been told that Jane Wyman and Esther Williams are near-sighted and wear glasses all the time. True or false? —N.U., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Both wear glasses when not working. Esther wears contact lenses on occasion.*

Q. The rumor is that no actor could be hired for War And Peace unless he was first approved by Mel Ferrer. How come Ferrer has gotten this sort of reputation? —S.L., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *Ferrer has antagonized newsmen who are willing to believe and report the worst about him.*

Q. Why hasn't Lena Horne made a movie in years? —G.K., ATLANTA, GA.

A. *Can't find a script.*

Q. What is the exact status of the friendship between Susan Hayward and Red Barry? —C.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *Neighborly.*

Q. Joan Collins and Sid Chaplin—when will they get married? —A.L., LONDON, ENG.

A. *They have quarreled seriously.*

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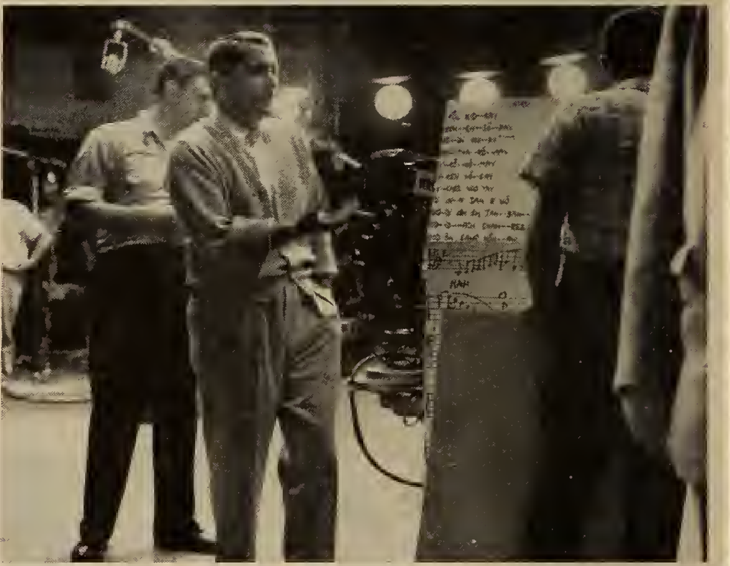
Produced by MILTON SPERLING · Directed by OTTO PREMINGER · Presented by WARNER BROS. MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN

TV TALK

New winter season hits full stride with Como and Gleason confusing the ratings boys and feud makers

Singer Como warms up with a song—"then I can be funny."



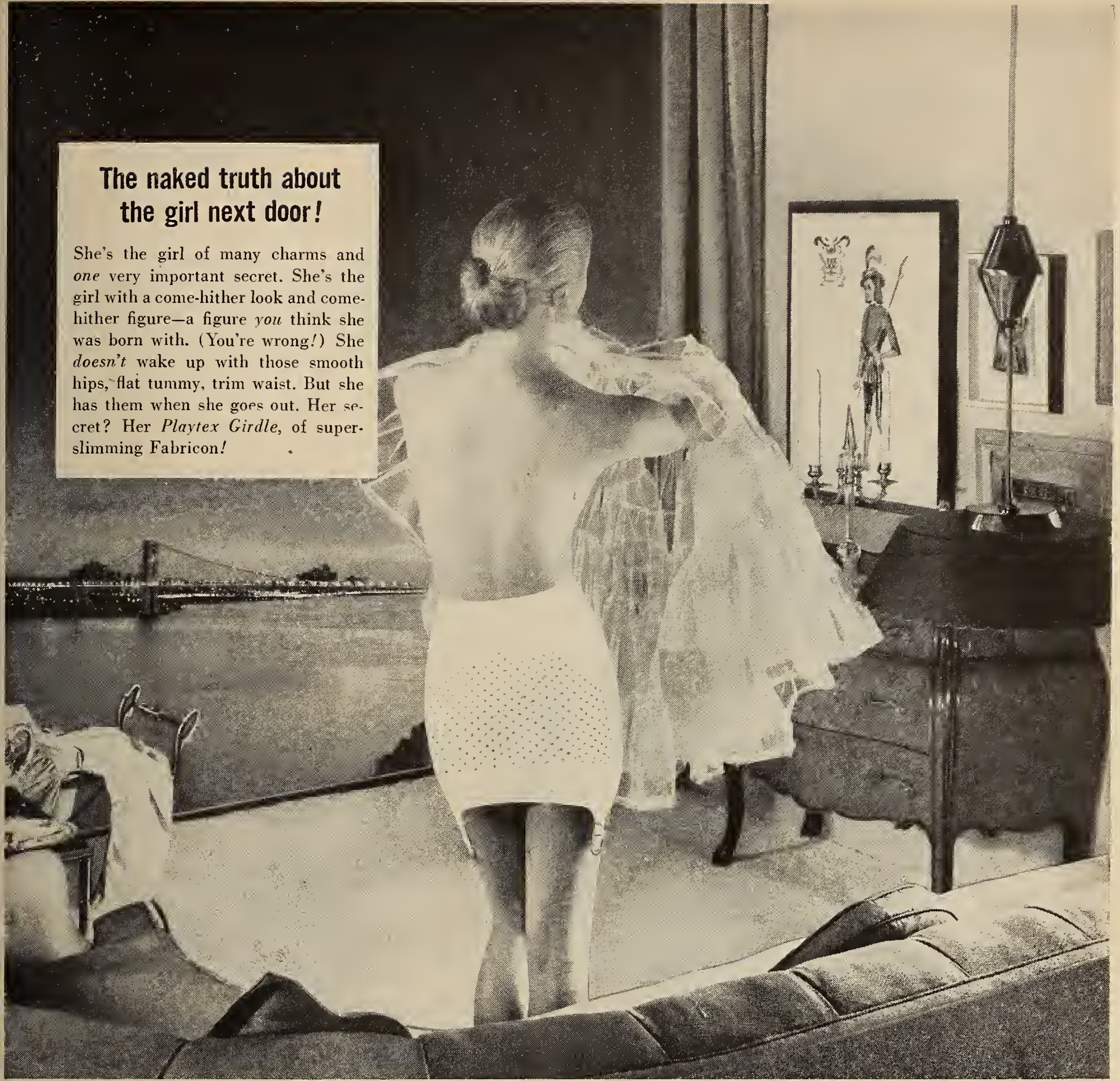
Executive Como follows through on production details.

Thinker Como goes over lines while sets are changed.

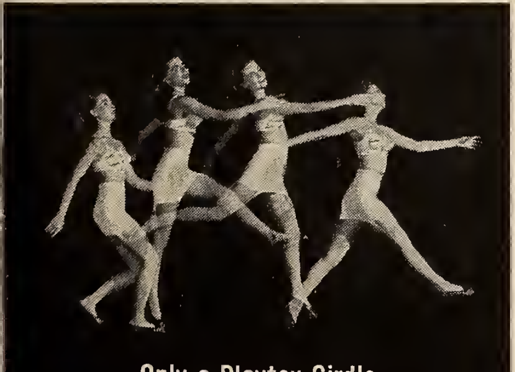
Perry Como is a changed man. Used to be, when he had to talk to strangers, about all he could manage was "Hello" and "Yes" and "No" and "Goodbye." Now, however, he has suddenly become a very articulate fellow. He can talk, and talk well, with the greatest of ease. In fact, he's gotten so good with words that he often uses his own instead of his writers' on his TV show. **Goodman Ace** and his assistants slave away polishing Perry's script down to the last adjective, and then Perry gets in front of the cameras and twists the script around. But—although Ace is a veteran writer and Como a former Mr. Shy Guy—Perry *improves* the show with his changes! . . . Incidentally, don't believe the rumors that there's a big off-screen rivalry between Como and **Jackie Gleason.** There certainly is hot competition between their two shows and their ratings, but the stars themselves are the best of old friends. Jackie was a little peeved at one time, but he called it off. He even wanted to show up on Perry's program and have Perry on his! You can imagine how that idea would have gone over with the brass at the two networks . . . As you know, everybody loves **Jimmy Durante,** and Durante is crazy about people. But sometimes his writers wish it wasn't true. Here's what happens week after week at rehearsals: All the people who can sneak away from their work for a few minutes—messengers, newsstand dealers, pages, parking-lot attendants—go to see Jimmy rehearse. Then, if they don't like a certain sketch, they tell Jimmy during a break. And he listens! He not only listens, he figures they're right—and the poor writers have to start a new sketch from scratch! . . . Some comedians, like **Jack Benny,** are as sedate as sedate can be in their private lives. Others, like **Red Buttons,** try to be comedians off stage, too—with varying degrees of success. **Phil Silvers** is one who is just as funny in a restaurant as he is when he's working. Phil enjoys being the life of the party just as much as he likes being the star of his show—and, believe us, he takes over when he walks in! He can also get pretty mad, and he's seething at his network. He figures he's got one of the funniest programs on the channels and deserves a better time spot for it. He isn't at all happy that viewers have to tune out **Milton Berle** or **Bob Hope** or **Martha Raye** right in the middle to get him—because too many people forget to do it. Incidentally, Phil is one of the few stars who hasn't forgotten the person who made his success possible. He gives full credit to columnist **Hy Gardner,** who caught him in a burlesque show years and years ago and kept raving away in his column until other people started hiring Phil . . . **Andy Griffith**—who became a TV star overnight when he did the video *No Time For Sergeants* and a big Broadway star the night he opened in the stage hit of the same name—is another man who owes his career to the undying faith of one person. In his case it's a record company executive who never gave up, even when some of (*Continued on page 21*)

The naked truth about the girl next door!

She's the girl of many charms and *one* very important secret. She's the girl with a come-hither look and come-hither figure—a figure *you* think she was born with. (You're wrong!) She *doesn't* wake up with those smooth hips, flat tummy, trim waist. But she has them when she goes out. Her secret? Her *Playtex Girdle,* of super-slimming Fabricon!



SCIENCE PUTS **STRENGTH** INTO SOFTNESS!



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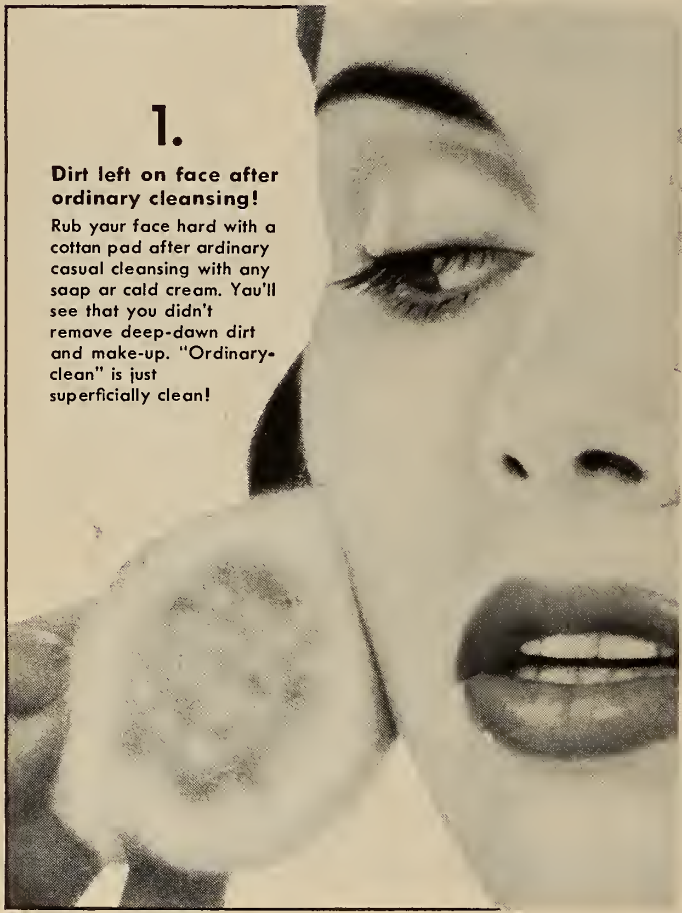
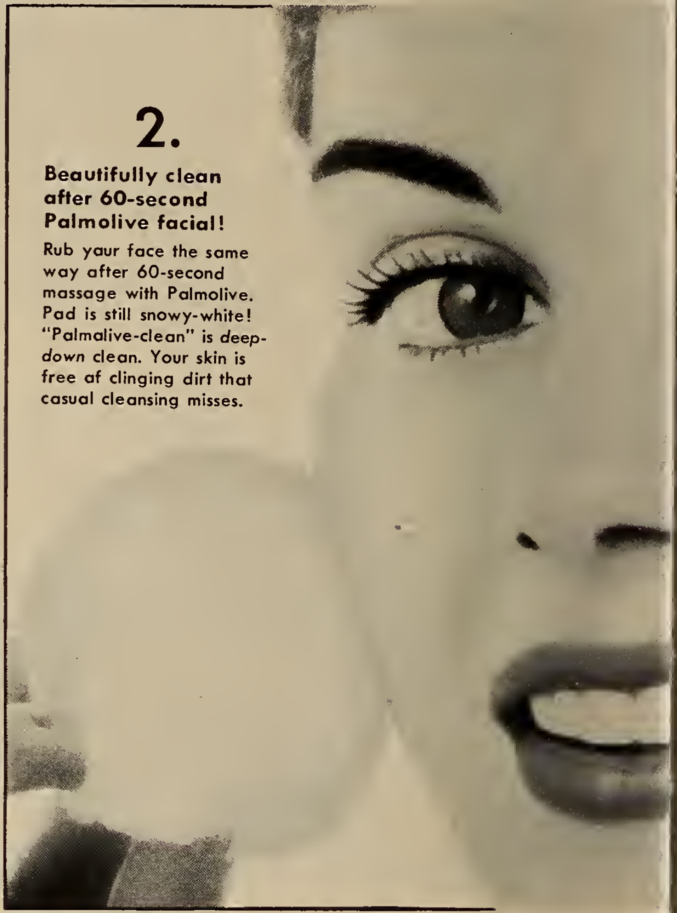
GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1.

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2.

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

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Mild and Gentle
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Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation.*

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

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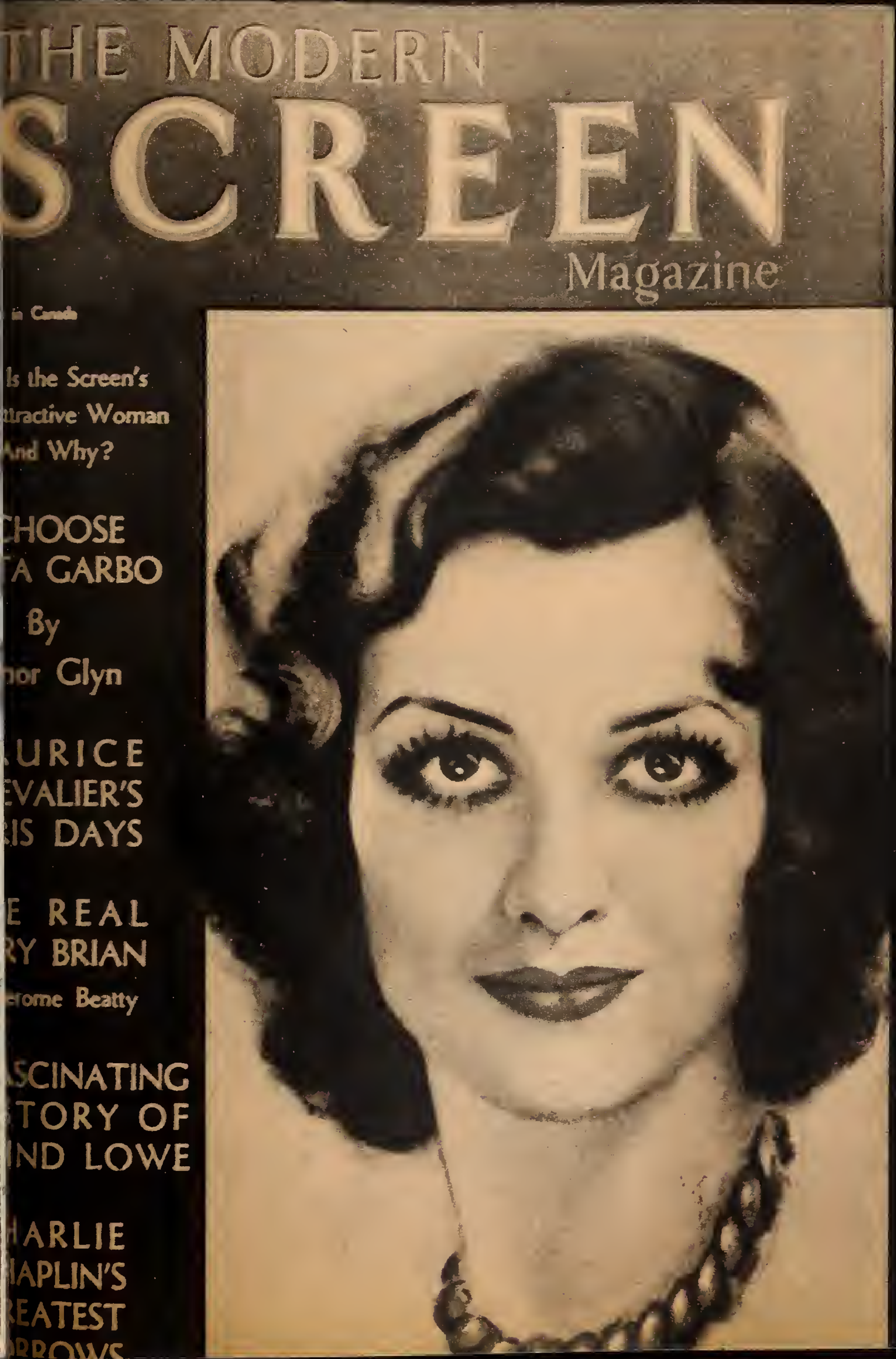
LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



THE MODERN
SCREEN
Magazine

in Canada

Is the Screen's
ttractive Woman
And Why?

CHOOSE
TA GARBO
By
nor Glyn

URICE
EVALIER'S
IS DAYS

E REAL
RY BRIAN
rome Beatty

SCINATING
TORY OF
ND LOWE

ARLIE
APLIN'S
EATEST
RROWS

Although I have written this department for MODERN SCREEN for only eleven years of its fine twenty-five-year history, I've been a reader for many years and familiar with its intimate style of reporting and analysis of Hollywood events.

I can't recall a more nostalgic afternoon than I recently spent in the Western Office of Modern Screen when, at the invitation of editor Chuck Saxon and west coast editor Carl Schroeder, I was turned loose to browse through twenty-five years of Modern Screen.

What a flood of memories came rushing back as the cover stories, the headline events, even a mere caption under a picture, recalled some funny or heartfelt or tragic moment of the past.

It's impossible to cover everything—but I'd like for you to share some of the memories which rang a particular bell with me.

Incidentally, the first cover, back in 1930, is reproduced exactly on this page. Then, as now, lovely Joan Crawford was queen.

IN THIS SECTION

25th Anniversary
Good News
Letter Box

Author Elinor Glyn coined IT, Clara Bow (left) demonstrates the fabled Hollywood Look.

Loretta Young and sister Sally Blane are Wampus Baby Stars but sister Polly Ann loses out.

Dietrich wears pants, juggles husband and director Sternberg (rear) plus daughter Maria Riva.

■ Lillian Roth advises "live and be merry" . . . "Jim Cagney's had just one love in his life" (Still true!) . . . Helen Hayes has her "act of God" baby, later a tragic victim of polio . . . "Is Katharine Hepburn pulling a Garbo?" . . . "Hollywood's Newest Rebel: Franchot Tone" (later to marry Crawford) . . . "Can Paulette Goddard beat the Chaplin Jinx?" (she didn't) . . . Hollywood goes on lambchop and pineapple diet . . . "Who will play Scarlett O'Hara?" and it kept them guessing for a year . . . "Martha Raye, Not Pretty, Booms Box Office . . . "If I Should Die Tomorrow" by Jean Harlow (this was a shock!) "Whom Will Ty Power Marry?" . . . "Jean Harlow Dies" . . . Jim Stewart: "I wouldn't mind marrying a girl who looks and acts like Margaret Sullavan . . ." "Keep your eye on upcoming Ray Milland . . ."

1930-1939

The 30's established Hollywood leg

MODERN SCREEN *invades Garbo's hideaway. The writer pleads for a story but Garbo shrieks "Gott" and speeds away. What I love about this is it could happen today.*

Rift rumors about Joan and Doug Jr. "which MODERN SCREEN *can no longer ignore."*

"Robert Montgomery threatens to b the screen's popular men." And n

ends and the talkies while flamboyant antics of the great stars shocked and entertained the public

Shirley Temple is congratulated on winning Oscar by Claudette Colbert who wins one herself.

"Will Bette Davis marry George Brent?" inquired M.S. She didn't.

Gable, Colbert win '34 Oscar for It Happened One Night. *Clark: "When I'm 40 what'll be left?"*

The Quints were on MODERN SCREEN *covers, made movies with "Doctor" Jean Hersholt.*

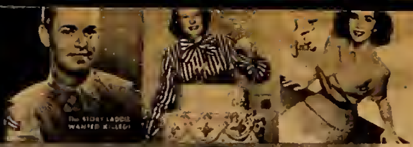
Don Ameche invents telephone as Alexander Graham Bell, lives to regret it.

Dixie Lee Crosby and family. Sue Carol Stuart names daughter Carol Lee for friend Dixie Lee.

Astaire and Rogers make dancing history with light-hearted musicals.

Mickey, Judy at Grauman's. "Judy switches to Freddie Bartholomew." Such cute kids!

Jean Harlow in Hell's Angels *was the most talked about star of the decade. Obviously!*



1940-1949

The 40's were war years. Holly-

Wearing his brand-new wedding band, Bill Holden leaves Brenda Marshall and tours the country selling bonds.

Lieutenant jg Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are, "happiest couple in town," but the Naval Air Corps keeps them apart most of the time.

And Ty Power and his wife Annabella (above) split. (I wrote, "Is Ty interested in Linda Christian?") He dated Lana.

Tragic love: Gable and his Carole Lombard. happy for so short a time.

(Now, here's a situation.) Rita Hayworth celebrates her birthday with husband Orson Welles, Errol Flynn and his wife, Nora Hayes (who later married Dick Haymes, who still later married Rita!).

Bob Walker, whose death shocked Hollywood, had so much promise.

Cary Grant marries the richest girl in the world, Barbara Hutton. (And they're still good friends.)

Lana Turner elopes with Artie Shaw! But immediately all is not well with their marriage.

June Haver's fiancé, Dr. Duzik, dies, June decides to become a nun.

Divorced from Artie and Steve Crane, Lana marries rich Bob Topping, "This time for keeps."

Mickey Rooney's new bride is a gorgeous, slightly awkward Carolina girl named Ava Gardner.

ood's men went off to fight and like all women, the glamour girls worked, waited for them to come home.

Ronald Reagan is in the Cavalry. Wife Jane Wyman says, "I live for Ron's leaves but how few!" She's in Johnny Belinda.

Despite competition from Ginger Rogers, Lucille Ball gets draftee Arnaz. (Remember those dresses with padded shoulders?)

And Shirley Temple marries her soldier boy. Her wedding to John Agar is the biggest ever in Hollywood—and the bride is just 17.

■ Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey adopt a baby boy. "Is she too beautiful to be happy?" (*What, again??*) "Meet the new Joan Crawford,"—serious, dedicated, no silly romances, (*and, by golly, we've been meeting* even new ones ever *since*) . . . Clark Gable IS retiring this year . . . Veronica Lake new sensation with her "peek-a-boo" locks! . . . James Stewart enlists in the Army . . . New comedy sensation: Abbott and Costello . . . Caption: Rita Hayworth and husband-manager Ed Judson so in love . . . Carole Lombard dies in flaming crash against Las Vegas mountain. "The world weeps with her devoted husband over the loss of this beautiful woman who gave her life to her country while on a bond selling tour." (And I cannot ever read of this terrible tragedy in the lives of all who loved her without a new tear coming to my eyes in memory of this wonderful friend) Bette Davis opens Hollywood Canteen . . . Betty Grable and George Raft end long romance . . . Keep your eye on this newcomer: June Allyson . . . Caption: "Frank Sinatra isn't expected to seek film career. Prefers stage and night clubs because of his squealing bobbysox fans." (Oh, yeah?) . . . WHOOPS! I write my first Good News Department for Modern Screen in the June issue and report: Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell Marry . . . Lana Turner and Steve Crane welcome a daughter . . . "Van Johnson looks for a wife" —Will it be Kay Williams, his favorite date? (It sure wasn't, as Keenan Wynn could say) . . . Bing Crosby wins Oscar for *Going My Way* . . . "Humphrey Bogart marries Lauren Bacall despite difference in ages" . . . Rita and Orson split . . . Norma Shearer finds protegée in Sun Valley, pretty girl named Janet Leigh . . . Shirley Temple a mother! Fans send 300 knitted booties to Linda Susan Agar . . . Roy and Dale married after "he had loved but never kissed her in 25 Westerns" . . . Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan introduced in Paris . . .

Famous sculptor Jo Davidson does a bust of Frank Sinatra, who's beginning to be called "The Voice." Teenagers faint in the aisles over this (back then!) happily married young singer.

And scared little June Allyson clutches Dick Powell's hand at their wedding.

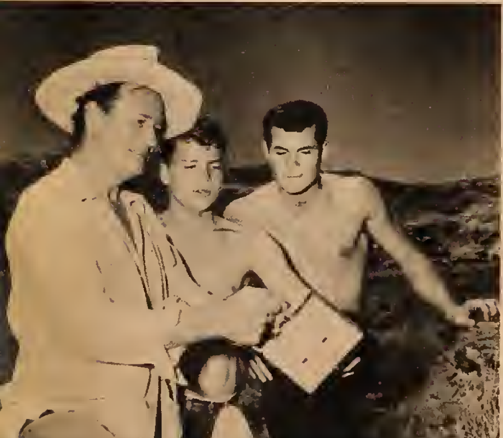
Despite parental objections, Jeanne Crain marries actor Paul Brinkman.

Ingrid Bergman, America's idol, leaves home to make a film for Roberto Rossellini.

■ "Vera-Ellen with new boy at U-I, Rock Hudson, attends Press Photographers Ball. All they wear are bathing suits and gilt and label themselves Mr. and Mrs. Oscar. They're a hot romance!" . . . Esther Williams welcomes first son . . . Clark Gable elopes with Lady Sylvia Ashley (and I spent my entire Christmas holiday writing stories about this marriage) . . . After failure with Wanda Hendrix, Audie Murphy tries with Pamela Archer . . . Jimmie Stewart and Gloria welcome twin daughters . . . Rocky Cooper says she and Gary are separated but not divorcing. (And she got him back by her waiting policy, good for her.) . . . Doris Day marries Marty Melcher . . . I ask for the first time, "What cooks with Mario Lanza?" . . . Jane Powell welcomes first baby . . . The divorced Shirley Temple marries Charles Black . . . Shelley Winters is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman . . . Dixie Crosby dies and the heart of the world goes out to the sorrowing Bing and the four boys . . . Gable dating Kelly . . . Susan Hayward's and Jess Barker's marriage dissolves in a mess of sad accusations and charges. So sad for twin sons . . . Everyone rejoices that Suzan Ball has won her battle with cancer and is on the road to happiness with Dick Long . . . After divorce from Geary Steffen and unhappy romance with Gene Nelson, Jane Powell may find happiness with Pat Nerney, Mona Freeman's ex. (And she has!) . . . Pier Angeli (Mrs. Vic Damone) almost loses expected baby in air mishap . . . Printed by a scandal magazine: "The Debbie-Eddie thing is all a publicity stunt engineered by Louella Parsons. They never had any idea of marriage."

Martin and Lewis split-ups make fans realize that Dean doesn't relish role of straight man.

Second generation Hollywood follows in star footsteps; Crosby boys do, too.



John Wayne's boy Pat wants to be an actor but son Mike isn't sure yet.

Marlon Brando hits Hollywood hard, inspires a new school of acting and dress, wins Oscar.

Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds dated steadily in '53 but Bob lost out to some other guy.

Phony romance between Shelley Winters and Farley Granger keeps both parties in headlines.

BET YOU CAN'T GUESS! *1. Which stars appeared on the most covers of* Modern Screen *over the 25 years? 2. Which stars had the most stories written about them during the past 25 years?* (answers on page 79)

The 50's saw restless stars meet and part, new talent born to reach great, and tragic, acting heights

Rossellinis find happiness abroad where Ingrid devotes herself to growing family and Italian films.

Tony and Janet surprise, and delight, fans with a quick wedding in Greenwich, Conn., in June '51.

Ann and Dr. Jim have the works, celebrate their courtly courtship with a very formal wedding.

Liz Taylor marries Mike Wilding in 1952 and they start a family. "Divinely happy," says divine Liz. She looks it.

Taylor marries ('50) Nick Hilton, loses ten pounds on honeymoon.

Ava and Frankie wed but Modern Screen *adds, "Friends are worried"*

Joe and Marilyn marry, part, reconcile. Joe wails, "I want her back!"

Dick and Rita apply for license to try their luck at wedded bliss.

Grace Kelly celebrates triumphal tour of Europe (after winning Oscar) with Jean-Pierre Aumont, was photographed at Paris theatre and—kissing his hand

Hollywood's all-time Queen

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This wasn't part of Miss Parsons' 25-year review—as she planned it. But no cavalcade of Hollywood's proud history would be complete without Louella Parsons who reigns as always, Hollywood's gracious First Lady. We hope you won't mind, Louella—we just had to sneak in this wonderful picture Wallace Seawell took of you—seated on the golden throne of Istanbul. It tells the whole story. We love you.*

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

■ Royalty expects. That long-legged old bird, the stork, is the big news in Hollywood this month with John "Duke" Wayne and his dark-eyed Pilar expecting in the spring.

John (who has four children by his first marriage to Josephine Saenz) and his wife, the beautiful Peruvian Pilar Pallette, hope for a boy. "At least, we have the name, Mark, picked out for a son," Pilar said. I was the first person, next to John of course, to whom she confided her secret.

"It hasn't been too easy to keep because of some of the printed gossip that we are having trouble. This came up when I didn't accompany John on his trip to Venezuela. The real reason I didn't go is that the doctor didn't want me to make such a long trip in the first months of my pregnancy.

"We laughed quietly to ourselves about the rumors, because we know how happy we are over our big secret."

Before we get away from the nursery chatter, Janie Powell and Pat Nerney are expecting, too, and plenty happy about it.

"It's the best news that has happened to me in a long time," said Jane, "I've been so upset about getting out of my MGM contract."

I told you several months ago that the little blonde singer was upset that the studio where she had been under contract for so many years wasn't keeping her busy. "I don't know why. My pictures have always made money," she mused.

Janie was five months along before she revealed the news about the baby, so she can't work much longer before her big date around St. Valentine's Day.

"But after that I'm concentrating on TV," she said. She should be wonderful on TV.

And, just wait and see. If she clicks big in this medium, all the studios will be beating a path to her door, including her alma mater, MGM. It always happens that way.

I can't express my sorrow over Mrs. Clark Gable's miscarriage. A virus infection put Kay to bed for a while, and it weakened her so that the baby was lost.

Poor Clark. He had been so happy that two hours after he learned Kay was pregnant he had called carpenters to start building a nursery—this in addition to the suite he had just had built on for Kay's kids.

This would have been his first child and it is so sad to remember how happily Kay told me that Clark had taken up cigar smoking in anticipation of passing them out and was making himself good and sick on the stogies. "He calls it morning sickness," she said, laughing, "which is more than I'm having." Get well soon, Kay—and try again.

Wow! Talk about the high price of buying the homes of movie stars, Jean Simmons and

Stewart Granger are asking $145,000 for their ultra-modern style house which has just one bedroom.

Their good pal, Frank Sinatra, was thinking about buying it until he heard that price.

INSIDE WHISPERS. John Derek told me there is no other woman involved in his troubles with his wife. Patti says there *is* someone else, "And I just hope he comes to his senses before it's too late to save our marriage," says his wife. . . .

Some medicos who have treated her are of the private opinion that much of Liz Taylor's illness is psychosomatic (physical pain induced mentally, to you). Each time, Elizabeth's ailments seem to break out in a new quarter—first her leg, then her back, then her stomach.

Some critics believe Joan Collins was pushed along too fast in the starring and highly dramatic role of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* and that Ray Milland, particularly, grew weary of the numerous and lengthy rehearsals with the British actress.

The real trouble between a singer and his wife, recently rifted, is his drinking, which used to be nightly and became afternoons and mornings, too. It's affecting his voice as well as his marriage. He's a very good guy at heart so here's hoping he puts a padlock on that big bar in his house before irreparable damage is done.

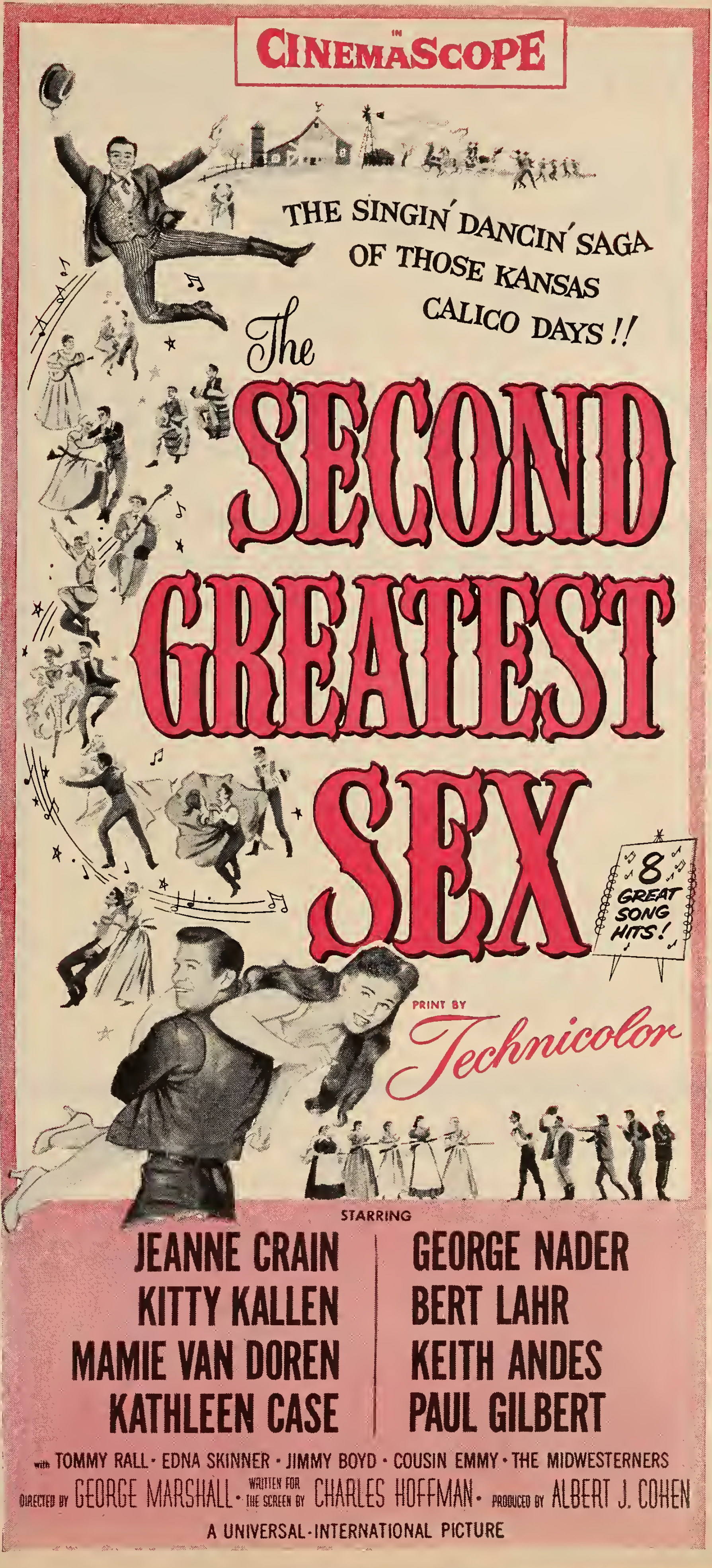
Liberace left no doubts in the minds of the press that a recent party held at his home was purely a "press party." He passed around envelopes labeled "Press Release" on the affair to the departing guests, many of whom departed unusually early.

Marie Wilson never lets Bob Fallon forget for a minute that he's a sweetheart as well

(Continued on page 79)

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Danton, otherwise known as lovely Julie Adams, are no stay-at-homes.

No one is prouder of Bill Campbell's hordes of new fans than his lovely wife Judith.



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By Perry Como, Jaye P. Morgan and Eddie Fisher

In this issue and the following two issues of Modern Screen *you can enter three separate contests, one-third of the prizes listed here to be given away each month to lucky contestants.*

FIRST CONTEST: *All you have to do is arrange the twelve Academy Award winning songs listed on the coupon in the order you rate them. The one you like best is marked "1", the next "2", and so forth up to 12.*

PRIZES *will be awarded to the listings that come closest to the final rankings tabulated from the total votes.*

RULES: *Mail your completed coupon to any one of the disc jockeys listed on the opposite page who is closest to your home. If there is a choice, send it to either one. Don't worry; all entries received by all the disc jockeys will count, just so they arrive on or before December 26, 1955.* Winners will be notified *by mail and announcement of winners' names will be made in* Modern Screen *and on the air by disc jockey in the winner's area.*

MY ENTRY FOR: MODERN SCREEN'S DISC JOCKEY DERBY
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To the left of each song, listed below alphabetically, place the numbers 1-12 in the order in which you like them:

.... It Might As Well Be Spring
.... Mona Lisa
.... Secret Love
.... Sweet Leilani
.... The Continental
.... The Last Time I Saw Paris
.... Thanks For The Memory
.... The Way You Look Tonight
.... Three Coins In The Fountain
.... When You Wish Upon A Star
.... White Christmas
.... You'll Never Know

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY...**STATE**....................

Mail this entry to disc jockey (listed on page 19) nearest your home.

NAME OF DISC JOCKEY..................................**STATION**.........

3 FIRST PRIZES

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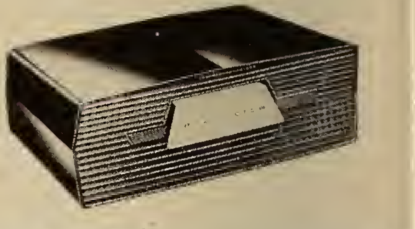

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have one of the solidest musical comedy motion pictures in their latest Paramount production *Artists And Models*. Co-starring with Dorothy Malone and Shirley MacLaine, the boys run the gamut of every phase of hilarity. Imagine a situation where Dean listens to the nightmares of Jerry, who is an avid reader of horrifying comic books, and obtains enough material to supply a comic book publisher with a new publication, *The Vulture Comic Book*. Trouble with the FBI and foreign spies ensues when a formula Jerry dreams up, formula X-34, minus R-51, plus robot 6-83X, is printed in the comic. It's the latest Army formula for rocket fuel. Edith Head designed costumes to make the gals Oh! and Ah! and the men whistle. Dorothy Malone wears a costume entirely of white feathers. Shirley MacLaine is a beautiful bat lady. Anita Ekberg is a long-limbed goddess in pink leotards while Eva Gabor—well! Jerry Lewis in a mouse costume with a revolving head will be long remembered. Shirley MacLaine, who attained stardom during the past twelve months from an understudy role in *The Pajama Game*, sings and dances with Jerry and Dean in two of the six catchy tunes written by Jack Brooks and Harry Warren, writers of Dean's record hit "That's Amore." Jerry Lewis is awfully worried about the nation's kids. You see in the picture he knocks out the kid TV idol Captain Midnight (Richard Webb) with one punch. Jerry explains, "Especially they won't like it, since I get my strength from kissing a *girl*."

Joan Collins, the British actress who plays Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* at 20th Century-Fox, just celebrated her twenty-second birthday by working as hard as she's ever worked: 9-10 dance rehearsals; 10-12 diction lessons; 12-1 press interview and lunch in the studio cafe; 1-2 wardrobe fittings; 2-5 dance rehearsals. In the evening all she had to do was look fresh as a daisy for a Hollywood-style birthday party. Joan's lucky, as are the other actresses in this production. Charles LeMaire, a multiple Academy Award Winner for costume design, is convinced that his costumes for this production are the best he's ever done. The clothes for Joan Collins, Gale Robbins, and the Floradora Sextette were designed for the period of 1900-1906. According to Charles: "This was the most feminine period in contemporary fashion, since fashion was emerging from its ugliest period, the hundred years which preceded the 1890's. Fabrics and furnishings were soft, corsets were being developed with new shapes and better curves, and there was great elegance in furs and laces. There was also the greatest accessory women have ever discovered—the ostrich feather—used in stoles, muffs and boas, and finished off with ribbons or flowers. The period also marked the beginning of the use of furs in luxurious fashions, and stockings were enhanced with embroidery and appliqued ace. It was truly a period of elegance. I had great fun designing—or perhaps I should say, redesigning—the clothes for the famed Floradora Sextette. I wanted them to have the look of the real Floradora, yet without certain lines popular at that time to make them look buxom. I have designed them to make our Sextette look voluptuous, rather than buxom, and easy to look at through 1956 eyes." The Floradora Sextette will sing the following numbers: "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" made famous in the early 1900's by the Sextette; "Cakewalk," "I Challenge You To Love," and "Men, Men, Men."

Robert Preston, who plays an ambitious Civil War officer in Columbia's *Last Frontier*, starring with Victor Mature, Guy Madison, and Anne Bancroft, was the victim of an unscheduled bit of make-up on location near Salazar, Mexico. Director Anthony Mann was shooting a scene in which Preston, having fallen into a bear pit, pleads with Victor Mature to help him out. Mann called out, "Preston's face should be dirty after a fall like this. Get the make-up man." The make-up man wasn't needed, however, since a Mexican laborer with a knowledge of English and a desire to be helpful, nonchalantly picked up a shovelful of dirt, threw it right in the face of the amazed Preston below. The scene was filmed. Victor Mature wasn't taking any chances with his first big love scene with glamorous Anne Bancroft. Though he pulled his punches during rehearsals, Vic really let her have it during the take. He clinched Anne in a bear hug embrace and kissed her for more than fifteen seconds. Reason for the length of kissing time was that the director was so astonished by Vic's performance that he forgot to yell "cut." Rusty Draper will record the title song, "Last Frontier," for the film and for Mercury Records, who will issue it as a single.

The Show Must Go On, axiom of show business, was proved once again by dancer Bill Foster in 20th Century-Fox's filming of *Carousel*. Bill danced with one ankle sprained and the other strained. When the dance was completed, Foster received an ovation from the cast, crew and especially director Henry King. Harried by adverse weather conditions, the company had been holding off shooting till the weather broke. When the weather cleared, the shooting schedule was ten days behind; and it appeared the injury to Foster, who is a featured dancer, was a major disaster. The irony of the situation was that Foster, who is an acrobatic dancer, dives eight feet off the roof of a building and performs other self-destructive feats during the "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" number, suffered his sprained ankle by tripping over a piece of canvas while walking across the dance floor. The eldest daughter of Gordon MacRae, Meredith, eleven years old, just joined the cast of *Carousel* and is keeping her fingers crossed that the same thing that happened to her in *Oklahoma!* doesn't happen again. Her sequence in that ended on the cutting-room floor.

Angela Lansbury co-stars with Randolph Scott in Columbia's latest Western, *A Law-*

(*Continued on page 20*)

These are the disc jockeys participating in the big Music from Hollywood contest. Send your entry to the one closest to your home. He will announce your name over the air if you are a winner in

DISC JOCKEY DERBY

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Detroit, Michigan
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Pete Johnson, WKBR
Manchester, New Hampshire
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Jerry Nesler, KCBQ
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Harry Nigocia, WJBW
New Orleans, Louisiana
Ed Penney, WTAO
Cambridge, Mass.
Ray Perkins, KIMN
Denver, Colorado
Bill Previtti, KDEF
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Bill Randle, WERE
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Chuck Thompson, WALA
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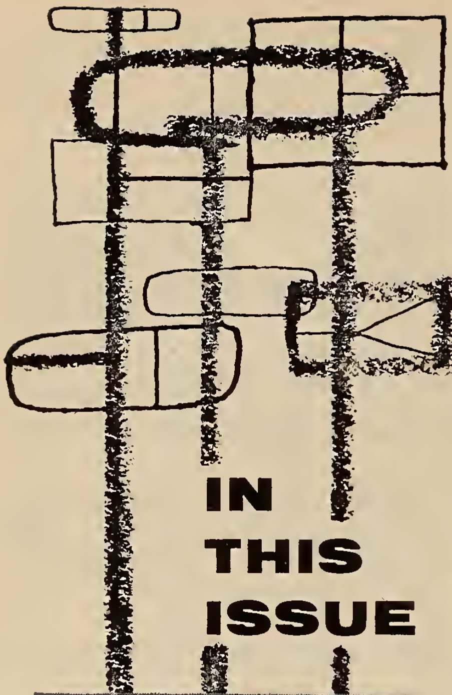
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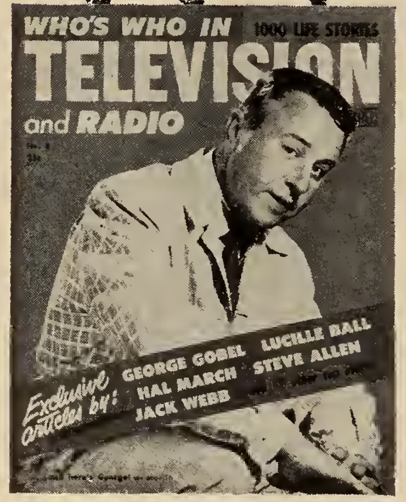

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less Street. This picture features—heavens to Betsy—the first American musical which scandalized the nation. The production was called *The Black Crook.* On opening night in 1867 close to one hundred girls in black tights and leotards danced out onto a New York stage and within a week dominated the small talk of the country. Eventually the scandal subsided, but the girls in tights didn't, and by 1877 companies of *The Black Crook* were being sent into the western territories. Originally a melodrama, someone had souped it up with music and burlesqued the actual lines. Jokes, a chorus line and dancers were added, and it became a hit. In order to reproduce it for the picture, a leading lady who sang had to be found. Angela Lansbury, who sang "My Little Yellow Bird" in *The Picture Of Dorian Gray* was selected not only for her voice but for her figure. Considering that Angela just had her third child, it was marvelous to hear the wardrobe mistress say, holding a tape measure in her hand, "slim as ever." Jerry Antes, working up the number for the show, says: "Tights from 1867 prove that the girls then had slimmer hips and were curvier than today." A controversial remark!

If Jane Wyman ever gives up acting, she can always make a living in the oil business. On location with Charlton Heston, Claire Trevor, and Thelma Ritter, while filming Paramount's *Lucy Gallant* in a Texas oil field, Jane heard a discussion between several oil executives about where they should dig their new well. Kiddingly, Jane pointed to a spot and said, "I'll bet there's oil right there." The executives took her up on the hunch and investigated. Jane just received word that her hunch was right. The well came in but *big.* The Four Freshmen, who have amassed a large record following lately, will sing the theme, *Lucy Gallant,* in the picture. Joel McCrea's son Jode makes his film debut here but suffered a demotion to do it. The good-looking 6'3" youth was cast to play a Navy Lieutenant, but when Director Robert Parrish took a look at him in uniform, he decided Jode—only nineteen years old—looked too young to be a Lieutenant. So Jode was demoted to Ensign.

Claudette Colbert chose the RKO production *Texas Lady,* in which she co-stars with Barry Sullivan, as the first outdoor drama of her distinguished career. Claudette says, "To me it's a lot more than a good Western story—it's a bit of Americana." The star's only complaint concerning her role was the fact that she had to play the entire picture with her small twenty-four-inch waist encased in a tiny twenty-two-inch corset, which kept her posture authentic for the period. Barry Sullivan, who spent his first noon-hour on a location bordering a mountain stream trout fishing, proudly returned with six beauties. Barry was so proud of his prowess that no one told him for several days that only an hour before he started fishing the stream had been heavily stocked with trout just above his casting site. Sound men are unsung heroes, and many times they are called upon to do almost impossible things and have to achieve them in a matter of minutes. During a love scene between Barry and Claudette, on a footbridge across picturesque Angels Creek near Sonora, Calif., they found that their dialogue was being drowned out by the sound of rushing waters below. The sound crew in just ten minutes came up with the answer. Two pieces of heavy canvas were submerged in the stream, and two more were suspended over the water just out of camera range. It worked perfectly and the shooting continued uninterrupted.

When you see Dusty, a dog of dubious but definitely diversified ancestry, act in this picture, you'll know that perseverance pays off. His part in the picture was entirely unscheduled. On location in the Town of Murphys, Calif., while shooting *Texas Lady,* all director Tim Whelan had to do was shout "Action," and Dusty bounded into camera range. Every kind of effort was made to keep him out. They tied him up, but he broke loose. They shut him up at home, and a delivery boy unwittingly let him out just in time to make a dramatic last-minute entrance and foul up a big scene. Finally, Whelan said, "If Dusty has that much ham in him, it's cheaper to hire him. Let him act." So Dusty has a role, and he's on his way to Hollywood. Les Paul and Mary Ford will record the title song. Dusty will *not* sing.

Frank Lovejoy, currently in Columbia's *The Crooked Web* with Mari Blanchard and Richard Denning, glanced through the list of extras on call for a night-club scene. Two names, Daniel Pheasant and then Lawrence Glass caught his attention. He called Mari Blanchard over and cracked, "It's the first time I've ever seen Glass under Pheasant." Judy Clark, the vocalist seen with Jimmy McHugh's orchestra, will sing in this picture. Richard Denning plays the romantic lead but winds up practically without any romance in this film. Denning, who has to wait until the picture ends before he has a single screen smooch, moans, "I feel as futile as a vegetarian working in a butcher shop." Director Jerry Jurian was briefing Mari Blanchard and Frank Lovejoy for a beach love scene in which Mari's curvaceous torso is encased in a daring bikini suit. "We're not supposed to notice Mari too much in this scene," Jurian instructed Lovejoy. "I want you to be the aggressor and dominate. Any comments?" "There's only going to be one of us dominating this scene," Lovejoy grinned, "and I'm not the one in the bikini."

Jennifer Jones, who stars with Robert Stack in *Good Morning, Miss Dove,* brought her year-old daughter Mary Jennifer Selznick onto the 20th Century-Fox set. Director Henry Koster jokingly asked if she was trying to get a part for the little girl in the picture, which is about a school teacher and has dozens of children in the cast. Jennifer shook her head and laughed: "One ham in the family is enough!" Incidentally, Henry Koster is a man who dislikes violence in any form. Although *Good Morning, Miss Dove* is the fifty-seventh picture he's directed, there has never been a gun fired in any of them. A very cute story that Jennifer tells is the one about Peggy Knudsen, a long-time friend and former roommate. As a matter of fact, while they were serving their apprenticeship in New York, Peggy and Jennifer knocked on casting doors together. Peggy came on the set at 20th for the first time, to play the role of a nurse, and walked right past her old friend Jennifer without recognizing her in her costume and make-up as the fifty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Commented Peggy later, "That was one time when I could say '*My, but you've aged!*' to a girlfriend without sounding catty." Jennifer was explaining that as Miss Dove in the picture she is made up for many ages: twenty, thirty-five, forty, forty-four and fifty-five. "There's also a scene in which Miss Dove is seen as a baby only a few minutes old," the actress continued, "but they got another girl to play that." Dick Stewart, who plays Dr. Temple, is a known TV singer and has just had his first record album, *Dick Stewart Sings,* released.

tv talk *(Continued from page 6)*

Andy's zany records didn't sell. (The one that did sell of course, was "What It Was—Was Football," which was given President Eisenhower.) The executive saw to it that Andy kept on eating by getting him engagements at banquets and conventions. And Andy saw to it that his marriage stayed together in those tough traveling days. Even when things were roughest, he insisted that his wife accompany him. As a result, he's never had it so good: he's a smash hit and a happy husband . . . We bet you're going to be seeing a lot more of a young actor named **Peter Brandon.** He almost stole the play, *The Young And The Beautiful,* away from **Lois Smith** (who is so pretty in this part that you can't believe she was the slatternly barmaid in *East Of Eden*). Up until now his biggest break was in *Ondine,* where he got to kiss **Audrey Hepburn** every night on stage. Peter is very shy around strangers, and one of the most dedicated young actors in town; his wife, Janie, gave up her budding career to concentrate on his, and she rehearses all his parts with him. They live with a fancy hi-fi set and two cats, Willie and Peter, in a fourth-floor walkup cold-water flat. Outside of his work and his records (both classical and popular), his main hobbies are reading about the Civil War, taking home movies, and baseball. He wanders over to Central Park pretty often and looks around for a team that needs another player . . . Some TV stars, **Joan Davis** for one, are miserable when their series are dropped; but don't feel sorry for all of them. **Anne Jeffreys** and **Bob Sterling** couldn't be happier that shooting stopped on *Topper.* Anne much prefers spectaculars, and Bob had rather get his acting teeth in a good dramatic script any day. They were tired of co-starring with a dog . . You probably wouldn't recognize **Bergen Evans** (the *Down You Go* moderator who makes up the *$64,000* questions) if you saw him off TV. He doesn't look at all like the college professor he is, but could pass muster as a leading man. He looks ten years younger and three times as good-looking . . . Everyone is going around comparing **Jayne Mansfield** with **Marilyn Monroe** because Jayne's part in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* is a take-off on M. M. But we think Jayne's going to be another **Marie Wilson.** She has the same combination of fantastic figure and deadpan naiveté that has been Marie's trademark for years—and more so. Jayne's figure is so eye-catching that she has been known to steal the spotlight away from **Jane Russell** with no trouble at all. And her seeming stupidity is probably the kind that makes her crazy like a fox . . . Did you know that **Don Ameche's** career started way back in Prohibition days when he used to sing in night spots? . . . **Grace Kelly** isn't the only star who always wears gloves. **Rosemary Clooney** is hardly ever seen without them; she even wears them when she's singing . . . Some other style notes: **Margot Fonteyn** nearly always hides her gorgeous red hair under a cloche hat; she has scores of them . . . **Irene Dunne,** who looks breathtakingly young, goes in for scarves—soft flowing ones that she knots at the neck and lets whip around in the breeze . . . **Nancy Berg** has an evening coat made of gold leather. (She also has one of the palest complexions we've ever seen; she and **Dorothy Kilgallen** seem to be vying to see which one can be whiter.) **Eva Marie Saint** hardly ever wears a hat over her flowing blonde hair, goes in for conservative clothes in shades of blue . . . Speaking of Eva Marie, you shouldn't have been surprised when she announced she was going to stay in Hollywood—not after we'd told you about her love for her director husband. When he signed a contract with MGM, that guaranteed that she would stay ensconced on the West Coast. Where **Jeffrey Hayden** is, Eva Marie is. So don't be surprised if she makes a movie for MGM . . . When **Joe DiMaggio** is in New York, one of his favorite companions is columnist-commentator **Walter Winchell.** They do a lot of theatre-going together . . . You read a lot about **Susan Strasberg** and her famous father, Lee, who coaches **Marilyn Monroe** in acting. But it's Susan's mother who sticks close to the rising young star, and Susan won the plaudits of her fellow cast members in *The Diary Of Anne Frank* for being able to take direction from someone besides her father. She is very popular with all the cast . . . **Margaret O'Brien** really is very dependent upon her mother. When a crisis arises and her mother isn't with her, Margaret insists that someone call and get her mother to handle it. . . . **Polly Bergen,** movies' gift to TV, turns her multi-faceted talents to the legitimate stage when she co-stars with Ralph Meeker in the dramatic play, *Top Man.* She admits she's scared to death at the thought of doing a dramatic role with as much depth as the part calls for, but friends who've seen the show tell us she has nothing to fear.

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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SHIVERS
The Spoilers
Hell's Horizon
Hold Back Tomorrow

FOR TEARS
Lease Of Life
I'll Cry Tomorrow

FOR LAUGHS
The Tender Trap
The Rose Tattoo

FOR SPECTACLE
Oklahoma!
The Tall Men

FOR LOVE
View From Pompey's Head
Girl In The Red Velvet Swing

PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Richard Egan (center) steps into a southern hotbox when he attempts a closer look at the high-tension marriage between Cameron Mitchell and Dana Wynter.

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD

A touch of the new South

■ Heaven help the man who takes a trip into his own past, because he'll find it almost impossible to help himself. After fifteen years of prospering up north with a lovely wife and family, lawyer Anson Page (Richard Egan) goes down south to his boyhood home on a peculiar mission. The wife of Garvin Wales (Sidney Blackmer) a famous novelist, has sent a threatening letter to his publishers claiming that Garvin's literary nurse had embezzled $20,000 in royalties before he died. Anson takes a train to Pompey's Head, and the minute he steps off it, is assailed by memories. The trouble is—they're in the flesh. Of Dinah Blackford (Dana Wynter) for one. She's a typically proud southern belle who'd vowed to reclaim the estate which her family was forced to sell. Dinah always loved Anson, but she embodied the tradition of ancestor worship and snobbery which made him head north in the first place. To get back the estate Dinah had to marry an ambitious social climber (Cameron Mitchell), who needed to be born again to be a gentleman. When Dinah and Anson meet sparks fly—and Mitchell gets a little explosive himself. Face to face with novelist Garvin Wales, Anson learns how the caste system (of which Wales is a victim) has crippled his personality. (The secret of the $20,000 is so shameful Garvin's afraid to reveal it to his ancestor-ridden wife, Marjorie Rambeau.) The view from Pompey's Head, or from Dinah's magnificent mansion is lush or decadent, desirable or ugly depending on your place in the hierarchy and the extent of your liberation from it. Anson, being human and a dreamer, is almost trapped by this dreamland. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

OKLAHOMA!

A classic musical

■ To begin with it's one of the most expensive movies ever made (cost $6,800,000), is in Eastman Color, has an orthosonic six-channel magnetic sound track and is filmed in Todd-AO. Todd-AO is a new process that uses one camera, one projector and a very deeply curved screen. The movie isn't going on *before* our eyes. Oh, no. We are practically surrounded by it—(like Cinerama without distortion. Depth, depth, depth. Breadth, breadth, breadth.) The picture's fine. It's about a pretty girl named Laurey (Shirley Jones) and her romance with a cowboy, Curly (Gordon MacRae), which the hired man, Jud (Rod Steiger), would like to smash. Jud is an old-time villain, who scares Laurey so much she agrees to go to a basket party with him. When Curly outbids him, for Laurey's basket old Jud goes berserk and tries to burn down the whole countryside. Then there's Ado Annie (Gloria Grahame) who "cain't say no" to cowpoke Gene Nelson or peddler Ali Hakim (Eddie Albert), but her father (James Whitmore) solves the problem with a shotgun. The songs you've known and loved ever since Rodgers and Hammerstein introduced them to Broadway in 1942 are still fresh and alive as sung by this cast, and the choreography by Agnes De Mille is always impressive. If you've never heard of *Oklahoma!* you're in for a real treat. And even if you know every song by heart you'll want to see this movie, which is bound to become a Hollywood classic. Prominently cast are Charlotte Greenwood, J. C. Flippen, Barbara Lawrence. Magna.

THE TENDER TRAP

Captivating big city comedy

■ Charming's the word for *The Tender Trap*. Everything about it—the luxuriously appointed bachelor apartment in which Frank Sinatra cavorts with countless chic women, the atmosphere of bright sophistication, the expensive cut of everyone's wardrobe, the smooth lines and the carefree throwing-away of same will captivate you like nobody's business. That is to say, this movie is sheer delight, though it is built on gossamer thread. David Wayne, a married friend from out of town, moves in with Sinatra for a brief fling. Sinatra has more numbers than the phone book but the one he likes best belongs to Celeste Holm, who plays violin in a symphony orchestra. Enter Debbie Reynolds, very young, stagestruck, talented and independent. She has her life all figured according to schedule. The schedule includes a husband pretty quick but Sinatra can't see himself in that role. But, involved in the tender trap, he proposes—to Debbie *and* Celeste. At different times, naturally. That's all—except for songs, snappy dialogue and some genuine hilarity. CinemaScope—MGM

THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

A "true-life" scandal

■ If you were not around when Evelyn Nesbit was prettily balancing a married millionaire and a maniacal millionaire in her daintily gloved hand you will want to see *T.G.I.T.R.V.S.* Evelyn (Joan Collins) was a knockout but she did not want to be. She posed for magazine covers, showed her ankles in a chorus and went home to Mama (Glenda Farrell), who was generally found sweating at a sewing machine. That was before Evelyn met architect Sanford White (married millionaire Milland) who set her up on a red velvet swing (he just happened to have one) and chortled, "Reach for the moon!" The moon and, alas, Milland, exceeded her grasp. Still, he loved her so much he sent her to a dentist (for a cracked tooth) and to a finishing school (for an education?). Sanford was a thorn in the side of Harry K. Thaw (Farley Granger) who always traveled with two bodyguards, a sackful of money and a disquieting flair for dramatics. This flair, as you shall see, rivaled that of John Wilkes Booth. What could Evelyn do but marry Farley? He loved her enough to send her to Europe and then nearly sent her flying off an Alpine peak in a jealous rage. Lily white, that girl was. If you suspected different, this movie will dissolve your doubts. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE TALL MEN

Gable, Russell and 1500 miles to go

■ Driving a herd of cattle through 1500 miles of Indians, mountains, rivers, plains, snowstorms and occasional outlaws is not half so hard as driving sense into Jane Russell's head. That's just about what this movie boils down to for Clark Gable. The King is here in his glory; Jane is more often in a painted bathtub, singing out the latest news about whether she prefers tall men (Gable) or other kinds of men (Robert Ryan). Most of the time it's Ryan since he has big dreams (money) while Gable, who planned to rob him and then hired on as partner, has small dreams (a ranch, a cow and you—Janie). He also has a nervous, trigger-happy, younger brother (Cameron Mitchell). The plot's complicated (after all, it's 1867 and there's a lot of untamed land it has to unwind on), the scenery is often spectacular and the going is rough. But with Russell and Gable along it's nearly always fun. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE ROSE TATTOO

The tragi-comedy of Anna Magnani

■ The deep understanding that Tennessee William brings to the eccentric people and off-beat themes h writes about is brilliantly highlighted by the actin of Anna Magnani. She plays the immigrant wife o a truckdriver in a Mississippi town, and the mothe of a sensitive, bright, young teenager (Maris Pavan). Anna adored her husband, who had a ros tattoo on his chest. It's only after his death that she hears rumors of his romance with a cafe hostess (Virginia Grey). Tortured by doubt and grief she proceeds to fall apart in the magnificent, tragic-comic way she has mastered. She suspects the innocent sailor (Ben Cooper) her daughter loves, she scorns her fishwife neighbors, she harries her priest in an attempt to make him reveal her husband's confessions and she succumbs to the courtship of another truck-driver (Burt Lancaster). To Magnani Burt is "a clown with the body of my husband," and it's the body she can't resist. Lancaster is extremely funny as a somewhat idiotic, sentimental suitor. Go see *The Rose Tattoo.* It's one of the best movies to come out of Hollywood this year. VistaVision—Para.

LEASE OF LIFE

A stirring, made-in-England drama

▪ Some movies cry and scream about the meaning of life and the message hits you like a wet towel. *Lease Of Life* is a quiet, beautiful treatment of a major theme. Robert Donat plays a gentle, dull vicar of a small Yorkshire village. His wife (Kay Walsh) was reasonably content until now. Now their talented daughter (Adrienne Corri) has a chance for a music scholarship in London. But the vicar has no money and never was ambitious. He's been asked to deliver a sermon at a nearby school. He's merely flattered, but his wife knows that it may lead to a big promotion. Donat discovers he has a bad heart and won't live more than a year. Overwhelmed by this knowledge he delivers an impromptu, impassioned sermon to live life with courage, joy and individuality. He's shortly branded a libertine; his wife commits a criminal act in her desperation to help Adrienne's career and Adrienne is spurred on to maturity. Very subtle, very moving and very beautifully photographed, *Lease Of Life* is well worth seeing. Eastman Color—I.F.E.

THE SPOILERS

Gold and greed in Alaska

▪ Crafty Rory Calhoun is the new Gold Commissioner up in Alaska, handing out fair deals right and left. I don't trust him a farthing, mutters John McIntyre. But his partner, Jeff Chandler, trusts him enough to hand over their mine for the law to ponder its rightful ownership. It turns out there is no law—just Rory and his faker friends, foremost among whom is Barbara Britton, a lady if Nome ever saw one. What Nome has been used to seeing is Anne Baxter, decked out in black lace, and pink boas and slinking after Jeff like Mae West. (He likes it, too.) Also in Nome is a man named Blackie (Ray Danton). He's on nobody's side but he goes smirking around shooting people in the dark. To get back to the story, Jeff gets back his mine. (I forgot to mention the dynamiting, blood-letting, brawling and *intrigue* that occurs beforehand.) Technicolor—U.I.

HELL'S HORIZON

Mission in Korea

▪ A bridge across the Yalu River has to be destroyed so Pilot John Ireland and his crew (including Bill Williams, Hugh Beaumont, Chet Baker and Larry Pennell) are hauled out of their tents to do it. The crew would rather bomb headquarters but Ireland—tight-lipped, cold-hearted, mean, ambitious corrupter of women that he is, (tries to steal Marla English away from Larry Pennell and he has the rank to do it) is not at all loath to perform this bit of heroics. And away they go—flying, flying in the clouds. Bombs away, someone finally shouts. Boom goes the bridge. Sixteen MIG's at five o'clock. What's sixteen MIG's? Ack-ack-ack—down they go. One man wounded, one dead, one suicide. How'd *that* happen? Well, there's a hole in the plane and he sails through it. Easy as pie.—Col.

A LAWLESS STREET

A "killing" Western

▪ Don't think Randolph Scott likes being sheriff and having his blood tainted with murder. Still, every morning he brushes his clenched teeth, hoists his holster and bops off a criminal. Respectable businessmen like Warner Anderson and John Emery hate him because they wish to take over the town themselves. They even hire several gunmen to eliminate Randolph, but he's a tricky target. Comes the day he *plays* dead and that town goes crazy, paradoxically restoring two women to their sanity. There's Jean Parker who sees she is too old and tired to carry on with Warner behind her husband, and there's Angela Lansbury who decides not to marry Warner since she is already wed to Randolph. In the midst of these luminations Randolph returns and Lor', what a great day that is! Technicolor—Col.

I'LL CRY TOMORROW

The life of Lillian Roth

▪ The tragic, somewhat heroic, dimensions of Lillian Roth's story are reduced to soap opera proportions in this film version. Lillian was driven to stardom by a neurotic mother, driven into ruinous marriages and alcoholism. After sixteen years of dying she rose to triumph both personally and in her career. Only Jo Van Fleet (Lillian's mother) seems real. In its attempt to cover a life crammed with conflict and action MGM blithely skirts over the underlying causes to parade a succession of characters and events that never take root. Susan Hayward plays Lillian. Some of the men in her life are Ray Danton, Don Taylor, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert.—MGM

HOLD BACK TOMORROW

Love in a death cell

▪ Here's a real happy movie. Starts with Cleo Moore diving into a river and cursing the guy who yanks her out. But she was saved for a higher purpose—i.e., to cast some form of ecstasy into the remaining hours of girl-killer (he strangles 'em) John Agar's life. Cleo, or for that matter any girl, is his last request and the warden can't find it in him to refuse. Well, it all goes to show you never know how or where you're going to meet Mr. Right. Cleo's joy, I'm sorry to say, is necessarily short-lived.—U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE BIG KNIFE (U.A.): A behind-the-scenes story of the world's most fascinating industry. Stars Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Wendell Corey, Rod Steiger and Shelley Winters add their talents to this explosive film.

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER (MGM): One of the most delightfully clever musicals ever put on film. Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd. The story of three GIs reunited after ten years causes no end of complications together with laughs galore and great dancing. You'll enjoy this one. CinemaScope.

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD (20th-Fox): Humphrey Bogart, posing as a priest, and Gene Tierney portraying a nurse bring to the screen an adventure story with a spiritual quality. CinemaScope.

TRIAL (MGM): A really fine and exciting film, this one deals with a young Mexican boy accused of murder. Race prejudice and Communism enter into the trial, with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire and Raphael Campos as the principals involved.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (Warners): An excellent movie about the juvenile delinquents who come from "good" homes. James Dean is splendid as the confused youngster. With Natalie Wood. CinemaScope.

THE DESEPERATE HOURS (Para.): A fast-moving, frightening film concerned with the horror that envelops a family when their home is invaded and taken over by three escaped convicts. Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott are superb. VistaVision.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS (U.I.): Love conquers all in this film starring Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. There are numerous difficulties, however, before the pic reaches its happy conclusion. CinemaScope.

THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (U.M.P.): A delightful French comedy starring the riotous Fernandel

BLOOD ALLEY (Warners): John Wayne and Lauren Bacall have some pretty narrow escapes before they are able to move an entire village out from under the noses of the Red Chinese. Nice work if you can get it. CinemaScope.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES (Warners): Jack Palance as Public Enemy Number One and Shelley Winters as a confused dance-hall hostess who adores him make this film one of the best of its kind. It's taut melodrama. With Lori Nelson and Perry Lopez. CinemaScope.

20th Century-Fox presents

THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS

HERE COMES THE YEAR'S **MAJOR** COMEDY HIT!

in

CINEMASCOPE

COLOR by DE LUXE

starring

Tom Ewell

Sheree North

He's got that "ITCH" again... ...(this time it's for Sheree)

with Rita Moreno • Rick Jason • Les Tremayne

Produced by Directed by
BUDDY ADLER • FRANK TASHLIN

Screenplay by
ALBERT BEICH and FRANK TASHLIN

Story by ALBERT BEICH

Announcing modern screen's silver cup award winners for 1955

Congratulations! To the winners of Modern Screen's famed popularity awards. And to you—our readers and their fans. We'd like to send a silver cup to every one of you who makes these polls possible. But the awards represent the respect and affection of over 5,000,000 readers and that's a lot of cups. So we'll have to stick to your top favorites.

Beginning with the all-time greats, we proudly present our Star of Star awards to Claudette Colbert and John Wayne. Your votes have put these two stars in our permanent hall of fame.

You star-makers did it again—picked Rock for first place. And you've given the bride of the year, Debbie Reynolds, another reason to feel proud. Debbie moved up from fourth spot last year to the winner's spotlight.

Two bright young stars—Kim Novak and Russ Tamblyn—got your vote for the greatest new stars of the year. Remember last year's new-star award winners—Grace Kelly and Bob Francis? Grace went on to take second place for top honors this year and Bob, too, was headed for the top ten before his tragic death last summer. Another gifted young actor was taken from us this year but not before you recognized his genius and exciting potential. His name was Jimmy Dean and to him—in your name—we present the Modern Screen Special Achievement Award for 1955. No star ever deserved it more.

Thanks again for your enthusiasm and good judgment. Over the years you've made our Silver Cup Awards a national institution. You've made Hollywood sit up and take notice of the stars in its own backyard. This year proves once again the importance of your votes. We couldn't do without you.

the top ten

1. DEBBIE REYNOLDS*
2. GRACE KELLY
3. LIZ TAYLOR
4. DORIS DAY
5. JUNE ALLYSON
6. MARILYN MONROE
7. ANN BLYTH
8. JANET LEIGH
9. JANE POWELL
10. PIER ANGELI

1. ROCK HUDSON*
2. MARLON BRANDO
3. TONY CURTIS
4. TAB HUNTER
5. ROBERT WAGNER
6. WILLIAM HOLDEN
7. JOHN WAYNE
8. JEFF CHANDLER
9. CHARLTON HESTON
10. JAMES STEWART

modern screen special achievement award

JAMES DEAN

the top ten new stars of the year

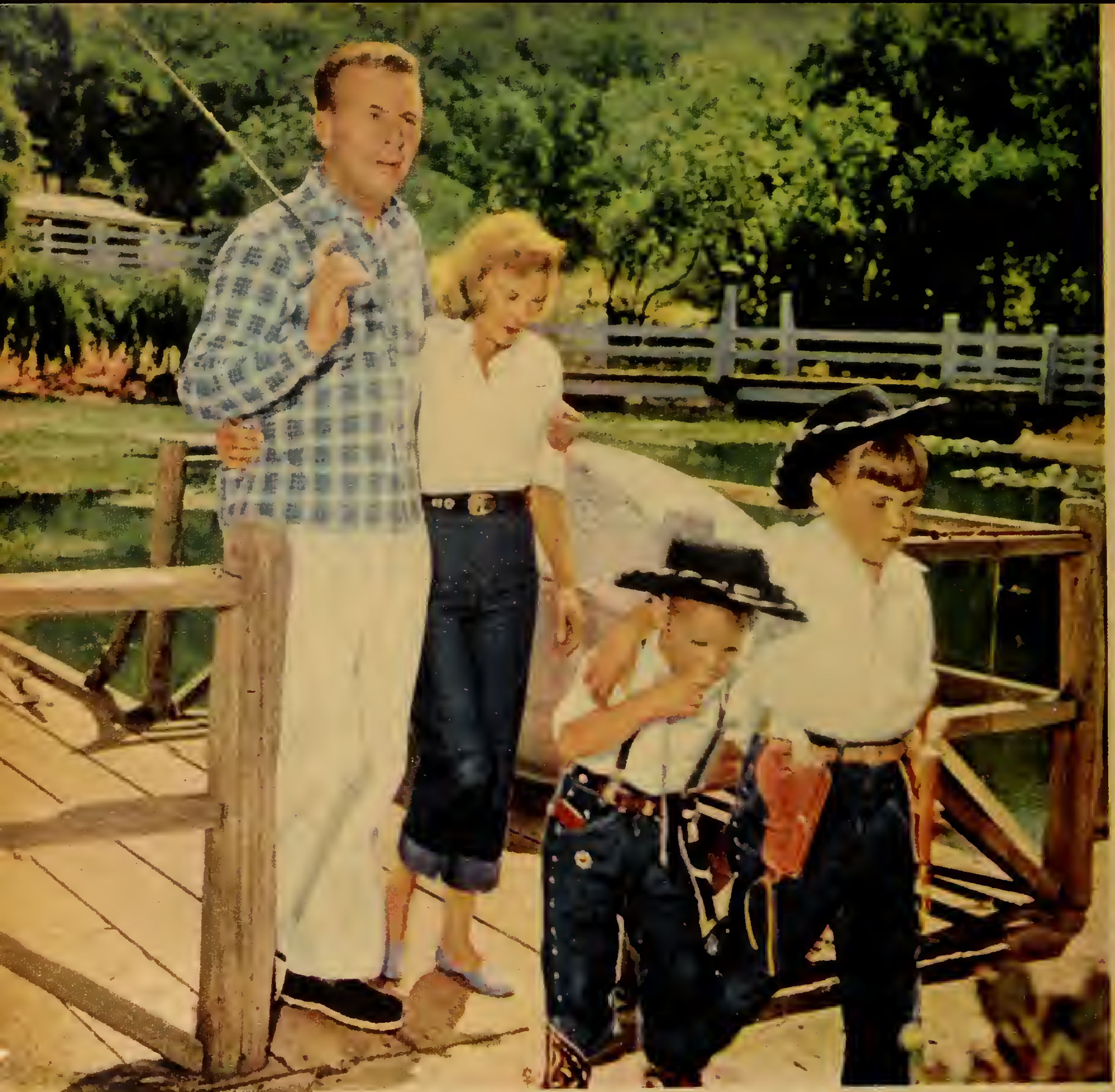
1. KIM NOVAK*
2. JOAN COLLINS
3. MARTHA HYER
4. COLLEEN MILLER
5. MARISA PAVAN
6. SUSAN STRASBERG
7. SHIRLEY JONES
8. NATALIE WOOD
9. ANITA EKBERG
10. VIRGINIA LEITH

1. RUSS TAMBLYN*
2. WILLIAM CAMPBELL
3. PERRY LOPEZ
4. FESS PARKER
5. BEN COOPER
6. RICHARD DAVALOS
7. RICHARD EGAN
8. JEFF RICHARDS
9. RAY DANTON
10. JOHN KERR

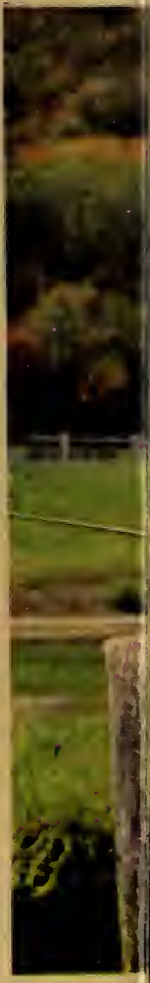
star of star awards

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
JOHN WAYNE

**Silver Cup Winners*



Powell family sets out for an angling afternoon. (Ricky and Pamela look more Roy Rogers than Izaak Walton!) Lucky Powells have a lake right on their property so all they have to do is roll out of bed and make with the lines and sinkers. The lake is well stocked with bass and blue gill, contributed by the government as insect insurance, plus goldfish contributed by the Powells. Result: Lake Powell is teeming with finny folk.



Sorry, the Powells can't be disturbed . . .

Gone fishin'

■ Counting their blessings on this their tenth year of marital bliss, June and Dick didn't forget Lake Powell. The swimming pool is standard star equipment but not even Garbo owns a private lake. The Powells' three-quarter acre of rippling, sky-blue water has been a source of joy and contentment for the whole family. June and Dick and the kids love to go out together on a rowboat just at dusk, sometimes to fish but more often just to relax. Ricky has even made friends with the fish. He runs to the edge of the water, night and morning, with bread crumbs. He calls and whistles and in a few moments up swims a little black fish about ten inches long. Then, little Bosco, to give him a name, turns and swims away. (June and Dick swear they've seen it happen.)

The privacy of Lake Powell suits June and Dick just fine because they've had more than their share of prying eyes over ten years of marriage. The Powells have had some troubles and arguments, whether more or less than any other couple they wouldn't be knowing. "I can say this, though," Dick remarks wryly, "both of us have taken our marital obligations and our try at happiness with con-

(*Continued on page* 29)

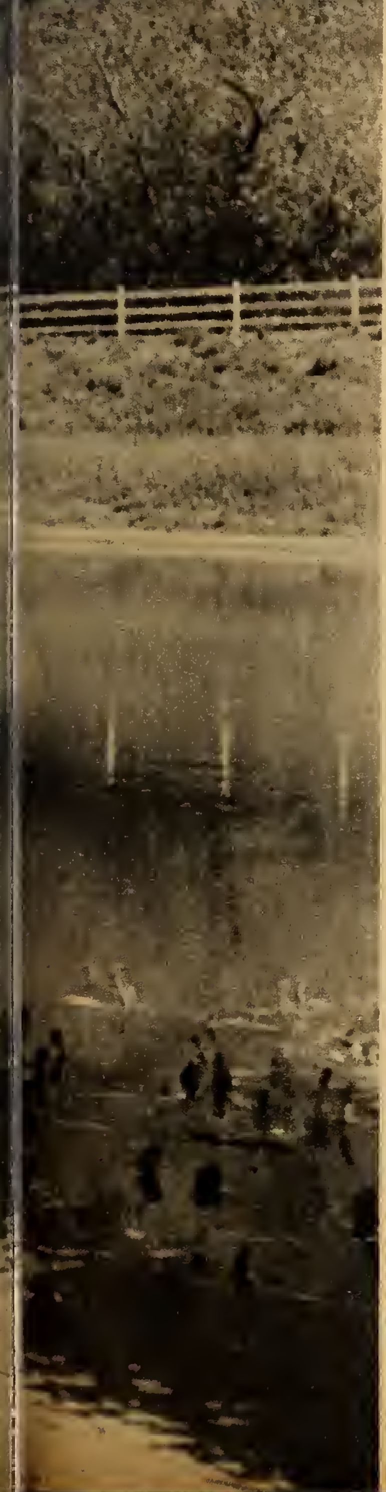
Sportsman Dick instructs his willing wife in the fine art of casting. "See . . . it's easy, all in the wrist . . . just sort of flick the line out over the water and wait for the fish to bite."

Jubilant June signals five (count 'em five!) bass. Plenty more where they came from, so get with it, June, or the fish will take over. Say . . . anybody know how to drain a lake?

More pictures on following pages

Ricky's worm-string-pole techniqu

opposite) looks just fine to Junie but Richard insists upon more professional type equipment—and absolutely, positively no giggling allowed!



THE POWELLS celebrate their tenth year together by taking the whole family for a day's fishing—in their own backyard lake

siderable determined seriousness. Ten years, two children and still-intact marriage vows add up to quite a respectable achievement. In some cases, I think it even surpasses that of the few writers who have chosen to throw harpoons in our direction."

Dick Powell is a truly big man, as indicated by his casual reference to the annual rash of stories to the effect that he and June may not be long for this domestic world. They never quite get used to the attacks, but the nearest Dick has come to wrath on the subject was just after he and June had returned from their "tenth honeymoon," spent aboard a yacht in Fourth of July Cove off Catalina Island. A columnist asked how he and June were doing marriage-wise. "Fine," Dick replied. "Just fine!"

"But," interjected the reporter, with a smirk, "what about tomorrow?"

"Who knows about tomorrow?" Dick responded, "but as long as you're making a sardonic approach, let me tell you about a friend of mine. He was getting along perfectly with his wife one day, and the next . . ."

"Yes," the reporter broke in, sensing a bit of gossip, "what happened then?"

"Nothing much," Dick replied, before walking away. "He just got out of bed the next morning and fell out of an open window. Now tell me, how'll things be with you tomorrow?"

There has been a big change in the life of June and Dick, though, in recent weeks. That anniversary celebration aboard a chartered yacht was the most fun they've had since Dick owned his own boat, the *Santana*. "I sold that," he says, "because it was so expensive to keep up, and only a real rich guy like Humphrey Bogart, who bought it, could afford yachting."

June and Dick are silent about the week they spent to celebrate the beginning of their eleventh year of marriage. "I had quite a time getting June to go, in the first place," he recalled. "June is a girl who hates to go anywhere, but when she gets there, she always hates to leave. When it came time to weigh anchor, her excuse was, 'Hadn't we better stay awhile longer? It's liable to be rough sea on the way back!' "

But the Powells had to come home, for a new and important chapter was about to begin in their lives, marked by Dick's decision to produce and direct the remake of *It Happened One Night*. They had worked together as actor and actress before, but June had never worked *for* Dick under his direction. She had some surprises in store. For one thing, he looked at her critically one day, then said, "We're going to change your make-up."

June grinned and retorted, "Yes, boss," figuring (*Continued on page 75*)

Except for one brief-excursion to Paris together, Bob Wagner and Barbara Darrow never left the Alpine town where The Mountain *was filmed. Both claimed the cold was "invigorating!"*

At local events Bob and Barbara preferred Coke to wine, spouted their few words of French at every possible opportunity. The natives, used to tourists, preferred to talk English to them!

BOBBY, IT'S COLD UP THERE!

by COLETTE FERRY

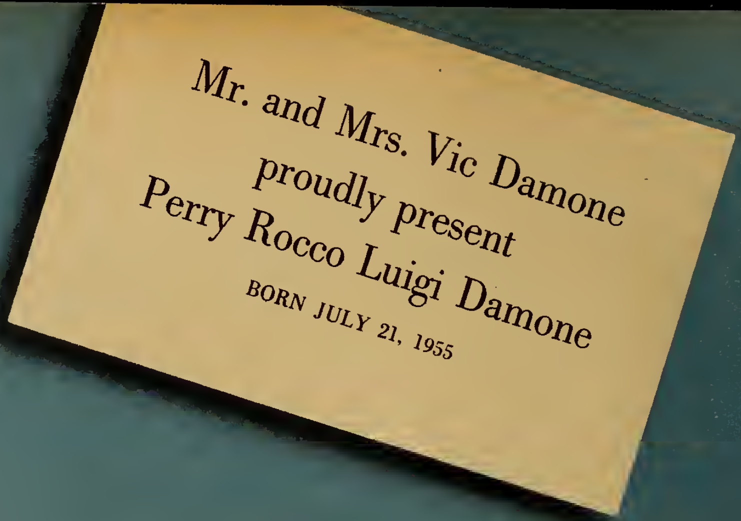
■ I am not, by nature, a mountain-climber. I go big for valleys and warm, heated rooms. When I heard, among the bits of snatches of American gossip meted out to Americans abroad, that Bob Wagner had fallen hard for his co-star in *The Mountain*, that he and Barbara Darrow were The Real Thing, I didn't think it was going to involve me in ice and snow and doctor bills. I merely thought I'd have a look for myself. So I took a train to Chamonix, an attractive little resort town at the foot of Mont Blanc in the French Alps and went straight to the hotel where the cast and crew were staying. It was called Les Alpes.

"I am looking," I said to the desk clerk, "for Monsieur Robert Wagner, the movie star."

(Continued on page 77)

"Just call me R.J., boy mountain goat," Bob announced. On his hikes up the Alp, he amazed the populace with a weird, off-key yodel.

by IDA ZEITLIN


Mr. and Mrs. Vic Damone
proudly present
Perry Rocco Luigi Damone
BORN JULY 21, 1955

"And the whole world played sweet music"

Vic sits on the Venetian couch in the den, watching TV. Nourished and dry, Perry Rocco Luigi lies beside him, giving out now and then with an accomplished gurgle. Pier trips down from above, rounding the corner of the staircase. Vic looks up at her. It's no casual glance. When people stare—even her husband—Pier goes shy. "What's the matter?" she asks, to cover her confusion. "Nothing. I just can't believe that you're up and around. And laughing. I want to fill my eyes with it." This little scene recurs again and again. Or some variation of it. There was the day he brought her home from the hospital. Again she had to go to bed. "But for only two weeks," she exulted. "Imagine, Vic!" Memories came crowding of the weary months of her pregnancy, of the patient little figure lying endlessly quiet. Filled with almost unbearable tenderness, he smoothed the hair from her forehead, making a wishful promise, exacting a pledge. "From now on, no more sickness for you, my darling, and no more tears. Only big smiles all the time." "If I smile all the time, people will think I am stupid." Then the laughter broke. "Let them think, who cares?" Both have good reason to know that life's not one (*Continued on page 72*)

while Dick croons "I'll always love you"

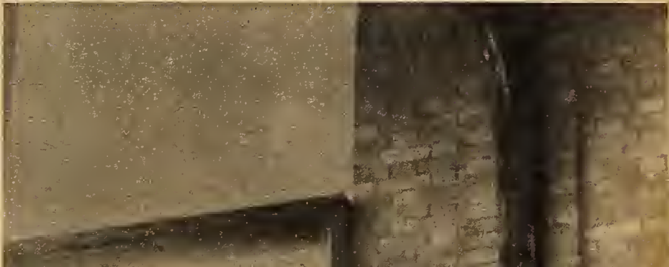
RITA RUNS TO ALY

Official purpose of the trip was to deliver Yasmin, five, to her father for six weeks—though some said Rita was more anxious to see Rebecca's dad, Orson Welles, now remarried and living abroad.

■ Rita Hayworth arrived in Paris, fresh from the *Queen Elizabeth*, on a Tuesday afternoon. At nine o'clock that evening Aly Khan, her third ex-husband, took her to dinner at her hotel. Four hours later, at one A.M., he said good night to his former princess and told reporters that he had no comment to make about a renewed romance, but that there was "no reason why I should not take her to the theatre sometime." Rita, also queried, said, "Well, I am very friendly with him," and let it go at that. Of her status with Dick Haymes she said, "No divorce plans as yet," but days later by mail she filed for a Reno divorce. During all of which, back in California, Dick repeated that he loved his wife, wanted her back, and dedicated "Come Rain Or Come Shine" to her, every time he sang.

Aly's lawyer, Mr. Thorem, met Rita at the ship in Cherbourg.

Their second day in Paris, Rita took Rebecca, 10, to Dior while Yasmin went to Grandpa, the Aga Khan, at Neuilly.



With her nurse, Yasmin was taken to her first race, and watched Papa ride. Aly waved his hat to her and the little princess, thrilled, put down the huge plush teddy bear presented to her by the Begum (wife of the Aga Khan, but not Aly's mother), the better to watch Pop through field glasses. Meanwhile, back in Paris, Rebecca went to the Louvre and Napoleon's tomb with Mama, but didn't see her *father at all.*

KELLY KNOWS

She looked and talked like Grace—but in Carolina,

by SUSAN WENDER

BEST

she didn't act like Grace

■ "Please, Miss Kelly," said the trembling boy, knees knocking above his white bucks, "I hate to bother you, but if you could just put this on for a minute and pose with me I can pledge my fraternity." He held out a girl's white sweater.

Grace Kelly stopped dead in her tracks in the lobby of The Manor, a stately old hotel on the outskirts of Asheville, North Carolina, and took the sweater from his hand. It was obvious that it would have been a scandalously tight fit on a 12-year-old. "Where are you from?" she demanded.

"Colby College. I came all the way from Maine. I can't get pledged without the picture," he wailed, gazing at the blank faces around him. Several of the faces switched to a threatening expression and moved closer.

"Now, leave him alone," Grace said. "I know how fraternities are." She turned to the boy. *(Continued on next page)*

Grace Kelly: In private the

(*Continued from previous page*) "I'm certainly not going to get into this, but you phone your pledge master and ask him if we can pose together, *holding* the sweater."

"Gee!" said the boy. He made the phone call and a few minutes later took his place beside Grace, who posed primly, holding the offending sweater at a respectable distance, with shocked fingertips.

As the boy left the lobby, clutching his roll of film, she sighed and shook her head. "This," she said, "is certainly my month for college boys!"

That morning a delegation from North Carolina had showed up to present her with the title of Miss Homecoming and a request to be present when their team played the nation's toughest eleven—Maryland. The week before a dozen stalwarts from Clemson Agricultural College, S. C., had terrified the desk clerk into admitting them to Grace's presence. There they had not committed assault, but announced that she had been voted Miss Personality Plus of 1955, and withdrew in good order. Ten seniors from Furman University in Greenville drove over one Sunday with a plaque stating that they considered her their Dream Girl of the year, and the Asheville prep school threw discretion to the winds and proclaimed her Miss Everything!

It was all very flattering, but it had its ironic side as well. For these collegiate and crew-cut lads—plus her father—made up the sum total of Grace's male visitors during the entire stay on location.

Not that there hadn't been fun. You can't assemble a cast consisting of Alec Guinness, Jesse Royce Landis and Louis Jourdan and expect everyone to remain straight-faced. Grace had been known (though not till the joke was over) to sneak off to the telegraph office and dispatch several impassioned and love-struck wires to Guinness, signed, mysteriously, "Alice." There had been long walks in the countryside, sight-seeing excursions with Papa Kelly, sociable evenings. But men? Nary a one. (*Continued on page 67*) *cool, classic beauty dissolves into a warm, impulsive woman who delights the camera with a fresh mood*

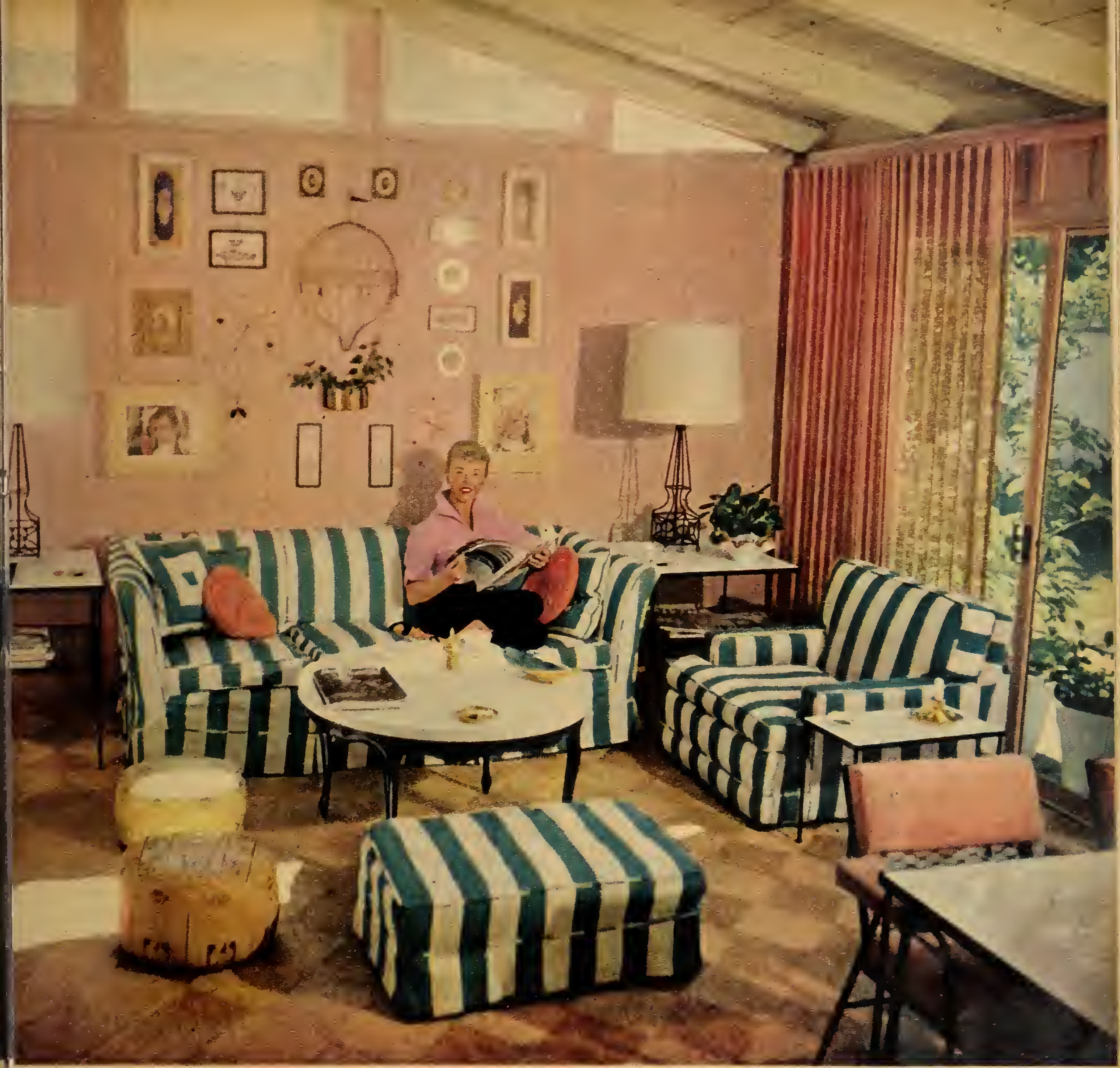
Grace Kelly appeals to men as a challenge. Which lucky fellow will break down her reserve? Which one will make the lady laugh, or cry or love? Grace's charms lie in her rarely expressed, but potently suggested inner life. That life, as shown here, proves Miss Kelly can be as flirtatious, kittenish, impulsive, dreamy as any other well-brought-up young woman her age.

The Melchers bought their house in San Fernando Valley from Martha Raye and took their time (four years) about redecorating from Early American to casual French Provincial. The Pink Room, an enclosed porch close to the pool, is their own family creation and the most popular spot in house.

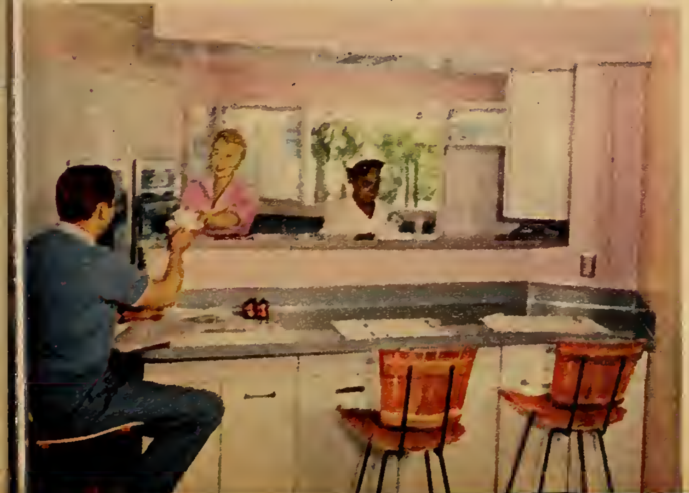
the Lady in Pink

Doris Day admits the color flatters her; husband Marty doesn't mind and son Terry's happy as long as the floors hold up and there's room for bop dancing

by MARVA PETERSON



Pink Rocm (above) is used for family entertaining. More often Doris and Marty eat dinner there alone by candlelight. Pink breakfast bar (below) dominates pink kitchen and accounts for Melcher appetites and early morning good humor.



■ In the prettiest pink kitchen in North Hollywood a farm-size breakfast was in the last stages of preparation. Katie, the cook, was squeezing her customary quota of a dozen fresh oranges. A pot of hot Sanka gurgled and gave off delicious puffs of steam. A pound of bacon sputtered and turned crisp on the griddle. A pan of three-minute eggs sizzled as Doris Day shuffled into the room.

"Good morning, Katie," she called out cheerfully, slipping onto one of the counter stools in front of the snack bar. "Breakfast ready?"

Katie grinned and passed a loaded plate over the counter.

Almost immediately Doris was followed by Terry Melcher, her robust blockbuster of a 13-year-old son. Terry gave his (*Continued on page* 75)

LOUELLA PARSONS:

WELCOME HOME, KIDS!

Mike Todd threw them a party 48 hours after they got in.

As hostess I had first look at Deb's ring—the one she got after the wedding.

Debbie kept her furry red coat on all evening, it was so cold.

Eddie took me aside to whisper that the first thing they want is a son!

Oh, so tired, and oh, so happy, Debbie and Eddie came home from the hectic honeymoon and told me all about it!

■ "We're going to have a son as soon as we can," Eddie Fisher told me with great solemnity the first time I saw him after his marriage to Debbie Reynolds.

Barely able to restrain a smile, I asked, "What if it's a daughter?"

"It won't be," Eddie assured me, with all the conviction of a young man who is very used to having everything go his way.

And, by golly, I suppose it *will* be a boy, just like Eddie says—which will be perfectly all right with Mrs. Eddie, you can bet.

The kids were frankly dead tired. Or rather, travel tired and almost groggy from catching plane after plane. Outside of the two days they had taken off from Eddie's traveling salesman's chores plugging Coca-Cola, which he advertises on TV, to get married, the bride and groom had been on continual go, go, go for two weeks.

The plane they had boarded in Kansas City at 4 a.m. had not set down at Los Angeles' International Airport until after 7 in the morning of a day that was to be the start of a hectic week end at home.

There were only forty-eight hours for seeing relatives and family, some members for the first time since their marriage. Eddie had to

Uncle Miltie Berle was one of the 500 guests congratulating the kids.

Lucille, Desi and Debbie had champagne—Eddie drank Coke!

More pictures on following pages

Gary Cooper beamed down at the kids. Now there's a man who could tell them about Hollywood marriages—the good and *the difficulties.*

"WE'VE BEEN LIVING LIKE TRAVELING SALESMEN, NOTHING BUT PLANES AND TRAINS FOR TWO

check in with his doctor about stomach pains, nagging and persistent (which turned out to be just nervousness). There were business conferences with the agents of both the bride and groom and all this to be topped by a "Welcome Home To Debbie And Eddie" cocktail party which producer Mike Todd was hosting in their honor. Five hundred friends of the couple invited! Just an intimate little affair!

The weather which had been mild and warm turned unexpectedly cold, which would not have mattered except that to accommodate all those who had accepted, the party had to be moved *outside* the house and into a huge tent, which was hurriedly put up in just three hours time.

It was a beautiful job, (*Continued on page 68*)

Lori Nelson, who was there when Deb got her engagement ring, hugged

Danny Thomas got a kiss from Debbie, who looked about 14 to me

And Anna Maria Alberghetti had congratulations for a fellow singer.

Close pal Peggy King gave best wishes—but her own marriage is over.

Jeanette Johnson (Deb's maid of honor) and Bernie Rich attended.

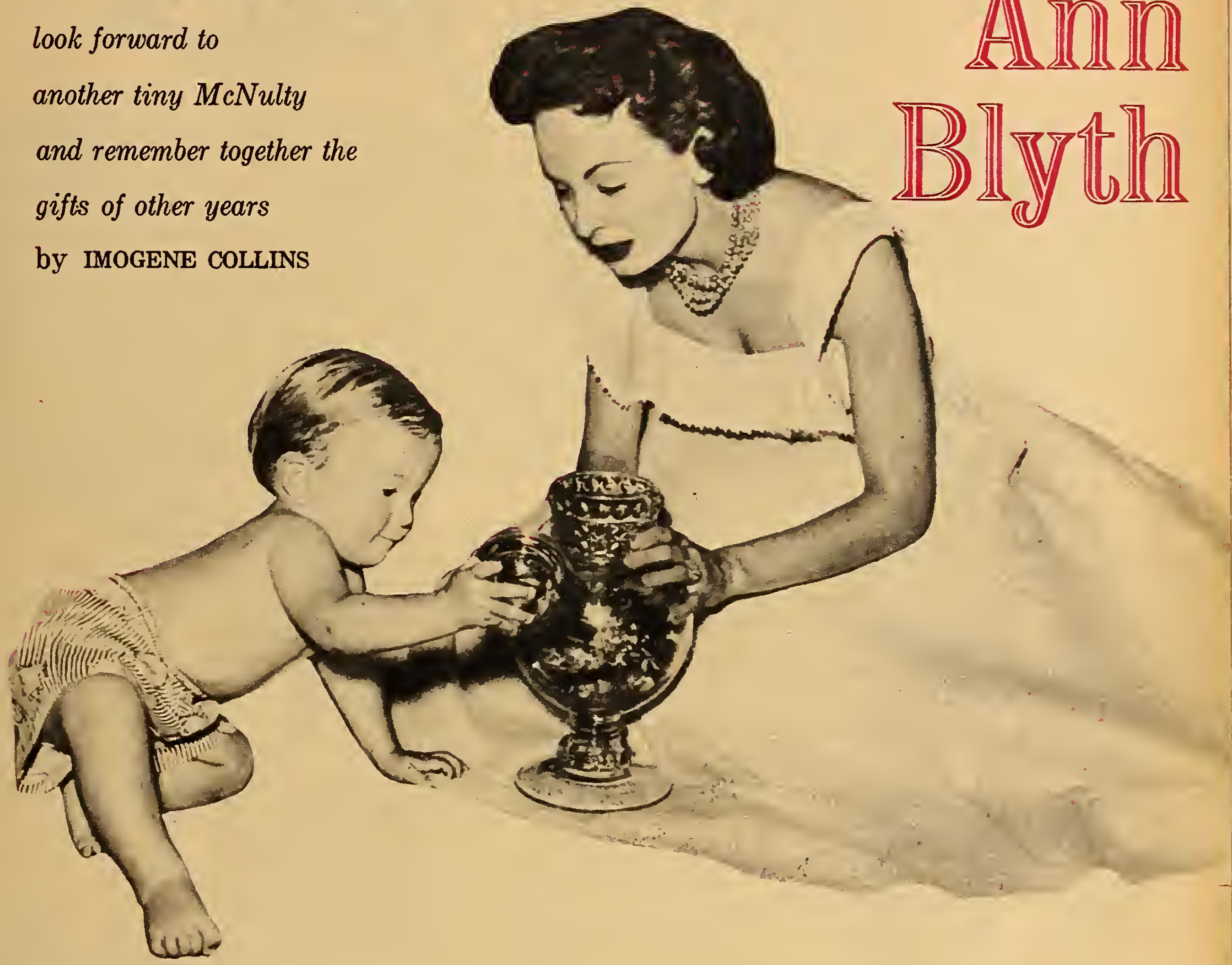
WHOLE WEEKS," EDDIE TOLD ME. "WE'RE EXHAUSTED—BUT WE'RE AWFULLY, AWFULLY HAPPY!"

her . . . Then she and Leon Tyler, another old friend of the honeymooners, gave the ring—and the bridegroom—their official approval.

he three Christmas trees of Ann Blyth

This is a joyous season
for Ann and Dr. Jim, as they
look forward to
another tiny McNulty
and remember together the
gifts of other years

by IMOGENE COLLINS



■ This year's tree promises to be Ann's very best but its glory cannot dim the memories of three other shining trees. Trees that made Christmas such a special time for Mrs. McNulty. As she and Dr. Jim trim the giant evergreen with precious ornaments, some saved from Ann's childhood, her thoughts will travel back to last year when tiny Timmy blessed their home, back to her first Christmas as Mrs. McNulty, and farther back to that memorable tree-trimming when Dr. Jim proposed.

This year Timmy will be old enough to stare in awe at the twinkling lights and brighten at the presents chosen with such love and care by Ann. (His mother hopes so!) "He will probably go waddling into the living room clutching that little teapot he loves so much. He walks now, you know," Ann says with considerable pride. "And who knows? Maybe under the tree he will find something that he will love better than that battered tin pot."

Ann is praying for a very special family present. When you ask what she wants for Christmas her face lights up with inner happiness and she smiles slowly, "What more could I possibly want than a baby?" She hopes that the new baby due early in December will put in an appearance more or less on time. "It's only because I would so love to be home on Christmas and so many times I have had to be away. It would be so wonderful to be home with Jim and Timmy."

Oddly enough, Ann's happiest Christmas Day was spent away from home. *(Continued on page 66)*

EDMUND and LINDA: WHAT HAPPENED IN VENICE

According to Purdom: "I came abroad because I needed a vacation quite badly. I've made six films in a row in Hollywood and I wanted to get away." According to Hollywood: "Purdom's behavior toward his wife was disgraceful. Before he left he and Linda were constantly smooching in public—and neither of them finally divorced!"

by THELMA MCGILL

■ Ever since he fell out of love with his wife and in love with Linda Christian, Edmund Purdom has been a prime target. Never more so than last summer when he spent a whirlwind holiday with Linda in Venice, Barcelona, Rome and London. Columnists, gossips and the outraged public drew a bead on him. Purdom reacted characteristically. He went right on doing what he wanted to do, and in fact seemed rather pleased by all the brickbats.

It had been the practical thing, this trip abroad. Purdom couldn't go out with Linda in Hollywood where public opinion was strongly in favor of his martyred (*Continued on page 62*)

According to Purdom: "I'm here with Linda because she speaks Italian and I don't and she graciously offered to translate for me." According to observers: "Linda didn't have to translate anything because they never spoke to anyone but each other—not even other Americans. They just wanted to be alone!"

According to Purdom (looking over Venetian glassware and scenery): "Linda and I may marry and we may not. Frankly, I don't want to be asked. It becomes a bother!" According to London observers: "He brought Linda here to meet his parents. As for her—why, she can't play a love scene if Edmund's looking on. Embarrassed, you know."

She's bright, she's bubbly, she's boy-crazy, clothes-happy, teen-aged and oh-so-grown-up Natalie Wood

by JANE WILKIE

SEVENTEEN! cutest doll they've ever seen

Actor John Smith is a new date—Natalie goes for boys in show business. "We understand each other."

Nick Adams kissed her at a party; first screen kiss came from James Dean in Rebel Without A Cause

Marty Milnar takes her out, too—Natalie averages 7 dates a week when she isn't working!

■ I first met Natalie Wood when she was six. I had a lot of questions to ask, but I never got to them. Natalie took the interview in hand with her opening statement. "I don't like girls much," she said. "But I do like boys."

This time, 11 years later, I got right to the point. "Tell me," I said to 17-year-old Miss Wood, "how do you feel about girls?" "I don't like them much," she said. Then she brightened. "But I still like boys!"

The feeling is mutual. At 17, Natalie's blonde hair has darkened to a soft brown, her eyes are a mixture of childish wonderment and adult wisdom, and her figure has developed into a dainty replica of Venus. In action she is all teen-ager, bouncing here, running there, her conversation skipping about in the same way. (*Continued on page 70*)

Mom and Natalie look like sisters, act like friends—as long as Natalie keeps checking in on time.

by George Stevens

For nearly two decades tall, affable George Stevens has been a force for artistry in Hollywood. From Gunga Din *to* A Place In The Sun *he has contributed some of the best movies we have had. At this moment he is putting the finishing touches to his latest picture, Edna Ferber's* Giant, *starring Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson and the late James Byron Dean, of whom he wrote this moving story.*

■ I spent six hours today with Jimmy Dean, as I have most of the days in these past two months. He is always up there on the projection-room screen in front of me, challenging me not to like any part of him in the picture. And there is no part of Jimmy I don't like, no part of him that hasn't always the attraction that goes with complete naturalness. Maybe it is the way he sidles next to someone, chin hugging his chest, then squints up out of the corner of his eye, mumbling a greeting. Or maybe the way he can run a boyish giggle right through his words or, without losing an iota of expressiveness, violate all the dramatic precepts and persistently present only his back to the camera.

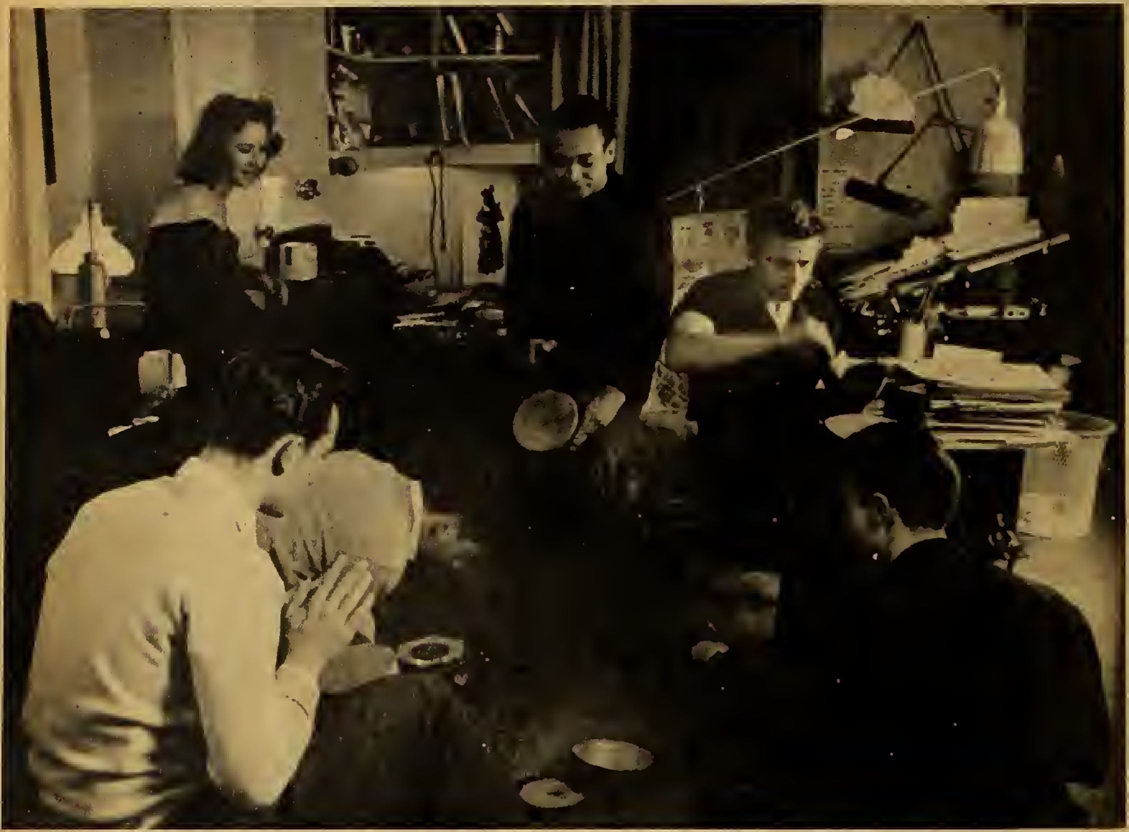
When there is this much distinction and force to a personality you can't believe it can ever be destroyed. Certainly for me, as I put together his last picture, *Giant*, the Dean who drove to his death on a cool September evening in northern California is unreal. The real one is the Jimmy I knew and (*Continued on page* 68)

A TENDERNESS LOST

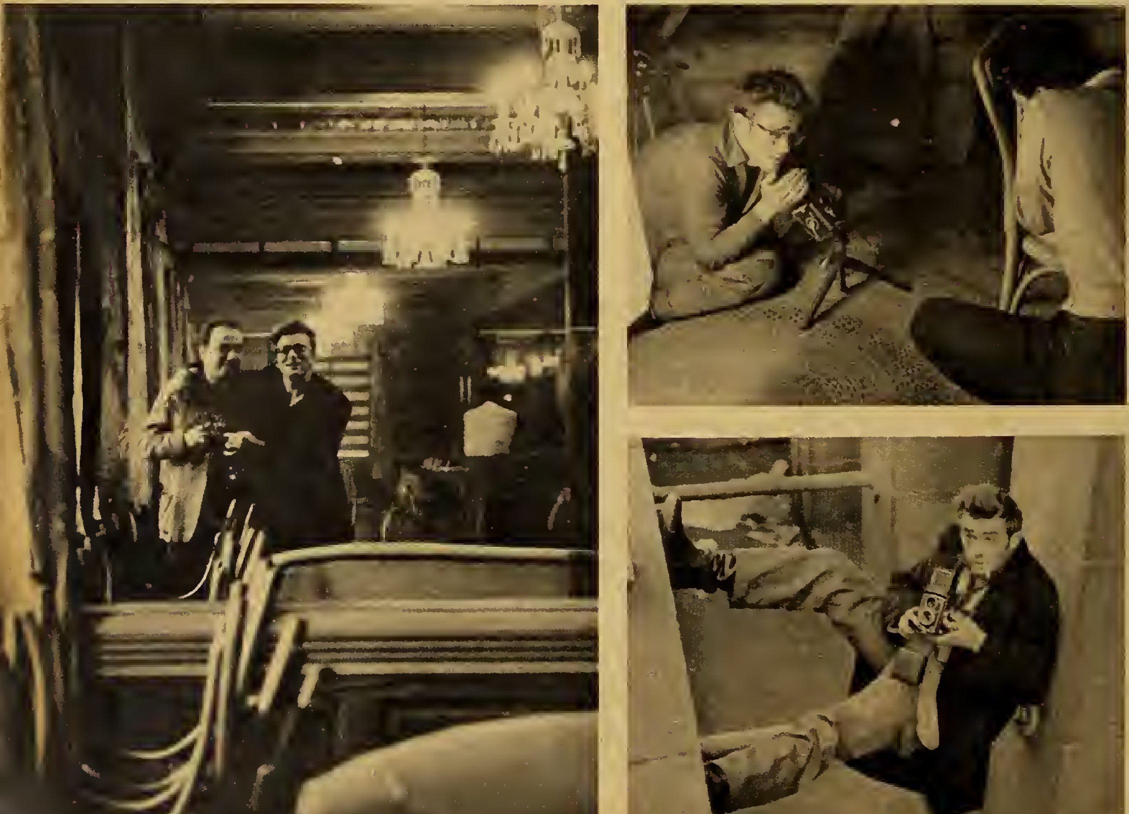
photo by Roy Schatt

More pictures on the following pages

JAMES DEAN: *"He had an intense, special enthusiasm," says close friend Roy Schatt who taught Jim photography, took these revealing pictures.*



Parties at Roy's found Jim, glasses off, beating the bongos with grim determination, happy but never quite relaxed.



He was always looking for special effects, crouching in difficult corners, peering around chairs for that odd, off-beat effect that characterized his life. He posed with Roy in rehearsal halls, the street, anywhere. No one stared at him then. He was just one of New York's theatre kids, living it up on a shoestring of talent and hope.

In Hollywood his last date was with starlet Ursula Andress

Date photos by Darlene Hammond

Their relationship was stormy, unlike Jim's quiet, deep love for Pier Angeli. "Ursula and I fight like cats and dogs," he said. But just before his death they split, and afterward Ursula wept, "He was a lonely boy . . . Perhaps, if I had said something . . ."

by Audie Murphy

■ During the war, we soldiers would catch up on sleep at every opportunity. For me, very often, the peacefulness of an Army church service on a sunny Sabbath morning would lull me to quick slumber. Once our chaplain kidded me about it. "I'm not satisfied with the amount of praying you do," he said to me. My answer was:

"You do the prayin' and I'll do the shootin' "

That's what I said then. I feel differently now. I have come a long way since the bitterness of wartime in general and my smart alecky reply of that day in particular. The truth was, as the chaplain well knew, you prayed all the time you were up in the battle area. But for a nineteen-year-old it was hard to reconcile being blessed for killing, in the face of the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Those days, in between being hungry and tired and scared, I walked around full of question marks which I sometimes tried to sort out but never could. Part of what I was doing then, it seems to me now, was trying to get a sense of relationship to life beyond the actual moment of living it—in other words, beyond the moment that a bullet might anytime end it.

I suppose that to counteract a demoralizing fear that I might die and became an indistinguishable part of the past any second, I wanted an imperishable identity with the future. For that you needed spiritual faith. My search for it, as far back as I could remember, had never been an easy one.

I first knew God, in my Texas boyhood, as a fire-blasting monster who, I was told, would take great delight in throwing the likes of child sinners like me into a hot place called Hell. The man who thus interpreted Him for us was the preacher of our little backwoods church.

I remember the preacher well. His face would get angry and red, his words would come at us in ranting outbursts, and his gestures were threatening ones, made with clenched fists. Sometimes he even danced in his fury, not unlike the witch doctors of primitive peoples.

Listening to this preacher, and to others of the district who were like him, I came close to never having any religion at all. I went to church in the first place seeking comfort, and, I think, reassurance about life. I wanted to be told that it could be better than the way we in our family lived it, cursed by poverty. But what I sought in that church I didn't get.

I never was young

People know me for my record as a soldier. But the truth is I must have done some of my best fighting in a war I was in long before I joined the Army. You might say there never was a "peace time" in my life, a time when things were good. I can't remember ever being *young* in my life. I never had just "fun." I am one Texan boy who never had a pair of cowboy boots. I am one native-born and native-bred American male who actually doesn't know the rules of our national pastime—baseball. I never had time to play or the paraphernalia you play it with. I never had a bike. It was a full-time job just existing.

My mother never made it. Continued poverty and enforced self-neglect wore her down until she had no resistance to disease. She ailed steadily. In a home where food was hard to come by, medicine and treatment were unattainable luxuries, not necessities. She died when she was in what should still have been her vigorous years. Her story, including her early death, is not unusual in the history of a sharecropper's family, particularly when the sharecropper himself runs off, leaving his wife to take care of their children—in Mother's case, nine of us.

When do you get a nickel for the collection plate at church when you are in a fix like this? Not often. When do you get a change of clothes to wear Sunday, let alone a new or good suit? Never.

I usually owned only one pair of jeans, and for years my nickname among kids who knew me, particularly the girls, was "Short Britches" because mine were usually never as long as they should be. My mother would wash my jeans regularly and they would get clean, but also shorter.

When I was fourteen and felt moony about a girl, I did all my admiring of her from a long distance off. I was too ashamed to come closer. There were my short britches. There were my home-repaired shoes—the soles stitched to the uppers with bailing wire. And there was the time that would be wasted if I talked to her that I might better spend picking up wood for my mother, or chopping for hire.

Yet from time to time I would somehow find myself with a nickel for the church collection and I would go. I would be the last to slip in after the service had started, and the first to leave when it was over, so that I wouldn't need to meet anyone. I would sit and listen . . . while fire and brimstone thundered from the pulpit.

(Continued on page 60)

All my life people told me, "You can't!" I won't make that mistake with my Vittoria

NO APRON STRINGS FOR MY KID!

by Shelley Winters

■ I was looking at my baby the other day and couldn't help wondering about the problem she has dealing with all of us. The nurse wants her to take her nap on the dot. I would like her to orate a little Shakespeare. Her grandmother wants her to act like a lady.

Something tells my Vittoria Gina that she can't please everybody so she just mutters a little and lives her own life. If she's smart she'll keep this up—not the muttering but maintaining her autonomy.

Of all the things people agreed I might be when I grew up, none selected or approved that which I wanted to be—an actress. My relatives never said, "No, don't be an actress." They just shrugged their shoulders as if it were the silliest ambition they had ever heard. My friends said coldly, "Be yourself!"

It had been like that before in my life. When I was fifteen and living in Brooklyn I saw an ad in the New York *Times* calling for models. I was not only undeveloped, I was gangly. But I decided to be a model. While everyone laughed at me, I went to Manhattan and got the job.

Modeling built in me a knowledge that the experts (and everyone is surrounded by "experts" on what to do with one's life), while not exactly wrong, can be made to be wrong if one has enough determination to overcome handicaps. I'm not against getting advice. But analyze it and analyze where it comes from! And make your own decision. One of the most important things for any girl to find out is whether she has good judgment about herself.

It was only this knowledge that kept me going in Hollywood when a producer told me how far I was from being an actress.

"You're not photogenic," he said. "You can't act. Your voice is bad. Your teeth present a camera problem. Maybe you could get along on Broadway on the stage, but I don't know what you're doing in Hollywood."

I knew. Hollywood had signed me for $125 a week. That was twice as much as anyone else in the family was getting, so I came out. I would have come out for $75 a week. I would have come out if it had been nothing but a chance to act. Ever since I could remember, I had felt I could be a player on the stage. If the producer had known that he would have saved his breath. I'm glad he didn't know, because he did give me things to work on—my features, my voice, my teeth—I did what I could with them. My acting I took even more seriously than before.

As my Vittoria Gina grows up, I want her to be a positive person, not a passive one. Oh, I know I'm full of ideas and I'll be after her to do this or do that. But every time she shows that she has her own ideas and the will to stick to them, I know that I'll be secretly pleased.

I'll tell her my story—that I had to do my own thinking, my own doing, and that somebody was always there to say, "You can't." And that they were wrong.

I plan to do even more. I plan to make sure that when Vittoria is eighteen she'll be independent and able to finance her career, whatever it is. If I agree with her choice, fine. If I don't, she'll be able to say, "Sorry, Mom!"

And off she'll go to live her own life. The way I did. The way all of us must. Nobody can live it for us.

Her toes were frozen, but her heart was warm, and Terry Moore brought Christmas to a bunch of the loneliest GI's in the world

NEVER HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

"They had a tree," Terry said, "decorated with chopped-up beer cans and surgical cotton." Wearing a black, sequined gown, she sang, danced and kissed the boys in Iceland, then did a show in a plane for a ship down below. "I'm getting spoiled," she told those who tried to thank her. "Twelve trees a year, and all this mistletoe!" It was her third Christmas away from home.

■ Terry Moore had no business dancing with the drummer.

It simply isn't done in the better places. No one who was at the battlefront in Korea in the waning days of 1953 would call it a better place, yet there are certain social amenities to be observed in any officers' club.

The drummer didn't mind. While the band played its own souped-up version of the divine *Stardust*, Terry snuggled a little closer to the drummer's chest. He, being a tall, lean fellow, had to bend his head way down to whisper in her ear, "Look, honey, I won't pretend that this isn't heaven, but you're not making a score with the big boys around here."

"Shush," Terry whispered back, "you have as much right to (*Continued on opposite page*)

a little fun as anyone else. Besides . . ."

The distant rumble of big guns grew louder. The band swelled its music to cover the annoyance, and the boy and girl in this strange setting danced on. Terry was thinking that it was mighty tough that all the men in this miserable outpost couldn't be with their wives or sweethearts on this night before Christmas. The drummer, well aware that the eyes of all the officers in the place were on him, decided not to think at all.

Girls who are born rebels like Terry can understand her feelings. She'd known the drummer back in Hollywood, and she didn't intend to let a little thing like Army protocol prevent their having one dance together. Except for one lieutenant who chose to give Terry a short ecture on the inadvisability of dancing with enlisted men in the officers' sanctum, no one objected. Nor was there any protest when Terry and the troupe adjourned a few minutes later to the non-com's club, where the scrawny Christmas tree was decorated with bits of paper, cut-up beer cans, and surgical-cotton snow.

"Someone dug up a tape recorder," Terry remembers, "and we made musical history that night. We called the band *The Crazy Combo.* A crazy combo it was and still is. I've never heard such crazy-tone arrangements dreamed up on a bass, trumpet, drums and accordion, and I don't think that anyone who was there will ever forget that Christmas."

Those who really appreciated what Terry and the troupe did for the fighting men that Christmas were the wives and mothers back home. All the performers will treasure the dozens of thank you letters they received from them for months afterward. Friendships formed during hat Christmas still exist. *The Crazy Combo* for instance is still alive and kick- ng the musical gong around.

Drop in at Frascotti's restaurant in Hollywood any night and ask for Al ellow, the drummer. He'll testify to that acky night in Korea.

And he can tell you, too, how Terry and er mother, without a wink of sleep, imbed into a jeep and bounced out to angerous fox holes in the hills Christmas orning to sing and talk to the men.

On the way home, Terry began to realize ow much she had experienced in real ving on this Christmas.

"It is difficult to put into words," she ys now. "I felt, somehow, that I had een given a great gift. To be honest, I ad been reluctant to go. Christmas has ways been a very special day in our mily, with relatives from Utah and San rancisco gathering at our home each ear. I felt cheated because my holiday the ear before had been a miserable one. I ad been sent out on personal appearances ith a picture, and I'll never forget my neliness on Christmas Day of 1952. I ent to church in Nashville, Tennessee nd when I had to walk back into the otel alone, I was almost crying. Every-ody in Nashville was snug and happy at ome."

After that experience, Terry vowed that e'd never be away from home at Christ- as again. She was doubly determined st year, having made what she thought as one last exception with the Korean ip. But, just as the 1954 holiday season proached, she received a long distance lephone call from Washington, D.C. olonel Joseph Goetz was on the line, viting her to go to Iceland for Christmas a special guest of the Air Force.

"It was such an honor to be asked," erry says, "that I simply couldn't say . I told Colonel Goetz I'd be delighted."

The choice of Terry Moore was de- perate on two counts. First, in an in- rmal poll of Air Force men, she was far and away the actress they wanted most to see. Secondarily, the Air Force was not insensible to the nearly tragic injustice that had faced Terry the year before in Korea, when only the personal intervention of General Maxwell Taylor saved her from being sent home in disgrace.

This time Terry was asked to form her own troupe, which she did, starting with Gil Lamb for the master of ceremonies. Then she looked for girls of different types, trying to figure which would appeal most to the Air Corps men. Among the volunteers was Angie Dickinson, a tall, lovely girl with a face like Ava Gardner's and a figure that would cause Jane Russell to turn around and stare. For added excitement, plus plenty of action, she invited Faye Nuell, the promising young dancer. For still more spice, she enlisted Bonnie Lee Sloan, the terrific hillbilly singer. Then, to round out the bill, music was provided by the sharp combo which is now playing at the Plymouth house on the Sunset Strip.

On December 22nd, 1954, the little group of sixteen, including Terry's mother and dad, clambered aboard an Air Force DC-6, which would normally carry about seventy people, and took off on a nonstop flight to the base at Westover, Massachusetts. Here they stayed overnight while Terry and her gang entertained at the hospital. Next morning they were airborne again, headed for Iceland. Because their number was so small, they were able to convert a large part of the plane into a rehearsal hall, and Gil Lamb and Terry whipped the show into shape. At 2 a.m. the day before Christmas, they landed at the Iceland air base to find nearly 3,000 soldiers milling around, waiting in the icy, ten-degree weather.

"I don't know what we expected," Terry says, "unless it was igloos, but we found really nice hotel rooms at the airport, all decorated for Christmas. And someone had scrawled Yuletide greetings across the face of the mirror in my room. The officers and their wives gave us a nice party, but they cut it short so we could spend the lion's share of our time with the enlisted men. Those guys marched out on parade on Christmas Day in a 110 mile-an-hour wind, which is really something in that treeless part of the world. Nevertheless, we managed to throw snowballs to work up an appetite. Lucky for us we did, because we ate Christmas dinner at *four* mess halls, and every time we sat down we ate like we hadn't seen food in days.

"During one of the shows I had a wonderful surprise. As a part of the act, I sang 'Gimme A Little Kiss. Willyu, Huh?' to one of the men—Gil Lamb would pick one from the audience—and I got the kick of my life when Don Morris, a big guy from Grand Rapids, Michigan, came up on the stage. He brought a copy of his home-town paper, *The Herald,* which had a picture of me kissing his best friend, Corporal Jack Sawinski, in Korea the Christmas before. He'd been toting the picture around with him, but he never expected to ever see me in the flesh. In fact, he very nearly didn't, because in his pocket he had orders for his transfer to Orly Field in Paris. That kiss was really something! The rafters shook for ten minutes after."

Next morning the American base at Prestwick, Scotland. Terry and the other girls were showered with gifts, from expensive cigarette lighters to souvenir trinkets. The GIs simply had to do some Christmas giving in person. When Terry said to one of them, "I don't know how to thank you, and I don't have a gift for you in return," he replied, "You kids being here is plenty."

From Scotland, they flew on to the Azores where they performed for the world's most exclusive television station, erected on the Air Force base there with a radius of only one mile. After a roaring good time Terry's troupe was off twenty-four hours later on the longest leg of their ocean hops—to Bermuda. On the way, the Captain passed back word that they would soon pass over a Navy weather ship, a tiny bucket of a boat on which men were stationed for thirty days at a time in one area to provide constant weather information for American planes. The Captain had radioed, telling the Navy men who he had on board, with the result that he had an urgent request for special musical numbers and pleas from sailors to have just a couple of words with Terry.

"It was the darndest experience any of us had ever had," Terry recalls. "Here we were 4,000 feet in the air, cruising at 300 miles an hour, putting on a show over the radio for Navy boys on a ship which, when we dropped down below the overcast, looked like a cork bobbling in a rippling stream."

New Year's Eve was spent at Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda. Then it was on home again, by way of Westover Field.

This time Terry's return was not heralded by any headlines suggesting that she'd taken the trip for publicity purposes. Those who had stirred up the big squawk the year before, if not a little ashamed of themselves, were strangely silent, for there was not one feminine star of Terry Moore's calibre who had given up Christmas for so unselfish a project.

When the point was brought to Terry's attention, she changed the subject. "Remember all that fuss about the bikini bathing suit?" she grinned. "Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. On this last trip I had a shimmering, black-sequined evening gown that made that little ermine job look like a pair of coveralls."

And now it's Christmas time, 1955. For weeks, Terry has been busy furnishing her beautiful new home in Coldwater Canyon. This time, she and her family and all their relatives are planning Christmas at home.

"But I'm not so sure," Terry says. "I'm getting used to not being home for Christmas. You see, I've been spoiled. I'm getting used to having dozens of Christmas trees and dozens more kisses under mistletoes all over the globe. Any day now, I expect a telephone call from some branch of the service, asking me if I'd mind a little round-the-world holiday. When and if that happens, I'm afraid I won't be able to resist!"

Terry Moore is in The Best Things In Life Are Free, *a 20th Century-Fox Production.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is no better way to express the thoughts of thousands of men and their families than to publish the following letter:

Headquarters Iceland Air Defense Force
Army Air Transport Service
Mr. Harry Brand,
20th Century-Fox Studios,
Beverly Hills, Calif.
Dear Sir:

On behalf of the officers and enlisted personnel of this base, I am enclosing a letter of appreciation to Miss Terry Moore for her appearance at this station.

The performance of Miss Moore and her cast more than offset the dejection experienced by each of us in not being able to be home for Christmas. The conduct, both personal and professional, of each member of the troupe was excellent and reflects much credit upon themselves and their profession.

Sincerely,
(signed)
J. C. Bailey, Col. USAF, Comm.

RORY CALHOUN

on juvenile delinquents

■ Rory Calhoun, who from his thirteenth birthday to his twenty-first year worked up a criminal record which included a half-dozen reformatory and prison sentences, has his own theory about curbing juvenile delinquency—"The Space Theory," he calls it. He thinks a boy must have space to move in—wide country space, not the confined brick and asphalt canyons of the city.

"Men who make laws forget how powerful is a kid's urge for action, and that action should be fishing, hunting, riding," he says. "Curb that instinct and before you know it it is being expressed in other forms, maybe burglary instead of fishing."

Rory remembers that when his parents brought him to Los Angeles from wooded Santa Cruz, California, he used to make long street car rides to get to the outdoors. "I was still not thirteen, and hadn't made my first mistake yet," he recalls. "I'd save my pennies to get to some place like the Santa Monica Hills. The first thing I ever stole was something shiny—a gadget of some kind I don't even remember. Do you suppose I would have bothered if I could have had a field to hunt rabbits in, a dog to scare 'em up, and anything, even a slingshot, to let fly at them?

"If civic leaders realized one important truth about juvenile delinquents, there would be only half as much trouble. To most kids breaking the law is not a means of profit, but a form of adventure. They've got to do something or bust . . . even if it's busting into prison. Nobody ever wanted to lock me up when I was a kid. I used to insist on it. I had to do something or bust."

you do the prayin'

(*Continued from page 57*) I remember, when I was about ten years old, sitting on a back bench in church one Sunday, and coming to the conclusion that I didn't believe Hell *could* be worse than the particular patch of Texas I lived in—as my mother, my brothers and sisters, and I found it to live in, anyway.

But my mother's religious ties to the church remained as strong as ever, no matter how wretched her life. I used to sit and watch her in her pain, wondering, childlike, at God's failure to relieve her suffering. Occasionally I would express my doubts to her about Him. She never chided me. I am sure she thought I was too young to know any better. But her faith never wavered.

The oldest male

By this time my older sisters had married and left the home, leaving me as the oldest. I wasn't in my teens yet but fully aware that I had a wage-earner's role as the oldest male in the house. And of course I couldn't make enough money, picking up odd jobs that a boy can do, to help much.

All in all it was a pretty unhappy boyhood, and back of it all was the shadow of my father, for whom my hate grew stronger and stronger as the burdens he had thrown off piled up on me.

(This hate, incidentally, no longer exists. I have since concluded that it is not my prerogative to pass judgment on him, that he may have had what to him were compelling reasons for what he did. We have met and talked, without digging up the past.)

If I wasn't *forever* turned from God those days I think it was because man's instinct is to believe. There came other times and places in my life when the idea would strike me that He was perhaps making Himself known to me. I would be sitting somewhere quietly—on the bank of a stream, in a deserted chapel or church I happened to enter—when I would experience a feeling that He must be. No more than this—and sometimes it is a little saddening that it is no more than this. But if He will not give any more definite sign of Himself, or define His wishes, there is at least the compensation of being able to invest Him with such qualities as one thinks He must have.

This God, whom I can neither prove nor disprove, is not to me a complicated Being who has to be made understandable via long and involved interpretations of Biblical passages. God, as I see Him, must be truth itself, and the truth is always simple. On this I base my faith.

My everyday practice of this faith takes the form mainly of conducting myself so that I hurt no man wilfully, myself included. A person can destroy himself as effectively as he can the other fellow. If I can say to myself at the close of each day that I have committed no offensive deed to anyone, knowingly, then I can sleep.

My faith tells me too that fear is no part of God's ways; there is no fear or any threat of fear, of any kind and for whatever reason. I wouldn't want any man to live in fear and I am sure God, who must outdo us all in goodness, would not.

This is religion quite simplified, I know. But it will have to do for me. I think a preacher should be a teacher, a gentle, understanding teacher, and never a voice of doom continually threatening all within earshot. I think it is shameful to be frightened into anything, even into religion.

A girl I know once told a friend that she feared no one and nothing except God, and the friend replied, "God is the only One you need never fear." I like that, because it illustrates how I feel about Him. It seems to me that out of fear come many evils, selfishness, lack of self-respect, cruelty.

A group of soldiers are ordered to advance against heavy fire and they all have fear. If one of these has no self-pride to call on then his fear will cause him to hang back while the others go ahead and take the brunt of the punishment. You are very conscious of this when it takes place in battle area. It is not that cowardice is a sin; no man has a patent on fear, and I never met anyone who hadn't tasted it. What you hate is the selfishness in a man who won't try to conquer his fear, and instead uses the lives of his buddies to shield his own. In the front line especially, and I think it is true in all life, the answer to "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" is an emphatic yes.

I can recall being under massive artillery barrage in France and hearing fellows pray all around me. For some reason I would always be irritated when I would overhear the words, ". . . please God, save me . . ." Then one day, as we were out in pretty open country and being pounded by heavy shelling, I heard a GI mumble these same words again and an answer formed in my mind. "Hey, why save just you?" I wanted to ask. "There's a whole company of us out here!" It seems to me that if a man can help it he ought not to try and whine himself into Heaven.

An unwilling partner

Nor do I think that we compliment Him any by constantly claiming Him as a partner in our private enterprises. I think He has been made a member of a lot of firms and enterprises He would be just as happy to resign from. Nor do I think that God wants credit for our achievements.

I remember someone telling back home about a farmer who bought a terribly run-down place. The house was a splatter of broken boards, and the fields were a tangle of weeds. He worked hard for months and finally had the farm in fine shape; the house neat and paint fresh, long straight lines of cotton in the fields, and hogs and chickens in the yard.

Then the local preacher came by and introduced himself. He welcomed the farmer to the community. He said he hoped to see him in church regularly. "And son," he ended up, "you and the Lord have done a good job fixing up this farm. I want you to know that. You and the Lord have done right well here."

"Thank you, Reverend," said the farmer. "I think so, too. But you ought to have seen the place when the Lord was farmin' it by Himself!"

My folks attended the Baptist Church, and I am today a member of the Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas. I was never baptized in any one church as a child and with the simple faith that is my guide now I do not think there is any need for baptism.

Let me enlarge on this as best I can. That my faith is simple does not mean that I take it lightly, nor that this is why I speak thus about baptism. I have quite an active wonder about religion.

I often carry this wonder into a place where I think I can best commune with it, and that place often is a church. And it seems to me that God would not stay out of any church in which men have gathered to be near Him.

I think that way back in Texas, when I sat all through that hellfire in church waiting to hear about the loving God my mother used to tell me about, I felt I might meet Him anywhere, anytime. I still do. END

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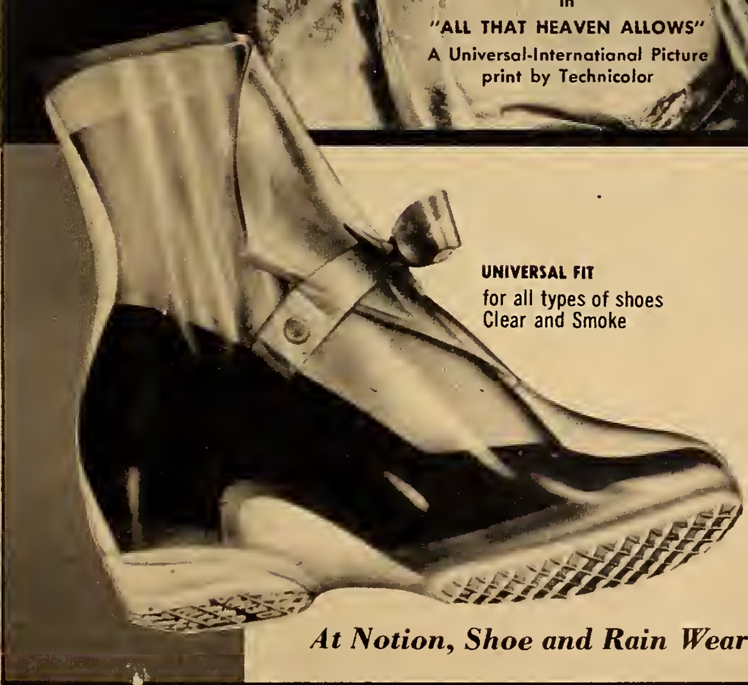

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VIC IN A CORNER

and with two French models, that's not a bad place for Mature

"I don't get this Y-line, honey—I mean, bébé. Elucidate. Where does it begin? Where does it end?"

"It can't go like that, sweetie; women *don't go like that! Well, of course I'm an authority!"*

"Ed, I will now explain you the Y-line. You got to dig it, O'Brien—they're gonna change women around to fit it!"

■ Victor Mature, not bad himself with a line, flew all the way from London, where he's making *Safari* for Columbia, to Paris, where he did some personal research on the fashion city's new "Y-Line."

Vic couldn't have asked for more pleasant circumstances for his initiation into French fashions. Two of Paris' most exotic models took personal charge of his instruction.

It happened at a party at Paris' Georges V Hotel, given by London Savoy Hotel press agent, Jeanne Gilbert, to cement Anglo-Franco hotel relationships.

Good-~~natured~~ Vic, not wanting his pal Jeanne's party to be a flop, led the parade of celebrities who dropped in. Although he didn't mind making the trip from London, he did balk at Jeanne's suggestion to end the evening with a bus excursion to Montmartre to watch the sun rise from the foot of Sacre Coeur.

Flanked by two Columbia executives, he beat a hasty retreat.

what happened in venice

(*Continued from page 48*) wife. Besides, Linda was making a picture in Barcelona. And so Purdom took off for Europe, flew first to Switzerland to see his sister, then to Barcelona for the rendezvous with Linda.

In Barcelona, Linda Christian waited anxiously for the man she refers to as "a friend." On the set of *Thunderstorm* (a picture in which she plays the role of a girl with a past who brings bad luck to every man she encounters) Linda was nervous and ill at ease until Purdom arrived.

The two became inseparable. Every morning Purdom visited the set, helping and advising Linda. One morning Binnie Barnes, the producer, walked up to Purdom and said, "When Linda is playing a love scene with Carlos Thompson, I wish you'd stay out of their range. When Linda sees you she finds it difficult to warm up with Carlos. And Carlos when he sees you is just too embarrassed."

Purdom deferred to the producer's wishes. Next morning a story to the effect that Binnie Barnes had thrown Edmund Purdom off the *Thunderstorm* set, allegedly for interfering with the production, was all over Barcelona.

Unruffled, the tall, dark Englishman denied it. "Hardly fair, that rumor," Purdom explained. "I may have offered Linda a little advice. But any friend would. It's true Miss Barnes asked me to stay in the background during the love scenes. But that's only because Carlos Thompson got embarrassed when he saw me looking on."

The happy pair

Away from the set Linda and Edmund were gay, carefree, almost like honeymooners. They toured Barcelona with Linda doing the interpreting and Purdom proudly pointing out, "She speaks six languages, you know."

At the Ritz Hotel "the two friends" held court. To inquiring reporters Edmund explained, "Linda and I may marry, and we may not. I don't know, and frankly, I don't want to be asked. The trouble with having any kind of a relationship on our level is that people keep on at you about it. After a while it becomes a bother." And he would shake that magnificent head of his and look slightly perturbed and Linda lovingly would entwine her arm in his and say, "Come on, darling, let's eat."

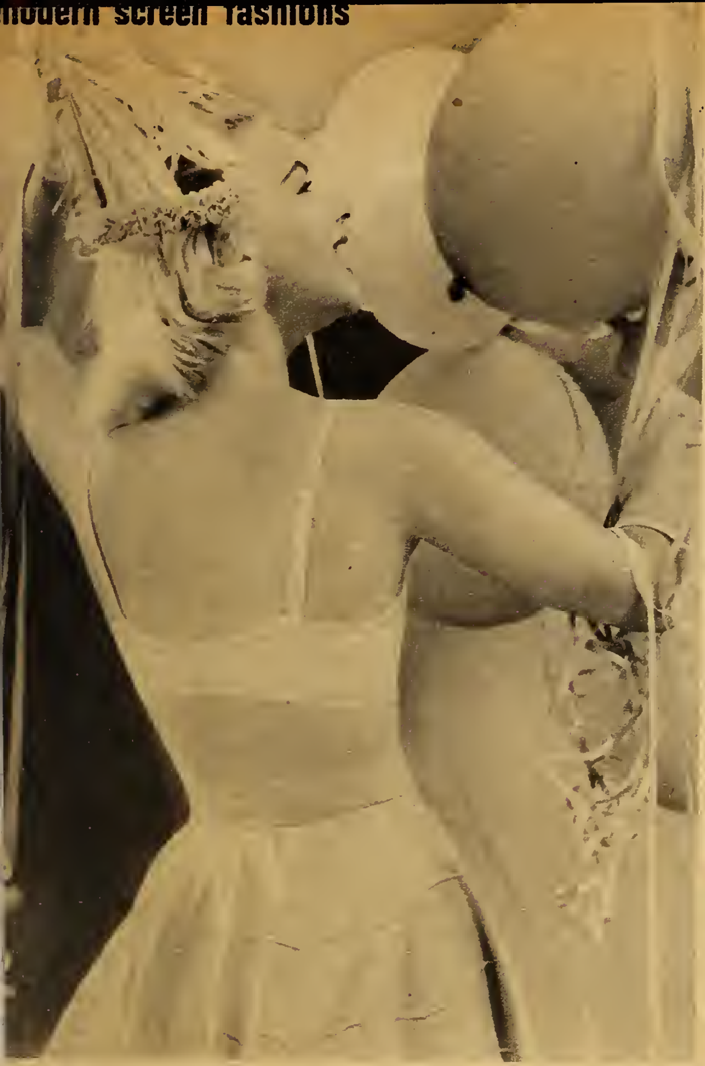
One afternoon an Italian producer who wants Linda to make a film in Rome, flew into Barcelona. He met the happy pair—they had a friend in tow—in the Ritz—and immediately got down to business.

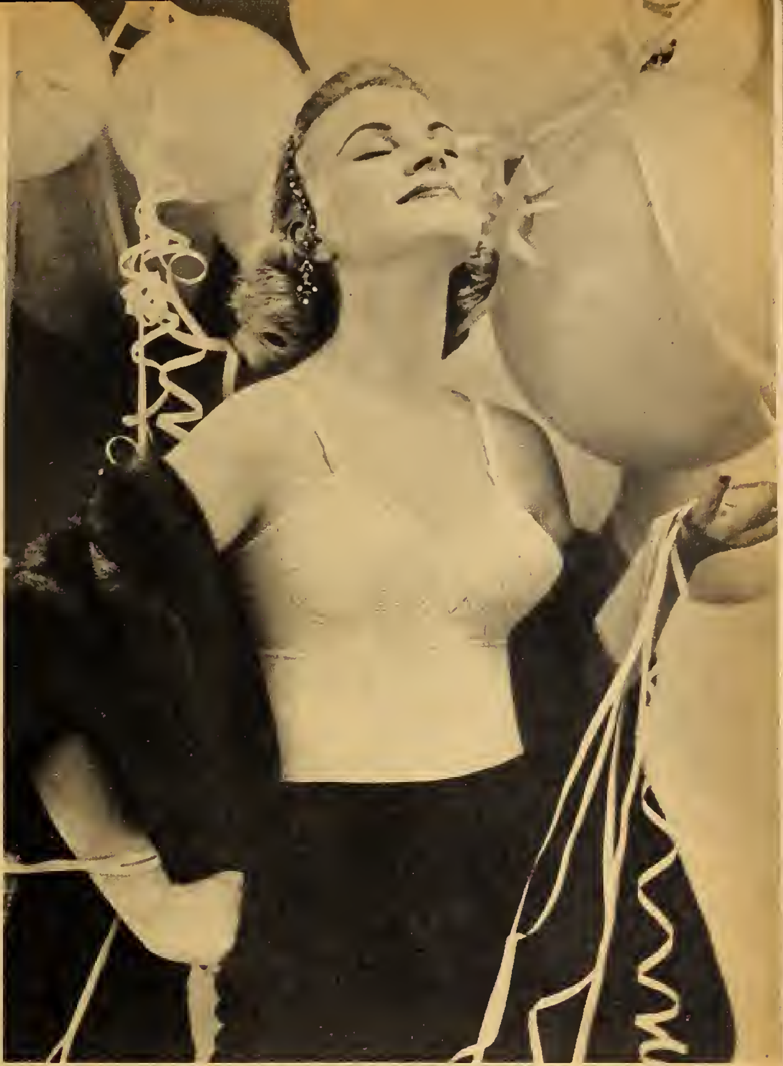
From his bulky briefcase he took a fat motion picture contract. Handing it to Linda, he began to explain the various clauses in Italian.

Purdom, who doesn't speak any Italian, turned to the visiting fireman. "You know," he volunteered, "I'm very proud of Linda. She worked out this Italian contract all by herself. No help from agents or lawyers.

"Those stories you've heard about her being a rich, idle girl—they're not true. When she was married to Ty Power she had to give up her career. Now she's very serious about it. Those stories about her getting a million-dollar divorce settlement—exaggerations. Linda is not interested in just money. She'd like some good parts."

From Barcelona, Linda, her hair dyed blonde, and Purdom journeyed to Venice. Somehow the story broke in Italy that Linda and Edmund would get married. Since Purdom wasn't even divorced at the time and Linda's divorce from Ty Power wasn't final, the newspaper headlines embarrassed both (*Continued on page 64*)





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Furs by Ritter

PARTY SECRETS

Undercover There's Always the Bra that Gives the New-Fashion Look

ABOVE LEFT: New bra feature—Formaid's no-hook *Leno* elastic back Slip-On bra that slips over the head, never rides up, gives a smooth back line. Front—embroidered top-cups, full elastic inset. White only. Regular, $2.50; padded, $3.50. By Formaid. Pearls—Duchess.

ABOVE RIGHT: Jubilee's broadcloth bra with dainty laceé edging. The fully lined four-sectional cups have important circular stitching that assures a young, firm contour. The front elastic inset allows added ease and comfort. White only. $1. By Jubilee Bra. The unusual antique jeweled Princess Tiara by Joseff-Hollywood.

AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

A THOUSAND PRIZES FOR YOU

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about you, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. Just to make it more exciting, if yours is among the first 1000 questionnaires received, you will be sent one of the prizes listed below. Please check the gift you would like:

☐ The Bad Seed (Dell novel)
☐ The Night Of The Hunter (Dell novel)
☐ The Man From Laramie (Dell novel)

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE RITA HAYWORTH:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE DORIS DAY:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE ANN BLYTH:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE EDMUND PURDOM:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE AUDIE MURPHY:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. WHICH BEST DESCRIBES WHAT YOU DO OR HAVE DONE:
☐ I keep a scrapbook of movie stars
☐ I used to keep a scrapbook but stopped
☐ I've never kept a scrapbook

11. ☐ I pin up or frame movie stars
☐ I used to use pinups but stopped
☐ I've never used pinups

12. DO YOU USE STARS' PHOTOGRAPHS AS REFERENCE FOR HAIR STYLES OR MAKE-UP?
☐ yes ☐ no

13. IF YOU KEEP A SCRAPBOOK OR USE PIN-UPS, WHAT DOES YOUR COLLECTION CONTAIN?
CHECK ONE: ☐ mostly color shots ☐ mostly black and white ☐ both kinds
CHECK ONE: ☐ only full page pictures ☐ any size pictures
CHECK ONE: ☐ mostly female stars ☐ mostly male stars ☐ both
CHECK ONE: ☐ mostly formal portraits ☐ mostly informal or candid shots ☐ both kinds

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

a.________________ MALE
b.________________ MALE
c.________________ MALE
d.________________ FEMALE
e.________________ FEMALE
f.________________ FEMALE

15. To which movie magazine do you subcribe? ________________

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(Continued from page 62) parties. Linda said she had obviously been misquoted and that Signor Purdom was not her fiancé.

"But what are you then?" an Italian reporter asked.

Linda blew him a little feather of a smile. "Two friends," she said softly.

In Venice, the two friends—that's what they were called on the Continent—checked into the Lido. The Venice Film Festival was in progress and it was expected that the couple would turn up at the Palazzo del Cinema. Linda was expected to wear something new and ravishing from the Fontana fashion collection.

Instead of joining the other film celebrities, Linda and Purdom remained at the hotel, dining on chicken broth, frogs' legs, boiled shrimp, tomato salad, pie with whipped cream, fruit and a light white wine. The two friends wanted to be alone and despite the pleadings and demands of the Italian journalists who watched their separate suites, they were.

The following morning in order to avoid the waiting photographers, Linda, wearing dark glasses, raced out of the hotel lobby and jauntily stepped down into a motorboat that had just pulled up at the hotel dock. A moment later, coming from the opposite side of the hotel, Purdom did the same. The motorboat whizzed off, taking the lovers to Cipriani's where they lingered over *lobster à l'americaine.*

"I can't understand it," one lensman complained. "I thought they loved publicity."

Not in Venice, they didn't. They spent much of their time avoiding it, hiding out on the various islands in the lagoon. On Murano, for example, home of the world-famous glass factories, Linda was delighted and fascinated as she watched the glass-blowers at work. "Darling," she would say to Purdom as she picked up an ash tray, "do you like this?" And Edmund would nod.

On St. Francis of the Desert, another island out from Venice, Linda and Purdom, just like any other pair in love, sat on the retaining wall, exchanged tender glances, and looked out to sea at the fishermen's boats and the setting sun and the reflection of tall trees in the water.

Questions and answers

In Rome they were barraged with questions.

Was there any truth that he and Linda were planning on marriage? Purdom was asked.

Said the actor, adjusting his spectacles, "People are making too much out of our relationship. I'm here with Linda because she speaks Italian and I don't, and she graciously offered to translate for me. To show me Rome." And he smiled at smiling Linda.

"How about your divorce?"

"By the time my wife Tita gets through suing me," Purdom confessed, "I'll be lucky if I have fifty dollars a week left."

At this point in the press conference a priest approached the group. Nodding toward Linda who stood five feet away, her back to him, the priest said to Purdom. "A most attractive girl. Most attractive."

"Indeed," Purdom agreed. "Indeed."

"I married her to Tyrone Power," the priest said. And then as casually as he had entered the group, he walked off.

Purdom took it in stride. "Frankly," he continued to the newsmen, "I needed this vacation quite badly. I've made six films in a row in Hollywood, and I wanted to get away."

"Darling," Linda interrupted, "we have to go." And go they did while the tongues of the newsmen clucked.

"I wonder," cracked one, "if Signor Purdom will take Linda home to mother?"

A week later Edmund brought Linda to London to his parents.

Said Edmund's mother to her son, "Linda must be good for you. You look much better since you met her. You're fatter in the face and it suits you."

Purdom grinned and Linda beamed happily. Over tea, charming, witty, enchanting, the actress captivated Lillian and Charles Purdom completely. That night Linda Christian felt there would be no parental objections should they decide to marry.

A difficult young man

Whether that time will ever come is difficult to tell, largely because Edmund Purdom is a difficult young man to understand. His behavior is unpredictable. He will say the most outrageous things at the most inopportune times.

For example, in London he went out of his way to blast Lana Turner, with whom he did not get on any too well during *The Prodigal.*

"I played some scenes with Lana in *The Prodigal,*" he revealed one afternoon, "and I didn't know if she was in them with me or not. She was aloof, cool, distant. So lady-like you'd never believe it. If only she'd get back to being what she used to be. She was so good then. They wanted me to make *Diane* with her. In the part she was supposed to teach me how to dress, how to speak, how to deport myself. Fancy Lana Turner teaching me how to speak!"

Why Purdom had to talk this way only he knows. A friend who played with him on the London stage says, "He's really very insecure, and being insecure, he strikes out; he says the first thing that comes to mind. He doesn't mean to hurt anyone. He's really a very fine chap. Perhaps Linda will put the bridle on him and make him the likable fellowhe basically is."

Linda Christian is a woman of the world, well-educated, widely-traveled, and expert in the ways of men. It was ironical to watch her guiding Purdom around Rome, for only a few years previously she had done the same for Tyrone Power. Linda knows all the sights and smells and shouts of Rome, and in presenting them to Purdom, she undoubtedly impressed him. Because Purdom is a relatively inexperienced young man, especially where worldly women are concerned.

Anyone who has seen Purdom and Linda Christian together, especially in Europe, cannot doubt that they find joy and laughter in their companionship.

Whether love will bind their lives together in eventual marriage no one can say at this point—but a large number of people are anxious to find out. **END**

While Grace Kelly was learning how to ride side saddle in Central Park she noticed the same little girl playing in the park each morning. After a few practice sessions Grace overheard the moppet say to her playmate: "Here comes that movie star I was telling you about—the one that only uses one side of her horse!"

Hy Gardner in
The Herald Tribune

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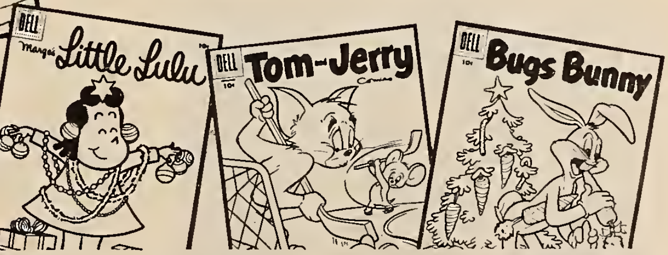

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ann blyth

(*Continued from page 47*) But Dr. Jim's love (and ring) went with her to that loneliest spot in the world, White Sands, New Mexico, the proving grounds for the atomic bomb. It was Christmas, 1952, but Ann, as she had done all through the war, was entertaining servicemen—with Jack Benny's troupe. There was a difference this time; her heart was singing because of that ring on her third finger, left hand.

A week before she hadn't hoped for such a Christmas surprise. Jim had come to dinner at home with Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis and they were going to trim the tree afterward. Ann had planned his favorite meal but he hadn't said a word about it. Even Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis noticed how quiet Jim was and so they left the two young people alone to trim the tree. Ann remembers suspecting something was wrong. The Doctor was hanging the ornaments in the most absent-minded manner, putting two or three red ones together, big ones at the top and little ones at the bottom. She didn't know then that a ring was burning a hole in his pocket. It wasn't until after they'd finished trimming the tree and he was halfway out the door that he turned suddenly and said, "I have something for you—will you wear it for me?"

And so, three years ago on the desolate proving grounds in New Mexico, Ann believed she was having the happiest Christmas she would ever know. Now she admits two others have matched it.

The McNulty family is only three years old but its traditions go deep and are nourished by the openly sentimental love you feel the minute you walk in the front door. A door that at Christmas will be decorated in the spirit of the season. Last year Ann fixed it up to look like a huge package, complete with bow. "I wouldn't think of having an untrimmed door at Christmas," she says.

Christmases past

The first Christmas Ann and Dr. Jim spent together set the stage for all the Christmases to come. They were living in the new house at Toluca Lake. Then, as now, Ann and Dr. Jim went to midnight mass at St. Charles church on Christmas Eve, then came home and opened their gifts under the tree. Before they went to bed that night they hung three stockings on the mantel—a big one, a middle-sized one and a tiny one. That last was for Timmy who wasn't born until the following June. It was wonderful to be together that first Christmas they were married but Ann cherishes the next one even more because Timmy had completed the family circle. True, he was only six months old and pretty unimpressed by tinsel and lights, but Christmas is for children, even tiny ones, and Ann rejoiced in wrapping presents for her small son. Last year, flushed with motherhood, Ann bought piles of toys for all the children in the family. "The day itself is wonderful enough, but to me the joy of getting ready for Christmas is so very important. Thinking of the gifts that people will enjoy, finding gifts that make you think of them," explains Ann. This year, she says, she's more self-controlled and has promised to check with parents first and give more practical gifts. But knowing Ann, you know she won't forget the little extras and luxuries that make Christmas the joy it is. She has purchased almost a hundred gifts for her eighteen nieces and nephews, not to mention the assorted uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, as well as Jim's family. Ann loves being part of a big family and she goes all out at Christmas. During the week before Christmas the McNultys hold open house, a gay, warm, fragrant gift of hospitality to all who know them.

The tree

The tree will be set in the bay window of the living room, where the warm glow from its bright lights will cheer everyone passing by. The ornaments include a little house with figures and lights inside, old-fashioned birds with their spun glass wings. The tree is important to Ann because no matter how poor she and her mother and sister might have been there was always a tree. "I don't think I ever missed getting things I wanted in those days," Ann says. "They were lean but happy years—there was always so much love floating around."

The tree will be trimmed early in the week because Ann believes in making Christmas last as long as possible. "It's fun for the children but it's fun for the grownups, too." Then Ann smiles, "For me, at least." Uncle Pat will string lights on the two big camellia bushes that guard the front door the same night Ann and Jim trim the tree.

Ann loves setting up the manger as much as trimming the tree and this year the project has special significance. A friend of the McNultys, a bishop, sent them lovely figurines of the holy family from Europe and these will be used to signify the immortal story.

On Christmas Eve Ann and Dr. Jim will attend midnight mass and open their gifts together when they come home. This will be their very private Christmas together.

This story happened nine years ago—and hasn't been forgotten

ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS

■ Once upon a time, in Hollywood, California, there lived a young actress who didn't know what she wanted for Christmas

It was getting very close to Christmas, and all the other young actresses told her that they were getting coats for Christmas, and clothes for Christmas, and cameras for Christmas, and even a car for Christmas. And then they would smile and say,

"What are you getting for Christmas?"

And she would have to shake her head and say, "I don't know." And then she would suddenly smile—and when she smiled, she was very pretty, very pretty indeed—and say, "I know what I'm giving for Christmas."

To the publicity woman at the studio she was giving a jeweled sword pin to fasten into a cummerbund. It hadn't cost much—she was not a star, and she didn't have much money to spend—but it had taken days of combing shops before she had found it. It was the exact pin the publicity woman had seen once, wanted, and been unable to buy because no store had any.

To her teacher, she was giving a wooden barbecue set. "I'm afraid the things we want just don't come in wood any more," the teacher had said to her. And she had filed the information away and found the right set by Christmastime.

To her wardrobe woman at the studio, she was giving a set of silk scarves. She had asked her mother to send to Ireland for the scarves because the wardrobe woman was Irish and remembered the lovely linens of her own childhood.

On Christmas morning she opened her own packages. She had gotten clothes and a camera, and a coat, and she was very happy. But she would have been very happy without the clothes and camera and coat because she had a better gift—the spirit which began that first cold Christmas day when the three kings brought gifts and expected nothing in return.

Once upon a time was nine years ago, and this year Ann Blyth McNulty is getting an extra Christmas bonus. To the actress who knew what Christmas really meant will go a gift even nicer than any she ever gave—a son or a daughter for her husband and herself.

by Aljean Meltsir

And Christmas morning, too, will be shining and peaceful when baby Timmy opens his stocking

Christmas Day

After the intimacy of Christmas Eve and the next morning the McNultys will once more open their hearts to a hoard of friends and relatives. Uncle Dennis Day might possibly go the rounds of the family in a Santa Claus suit to delight the children. And in the afternoon Ann and Jim will do a little visiting themselves, delivering gifts. "I *hope* I'll be able to go," breathes Ann. "One never knows." In the evening comes the traditional turkey with all the trimmings, shared by Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat and probably a few relatives and friends. It'll be topped off by pumpkin pie and raisin pie and plum pudding as only Aunt Cis can make it. Ann still remembers, in long-ago autumns, watching her aunt sift flour and chop suet and citron and measure the spices and steam the pudding, which was put in a mold and kept in the cellar until the big day arrived.

For some, there is a letdown after Christmas, but not for Ann. She goes right on living it in spirit. "It grows more wonderful every year. I think the longer you are married the more you realize how wonderful life is with your family. And consequently Christmas itself becomes fuller and more beautiful with every passing year. I think it is the most beautiful day in the year, and it would be to most people, really, if they stopped to think about what it really is. Despite any other beliefs they might have, I don't see how they can help thinking, this is quite wondrous."

It is indeed. And with her very real Christmas spirit, Ann has asked us to send you a message that she extends to everyone of you in this wonderful country of ours, a wish that you enjoy and be thankful for a very joyous Christmas. And to Mrs. McNulty goes our Christmas wish that this, her fourth Christmas tree, will be the most glorious of all. **END**

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kelly knows best

(*Continued from page 39*) Kelly is a hard worker always. But in the past she had invariably found a few spare minutes for safariing with Gable, lunching with Crosby, dining out with Oleg Cassini. There had always been at least enough casual dates to produce rumors of serious romance.

Every night in North Carolina Grace was early-to-bed. Of course, she was required to be early-to-rise as well. Shortly after dawn, six days a week, she delivered herself into the hands of make-up men and hairdressers, and sat sleepily while they fussed over her with powder puffs and combs, sneaking sips from her second cup of coffee when they paused for breath. Finished, she would peer at herself through half-closed eyes and wander off in the direction of the set, where, minutes later, she appeared before the cameras, miraculously wide-awake, and beautiful.

At times she felt as though the whole responsibility for this production rested with her. For it had been her idea entirely. Wanting to free-lance, but unable to break her contract with Metro, feeling strongly that her best films had been made outside her home studio, she finally did something positive about the unhappy situation. She walked into Dore Schary's office, a copy of Molnar's famous play, *The Swan*, in her hand, and announced she wanted to play the princess. Schary hadn't read the play since high school, but he was as anxious as Grace to find a script that would satisfy them both. He reread the work, phoned Grace and said, "All right, we'll make it."

The cast had been drawn from Broadway, France, England, some two million dollars budgeted, location trips mapped out and accomplished. And it was all her baby.

Married?

Of course you can't convince all of the people all of the time that a beautiful woman goes to sleep at ten because she wants to be clear-eyed the next day. There were those who said that Grace was hibernating out of respect to Jean-Pierre Aumont, her great love and even possibly her secret husband. For it was true that Jean-Pierre had followed Grace across the Atlantic, had admitted that his heart was hers—and that Grace had returned to the States wearing a double gold band on the mportant third finger. Lensmen who promptly aimed cameras at it were asked o wait. "I want to cover it with tape," Grace said.

"Tape?" they said, but they waited—people do wait for Grace.

"Why don't you take it off?" someone suggested.

Grace smiled sweetly. "No," she said. "I don't want to take it off."

The ring has since been uncovered and transferred to the right hand, but never explained.

But to all inquiries Grace replied calmly and consistently, "No, positively no serious romance with Mr. Aumont. No serious romance with anyone." And when the shooting at Asheville was concluded and Grace dropped off in Philadelphia to visit her folks she never once dropped by the Locust Street Theatre where Jean-Pierre was starring in a show called *The Heavenly Twins*. She said a quick, affectionate hello and goodbye to the Kelly clan and then took off for Hollywood. The only time she mentioned Aumont was when a friend asked her if he danced well. "I wouldn't know," Grace said. "I only danced with him once, and that just briefly!" Which came as something of a surprise to those who remembered Elsa Maxwell's reports that when she was their hostess on the Riviera, Grace and Jean-Pierre danced together constantly—and didn't sit out the other numbers with anyone else, either.

What Kelly wants

Nor did her subsequent behavior in Hollywood indicate that she was preparing for the role of housekeeper and mother. With her she took, not a cookbook, but the script of *High Society*, the musical version of *The Philadelphia Story*, which will probably be her next picture. John Patrick, playwright of *The Teahouse Of The August Moon*, and Cole Porter had been engaged to do the script and the music. Only Grace, besides the MGM front office, knew that the studio hoped to cast Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in the parts originally played by James Stewart and Cary Grant. When that film is complete, *Designing Woman*, co-starring Jimmy Stewart, is scheduled. And after that—a play.

Not that she has one yet. But her chin sets when she mentions it, and what Kelly wants—you know. So sure is she that nothing will stop her from making her Broadway debut that she has given up her small New York apartment on 66th Street and signed a three-year lease for a sumptuous eight-room flat on Fifth Avenue, near the Metropolitan Museum of Art—an apartment meant to be lived in. Kelly does not expect her show to fold. She plans on a record run. No one, no man, no romance, is going to interfere with that. Kelly knows. **END**

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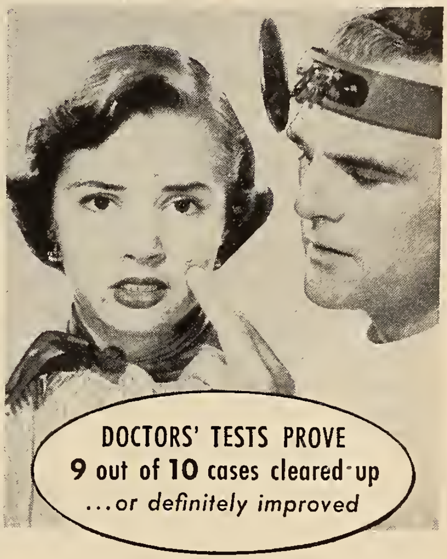

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a tenderness lost

(*Continued from page 55*) am living with.

"Hey, you know something, Mr. Stevens," I can hear him say, "that part of Jett Rink in *Giant*—that's for me." That was nearly a year ago, when he first read the script and then came searching for me. Now he casts me sidelong glances from the projection room screen, as if saying, "I told you it was for me, didn't I? Man, I just knew!"

Jimmy was youth

There are some people who fit themselves colorfully against any sort of background, who always seem to move along a trail of interest so that the eye follows them constantly, speculating on their motives, wondering. Jimmy was like that. On location in Texas I noticed that photographers always kept watch on Jim, knowing that sooner or later he would reward them with a fine picture—maybe silhouetted, lithe and lean on his horse, against a gold and buttermilk sky, or perhaps fooling with a length of rope, making it loop and unloop itself as he talked. Jimmy wasn't a Texan. Jimmy was Indiana born and bred. But Jimmy was youth and he had the free faculty of youth to belong anywhere.

Where do these young people come from, to win identity as our country's best known actors and actresses? Take the three who were together in *Giant*—Elizabeth, Rock and Jimmy. Elizabeth Taylor, a cameo of a girl, gentle and uncomplicated. Rock Hudson—big, handsome, considerate, blending easily into the teamwork of movie-making. And Jimmy Dean. Jimmy, not flattered at all to be considered cooperative. Jimmy, in a hurry about life and career, needing to cut corners. Jimmy, strangely impractical about saying and doing the right things—yet in every word and gesture a poetical presence with an individualized approach that I know is opening up a new tradition of acting in Hollywood.

An odd sweetness

Where do they come from and what gives them the sensitivity to bring life to the characters writers imagine and set down on paper? So many have called Jimmy nothing but a small boy with a big ego—and never have so many over-simplified. I used to feel that he was a disturbed boy, tremendously dedicated to some intangible beacon of his own and neither he nor anyone else might ever know what it was. I used to feel this because at times when he fell quiet and thoughtful as if inner-bidden to dream about something, an odd and unconscious sweetness would light up his countenance. At such times, and because I knew he had been motherless since early childhood and had missed a lot of the love that makes boyhood jell right, I would come to believe that he was still waiting for some lost tenderness.

There is a side to Jimmy which may surprise many who have met and known him, an unsuspected, simple relationship to his time and heritage. He harkened to the kind of mementoes old-fashioned sentimentalism feeds on. A friend of mine has seen a scrapbook Jimmy kept. In it were pasted the usual things about the theatre, a review of Hamlet (it didn't matter who played Hamlet or where it was given—anything pertaining to it he loved), a quotation from another play, a line about himself. But the bulk of the scrapbook was made up of other things altogether, some of them in color. Pasted on one page, the complete marriage ceremony and marriage vows, on another the lyrics to "Love's Old Sweet Song." A full-page picture of a baby's face and under it the following legend: "Watch a child's eye and you will see limitless hope's expectancy." The words to Robert Burns' *My Luve Is Like A Red, Red Rose*. The verses of Edgar Allan Poe's *Annabel Lee*.

So long

Jimmy lost not only a mother's love when she died, but a young mother's love. He was nine and she was only twenty-nine. And Jimmy grew up sentimental, with an intrinsic sadness to him despite all the foolery and wild gags and loud dashing to and fro. I can see him now, blinking behind his glasses after having been guilty of some bit of preposterous behavior, and revealing by his very cast of defiance that he felt some sense of unworthiness. Yet the very next second the glasses come off, a smile flashes and his whole being is transformed. You were disturbed by him. Now you are dedicated to him. It might be because he had a strong sense of fairness, and a deep regard for performance value. He wanted to do all things well even to spitting a cherry pit further than the next fellow—but he bowed to that fellow if to him belonged the victory. Once, on a set, he did an imitation of Charlie Chaplin and afterward a friend of his, Nick Adams, did an impersonation of Marlon Brando. Jimmy roared at Nick's, waved aside his own Chaplin takeoff and begged Nick to repeat his. Once, before his start in pictures, he found himself on Hollywood's Western Avenue and only fifty cents away from missing an already long-delayed meal. But on the way to a hash house he passed a movie showing a re-run of John Ford's *The Informer* and he couldn't resist going in to feed his emotional rather than his physical hunger. The thought of performing, or of seeing someone else perform was a compelling motivation in Jimmy's life. It so caught his mind that I wondered sometimes if he lived unconsciously in resentment of a life thrust at one with the injunction that you *had* to live it. He was fascinated at the thought rather of being able to *select* a life to live.

What would he have chosen? I can't describe it exactly, but no one who ever met Jimmy can forget feeling that he was on his way to that life. I knew it the day we first talked and I knew it the last day I saw him. He blinked at me a couple of times, waved and called out, "So long, I think I'll let the Spyder out." The Spyder was the model name for the fleeting silver scarab that was his beloved Porsche, the car in which he was killed. **END**

welcome home, kids!

(*Continued from page 45*) very gay and colorful with all the posts covered with gay streamers and balloons, a five-piece band made with the music, and waiters were everywhere with hot hors d'oeuvres and champagne. But it *was* chilly.

Because I know Debbie and Eddie so well, Mike had asked me to come early and be his hostess, and right behind me Eddie and Debbie arrived very thrilled about the affair, looking happy and holding hands, but a bit on the beat side.

Friends

Debbie looked like a doll in a pale gray cocktail suit with a jaunty little pink cocktail hat atop her brownish upswept hair do, but she was so chilly she kept on her coat (a rabbit-fur dyed very, very red) for the entire party. They both kept up a gay barrage of "Hi's" and "Hello, theres" to everyone. Among the first to arrive—and the last to leave—were Roscoe Ates, Casey Adams, the Bernie Riches, Mrs. Gertrude Fogee (Debbie's diction teacher) Lori Nelson, Joey Foreman and Leon Tyler—all close friends of the bride and groom.

Eddie suddenly took my arm, swinging us away from the semi-official receiving line to a spot where we could chat quietly for the first time since he and Debbie said "I do."

"I hope Debbie doesn't get chilled," he said, real concern for his little bride in his voice. "Believe me, we're tired. Really exhausted, but—" and that wonderful happy smile of Eddie's broke through, "—awfully happy."

It was then, out of the blue, he spoke to me of his fond hope that he and Debbie would be the parents of a boy, "as soon as we can."

With such guests arriving as Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the Gary Coopers, Spike Jones, William Goetzes, Peggy King, Anna Maria Alberghetti and scores of others, it was hardly time for more confidences. So we swung back over near the door to continue the "hellos."

A chance to talk

For the next forty-eight hours Debbie and Eddie literally skidded through important appointments and we didn't have a chance to talk again until they came by my house to visit with me and pick up their plane tickets (I had taken care of getting them aboard TWA's Ambassador flight east).

It was our first chance to talk for months, back to that time when Debbie and Eddie were rumored splitting up and all marriage plans called off.

"Mother was looking through the scrapbook she started when Eddie and I first fell in love," Debbie smiled at me, "and you are the only writer who didn't take a crack at us—or say something mean about either Eddie or me."

"That's because I'm very fond of you both and wish you only the best of everything," I smiled. "I believed all along that you two were in love and would get married, even sometimes, I suspect, when you hardly believed it yourselves."

They laughed—looking like prototypes of all the happy brides and grooms in the world—except that Debbie looked about fourteen in her salt-and-pepper checked jumper with its short sleeved white sweater.

"Tell me the truth, you two," I went on, "did you have any previous plans that your wedding would take place as suddenly as it did and in that particular place?"

"No, absolutely *not*," they said in unison. "We made up our minds to get married walking back to Debbie's hotel after we'd had dinner," Eddie explained.

"I can *prove* to you how sudden it was," Debbie broke in excitedly. "When I went east to join Eddie I thought it was for just a day or two, just long enough to go to the Marciano fight and to see the start of the World Series. I took just one small suitcase."

Now, anyone who knows *anything* about brides realizes that a girl who had any inkling of an impending wedding, secret or public, just *couldn't* have made such a momentous journey with one little suitcase.

"Little did I know when I was packing that what I was taking would turn out to be my trousseau."

"Some trousseau," her bridegroom kidded.

"To delight the eye of my 'beholding bridegroom'," laughed Debbie, "I had two dresses, two tailored nylon nightgowns, both previously laundered; two slips, one bra with straps, one without; and two pair of pink panties.

"I called mother at eleven o'clock at night Los Angeles time and told her to head east with a wedding dress! Just like that! Man, was *she* surprised!"

I didn't have to ask them why they had chosen Grossinger's for the nuptials. My young friend Eddie has a wonderful characteristic—his loyalty and faithfulness to old friends. He never has forgotten Jennie Grossinger's kindness to him when he was struggling to find his place in the sun. And it was there that Eddie Cantor heard him sing one New Year's Eve and signed him then and there.

Rings and things

So it was back to Grossinger's, in its beautiful setting in the Catskills, that Eddie took his Debbie and summoned his parents and hers for their marriage. So quiet was the wedding and so hush-hush that it was Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager and close friend, who was dispatched to Tiffany's to get the wedding ring. He took for measurement a ring Eddie wore on his little finger which just fitted Debbie's third finger, left hand.

"I bought the ring under the name of Henry Smith," Milton had told me at the cocktail party. "There was no time for Debbie to buy Eddie a ring, so he was married with one *borrowed* from a guest! But they have their wedding bands now. The one Debbie now wears is a diamond baguette band given by George Unger, a jeweler friend of Eddie's."

Very pretty, particularly with that big sparkler of an engagement ring she wears. Eddie showed me his wedding band—it is of dull gold and wider than is usually worn by a man, but very effective and looks very "married!"

This is one time when I don't in the least mind bragging "I told you so," because I did. So firmly did I stick to the story that no matter what was printed elsewhere (and plenty *was*) I was convinced that Debbie and Eddie really loved one another and would be married.

I was so strong on this that one of the scandal magazines came out with a story that the whole romance was a "publicity stunt" dreamed up by me and that they weren't and never had been in love.

In a duck's eye they weren't! I was with the kids when they were first falling n love on a jaunt we were on to Las Vegas—a story I wrote in detail for Modern Screen, and every word of it true.

A bad snag

I'm not saying that Debbie and Eddie did not hit a bad romantic snag about last une, just about the time their big church wedding was supposed to come off.

In fact, I know something important came up—something which made Debbie o unhappy she took off to Korea with a roupe to entertain the GIs to help her orget. But don't think for a minute that his wasn't an unhappy time for Eddie, too. Neither one said anything. They aren't he types to wear their hearts on their eeves. But to a close confident, the young nger did say, "They aren't going to run y life. I'm not going to be pushed round."

Just who "they" were was never exactly ade clear. It could have been any one many outside influences or all of the ressures put together.

There was talk that his advisers told ddie he would lose his teenage followers he took a wife.

I even heard that Eddie resented all e publicity about a big wedding, feeling at the whole MGM publicity department as moving in on the biggest and most portant step of his life.

One important thing stood out to me—Eddie still loved Debbie and wanted to marry her—but he is not a young man to be pushed.

Isn't it significant to you that when the kids *did* make up their minds to take the fateful step that it came at a time when all the "heat" was off—when even the press was no longer carefully watching them?

The decision to marry came when they were alone, away from all outside influences—sure of their real feelings. A quiet, calm time in their love story.

I'm sure they made up their minds to be married some day after all the ruckus when Eddie flew out to the Coast to see Debbie and they met very quietly in Palm Springs to talk things over.

Although they refused to admit that anything was changed between them, there was a shining, quiet glow about them when they appeared together, holding hands, exuding a new kind of happiness. Debbie started calling Eddie "my boy" again—something she hadn't done in weeks.

No matter what the world thought and gossiped,—it was obvious that Debbie and Eddie *knew* their future.

On the go

Since their marriage, they've been leading the life of traveling salesmen, they both told me.

"My soft-drink sponsors keep me on the hop," Eddie said, helping himself to a bottle of Coke from the icebox in my playroom. "The nice thing about it is that Debbie has no new picture scheduled until after the first of the year, when she's due to report for *The Reluctant Debutante* at MGM.

"So, she can travel with me," said Eddie, beaming at his bride.

"You can bet your life on that!" opined Mrs. Fisher.

"But where do you plan to really make your home?" I asked the happy Mr. and Mrs.

"Here in California, with an apartment in New York probably," Eddie answered. You don't talk with them long before you realize that Eddie is the head of the house on decisions, which is the way it should be.

"Right now we're hoping to find a house in the Valley with a place for some horses," Debbie put in.

Now I *was* surprised. "Horses?" I echoed. "What's with horses?"

The kids laughed at my bewilderment. "Well, when we were in Kansas City we got in the habit of doing some early morning cantering with some friends of ours," Eddie explained. "We liked it. We might just as well look around for a small place in the Valley while we're at it," he said.

Later, when I had occasion to talk with Mrs. Reynolds, Debbie's mother, on the telephone, I brought up this surprising idea of theirs.

"Oh, we aren't taking it too seriously," Mrs. Reynolds laughed. "Right now they think they want to be gentleman farmers and go in for the simple life. I doubt if they've checked too thoroughly into the upkeep of animals and how much it costs to maintain a couple of horses. But you never know. These youngsters have proved that they make up their own minds about what they want."

"That's for sure," I laughed.

It's my private opinion that whether they settle in the Valley or in a townhouse in Bel Air or in a penthouse atop a New York scryscraper, Debbie and Eddie will be happy and keep happy.

And "As soon as possible," as Eddie put it, there will be a baby boy to keep them company. Or that's what the groom hopes.

END

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seventeen, seventeen

(*Continued from page 51*) And I don't date when I'm on a picture. There's Marty Milnar and Tab Hunter and Dick Davalos—before he got married. And Perry Lopez and Nicky Adams—the three of us go out all the time together."

"How often do you date?"

"Almost every night," she said and then flushed. "It isn't nice to say that—better make it three times a week."

"How do your parents react to all this nocturnal activity?"

"Oh, they're very nice about it. Mother just concentrates on my keeping in touch with her. As long as she knows where I am, she's all right. They tease me a lot about my boy friends—they call me Scarlett."

"What do they think about your career?" She laughed. "Once a year, just like clockwork, my father calls me to him for a talk. 'Don't you want to quit?' he says, and of course I say no. I couldn't live without acting, you know, and he gives up for another year. But I think he still has hopes that one day his annual question will break me down and I'll agree with him that the work is too hard. Neither one of them has ever been too much in favor of my acting."

Acting has been Natalie's ambition since she was all of three. At that age, fired by her older sister's scrapbooks of movies and movie stars, Natalie played an imaginary game all by herself. Each morning she "checked into" the garage, approached an imaginary desk and announced, "Good morning. Today I am Lana Turner." And she was, too, until it was time for lunch. Then she checked out as Turner and returned after her nap to announce herself as another Hollywood queen.

When she was six, Natalie was discovered. At the time, Irving Pichel was directing *Happy Land* in Santa Rosa, California, Natalie's home town. The natives turned out en masse to watch the making of a movie. Natalie's mother, one of the spectators, soon realized that her small daughter was nowhere in sight. When she finally located her child, Natalie was sitting, starry-eyed, squarely in the middle of Mr. Pichel's lap.

"I'm terribly sorry," said her mother, and reached to remove the youngster.

"Please don't take her away," said Pichel. "I'm enjoying her—even though I can't get a word in edgewise."

A child star

What Natalie said was never reported. But Pichel gave her a small part in *Happy Land,* and after the picture was finished he remembered the child with small gifts from time to time. Not too long after, he wrote the parents they might be wise to move to Hollywood, as he was certain Natalie had talent and would sooner or later fit into a fat part. He was right on both counts. If the family disapproved they hid it well—they moved south, and Natalie's father got a job in the construction department of a studio. A year later Natalie was given the role of a child who could speak English with a German accent and also German itself in *Tomorrow Is Forever*. She did a good job of it.

That role set her up. She was mentioned as a candidate for a child Oscar, and given a seven-year contract with International studio, which in turn was besieged by other studios for her services.

It was at that point that we had that startling first meeting. Natalie was something special. She had the poise of an ambassador, not a smidgen of self-consciousness and was, to put it mildly, very talkative.

"Edwin," she told me, "is my special boy friend. He lives in Santa Rosa. I didn't like him much when I lived in Santa Rosa, but when I moved to Hollywood I wrote letters to all the boys up there and Edwin was the only one who answered. I don't like cats. I like dogs, and I've asked Santa Claus to bring me a puppy this year. He'd better, too. I like Barbara Stanwyck because she's so pretty and I like Sonja Henie because she wears such nice shiny clothes. I dance ballet but Mother won't let me go on toe yet because she says I'll get bulging leg muscles. I play the piano. Would you like me to play for you?"

It is easy to recall the memory of that tiny girl, sitting on the piano bench with legs dangling and not reaching anywhere near the pedals, and pounding out a fair-to-middling version of Chopin's Waltz in C-Sharp Minor. It was too slow in the fast spots, her short fingers struggling with the complicated music, but when the score called only for the lyrical melody, it seemed that Natalie had an uncommon feeling for music.

Between her conversational and musical ability, I felt no wonder at the fact that she had lasted just one week in the first grade of the studio school and then had been immediately advanced to second grade. She had an intelligence far beyond her years. Drive, too. While most girls her age were breaking toys, Natalie, on the advice of George Brent, was breaking her contract with International and signing with an agent. A year's contract with 20th Century-Fox followed, and ever since she has been free-lancing and making money at it. Name a Hollywood studio and she knows all about it, having worked at every one of them. Radio and television are also her meat, although live television, a prospect that makes most actors flinch in horror, is her very favorite.

Tony and Burt loved knowing the gorgeous Gina

LOLLOBRIGIDA—and her backstage husband

■ There's no scandal in her life, not even a breath. She's not a well preserved and ageless beauty. L'Italienne is downright gorgeous but you can find others just as beautiful. But she is currently *the* most important international star. Almost single-handed, Gina of the unpronounceable last name has lifted the Italian film industry up to glossy respectability and reasonable solvency. Of course the arty crowd would rather have left it poor and crude with a diamond-in-the-rough kind of lady star, the earthy kind who was rarely brought home to Mother because of some difficulty in getting clothes on her. Gina has not only met Mother, she's been presented to Queen Elizabeth, and her court curtsey was irreproachable.

Gina is a most unusual star, Italian or otherwise, in many ways. For eight of her 27 years she's been married to the same man, Dr. Miklo Skofic. They say the Skofics don't have trouble because the good doctor is so madly jealous he never leaves his glamorous wife's side long enough for trouble to begin. Well, he's only in Paris (where Gina's making *Trapeze* with Lancaster and Curtis) on week ends but Gina just isn't interested in anyone but Miklo.

Skofic has not yet lived down the decision they both made soon after the marriage. He chose to manage his wife's career instead of continuing his medical practice. As a foreigner and a refugee he was faced with difficulties in reestablishing himself. But Gina's star was rising and she needed advice. She still does.

Once Gina was asked if she wanted to have children. Of course, no woman will ever admit that she doesn't. Gina replied: "This year I make three pictures; next year I make a baby." That was when "next year" wasn't the sure thing it is now. For now there's no more talk of babies.

At the moment she and Howard Hughes are still wrangling over a contract of some eighty-four pages. If they can come to terms, Gina will soon be going to Hollywood.

Will the Skofics' happy marriage hold up under the Hollywood treatment. Miklo's managerial services won't be needed there as they are in Italy. If he isn't kept busy will he begin to regret the sacrifice of his own career. Why does Gina Lollobrigida want to go to Hollywood at all? She has all she wants in Europe and she's happy. Can Hollywood match that, much less beat it?

"I did a TV series once that was filmed, and it was dreadful."

"Dreadful?"

"Well, yes. It was one of those family shows, and the whole idea of it was that I was the idiot teenager who gave everybody trouble. I objected to it because I don't think teenagers are dopes and idiots, and I didn't think the show was at all funny. I know the teenagers who watched it agreed with me. It was like being a traitor to my own class."

She toyed with the shrimp on her plate.

"You don't eat very much," I commented, and Natalie made a face.

"I think food is awful. I never have time for it, and half the time I forget to eat. Mother is after me all the time. But I'm too busy to eat. There are more important things to do. Now that I'm really into my career, I can't think of anything else."

Lipstick vs. pigtails

With that deplored TV show of which Natalie spoke, she came of age in her work. She was fourteen at the time and finally, at long last, was asked to portray a girl of her own age. Before that, it had been pretty awful. She attended studio schools through sixth grade, classrooms where anything unusual was overlooked. Teachers employed by studios are accustomed to their students showing up dressed as Arabs or ranch hands or Persian slaves. But when Natalie began seventh grade, she entered a public school for the first time—Van Nuys Junior High. At the time she was a year younger than most of her classmates, having skipped a grade previously, but she was still dressed like an eight-year-old. In frilly dresses and ribbons and pigtails, she was the comedy relief for the other girls, who were beginning to wear lipstick and high heels. Being pint-sized was no help. (Natalie, five feet, two inches tall, still wears a size five.) Natalie stuck it out for a week—the jibes and the giggles behind her back—and then went home in tears. Mrs. Gurdin agreed that enough was enough, that no matter what Natalie's agent said, the girl was to act and dress her age.

Mike Curtiz was talking to Carol Ohmart about Audrey Hepburn and said: "She's very thin—in fact, she's thinner than the two of us put together."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

After that it was better. Natalie made some fast friends—even among the girls—but the boys she ignored. They weren't in show business.

In her senior year she worked so steadily for Warner Brothers studio, making *The Searchers* and *The Silver Chalice*, that she did her studying at the studio school. She went out to Van Nuys in June to pick up her diploma—the only time she set foot inside the school during her final year.

Then came *Rebel Without A Cause*, and Natalie thanked her stars she was finished with schooling and could concentrate on her work. "I couldn't have done both and done a good job on either one."

The picture was important to her "because it presents teenagers as they really are. These two weren't bad kids—they came from good families and weren't the rat-pack type you see all the time in movies. They came from good homes but had their problems imposed by their families. They were *true* problems, the kind of things kids really have to put up with and find their way out of."

Working with Jimmy Dean, naturally, was a thrill for Natalie. "I guess I would have been scared to death, working opposite such a brilliant actor, but I'd already done a TV show with him once, and knew him well enough not to be terrified."

Natalie's father, who is now miniature-set director for a studio, has moved his family around more or less to fit in with his daughter's career. They started off in West Hollywood, moved to Burbank, then out in the country to Northridge at the time when Natalie was crazy over horses. ("That was after I gave up ballet. I studied it for five years and then somebody told me it would make me bow-legged. So I took up riding instead." She giggled. "Isn't that silly?")

Now they live in a house in Sherman Oaks in the valley close to town and convenient to Warner Bros. where Natalie is now under contract. A swimming pool is being built in the back yard, a project which Mr. and Mrs. Gurdin fervently hope will keep Natalie at home a bit more.

She has her own room, enhanced by a magnificent four-postered, canopied bed, and her dressing-table mirror is framed by a multitude of photographs; mostly boys, and predominantly actors. This room is Natalie's own haven, the place where, when she begins to fold after a crowded week of either work or dates, she sleeps the clock around to catch up.

Natalie is still as much of a movie fan as she was at the age of three. Marlon Brando is her favorite actor and Jo Van Fleet her favorite actress. "I just think she's the greatest. I saw *East Of Eden* nine times, and I guess everybody thought I was going to look at Jimmy, but really it was because I wanted to watch Jo Van Fleet. Did you ever see such a beautiful job as she did with that mother role? I met her once and just flipped. She came into make-up one morning unexpectedly and I got so tongue tied I couldn't make sense. I mumbled something about thinking I knew Dick Davalos—*thinking* I knew him—I'd been dating him! And then I couldn't think of another thing to say!"

"I don't want to get married"

I asked her how she felt about marriage, and the word seemed to bore her as much as her lunch. "I want to fall in love—that would be fun—but not get married. Oh, I suppose I'll get married some time, but that's way off in the distant future."

"Do you wish you'd had time to go to college?"

"I'm too busy for that. Maybe some day I'd like to take literature courses and art, because I like to paint. But you see, acting has become my life. I have no ambition to do anything else. I want to be as honest an actress as I'm capable of being. Actors are basically lonely people, you know, and I want to see things and meet people. You have to do that in order to be able to understand life and therefore what you're trying to portray."

"Are you still taking dramatic lessons?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I never did take any. I don't like technique in acting. I think a good director is the important thing. And I believe if you have a feeling for acting it comes to you naturally, that you don't need any training."

At seventeen, Natalie Wood has racked up an impressive list of co-stars, including Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Jimmy Stewart, Rock Hudson, John Payne, Rex Harrison, John Wayne, George Brent, Bob Cummings and James Dean. Time was, she ended up in the final reel being dandled on the handsome gentleman's knee.

These days, she usually ends up in a clinch. She feels no regret at the change.

"It seems as though I spent my whole life in pigtails," she says. "I always had to look younger than I was so that I could take child roles. You don't know how glad I am to be seventeen. It's a special age for any girl, but for me it's heaven." **END**

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vic and pier

(Continued from page 32) huge joke. Their joy is measured by the sorrow that lies behind them. Today is brighter because of yesterday's darkness. Yet the long period of tension, of hope alternating with terror, remains unforgotten, woven into the fibre of experience. "What you live," says Pier, "it becomes a part of you, to make you stronger or weaker. But to push it away as if it never happened is to be a child. We are not children, Vic and I."

Each month they celebrate the 24th, anniversary of their wedding day. On September 24, Vic presented her with a brace of hamburgers. Pier calls them "omburgers" and loves them by any name with all the trimmings. Nestled between them she found a small white box. Inside lay a beveled gold wedding-band, exactly like Vic's except for its greater width. "I thought maybe you'd like to use it," he said, "instead of the other when you wear gold jewelry."

"Never!" she cried with a vehemence that startled him. "Oh Vic, it's beautiful. But never since you put it, did I take my real wedding ring off, and I never will."

So the gold circlet gleams on her right hand and bears its own significance. "When we got married, we were happy, we loved each other. But not like now. We didn't know then that such happiness as now could be. Maybe that awful accident and everything that happened brought us more together. Maybe it was God's plan, how do I know? For me, I know only that Vic and the baby is everything. And for Vic?" Like a brook touched by sunlight, the mobile face changed swiftly from grave to gay. "Vic is still up on stars."

The shadow of dread

It was a rocky road that led to the stars. You know all about the plane accident, the shock and injury to Pier, the weeks of pain and fear for the baby's life. Slow recovery followed and a measure of reassurance, always shadowed by dread. The child was alive, yes, but no one could promise that he hadn't been hurt somehow through his mother's hurt. As she was to say later: "Till the baby was born, never did I know if the baby would be all right." Neither she nor Vic dwelt on these apprehensions. But to banish them was impossible. The shadow had fallen and they learned to live with it.

As time passed, their spirits lightened. Everyone was feeling easier about Pier when the second blow struck. One night she went to bed, all agog over the shower planned by her studio friends next day. But she didn't make it. Seized by premature labor pains, she was rushed to the hospital instead, where Vic paced the corridor and white-clad figures moved silently about her room, doing what they had to do. Between spasms of pain, her eyes opened, searching for faces about her for some sign. "How old is the baby?" asked a nurse, sounding casual.

"Six and a half months."

The nurse was young, not yet trained to clinical impassivity. Pier caught her expression before she turned away. "They're afraid," she thought dully—and felt another familiar hand at her wrist. Dr. Krohn stood beside her, bringing a sense of solidity to the dreamlike atmosphere where people walked around and would tell you nothing. He was her trusted friend as well as physician. She kept her voice steady. "Please, doctor, nobody has to lie to me. I need the truth."

Having long since tested her mettle, he answered as honestly as she'd asked. "If the baby comes now, he will not live."

The words rang in her brain and it seemed strange to Pier, numbed by too much emotion, that she should lie there tearless, looking back at the girl who'd wept so many tears. "Maybe," she reflected wearily, "I have cried enough. If that's what God wants. . . ."

But this was a thought she wouldn't let herself finish. On the white pillow, the dark head turned and turned. "Doctor, how does it look?"

"We must wait till morning. I'm going to give you something to help you relax. Go to sleep and I'll be near you."

"But I want Vic."

"I'm sorry, he can't come in."

"For two minutes?"

"Not for one."

"Then tell him I love him."

She slept till noon and woke to blessed freedom from pain. Again Dr. Krohn stood beside her. "We have a chance," he said.

The chance depended on absolute rest for three days, all visitors barred, including her husband. This time she made no demur. "For Vic and the baby and me, I *want* to be quiet." For Vic, the hours crawled. For Pier, under sedation most of the time, they passed hazily. Till the fourth morning. Till the doctor came in, even before he said it, she could read in his smile that the baby was safe. "Now you can see Vic," he added.

Hearing such beautiful news, her eyes danced. "Doctor, wait. Can I go to the end of the bed?"

"How do you mean?"

"Always my husband sees me lying down. I want to surprise him. If it will hurt the baby, no. But if not?"

So when Vic entered, bearing flowers, he came face to face with his wife, kneeling at the foot of the bed to greet him. "How do you like us?" she crowed into his neck. "We are showing off for you, our baby and me."

"Good enough for Rome"

Through the final months she did little showing off, confined to bed for the most part, glad to slip back after an hour up in the late afternoon. Since the house they'd bought wasn't ready, they lived in a big room at her mother's with their own TV and private telephone number. In bed, Pier pored over colors and fabrics for their home—to divert her mind and because they were eager to move in as quickly as possible. Vic left the designing to her. After all, she'd studied interior decorating, helped her father decorate one of the loveliest apartments in Rome. "What's good enough for Rome," said Vic, "is good enough for me. Just remember I don't like red and I want to do my study by myself."

At night she'd spread her samples before him, unwilling to settle anything without his okay. Evening after evening, dependent only on each other, they knew their moments of fun and their moments of crisis. "Vic," she'd cry in panic, "the baby's not moving."

"He will move, let's wait."

Then, as she tells it, "We would both stay with the hands, with the eyes wide open—soon he was kicking. How we would laugh—like a feast."

Or the fear haunting them both would suddenly find expression, if only oblique. "Oh, Vic, I hope I give you a beautiful baby."

"How can you miss?" he'd counter, keeping it light. Sometimes humor failed. Sometimes she'd cling to him wordlessly, seeking strength from his, and he'd hold her close. "Just say, 'God help me,' Anna. Come, we'll say it together." Together they'd make the sign of the cross and pray.

If, before bedtime, she felt the smallest twinge, he'd go to bed with his suit on. If she so much as moaned, he'd call Charlotte, whatever the hour. Charlotte was Dr. Krohn's nurse and their rock of Gibraltar, always ready with wise answers to foolish questions. "She said 'oh!'" Vic would report. "What shall I do?"

"Ask her if the pain comes every fifteen minutes."

"What pain?" murmured Pier.

"Ask her if her stomach contracts?" Charlotte asked.

"I'm sleeping," said Pier. "And, please, Vic, at four o'clock in the morning, let this poor girl sleep, too."

"You think babies can't come at four in the morning?"

No answer. Over to the bed he'd steal and back to the phone. "Charlotte?" he'd whisper. "She's asleep. What shall I do?"

"If she wakes up, call me."

They moved on August 18. "I want to be in our house," pleaded Pier. Apart from kitchen equipment, it held a bed and a couch. "I don't care, even with a mattress on the floor. When you sing to me there, Vic, everything will sparkle. You'll sing and I'll sing and I will be always off key but I'll sing anyway."

He carried her to the car and drove like a snail up Bel-Air's winding hills to the two-story Colonial. Inez, the maid, welcomed them as Vic bore his wife over the threshold. He let her feast for a few minutes on the blue-gray walls with their delicate trailing murals spaced here and there, on the gray rugs and the curtains of softest rose. He let her squeal over the couch. To Pier, Venice is the loveliest and most romantic city in the world. Yearning for a touch of Venice in America, she'd chosen for the couch a fabric patterned in Venetian scenes. On the living-room mantel he set the exquisite Venetian-glass Punchinello that Pier had dragged all over Europe with her by hand. Then he put her to bed.

Two days later she felt frisky enough to come down to dinner. They'd asked Charlotte to join them. Before dinner they sat out on the patio, reveling in their view. When it came time to get up, Pier needed help. "Leg cramps," she explained.

"I think," said Charlotte, "maybe Dr. Krohn better see you."

"Pooh! I have them now for three weeks."

"Well, just to be on the safe side, eat light."

"Eat *light*? I am *hungry*. We have spaghetti, beautiful, with tuna fish."

"Eat *light*," repeated the voice of authority, and Pier obeyed. Just the same, she couldn't manage to rise to her feet. Charlotte made for the phone. A few minutes later the doctor was saying to Pier: "It's a beautiful night. Why don't you drive down to the hospital and I'll check you."

Up the stairs tore Vic, and back with her coat and suitcase. His wife was in high spirits that evening. The suitcase reduced her to helpless merriment. "Vic, I am coming *home* with you. I have no pain. I am *not* going to sleep in the hospital."

She was right about one thing, she didn't do much sleeping.

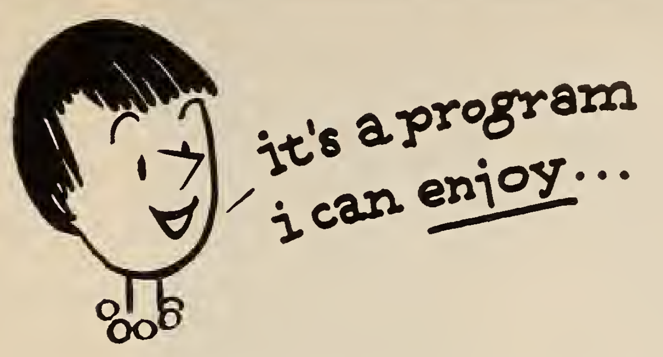
"I want to have pains"

For twelve hours they tried to induce labor. In the darkened room, Pier couldn't tell whether it was day or night. At length Charlotte came in. "Dr. Krohn thinks we may have to do a Caesarean."

The great eyes clouded. "No," she begged. "I want to have pains like everybody."

But nature refused to co-operate. The doctor made his decision, and still Pier fought against it. "Dear doctor, *please*, only a little longer . . ."

"We've waited long enough. I'm doing what I think best for you and the baby." She'll never forget the look in his kind,



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tired face, nor the quiet entreaty in his voice. "Please, Pier, don't make me change my mind."

All resistance crumbled. In the delivery room swift preparations went forward. "Now you have a choice," said the doctor. "Would you like to go to sleep or stay awake and see your baby?"

A small smile tilted her mouth and she made a small speech. "For nine months I have waited, remember, doctor? The accident, the kicking, the premature labor pains, the whole thing. I want to be awake, doctor, what do you think! I want finally to see this baby of mine."

The rest sounds better in her own words than anyone else's:

"For the baby I am anxious. For myself I am not frightened, only full of questions. But I cannot talk because they put me something in the mouth. I can see only the heads moving around. I can hear the doctor ask, 'Give me this, give me that.' Then I hear silence, so I know something begins. Then: 'It's a boy. And *what* a boy! He looks just like Vic.' I smile to myself because he looks like Vic and because for nine months they told me I'll have a girl. Then they show me that boy. When I see him, I know right away nothing is wrong, and from all my heart I thank God.

"When they take me out at four, I am pretty tired. I remember Vic bending over me. 'How are his eyes?' I ask. Always, I cannot tell why, but always I worry most about the eyes. 'Beautiful,' said Vic. 'His eyes are beautiful and so is everything else and I'm so proud of you.'

"This is all I remember. Until I woke up and my husband was standing there and our baby was born and the whole world played sweet music."

Perry Rocco Luigi Damone

Perry Rocco Luigi, a buster, weighed in t eight pounds, thirteen ounces. The middle names are for Vic's father and Pier's, he first for Perry Como. From the beginning, Vic had his heart set on calling a oy after Como. "Will you let me?" he sked.

"Of course," she agreed, moved by his feeling, finding in Vic's admiration for his friend a tribute to both men.

At the time of her accident, the Comos were on vacation in Palm Springs. "They came three times to the hospital to see me, they brought me books, they were so very kind. But Vic knows Perry more deeply than I do. He said, 'I want this name because Perry is an honest man. Because with all his success, he never changed. Because he will always be plain and simple and good. I would like the baby to grow up good as Perry.'

" 'I hope he will grow up like you,' I said. 'Who could be better?' I say this not only the wife," she declared, very earnest. "I know it is true, because other people agrees with me. But for himself, a man is modest. let the baby grow up like Vic and Perry together, let him be twice good. They are the same kind of people with the same golden heart.

"Perry called up to tell us his pleasure. e asked him to be godfather. The godmother is Marisa. Marisa is usually very reserved, but she ran to the commissary show everybody the pictures. 'Oh, my ter brought such a beautiful baby!' trizia, who is seven, gave a little red horn to hang on the bassinet. In Italy we e such little red horns for good luck. mother?—well, my mother is grandmother now, and about grandmothers I n't have to tell you anything."

They plan a Christmas trip to New York show the baby to Vic's family. Meanwhile he keeps them well and truly posted. When the phone rings at the Farinolas' se days, it's likely to be a bulletin from the coast. There was the time when Pier lay abed, the nurse heated a bottle in the kitchen and Perry clamored indignantly for his meal. "Darling, can you go and pick him up?" asked Pier, just like that.

He never flinched. Back he came, holding the baby as if he'd been holding babies all his life, the arm here, the hand behind the small head, the soft cheek against his, the look of heaven in his eyes and his knees knocking. Barely had the nurse taken over before he was on the phone to his folks. "I picked him up. I picked him up by myself. Now I feel like a papa."

He knew no rest till they'd heard their grandchild's voice. "Talk to them," he'd coax. Perry had nothing to say. "Then cry. At least *cry!*" Perry was amiably silent. So when he started screaming on his own one night, Vic grabbed opportunity and phone by the forelock and, at 3:30 New York time, his mom and dad listened in rapt wonder while the baby bawled.

Ruffled panties

With three Pierangeli and four Damone sisters, everyone predicted that Pier would have a girl. Everyone sent her gifts for a girl, pink and frilly. Only from her hopeful grandmother in Rome came a shirt that was unmistakably masculine. A girl would have been just as welcome but, since Perry's a boy, Vic glories in his maleness. "My son," he brags, "is going to caddy for me." Or, viewing the sturdy limbs, "You know, in six months this baby will be playing football." He calls him Perry, no nicknames. "A boy must be treated like a boy."

Pier's problem is how to clothe him like a boy. Her hands caress his wardrobe. "These things are so beautiful, Vic, he *has* to wear them."

"Put them away. Some day he'll have a sister."

Pier couldn't wait. For his first checkup at the pediatrician's she hatched a plot, dressing the baby before Vic got home. "It's for nothing," she warned him. "We'll have to take everything off. Still, it will be a big joke on your daddy."

Daddy arrived to find his helpless offspring decked out in ruffled panties and beribboned cap. His outrage was wonderful to behold. "I want only a diaper on my son. I want his chest to show."

Bows and ruffles vanished. "But he is not yet Gable," Pier pointed out. "For the chest we will put my grandmother's shirt from Rome."

Wrapped in plain blankets, he fared forth on his outing. "And at home," sighs his mother, "the poor boy has to stay with a diaper and nightgown."

Helped by Inez and Martha, two jewels, the household runs smoothly. On maid's day out, Inez leaves food in the freezer. Such thoughtfulness isn't essential, but it's nice. As a cook, Pier's repertory is limited. "I can do steak and veal scallopini, and I'm learning. To take things out of the freezer, you don't have to learn." Martha they value for many qualities, not least among them her respect for parents' rights. "Sometimes," Pier informs you, "the nurses, they keep the baby inside that room and don't want you to touch him. Martha brings him first thing in the morning, knocks at our door and puts him in our bed. She likes that we play with him. She likes that I hold him and give him his bath and change him. I would do it anyway. But if Martha likes it, this makes a happier house."

Early in September Valentina joined them, courtesy of Vic. Valentina's a boxer puppy, so called because of the well-formed heart on her chest. From childhood, Pier's been a sucker for animals—a tendency inherited from her father. But

HOLLIDAY IN PARIS

The tale of a little girl who lost her VIP's!

■ Judy Holliday's arrival in Paris was spiked by a series of comic situations that couldn't have been improved upon by a Hollywood script writer.

She was coming by train from Locarno, Switzerland, where she had deposited her son and mother after a brief fling in Rome.

Columbia executives, presuming her to be on the Rome Express, went to meet her—at Paris' Gare de Lyon. But Judy's train, coming from an entirely different direction, bunked in the Gare de L'Est.

Judy, carefree and happy at the thought of seeing Paris, and expecting everything except the band of the Garde Républicaine to meet her, stepped off the train. She put on her most winsome eager smile for the benefit of her welcomers. But there wasn't a friendly face in sight!

So she stood there in the middle of that vast station, pushed and shoved by hurrying travelers, alone, forlorn, a pathetic figure.

"I could have just curled up in a corner and died," wailed Judy plaintively. "There I was in a strange city, in a foreign country, not knowing the language, and to top it all, I didn't even know what hotel I was staying in."

At that moment, a reporter from Paris' staid, conservative *Figaro* (The New York Times of France) who, besides knowing his business, is a movie fan, spotted Judy, her face a caricature of poignant despair.

He wasted no time in offering her—in impeccable English—his services as interpreter, guide and chauffeur. Gallantly conducting Judy to his little four-horsepower Renault (nicknamed "potato bug" by American tourists) he suggested canvassing all the Paris luxury hotels in search for her reservation.

By this process of elimination, Judy found her way to the Georges V Hotel.

Meanwhile, the Columbia brass, having given up at the Gare de Lyon, were pacing up and down the halls of the Georges V. But their steps just didn't take them in the direction of the desk, and they missed Judy coming in.

Frantic glances outside, more steps around and around the lobby, finally a last desperate inquiry.

"She's arrived. But when? Why didn't you say something? How did we miss her?"

Final scene and close-up. Judy, who by this time had bitten her nails down to the core, falls into the arms of the Columbia VIP's.

---

she gave up dogs because dog hair made Vic sneeze. Shortly before departing for Reno on a club date, he tumbled the pooch into her lap. "Darling, you'll be three women alone in the house. And one man. The man is too small to protect you, so I brought a dog."

"But, Vic, your allergy."

"Never mind the allergy. Now the dog will look after you and I can leave in peace."

She eyed the squirming bundle of fur and paws, giggled to herself and, like a tactful woman, held her tongue. As she could have told him, it took three women to look after Valentina, who lived in a dream world where chair legs were meant for chewing, let alone other delusions. Mischief and all, Pier considers her an asset. So does the neighborhood. "Already she has a boy friend up the street. Every morning he comes to see her and they flirt. I think there will be a marriage."

"Tomorrow will be time"

By the time Vic went to Las Vegas, Pier was strong enough to shuttle between husband and son. Now she's returning to work. You'll see her first as guest star in *Meet Me In Las Vegas*. Vic does a guest spot, too, though not with Pier. She hopes like others before her, to combine motherhood successfully with the job. "But if my career interferes with my baby, then we'll work something out. Tomorrow will be time to worry about tomorrow.

"You see," she went on, "I am lucky because I have Vic. We will bring up the baby together. Vic's ideas are strong and he knows the importance of the father. Once I went to his house and his four sisters were there and I saw his father had just to do this with the eyes, and it felt wonderful. It felt like I was really home. I in Italy, Vic here, we had both the same training. *My* father had only to look at *me*, and it was enough. I was never afraid of my father. I adored him because I knew he was just.

"With Vic, it's also like that. He loves his parents so much. He wants the baby to feel about him as he feels about them. He hopes he will teach the baby what they taught him. Good and not good. Right and wrong. When he was wrong, they punished him. But always with love, and with the explanation why. We will do the same. We both don't want to spoil our baby. We both don't believe as some others—oh, you mustn't say no to him, you must give him everything he wants, you mustn't touch him. That way they come out like Indians, they get fresh, they answer you. We both don't like fresh people, Vic and me. We want our baby to have manners, not to think Ho! I am king of the world. Then when he goes in the world, it will be easier for him."

Before their wedding, Vic went to Pier's mother. "I promise you one thing. I will always make Anna happy."

Pier knows that the pledge will be kept. "It isn't hard for him. It comes naturally. Vic is sensitive. He feels for the other's feeling. If I would turn my face away and not smile, he'd say, 'Darling, what's the matter, please?' If I am wrong, I tell that I'm sorry. Vic does the same. If we don't agree, we sit down and discuss together what's the best way. Without screaming, without hurting. There is nothing to scream about. We are grown-up people. We love each other. To love means to be kind.

"We haven't got too much to live in this life," little Pier added gently. "It is short, and sorrow comes of itself. Why should we make more sorrow than it needs to be?"

Which requires no answer. But we'll borrow a wish from Vic. For all three Damones, only big smiles from now on. **END**

gone fishin'

(*Continued from page 29*) she'd handle Richard when the time came. She didn't. For years she's been made up by the all-time Hollywood experts. Dick felt she just didn't come alive under that treatment. After long hours of experimentation with a new type make-up, tests showed that June blossomed like a rose. She admitted that she was glad Dick has been so persistent, but she was really worried when he went after her hair styling. That very nearly brought on an argument of the type any director can have when a big star backs up and puts her foot down. But when Dick came home with some sketches, which showed her with a sort of "modified Claudette Colbert" hair do, she surrendered.

"Go ahead, tyrant," she exclaimed. "Do what you want from now on. I may not be the June Allyson that used to be, but I'm beginning to like her."

With location scenes in San Diego and Phoenix now finished and shooting going on apace at Columbia studios for interiors, the rushes indicate that Dick Powell hasn't done wrong by the new June Allyson. As for *It Happened One Night,* completely new in color and wide screen, plus the hit title song and other musical numbers by Johnny Mercer and Gene De Paul, the word is out that the remake of this famous picture is liable to duplicate if not exceed the roaring success of *Oklahoma!*

June says: "No one could have done it but Dick."

Dick says: "No one could have done it without June."

And on a recent evening when Mr. Powell came home, he said to Mrs. Powell, "We've been working pretty hard. Let's take a trip somewhere."

Mrs. Powell, instead of saying to Mr. Powell, as she has for lo these ten years, "Oh, now, Richard, do we *have* to—you know how I hate to travel," replied enthusiastically, "Swell, honey. We've never been to Europe, or Timbuctoo for that matter. You name the place and let's go!" And they probably will. **END**

the lady in pink

(*Continued from page 41*) mother a peck on the cheek. "Hiya, Mom!"

"Hi, dear; get your homework finished?"

"Yup," the boy answered, shoveling in a mouthful of cereal.

"Do your chores?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Did your team win yesterday's game?"

"And how," Terry exploded. "We slaughtered them, ten to six."

Coming from the general direction of the garage, Marty Melcher, Doris' big, likeable husband, joined the family in the kitchen. He was wearing yellow terry-cloth coveralls, and a dry towel around his neck.

"Morning, kids," he beamed.

"What are you doing in that outfit?" Doris asked.

"Taking a workout."

"Marty Melcher," Doris scolded, "was that you riding a bicycle up and down our street at six-thirty this morning?"

"It wasn't Bob Hope," cracked Marty. 'Matter of fact," he added, "Bob *did* pass ne on his way to the studio. He offered ne a job lubricating his car."

"What are you talking about?" Doris asked, confused.

"It's this way," Marty explained paiently, "I'm trying to pedal off some of he poundage I've gained at those benefit dinners we've had to attend lately."

Doris turned to Terry and spoke in a tage whisper, "The man's obviously mad, bicycling at the crack of dawn."

"I know the name of a good headhrinker," Terry offered.

"Okay, okay," protested Marty, "so ou're two characters who don't have to watch your weight. You'd sure be surrised if Hope and I did a double in Las egas."

"On a grease rack?" giggled Doris.

Terry and Marty burst out laughing at he possibilities.

"Say, Mom," Terry interrupted soberly, we thinking of selling this house?"

"We wouldn't think of breaking up the oluca Lake Ball Club," Marty declared.

"That's good," freckle-faced Terry ghed, "cause a kid at school said he read the papers that we were."

Doris Day and Marty Melcher exchanged look of understanding. "This is our ome until you grow up and move out and gets too large for the two of us," Doris serted. "And right now we wouldn't exange it for all the castles in England."

"Just checking," Terry said happily. "Just checking." He passed his plate to Katie for a second helping of bacon and eggs.

This early morning scene reflects the pattern, the tempo, the mood of Doris Day's private life.

A sort of goodnatured banter goes on all the time between Terry and his parents. It exists between Doris and Marty. It extends to Katie and includes Mrs. Kappelhof, Doris' mother. Theirs is a family that enjoys an easy, comfortable companionship.

The early big breakfast is a habit of long standing with Doris. No matter whether it's a work day or a week end, she wakes at 6 a.m. For that time of morning she's cheerful and attractive. Nothing short of a doctor's orders can make her have breakfast in bed. She says she loves to be with her family at the start of the day so she can pick up the various threads of each person's life. She likes to mull over problems and get matters hashed out in the morning when the three of them are sure to be together.

She always eats a full-scale meal, too. When they were first married, it amazed Marty that his wife, with her mere twenty-three-inch waist, could put away more food than he. But it figures. Doris expends a tremendous amount of energy. Her buoyancy and bounce has to come from somewhere and one of her trade secrets is that she eats a towering breakfast of protein-rich foods. A meal of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs is nothing. If she's working on an extremely tough schedule, she has steak to start with and continues from there. She manages to keep her size twelve measurements because she burns up the food she consumes, making records and pictures and taking care of her house.

Not too large, not too small

The positive assurance that the Melchers will continue living in their San Fernando Valley home for quite some time was definitely established last summer. Before Doris and Marty left for Europe, where she made *The Man Who Knew Too Much* with Jimmy Stewart, they considered selling this house. No specific reason for moving. Nothing they really disliked about the place. It wasn't too small or too large. It had a wonderful location in Burbank. In fact, it suited them just fine, but so many of their close friends had built new, modern hilltop homes that they felt mildly discontented with their ordinary looking house-on-a street. While they were away, columnists carried the story that Doris Day and Mar-

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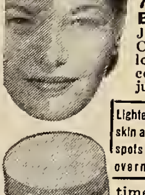

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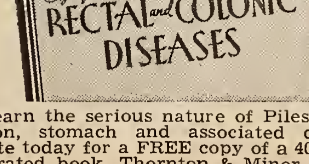
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they phone him,
they call him the
greatest Italian
since Romeo!

"DEAR ROSSANO, make love to me"

■ All you need is one good break. That show business maxim is as old as show business itself. And to no one does it apply more than to Rossano Brazzi, the handsome thirty-eight-year-old Italian movie star.

Today he's the rage in Romeos. Universal-International has signed him to a three-year contract. Rodgers and Hammerstein want him for the lead in *South Pacific*. Margaret Truman flew all the way to Rome to record two songs with him. His fan mail comes to 40,000 letters a month, and he's had to disconnect his phone because women won't stop chasing him.

At the Venice Film Festival, an American heiress sent Brazzi the following letter: "Dear Rossano, Won't you please make love to me? I am younger than Katharine Hepburn and richer."

Possibly as a result, Brazzi believes that Americans are the most romantic people on earth.

"All of you take love seriously. It is something to be cherished, to be remembered. That is why I like to work opposite American actresses. They give some meaning to love-making.

"To Italians it is just a game, love today and gone tomorrow. But not you people. Sentiment, memories. You are very romantic. Maybe a little embarrassed about it. But in your hearts you love to love.

"The same is true of me. That's why I was so tired, so bored with many of the pictures I made in Italy. 'I want to be a screen lover,' I told them. They laughed at me. 'You are not the type.'

"Then David Selznick saw me in an Italian picture. He put me under contract—that was in 1949—and brought me to Hollywood. 'Rossano,' I said to myself. 'At last you will play the lover.'

"You know what I was? Professor Baer in *Little Women*. With a beard and glasses and make-up that made me look three hundred years old.

"Finally 20th Century put me in *Three Coins In The Fountain*, and I got to play opposite Hepburn in *Summertime*. Those two films have done more for me than all the sixty-four films I made in Italy."

Born in Bologna, Italy on September 18, 1917, the son of a leather-goods manufacturer, Rossano Brazzi, blue-eyed and brown-haired, entertained no acting ambitions until he was twenty-one. Then, as a University of San Marcos law student, he won a drama-reading contest. After that his interest in law waned and his interest in dramatics zoomed. He was offered a stage job at five dollars a week and grabbed it.

Today, some fourteen years later, he is ranked as Italy's top movie star. Married to the former Lidia Bertolini for the past fifteen years—she's a brilliant, cheerful, rotund little woman—Brazzi has been told by practically every producer he's worked with to soft-pedal the fact.

"When I was in New York recently," he confessed, "testing for *South Pacific*, they wouldn't let me bring Lidia. They said it would destroy the Casanova legend. I spent $1500 on long distance calls to Rome. Lidia loves to talk and talk."

"But why did you let her go on at such length," Rossano was asked, "especially at those prices?"

"After fifteen years of marriage," Brazzi announced, "I am still in love with my wife."

ty Melcher had put their Valley home on the market, that they would move into a sumptuous Beverly Hills mansion upon their return.

Europe changed all that.

"We had to travel ten thousand miles to find out how lucky we are," Doris says with a smile. "Every dark and rainy city we worked in, I kept asking myself, 'What am I doing here? I could be making a picture not ten minutes away from my own sunny garden!'

"When we stayed in grim and drafty hotels, I thought longingly of all the pretty, sparkling rooms in our own house.

"Of course, there were many things I loved about Europe—the people mostly. Then we bought some fine antiques in England and I got clothes in Paris, naturally. Marty picked up a trunk load of souvenirs in Marakesh and places. But what the sages say is true. You have to go away from home to appreciate it. Distance lends perspective to your life."

Even after they got back to California, Marty and Doris found themselves counting their blessings. Friends like the Edgar Bergens, who'd moved to the hilltop, began saying how inconvenient such places are for kids. There's so little play space. The youngsters have to be driven everywhere. There's no room for neighbors.

None of this is true of the Valley. The Melchers live in an ideal family neighborhood. Their street comes to a dead-end so that Terry and his friends can play ball on the front lawns without danger from traffic. Terry rides his bike to school, and he and his gang fish in Toluca Lake. They also roam the hills hunting jack rabbits.

"Their latest craze is bop dancing," Doris points out. "And when I see a half-dozen husky kids cutting loose in Terry's upstairs study, I'm thankful that we've got a well-constructed house."

Worth waiting for

Doris and Marty bought their house four years ago from Martha Raye. They had to buy it furnished or she wouldn't sell. This gave the Melchers pause, but they liked so many things about the place: Its location was perfect for Doris who was working at Warner Bros.; the floor plan was good, there were two outdoor sleeping porches which they liked, and there was a nice size back yard. So they took it complete with early American antiques, excessive chintz and mirrors everywhere.

"It's taken almost four years to fix up the rooms to suit our taste," Doris says, "but I think it was worth waiting for."

The first thing Doris and Marty did was auction off all Martha's furniture. Then they began to re-paint and to redecorate one room at a time. They started with the kitchen. Doris had an art director from Warners draw sketches for a much larger kitchen where they could eat informal meals. The set designer eliminated a narrow butler's pantry and knocked out windows facing the garden to make the room more spacious. He drew sketches of a compact work area and a diagonal snack bar. Doris selected the white cabinets with pink formica counters and had the pine boards covered with pale pink enamel.

"Having someone draw up pictures for you is the easiest way in the world to remodel," she admits. "You know exactly what you're doing all the time."

After the kitchen, Doris turned her attention to the living and dining rooms.

Pastels are her favorite colors and she likes textured modern fabrics with graceful French Provincial furniture. She had in her mind exactly what she wanted the rooms to look like, but furnishing a house is a full-time job. "You can't do it and work, too, so I called in a professional decorator, Catherine Armstrong, and told her what I wanted."

Mrs. Armstrong tracked down wallpaper samples and fabric swatches for Doris to decide upon. She recommended Eric Bolin, the crack cabinet man, to make all the wooden tables and chests to exact measurements. And she brought dozens of lovely lamps and other accessories to try out in the house. Together, she and Doris created rooms that give the people who live in them continual pleasure.

Men in the house

Marty Melcher takes credit for the music room. He decided early in the remodeling job that the house should help Doris in her career—that it should work for her and not the other way around. He had the small den equipped with a piano, a microphone and a tape recorder. Now, instead of going into Hollywood to rehearse her songs at a studio, Doris rehearses new material at home.

Upstairs in the Melcher house the bedrooms are completely individual. Terry's room is red and royal blue. He has twin day beds covered like studio couches. His walls are finished with dark blue grass cloth so he can tack things up without hurting any wallpaper. Next door to his bedroom he has a den that is completely devoid of furniture. At one point his mother offered to fix it up like a private living room where he could entertain his friends, but Terry declined. He wants it empty so that there is more room for the gang to bop.

Doris' and Marty's room is also sparsely furnished. It has a double bed, a chest of drawers and a gigantic television set. A good deal of floor space has been converted into wall-long closets to hold Doris' necessarily large wardrobe.

"I don't have much use for most of these elegant bedrooms with vanity tables, writing desks, chaise longues and such," Doris contends. "About all Marty and I do upstairs is sleep and hang our clothes. Of course, we do have a special kind of TV in our room, but that's all. The set has a remote control so you can change the channels and do the fine tuning without getting out of bed. It also has a set of earphones so Marty can listen with a headset when I have to go to sleep early.

"But for the most part, we're people who get up when we wake. Once downstairs, we practically live in The Pink Room."

The Pink Room was a sensational idea that everyone in the Melcher family takes credit for. Actually, it grew by itself.

Doris had the first idea of roofing and screening the porch they found too hot to use. Marty went further. He suggested that they enclose it like a room. One thing led to another and they ended up with something truly original. It's a combination party room, dining room and garden room. Doris, of course, chose the paint color.

When they're home alone, Doris and Marty like to have their meals in The Pink Room by candlelight. After dinner they'll sit for hours listening to records. In the day time Doris studies scripts in the room and when she's not there, Marty uses it for business conferences.

"It was so easy"

When it comes to entertaining, Doris has a firm point of view, in which The Pink Room figures prominently. Doris has noticed that when you have three or four couples for dinner, there are always one or two who are on a restricted diet or dislike certain foods. If you try to offer the guests who can't eat the prepared dinner a substitute, the whole matter gets to be a problem.

So the other evening, for example, the Melchers invited Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Dick Powell and June Allyson, Betty Hutton and her husband Alan Livingstone for dinner. They served cocktails and hors d'oeuvres in The Pink Room. After a few drinks, they took their friends out to their favorite Valley restaurant—The King's Arms. And sure enough, everybody ordered a different entrée—cooked to their special taste. When the meal was over, they drove back to the Melchers' house and sat around The Pink Room and talked and listened to music.

"Honestly, it was so easy, and our place looked so pretty that nobody wanted to go home," commented Doris happily.

Marty's observation the next day was that he'd had such a great evening he never intended to travel again. Instead he's decided to form a Valley Club. The by-laws will include never leaving the San Fernando Valley. "No more going to New York, Paris or Rome. No more driving through the Pass to Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Members will work in the Valley, play golf and tennis in the Valley, go to Valley restaurants—live and die in the Valley."

When Doris heard of the idea, she said flatly, "I'll be a charter member."

Next day, however, she signed to make *Quality Of Mercy*, her first independent picture at MGM, which happens to be in Culver City. **END**

---

bobby it's cold up there!

(Continued from page 31) The desk clerk leered in approved French fashion. "Monsieur Wagner," he said, "cannot be disturbed. He is with a friend."

"Aha," I said, carefully concealing my delight. (A good reporter does not let the quarry know when she is on his trail. She sneaks up on it with care.) "This friend," I said casually, "this friend works with him in the moving picture, yes?"

"Yes," replied the little man.

"This friend and Monsieur Wagner," I continued, "they are in his room, yes?" We smirked at each other briefly.

"Yes."

"What do they do there?" I snickered.

"I believe," said he, "that they talk to each other." A bell rang and the little man arose. "Excuse me," he said. "The room number is 214 if you would like to see for yourself."

"Ah," I murmured, "these blasé Europeans." I took the elevator to the second floor. The door of 214 was ajar, so I looked in. And there, sure enough, was Robert Wagner with his co-star, Spencer Tracy, and they were talking to each other.

I retired to the lobby to think things out. After a while, the desk clerk returned.

"You told me," I said accusingly, "that Monsieur Wagner was with a friend."

"Is he not?" asked the man, who, I now noticed, looked remarkably naive for a Frenchman. "Is he not with Monsieur Tracy, his friend, who is also in the film?"

"He sure is," I said bitterly. "Thanks heaps!"

"It was nothing," he said, and held his hand out for a tip.

The direct approach

The next morning I decided to try the direct approach. I waited until a decent hour and then tapped discreetly on the door of 214. There was no answer. I knocked louder. Even a movie star, I thought, should be up by now. It was almost ten-thirty, the sun was high, and location trips to Switzerland cost money. As I was trying the door, the chambermaid appeared. "If you are looking for Monsieur," she remarked, "he is not here."

"Where is he?"

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"That way," she said, and pointed straight at the ceiling.

I looked up. My quarry was not hanging from the chandelier.

"Up," the girl said. "Up the mountain. They are all gone up the mountain since five in the morning."

"Five," I said weakly. "You mean five—like in dawn?"

"Ah, no," said she, smiling gently. "Five is before dawn. However, if you like, you may go up the mountain and see him. Anyone may go up the mountain."

I went back to my room and put on heavier shoes, in case there was any walking to be done. Then I went down to the lobby, on my way up the mountain. In the lobby, seated at a large table, I saw a man who looked American. He was sitting in front of a heap of French, German, Italian and Swiss newspapers, and he was cutting them up and pasting things in a scrapbook.

"Hello," I said. "You look American."

"I do, huh," he said belligerently. "Flattery will get you nowhere."

"Are you with Paramount?" I asked.

"Yeah. Publicity." Suddenly he brightened. "Hey," he said, "can you read French, German or Italian?"

"No."

"Neither can I," he said heavily.

"Then how come you're clipping all these papers you can't read?"

He looked surprised. "Gotta keep the scrapbooks up," he said. "Otherwise how do we know if we're getting any publicity?"

I thought about that for a while. Then I said, "How do you know what to cut out?"

He sighed. "Well, sometimes there's a name, Wagner, Tracy, Darrow. Sometimes a picture. Rest of the time, I play hunches. Someday," he said thoughtfully, "someday those scrapbooks are going to make mighty interesting reading. . . ."

Mail

I noticed a stack of mail on the table and glanced at it. All the letters seemed to be addressed to Bob Wagner. All were in feminine handwriting, some were perfumed and all were marked personal.

"Who are these from?" I asked.

The publicity man looked up. "His mother," he said briefly.

"His mother gets around," I remarked, riffling the pack and noting that they came from Claremont, La Jolla, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills and Berkeley.

"Very active lady," said the man, removing the pack from my hand.

"Well," I said, rising, "guess I'll be off. Going up the mountain, you know."

The press man put down his scissors and looked at me with respect. "Got a guide?" he asked.

"Guide?"

"It's a three hour hike to location. All the transportation went hours ago."

"Hike?"

"Well, of course, if you really don't mind walking. . . . Wagner and Tracy do it every morning. Never ride."

"Thanks," I said. "When do they get back?"

"Dinner time. They walk back."

"Fine," I said. "See you in the dining room." I went back to my room and took a nap.

Dinner time I sat down at a table near the publicity man. The Paramount crew straggled in. Slowly. No Wagner. I waited. When we reached dessert, I tapped one of the crew men on the shoulder. "Where's Wagner?" I asked.

The man shook his head. "Never comes to dinner," he said. "Poor kid works till he's half dead and then walks all the way back down this Alp. Goes right to his room, takes a hot bath and collapes on his bed."

"And doesn't get up again?" I croaked.

"Well, sure he does. He gets up tomorrow morning around five, five-thirty."

"Where's Miss Darrow?" I asked.

"I don't know," the man said. "In her room, I suppose. She writes a lot of letters."

What could I do? I'll tell you. The next morning I got up at five a.m. and walked up the mountain with Robert Wagner. Walked—ha!

I had met him before, briefly, and he remembered me and was most cordial. "Talk about anything," he offered, right off. "Tell you anything you want to know."

"Great," I said. "Girls!"

"Love 'em!" he replied instantly.

"Any one in particular?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "Debbie Reynolds. Terry Moore. Jean Peters. Barbara Stanwyck . . ."

"Never mind them," I said, and paused for emphasis. "How about Barbara Darrow?"

"Wonderful girl!" he said. (I took out my notebook.) "I've known her for years. Used to date her!"

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"*Used* to?" I gasped.

"Sure, great kid. People say actors can't get along with actresses. I say, nonsense. I'd marry an actress in a minute if I loved her."

"*Used* to date her?"

He sighed deeply. "I suppose we're supposed to be a big new romance," he said.

"Brother, you sure are. Don't you read the papers?"

"What, in French? Listen," he said. "There's absolutely nothing between us. She's one of the two actresses in the picture. Naturally I see her around here. We walk around. We talk. We act. We eat."

"You did Paris together!"

"We sure did, and we had a great time. Wonderful girl. Only, there's no romance. Besides, I think she's engaged or something."

I dropped my notebook and slid down the slope twenty yards trying to retrieve it. Bob came after me, picked me up and set me on my feet. "This way," he said, showing me how to walk. "Call me R.J., boy mountain goat.

"What a city, Paris," he said. "Loved it. Hired a chauffeur named Fitzpatrick—imagine, a French chauffeur named Fitzpatrick—and drove all over town. Went through the Louvre, went out to Versailles, saw Napoleon's tomb—everything."

"In other words, behaved like a tourist."

"Sure. That's what I was. What else? And those dolls. Oh, those French girls, man, they're the greatest."

"Yeah," I said. "What about the German ones?"

"Germans? I never got to Germany."

"I wasn't going to mention this," I said, "if you and Barbara were A Thing. But I hear you found a couple of German chorus girls in Paris, name of Alice and Ellen Kessler, and did every night club in town with both of them."

"You'll have to talk louder," Bob remarked. "Can't hear a thing in this wind."

"Expect to get back to Paris soon?"

"Well, no," Bob shouted into the breeze, which was now attempting to shove us back down the mountain. "Shooting schedule keeps getting fouled up here. Keeps raining. Can't shoot in the rain. So I don't think I'll get off again." He grinned. "Don't mind a bit. Love to work."

"What do you do when it rains?"

"Sit around, mostly, talk to Spence. Spencer Tracy. Greatest guy I know. He helps me with the game."

"The movie game?"

"My gin rummy game. I'm becoming a pro. When it clears up enough, I play miniature golf. Keeps my hand in."

Girls

"How about dates?"

"What can you do? Small town, not many girls."

"Little man I happened to meet in the hotel" (I'd followed him around for an hour) "says you went out with a girl named Jeanne Levi, from a local beauty parlor, and Frank Westmore cut you out. What'd he do, talk shop?"

"Wind gets worse all the time," Bob said, grinning.

"Let's sit down and talk about Jeanne Levi," I panted.

"You crazy?" Bob inquired. "We'd freeze to death. Yeah, I got lousy luck. Girl came down from Paris once, a Dior model. Wow! Came down with some guy from Miami, and he got lost en route. I offered to help find him—perfect gentleman, that's me. You know, figured he might be weeks getting found. Great girl, spoke English and everything."

"So what happened?"

"Wouldn't you know? I found him! Then there was a girl reporter came from Paris to see me. Came down in a pouring rain. Lent her my coat to wear to the train and then I missed the train and never got it back. Nice coat. Nice girl, too."

"You sound like you're having a great time."

"The best. Love it here. Wonderful people, wonderful scenery. Weather's not so good, but you can't have everything."

"Don't you miss home?"

"Oh, sure, all the time. Can't wait to get back. Love it there, too." He grinned. "What can you do? I'm just naturally a happy personality."

"Mountain goat," I said, "would you mind going on alone? I've got a train to catch. And an appointment with a case of double pneumonia waiting for me."

"Gee," he said, "that's a shame. Gonna shoot some good stuff today—great picture. Like you to meet Spence and Barbara."

"I couldn't shake hands if I did," I said. "My fingers would come off."

"Poor girl," said Bob. "Want my scarf?"

"No, thanks, you'd never get that back either. Just turn me around and point me down."

"It's steep," Bob hollered. "Be careful!"

"Don't worry about me," I said. "I'll slide down!"

Halfway down I turned for a final look. Bob was still heading straight up. He looked like he was leaping from rock to rock. From where I stood, you couldn't tell him from a mountain goat. END

louella parsons

(cont. from page 17)

as a husband. At a recent night-club party she whispered in his ear, "You haven't told me you love me in a whole hour." (?!)

THE GRIM SUPERSTITION of show business, that deaths come in threes, rounded out its sad cycle with the sudden and unexpected passing of John Hodiak of a heart attack, within three weeks of James Dean's fatal accident and three months of Robert Francis' plane crash.

All young men. All at the height of their vitality and their careers. Jimmy was twenty-four. Bob was twenty-five. John was forty-one, just reaching his full maturity as a screen and stage star after a two-year triumph on Broadway in *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* and as the prosecuting attorney in the film drama, *Trial*.

His death came with such heartbreaking suddenness it left his mother and father and sister, Ann, with whom he lived, in a state of shock.

John had awakened soon after six in the morning preparatory to going to 20th Century-Fox for his scenes in *Threshold Of Space*. He complained of "gas pains" and indigestion.

Forty minutes later he was dead!

I will always believe that John never really got over his divorce from Anne Baxter. He loved her very much and his happiness reached its peak when their daughter, Katrina, was born. He used to say, "I come from the wrong side of the tracks and Anne comes from the right side—but we're very happy walking down the middle." That their happiness didn't last much longer than six years was termed by John, "A major failure for both of us."

He leaves behind him the respect and admiration of his fellow workers and the undying devotion of his family to his memory.

I never heard anyone say he didn't like John Hodiak. What greater epitaph can be written for any man?

CLOSE-UP OF LORI NELSON. My secretary said, one bright and shining fall morning, "Do you know which girl is being mentioned in your fan mail more than any other?"

"Marilyn Monroe? Debbie Reynolds Fisher?" I guessed.

"Nope," she answered handing me a fistful of mail, "Lori Nelson."

Well, I always say you don't have to knock me down with a fender before I catch on—so that's why I'm giving you a little close-up this month of my Most Written About Gal, despite the fact that she's never been in a big super-spectacle movie.

Instead, Lori appears in smaller-budget pictures which circulate in the small towns and I think it is because of this that more people seem to know her than are familiar with girls like Carol Ohmart and Joan Collins who have been in bigger pictures with more publicity.

Lori was born Dixie Kay Nelson in Santa Fe, New Mexico, twenty-two years ago, had her name changed to Lori when she was signed at U-I because Dixie Kay sounded "too flippant." The Lori comes from her mother, who is Loree.

Daughter of a motion picture technician, she's been in show business since she was five, featured as a top Hollywood photographers' model and winner, in 1938, of the title, "Little Miss America."

At one time she toured the country as "Santa Fe's Shirley Temple."

While still a junior in high school, Lori was brought to the attention of U-I by a scout. She started her career as a blonde, pretty leading lady in *Ma And Pa Kettle At The Fair*, followed by several of the *Francis* movies, *All-American* with Tony Curtis and *The Big Rainbow*.

She's never been married, liked Robert Francis better than any boy she's ever dated, also goes for Tab Hunter, still lives with her parents, likes blue, hates purple, wants to work for C. B. De Mille and is very pleased that you like her so much. I told her.

THE ONLY WAY to describe the glowing feeling of mutual admiration between our town and Eva Marie Saint is that it's a great big love affair.

Miss Saint, who lives up to her name is called a "livin' doll," "the sweetest kid" ever to hit our town and "the world's most natural human being," not only by her co-workers on Bob Hope's *That Certain Feeling* but by everyone else.

Believe me, they've all got that certain feeling about Eva Marie.

And, why not? The winner of last year's Oscar (for the best supporting actress in *On The Waterfront*) has absolutely no grand airs.

She can't drive a car, so she rolls up for work every day on the back seat of a taxi and by now she knows her regular drivers by their first names and all about their families.

One of the boys told me, "Her baby is the same age as mine and Miss Saint wrote out a formula the other day for me to give my wife which cleared up the kid's rash."

Even when she has a big dramatic scene in front of the cameras, she never asks that the set be cleared or that silence should reign while she concentrates.

She's very much in love with her husband, TV director-producer Jeffrey Hayden, and won't even listen to cynical talk about unhappy marriages. Her simple but beautiful philosophy is, "Think right about everything and everything will be all right."

Everybody is surely thinking right about you, Miss Eva Marie.

JIM DEAN'S FUNERAL: Henry Ginsberg, producer of *Giant*, was one of James Dean's few close Hollywood friends who made the journey to the late, beloved Jimmy's home town for his funeral.

He told me, "The simple Quaker services were beautiful and heartfelt without dramatic ostentation, which is the way Jimmy would have wanted it.

"But, at the funeral parlor, immediately preceding the services, I found my eye drawn to one particular floral piece. It was a silver-

BET YOU COULDN'T GUESS!

(answers to quiz on page 14)

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*LIZ TAYLOR, 15	LIZ TAYLOR, 58
*SHIRLEY TEMPLE, 15	CLARK GABLE, 55
*LANA TURNER, 15	LANA TURNER, 54
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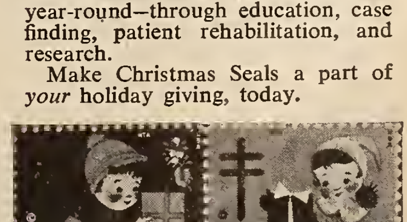
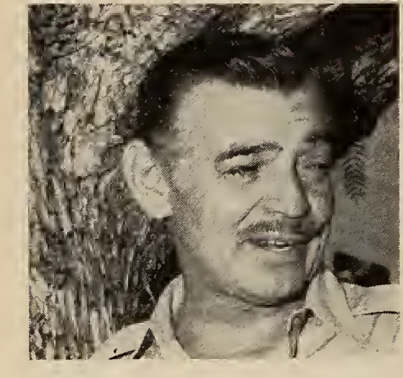


louella parsons *(cont. from page 79)*

the letter box



"I was so sorry to hear about Kay Gable's losing the child she and Clark expected," *writes* ALICE LIEBLING, MADISON, WISCONSIN. "But I'm sure there'll be another baby soon for this wonderful, young-at-heart couple." *You've expressed the hope and sympathy of all Clark's fans.*

Impossible to print the deluge of letters expressing grief and shock over the death of James Dean. MRS. V. MAYOL, *of* ATLANTA, *expresses it for all when she writes,* "This young genius will live in our hearts and in the memory of his chosen profession as the youngest and one of the greatest legends of show business. Good night, James Dean, but never goodbye."

From DENVER, COLORADO, MRS. W. V. DOWLING JR., *writes,* "I love Judy Garland. But who in the world designs her clothes? Even if my Judy is plump she should never wear those panels down the front such as draped the dress she wore on TV." *Personally, when Judy is singing I never know what she has on.*

ENSIGN GENE F. REARDON, USS BOXER, FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, *reports that a poll taken of the 2500 men aboard his ship reveals the following favorite actresses:* "First and foremost, Kim Novak. Surprised? Then, Jane Wyman, Julie Adams, Rosemarie Bowe (another surprise, maybe), Terry Moore (yep, we like her in spite of all her highjinks), Sheree North (coming up fast), Piper Laurie and, of course, Marilyn Monroe!"

From CHICAGO, THOMAS B. MURPHY *wails:* "I'm *sick* of *ladies.* Tell Marilyn for heavens sake to come home before I quit going to the movies."

NOW SEE HERE, Jeanne and Dean Martin: It's bad enough when couples who no longer care break up. It's ridiculous when two people who are deeply in love, who want and need each other as you two do, do a walkout on marriage.

I certainly hope that by the time this appears in print you will have reconciled for the reasons noted above.

But, when you go so far as to permit a quarrel between you to reach the point of a definite break, I say—that's bad. A wise old adage has it, "Avoid the appearance of evil," which can well be paraphrased where marriage is concerned to, "Avoid the appearance of trouble."

Open breaks are bad for all marriages, and you—Jeannie and Dean—have had two partings. It is impossible to weather a situation such as a definite split without really dangerous developments taking place. Families and friends start taking sides; it's only human. The press starts looking out for future trouble signals.

The gossips start—all events are magnified. With the world looking on and taking note, it ofttimes happens that couples who really want to get back together hesitate and procrastinate because of embarrassment or a fear of being laughed at.

If you *have* to battle (and most married people do) try, please try, to do it in private and get things patched up without the world looking on, not only for your own sakes but the happiness of your two adorable children.

And what I say to you two also goes for some other married couples on the verge of telling the world.

---

sprayed wreath from which was suspended a cut-glass vial containing a single white orchid. The minute I saw it, I knew who had sent it.

"I picked up the card. On it was written, *Love Undying,* and it was signed *Elizabeth Wilding.*

REAL CRAZY. Although *Desperate Hours* is one of the biggest dramatic hits of the year, it got off to the wackiest start of any movie in years, and I mean *real crazy.*

Much to the amazement of the starstudded audience, the picture started minus its sound track, a potent reminder of how far away we are from the old "silents." Action, without dialogue these days, is completely nutsy.

When the house lights flashed on until the trouble was solved, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, somewhat on the crazy side themselves, rose from their seats and started a fast line of vaudeville chatter between themselves that had the audience in stitches.

Then someone reminded them that they could be fined $1000 apiece by AGVA for putting on an "unpaid" act, so they sat down.

Outside, the biggest yell from the sidewalk fans went up when blonde Kim Novak, looking like a million in white and ermine, showed up on the arm of Frank Sinatra, both the guests of one of the movie's stars, Humphrey Bogart, and his Lauren Bacall. Don't get excited about a budding romance between Frankie-boy and Kim.

Her "heart," Mack Krim, was out of town—and she and Sinatra just happen to be appearing together in *Man With The Golden Arm.*

Rocky and Gary Cooper were with their lovely daughter, Maria, who is rapidly becoming one of the prettiest girls in town. (Hey, Maria, I hear Bob Wagner would like to date you if its all right with your parents. Also Linny Crosby.)

Dorothy Malone showed up with Sidney Chaplin, a surprise. Sid was supppsed to be engaged to Britisher Joan Collins, but their romance must be cold.

Jeanne Crain's bouffant skirt of pale green satin was so full it spread over the occupants of the two seats on either side of her, which no one complained about, because the evening was chilly!

It's a real tribute to the chill and thrills of *Desperate Hours* that after this comedy-and-errors beginning, the fine film kept the onlookers glued to their seats until the end.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

Pretty Lucy Marlow's wedding to Andy Carey was delayed because of the World Series.

Lucky Frank. First Kim Novak, then Grace Kelly, then Gloria Vanderbilt for co-stars!

This low-rate "broad coverage" HOSPITALIZATION is available to... INDIVIDUALS!

PROTECTS ENTIRE FAMILY
Low rates and broad coverage of the WHITE CROSS PLAN enable you to include every member of your family at very low cost.

USE ANY DOCTOR OR HOSPITAL YOU WISH
Under the WHITE CROSS PLAN you select any hospital you wish—to use your own family doctor, or to call in a specialist if one is needed. We send the money to your hospital, doctor or YOU, as you direct.

YOU NEEDN'T BE A BED-PATIENT TO COLLECT BENEFITS
You can get cash payments when the doctor treats you in his office or at your home. Even money for "out-patient" treatment when you need such hospital services as X-rays and electro-cardiograms.

NO "PRO-RATING"
Under the policies described in this advertisement you are paid in full for benefits specified in your policies. Payments never reduced if some other insurance plan pays part of your bill.

NO FINE PRINT!
The cash payments described here are only a condensed outline of the many benefits available under the WHITE CROSS PLAN. Accident benefits begin immediately from date of policies. Sickness benefits cover all illnesses originating after policies have been in force 30 days, except those few plainly stated in the policies. All exceptions and limitations are kept to a minimum—clearly stated in the policies. All policies renewable at the option of company. You can take all or any part of the Plan—just the policies you need.

No need to join a group

Protect your whole family at low rate!

PLUS UP TO $200 A MONTH WHILE DISABLED
Just for household expenses!
You decide in advance—at the time you apply for your policy—how much you will need for rent and groceries when disabled and unable to work. You can get from $50 to $200 a month. Up to a full year for sickness, up to *two* years for injury—even while recuperating at home under doctor's care. (P-16)

UP TO $1500 FOR HOSPITAL BILLS
Under the WHITE CROSS PLAN you can get from $4 to $15 a day—up to 100 days for each different sickness or injury, for each member of your family—depending on room rate shown in your policy. Any hospital you wish. (P6)

$1,000 to $4,000 for accidental death (P16)

$5 to $250 for SURGICAL FEES
By combining surgical benefits available in the policies, in lieu of medical treatments, you can get up to $250 for surgery performed on any member of your family. Each policy lists amounts for various operations. (P6-P89)

PAYS AS MUCH AS $250 for "EXTRAS"
You can get cash for many hospital services not ordinarily covered—specified amounts for operating room and anesthetics, X-rays, drugs, medicines, iron lung, laboratory work, etc. (P6-P89)

SPECIFIED CASH PAYMENTS FOR DOCTOR BILLS up to a total of $150
Includes doctor's treatments at home, office or hospital. Benefits begin with first treatment for injury, third treatment for sickness. (P89)

EXTRA INCOME while in hospital
Disability income benefit *increases* 50% during first two months in hospital. If your policy specifies $200 a month disability income, you actually get $300 a month! (P 16)

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(After you've been a policyholder for ten months) (P6)

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Now, before you're faced with unexpected doctor and hospital bills, find out about this low-rate Plan. Send coupon today for full information. It costs you nothing. There is no obligation. See why five million persons have made this the fastest-growing plan in America. It only takes a minute to mail the coupon, but it may save you money that would take *months* to earn.

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CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
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COLD CREAM
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CAMAY

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says Mrs. Julian A. Frank, a radiant Camay Bride. Cold cream Camay, the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides, can caress *YOUR* skin to new loveliness, too, and leave it softer, smoother. Just change to regular care . . . Camay's Caressing Care. With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, there's no finer soap in all the world!

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Scoop! **ROCK HUDSON'S SECRET HONEYMOON**

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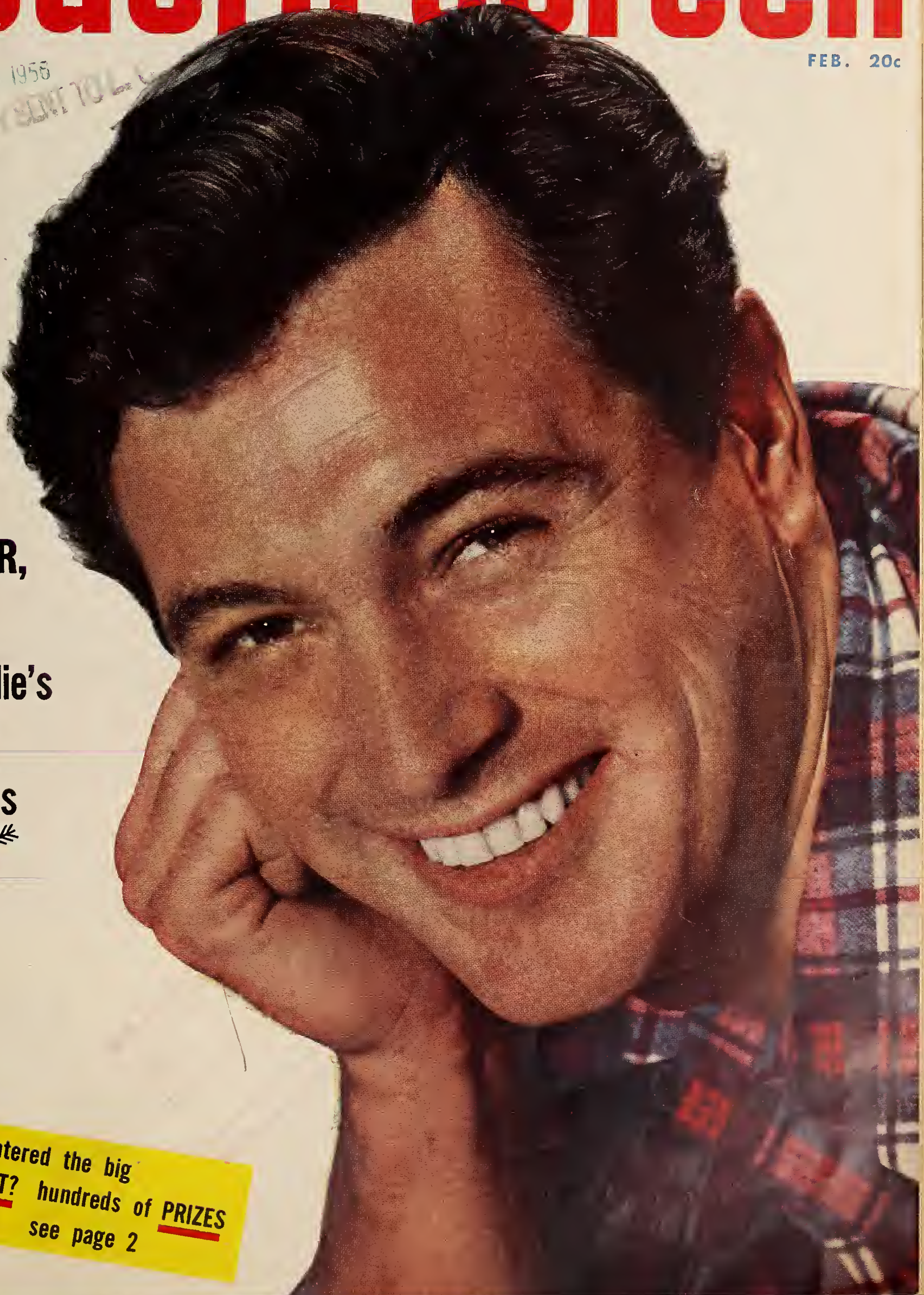

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LOVELY MISS AMERICA 1956 SAYS: YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!

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COLD
CREAM
IN
CAMAY

Her radiant complexion is a glowing tribute to Camay!

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COLD CREAM
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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
the "Beauty-Bath" size

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
1 HR. AFTER USING
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
NO SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION
4 HRS. AFTER USING
LISTERINE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath—and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine . . . instantly, by millions

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath results. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

NEW **MUM**® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

February, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

stories

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Rock Hudson by John Engstead, Rock can currently be seen in Universal-International's *Never Say Goodbye*. Other photographers' credits on page 68.

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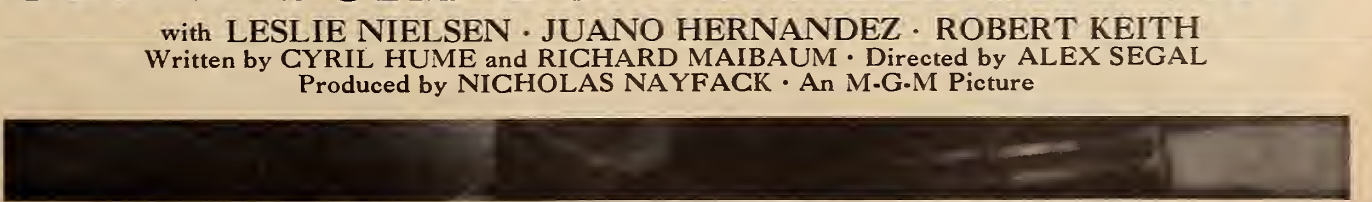

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now used by millions of women

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Judy Garland—isn't she in the hospital with another nervous breakdown? Doesn't she plan to divorce Sid Luft? —V.L., Racine, Wis.

A. *Judy is in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital as of this writing, plans no divorce.*

Q. Whatever happened to Abbott and Costello? —S.E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

A. *They plan to make a picture entitled* Dance With Me Henry *this month*

Q. How old Is Piper Laurie, and why did Universal let her go? —L.Y., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Piper is twenty-three; she feels she will do better freelancing.*

Q. Any chance of marriage between Dana Wynter and Charles Feldman? —S.F., Marion, Ind.

A. *Not in the immediate future.*

Q. Is it true that after James Dean died his house was robbed? —H.Y., Erie, Pa.

A. *Several of the possessions he most valued, particularly bongo drums and recording machines, disappeared.*

Q. Is there any chance that Gary Cooper will divorce his wife and marry Anita Ekberg? —W.S., Washington, D.C.

A. *Not much.*

Q. Can you reveal Mario Lanza's weight during the shooting of *Serenade?* —B.L., Newark, N.J.

A. *Approximately 205.*

Q. Has Leslie Caron really abandoned dancing or is that just a rumor? —D.L., Denver, Col.

A. *Miss Caron has not abandoned ballet; just plans to concentrate on acting.*

Q. What is the true story involving Vic Damone and Sid Ascher? Do you dare tell it? —E.H., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. *Ascher is a press agent who helped Vic Damone when Damone was earning $25 a week singing at WHN, N. Y. Ascher no longer represents Vic.*

Q. How many times has Victor Mature been married? —E.F., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Three times.*

Q. Can you tell me how much money Doris Day earns in a year? —H.Y., Hyannis, Mass.

A. *Approximately $600,000.*

Q. Was Estelita the fourth or fifth wife of Grant Withers? —B.Y., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. *Fifth.*

Q. June Allyson and Dick Powell—what is their religious affiliation? —C.L., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Episcopalian.*

Q. I read somewhere that George Gobel wears pink golf shoes and that his picture *The Birds And The Bees* is very good. True or false? —S.W., Hartford, Conn.

A. *True on both counts.*

Q. Joan Collins is going with Arthur Loew, Jr. Is he the same Arthur Loew, Jr. who was once engaged to Eartha Kitt? —T.L., St. Louis, Mo.

A. *Loew was never engaged to Miss Kitt, just a good friend.*

Q. Is Jane Wyman afraid of growing old? Is that why she dyes her gray hair brown? —G.J., St. Joe., Mo.

A. *No, it simply photographs better in brown.*

Q. What caused the rupture between Esther Williams and MGM? —A.K., Fresno, Cal.

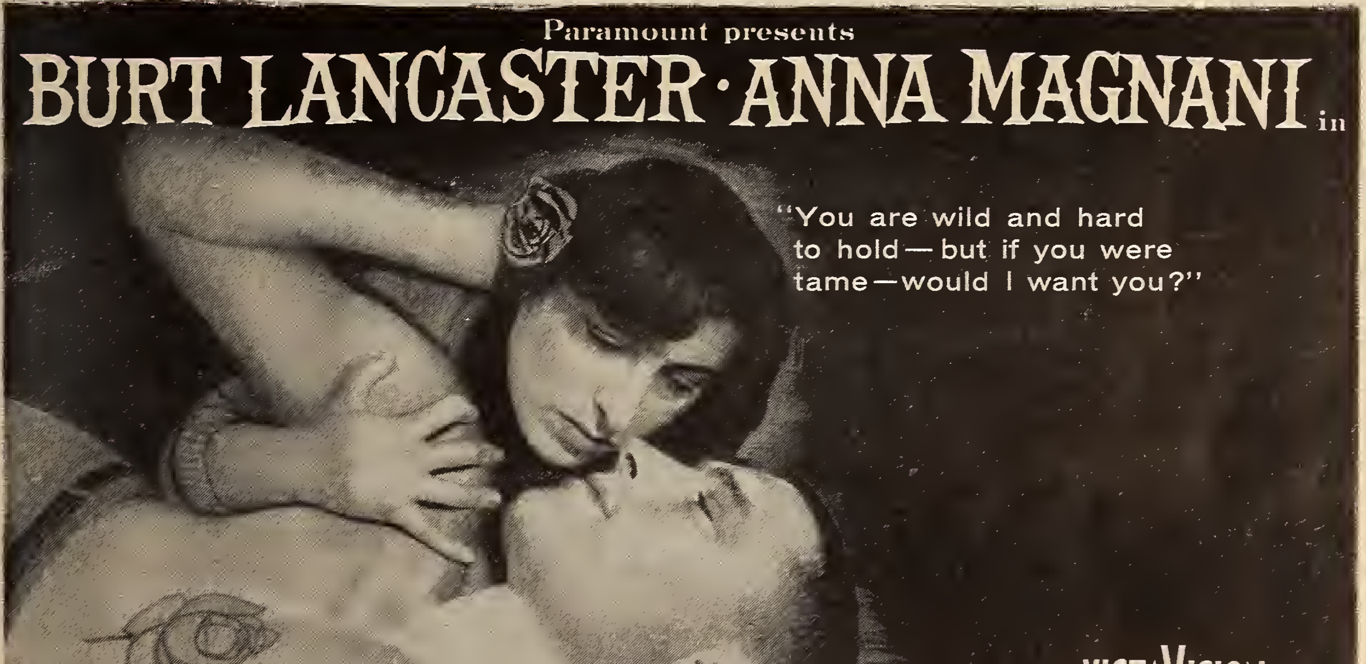
A. *Story properties for Esther were hard to come by. Esther wanted a fling at* TV.

Q. Who was the third man who broke up the impending marriage between Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino? —S.A.F., Pueblo, Col.

A. *No third man; Miss Snowden's previous marriage and Contino's religious faith presented a conflict.*

"Here's proof he
was my lover...
his rose tattooed
on my chest!"

The boldest story of love you've ever been permitted to see!



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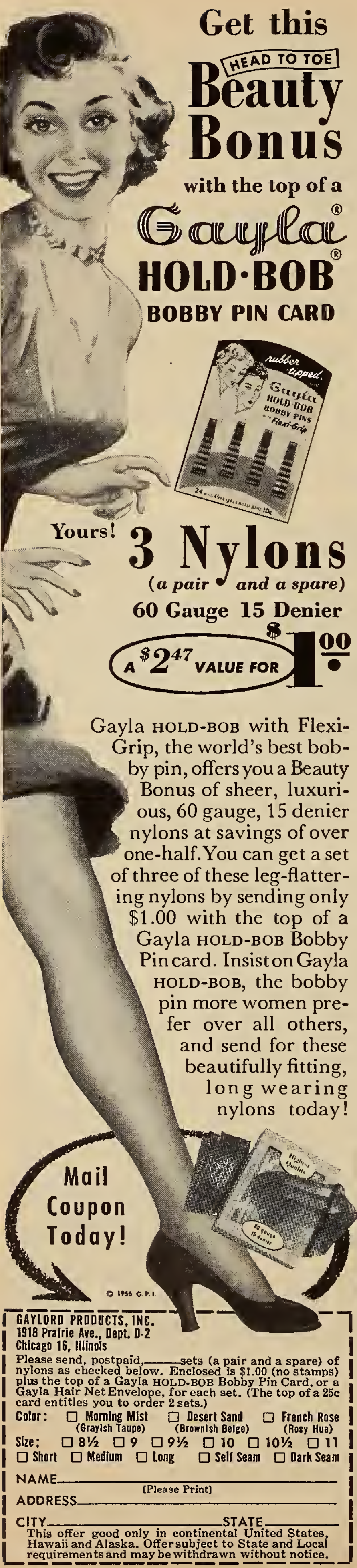
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Size; ☐ 8½ ☐ 9 ☐ 9½ ☐ 10 ☐ 10½ ☐ 11
☐ Short ☐ Medium ☐ Long ☐ Self Seam ☐ Dark Seam

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TV TALK

Shelley wows 'em . . . Cyril Ritchard overruled . . . Marie's forgetful . . . Betsy behaving

Judy Holliday is more appreciative of compliments than any actress you could name. She just croons when she's told she's good—no matter who tells her. As you know, many actresses believe compliments—if they come from a hanger-on or from someone else who is famous. But Judy honestly beams at a kind word from the man in the street . . . Poor **Faye Emerson.** Her Broadway play, *The Heavenly Twins,* got terrible notices, and her acting in it didn't fare any better. The truth is that Faye just wouldn't take any suggestions from the director, **Cyril Ritchard,** even though he's a much more experienced stage performer (he played Captain Hook to **Mary Martin's** Peter Pan). She was determined to do the part *her* way, and it did not pan out . . . It was no surprise to **Mary Martin** that everyone made a great fuss over her gorgeous gowns when she starred with **Noel Coward** on TV. Mary planned it that way. She sets great store by being beautifully garbed. In fact, sometimes, listening to Mary, you get the impression that she cares as much about her clothes as she does about her performance. That's not true, of course—what Mary does, Mary works at—but she does love pretty clothes! You get her on the subject, and she'll go on for hours about colors, materials, skirt lengths, hats—anything about her Mainbocher gowns. Incidentally, Mary is very receptive to criticism if it comes from someone she respects. She *wants* to be told if a line should be read another way or if she should turn to the left instead of to the right. In fact, for such a big star, she is essentially rather unsure of herself. Mary needs reassurance . . . Some people are worried about Will Success Spoil **Susie Miller?** The petite gamin with the offbeat manner adds a needed fillip to the **Steve Allen** show when she explains odd facts and odder artifacts. But she's mighty young for such sudden success. Some friends say they saw a change in her after only two or three weeks on the show. One thing: Susie may have changed, but she's still living in a walk-up, cold-water flat over a factory in one of New York's worst slum districts . . . We can't understand why anyone on Broadway was surprised to see **Shelley Winters** turn in an excellent job acting in *A Hatful Of Rain,* but some of them were. Her role, incidentally, is very reminiscent of her part in *A Place In The Sun*—a bewildered, tongue-tied girl . . . **Ben Gazzara,** who plays Shelley's unhappy husband in *Rain,* is not having too happy a home-life off-stage either . . . **Rafael Campos** may play adolescent parts on screen—a near-delinquent in *Blackboard Jungle* and the puzzled Mexican boy in *Trial*—but off screen he's a very self-assured, well-dressed young man who makes a first-rate adult impression on all who meet him and talk to him . . . **Noel Coward** is another star who looks years younger in person than he does on television. . . . **Van Heflin** has always been serious about his acting, from way back when he appeared in student productions at the University of Oklahoma. His old classmates still remember his dedication . . . **Walter Cronkite** and his lovely redheaded wife, Betsy, are very sentimental people for sophisticates. They still haven't gotten over the death of their cocker spaniel Judy. Judy was their wedding present to each other years ago, and Walter and Betsy for a year nursed her through old-age illness after old-age illness until finally the doctor said that she had to be put to sleep. Betsy held Judy in her arms during the ordeal, and they can't even think of getting another dog . . . Don't let all of **Marie Wilson's** publicity fool you for a minute. There is *no* connection between Marie and *My Friend Irma*—or any other wacky part she might play. She is, when you get to know her, Just Plain Nice. She is sweet, thoughtful, untemperamental—all the things stars sometimes aren't. People who know Marie and her husband Bob Fallon intimately say that their only fault is that they insist on picking up the check! Marie can also, by the way, play lots of different parts besides the Irma type she's been essaying for years. She is a good little actress—with only one little Irma-like fault. She does have a habit of suddenly forgetting her lines every now and then. Her co-actors—who love her dearly—say that she starts thinking about something else in the middle of a scene and they just have to keep throwing her cues until she comes out of her day-dream . . . There's been a lot of talk about **Betsy von Furstenburg** showing off around town with her new "Alice In Wonderland" hair-do. She's not showing off, for once; it's the way she has to wear her hair for her teen-age part in the Broadway hit, *The Chalk Garden.* Betsy's not even showing off on stage these days. The members of the cast were all primed for some of her old tricks—a Mickey Finn in the middle of a scene, say—but Betsy has behaved in an exemplary fashion. About the only thing she does to earn any enmity these days is her habit of using other actresses' make-up instead of her own. That—while mighty annoying to the other actresses—is minor compared to Betsy's old high jinks . . . **Paddy Chayefsky** was really crushed when he found out that **Eva Marie Saint** wouldn't do the lead in his play, *The Middle Of The Night* (the part she had played on television). After receiving the word that Eva Marie preferred staying with her husband in Hollywood, Paddy learned the meaning of the phrase, "casting difficulties."

Did you know Pat Breslin played opposite Jackie Cooper, The People's Choice, *in a cast?*

THE FACE
THAT LAUNCHED
A THOUSAND SHIPS!

"Helen of Troy"

The tumultuous
events that brought
the Age of Titans
to its raging climax!
The spectacular
Spartan siege set off
by Helen and Paris,
history's most famous
runaway lovers!

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3 years in the making
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"HELEN OF TROY" will have its premiere simultaneously in over 50 countries—the first time in entertainment history that a motion picture has been honored in this way!

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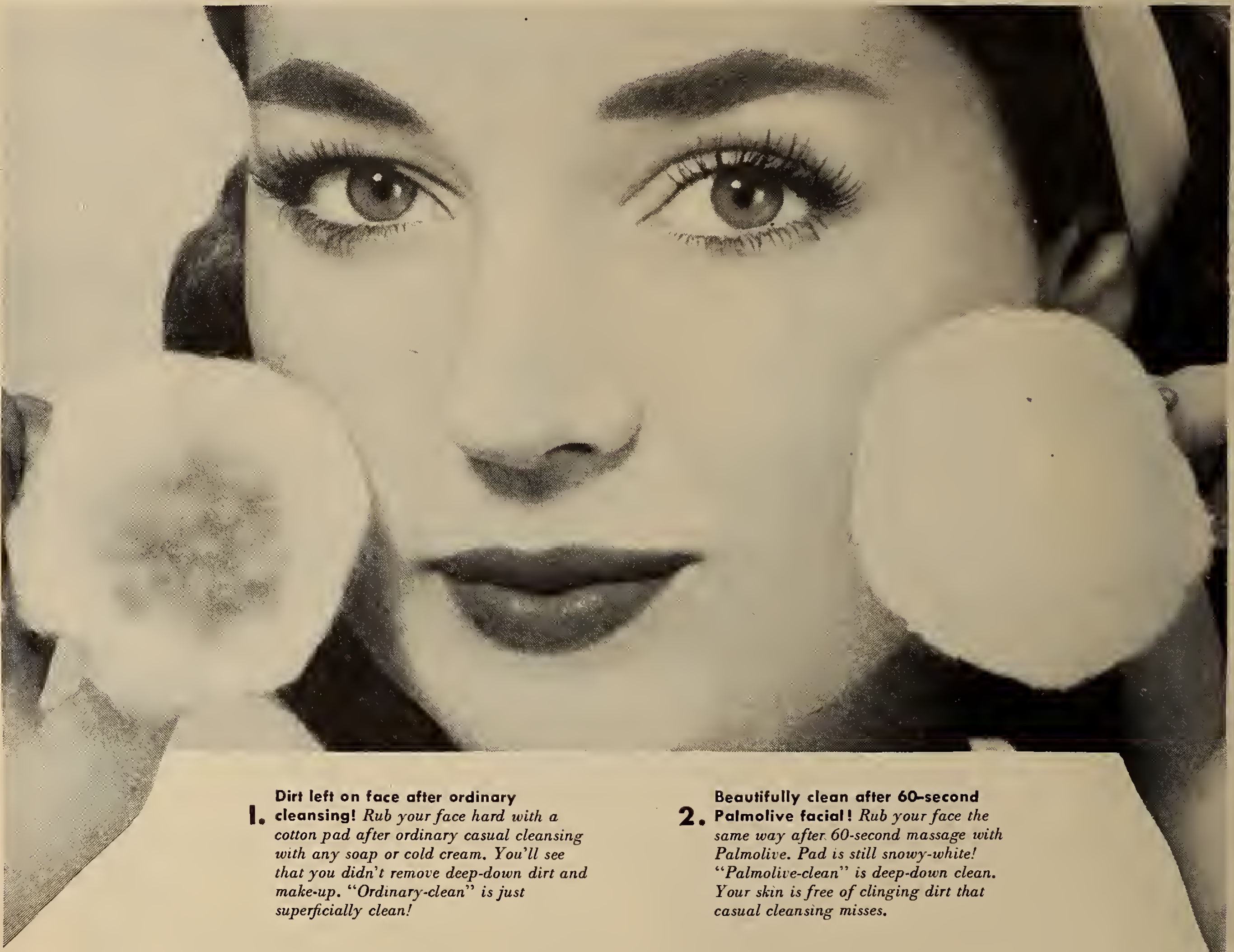
GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

2. **Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!** *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

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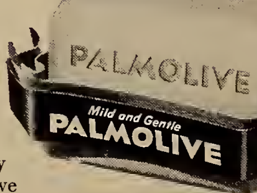
Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Farley and Janice meet love and marriage

IN THIS SECTION

- Good News
- Premières of the month
- Jane Russell says, "I'm sorry"
- The letter box

Farley Granger goes domestic... Party of the month: All the married

Three sophisticates met at the Guys And Dolls *party in New York. Lauren Bacall and Clifton Webb you can spot but I bet you didn't recognize Audrey Hepburn, who stopped off on her way back to Europe.*

I'm so sorry Jack Webb and Dorothy have split. After one of their many recent spats they told me they still loved each other and would try again. Maybe Jack is too busy a man for marriage.

*Rita Moreno and Jeff Hunter (*does every *movie have to flood the town with bearded men?) are seeing a lot of each other. She brought Jeff to a party at the Studio Club where she lives and they seem so happy together.*

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone went to the Make-Up Artists' Ball before she started work on Port Afrique. *Pier was so anxious to get back to work she even accepted that location in Morocco.*

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

WHEN I REACHED Farley Granger in New York to congratulate him on his upcoming marriage to Janice Rule, I asked, "What kind of an engagement ring did you give her, Farley?"

"Engagement ring?"—you could hear his gasp and gulp 3000 miles away. "Good heavens, I forgot all about *that* little detail! Don't tell anybody, will you?"

"Only the readers of MODERN SCREEN," I laughed. "Come on now and give me some intimate details the whole world doesn't already know about your romance."

There was a silence for a minute. Then Farley's voice came clear and strong. "I'm really in love, Louella—so much so that it's hard to discuss the way I feel like this over the telephone." (I understood what he meant!)

"I'm just the luckiest man in the world. It all happened in a way I never thought it would. I was sure that when I fell in love it would all build up over a period of time. Instead, I met Janice on the rehearsal stage for *The Carefree Tree*, the show we did together in New York, and *powie*—there went the strings of my heart. I was in love with her from the start."

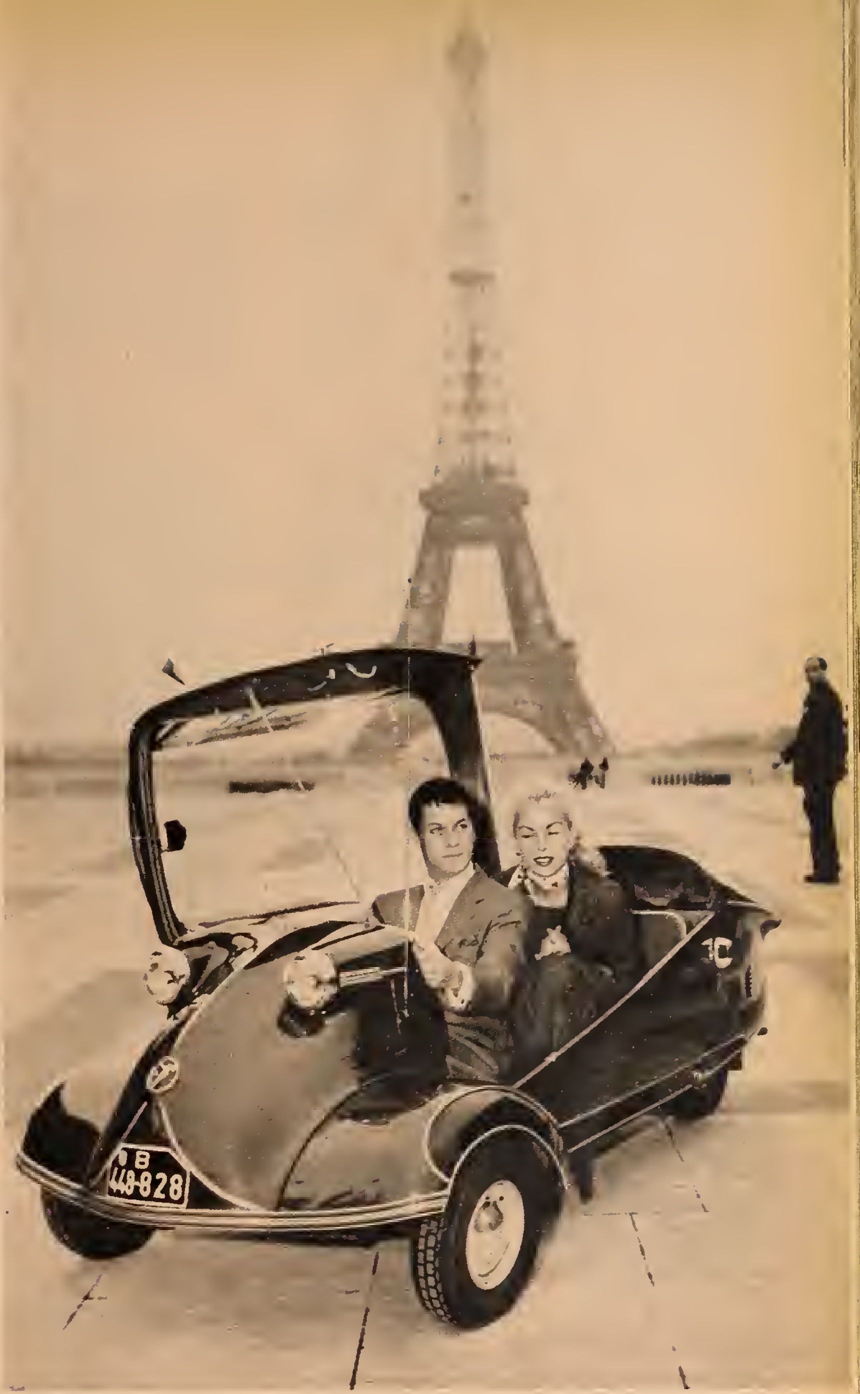
"That usually means an attraction of opposites as the good old psychiatrists would put it," I said—but before I could elaborate on the idea, Farley interrupted:

"Not in our case. I think the important thing that has brought us together is that we are so much alike. She's just as serious about

couples sat together and loved it!

Bing Crosby and Kathryn Grant are still dating, though for a time Kathryn was seeing others. Bing didn't want photos of the two of them at his trailer camp's opening, but MS got one.

George Nader is seeing a lot of pretty starlet Dani (pronounced Donny) Crayne, but I don't think it's a romance. Doesn't Dani look a lot like Lana Turner? There's quite a resemblance.



I thought every foreign car in the world was right here in Hollywood—but leave it to Tony Curtis to find a new one. It's called a Messerschmidt and he bought it for Janet—who says it'll make quite a sensation on Hollywood Boulevard.

her work as I am about mine, and that's plenty serious as you know.

"Of course I want her to continue with her career after we're married. She has a lot of fresh, wonderful talent. I'd be a selfish guy to ask her to give up what she's worked so hard to achieve. We both feel we're still students in our craft. For this reason, we'll both continue to study between jobs, whether in New York or in Hollywood."

"What about honeymoon plans?" I asked.

"Right now, we're planning to motor back to California after we're married here around Christmas time," he answered. "That's subject to change without notice, however.

"One reason we want to come to the Coast is to give Janice a chance to look over my Hollywood home and see what she wants shipped back to the studio apartment we'll live in in New York. I have some pretty good paintings Janice may like. My business manager has already shipped a few of them East so we can sort of get the place fixed up—you know what I mean, the way the girls like to."

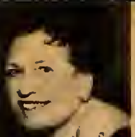
"Farley I can hardly believe I'm talking to you—all this domesticity and everything," I laughed.

"Louella," he breathed, "I can hardly believe it's *me* talking!"

I DON'T KNOW whether the hosts, the Abe Lastfogels and the George Sidneys are just good old-fashioned sentimentalists or whether they just decided to do something daringly different (for movietown parties). But at the gay soiree they gave at Romanoff's in honor of MGM executive Benny Thau and his bride, they seated all the married couples *together*—and what's more they all seemed to love it.

June Allyson and Dick Powell kept in the spirit of the occasion by dancing almost every dance together. When I chatted on the dance floor with June and Dick, she told me that their pals, the Edgar Bergens, had sent them a gift of gagged-up chairs for the set while shooting *It Happened One Night.*

"My chair is trimmed in mink tails," June laughed, "and lots of little velvet Peter Pan collars, because I wear them so much. Hang-



This winter's premières were the biggest, brightest, most formal

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN
Oklahoma!

Mike Todd sat with Marlene Dietrich at the Oklahoma! *première. Not even Marlene—very chic in a turban!—could steal the show from this picture.*

Gene Kelly gave his sweet daughter Kerry a thrill by lifting her into the Surrey With The Fringe On Top, parked—of all places—in the theatre lobby!

The main attractions were Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, the stars of the movie. Shirley was all dressed up in a fox stole and really looked like a movie star—which, of course, she is. Everyone loves her, and Gordon and his wife have practically adopted her!

NEW sound! NEW screen!

Jeff Chandler and his wife were interviewed at the theatre. Now that their home is so happy, he gets such a kick out of hearing Marge talk about it.

"THE DESPERATE

Jerry and Patti Lewis—looking desperate!—came to the Desperate Hours *première. "We saw it already at that crazy, mixed-up preview when the sound track wouldn't work," Jerry told me, "but we couldn't stay away. We're both mad about being scared to death."*

urn-outs ever seen in Hollywood

On studio orders, Kim Novak is being seen with Other Men; Frankie took her to Desperate Hours, *but she's in love with Mac.*

Now that Rock Hudson's married I guess Dick Egan is our most eligible man (Not a bad substitute!) He brought Pat Hardy.

Perry Lopez was Marisa Pavan's date. Marisa always looks so young to me, but she's really a very mature, bright little lady.

I never saw anyone so moved as Jane Russell when Mr. and Mrs. Ginsberg of B'nai Brith presented her with an award for her work for WAIF. Jane started the agency to help women adopt babies from other countries after she adopted her little English boy and brought him here.

ing over one arm of the chair was a little white umbrella (because I never have one when I need it).

"Dick's chair had big pockets lined with bottles of aspirin and stomach settlers and pairs and pairs of dime store eye glasses—he can never find his when he needs them."

I never saw Jimmy Stewart dance so much as he did with his stunning wife Gloria. "Gloria is the only one who can follow me," Jimmy drawled. "I'm a little off-beat with my feet."

Ann Blyth, expecting her second baby in February, and looking sooo beautiful and happy, wasn't doing any dancing—but she and Dr. Jim McNulty held hands sitting out the numbers.

Other couples happily "tied up" for the gay evening were Rosemary and Danny Thomas, the L. B. Mayers and Jennifer Jones and David Selznick.

PERSONAL TO JANE RUSSELL:

Well, girl, I'll say you never give up until you've "squared" what a friend might think was a wrong—and for this I admire you.

I ought to know how persistent you are because recently I've been exposed to this strong characteristic in your make-up. Let's face it; I was very hurt and surprised (and, yes—even miffed) over what I considered your brusqueness and rude abruptness at a recent benefit affair given in Hollywood for a charity in which you are interested. True, you were busy and rushed and had much on your mind and you were scheduled to plane out of town later that same evening to keep a p.a. engagement.

But to me—and several others—you seemed preoccupied and curt doing your "chairman" chores.

When you heard rumors of the way I felt, you called me on the telephone repeatedly—and then, one fine morning, you rang the doorbell and announced downstairs, "I'm staying here until Miss Parsons sees me."

I had a million things to do—it was the time I get out my column, I had important calls from New York, the newspaper syndicate was waiting for my Sunday material.

But you, Missy Russell, parked yourself in the playroom and remained there until I came down to see you. "I'm going to get this thing straightened out," you told me with a suspicion of a quiver around your chin. "If I'm wrong—I want to say I'm sorry."

That did it. I'll admit I may be a softie and give in easy when someone says he or she is sorry—and the first thing you know—we were back on our old friendly footing. Which is the way it should be.

The reason I'm telling this in such detail, Jane, is that not every star would go to so much trouble to keep an old friend. You did—and somehow I feel we are better friends than ever.

CONFIDENTIALLY SPEAKING:

This month's biggest chuckle is the big box office success of a tender love story starring a top woman and male star who so cordially dislike each other they barely spoke between scenes. But what came out on the screen was glowing passion!

What a change in Lana Turner's personality since her near brush with serious illness. No one knows what Lana went through, worried and distressed, until an operation revealed a small tumor was not malignant. You can imagine her grateful relief. Since then she's been very quiet and subdued and shuns the night clubs and parties she used to enjoy so much.

Grace Kelly is quietly taking two singing lessons a week and if too much fanfare and publicity doesn't get out, she'll surprise you, and you and you very soon with her nice, cool soprano voice—just like Grace.

Some months I'm very proud of my warm-hearted Hollywood

And it was a big, happy month for parents and children, too

Danny Kaye and Sylvia found their 8-year-old Dena waiting at the airport when they got back from touring Europe for the UN.

Frankie Laine and Nan sent their kids (and dog) home to LA to start school after a New York stay, followed them a few days later.

Van Heflin's wife Frances flew to New York with their 3 daughters to stay with Van for the run of his show, View From The Bridge.

Kirk Douglas and Anne attended the City of Hope dinner just before son Peter was born.

Doris Day and Marty Melcher came (and contributed, too) to the big WAIF's Whisper Ball.

Loretta Young chatted with Bill Campbell at the dinner for Christophers and their friends.

Ruth Hussey and Maggie O'Brien have worked on Father Keller's Christopher TV *shows often.*

The Dan Daileys may battle, but let something go wrong and they're right in each other's corners. Gwen's wifely love showed brightly at the time Dan was thrown by a horse and sprained his neck. "If he wasn't the most wonderful horseman in the world he'd have broken his neck!"

As heartbroken and disappointed as he was over the loss of the expected baby, it gives you something of an idea of what kind of a man Clark Gable is when he said, immediately being told the sad news, "Thank God my Kay is all right."

Everyone is hoping and hoping that the stork will keep another date with the Gables, for never was a baby more eagerly and happily awaited. The plans for a nursery were already in the hands of an architect Clark had selected.

The experience of the Gables sent Mamie Van Doren Anthony quickly into the hospital when her doctor told her she was run down and exhausted and badly needed some good rest if she was to save the baby she and Ray Anthony expected next spring and were so terribly happy about.

With all of her wisecracking and frequent zany actions, Mamie very much wants to be a mother and have a family and her friends are so happy that she is still on the stork's calling list.

TALK ABOUT YOUR backhanded compliments, French bathing-suit expert Fernand Lofite, picks our foremost American film beauties with the following comments:

"Audrey Hepburn: One of the loveliest and most classical faces in the world.

"Elizabeth Taylor: She sometimes looks like a potato, but when she's thin she's a dream.

"Ava Gardner: Has just enough of everything except for some flesh on her chest bones.

"Marilyn Monroe: Figure wise, she needs more help than you might imagine."

Of the beautiful Italian Lollobrigida, he says: "She too frequently looks like an over-ripe melon."

"I WISH I'D taken your advice and never dated Don 'Red' Barry," Susan Hayward told me bitterly the day after the headlines broke that Susan and a girl named Jil Jarmyn had been in a battle royal in Don Barry's home, both girls explaining to reporters that they had "dropped in for a cup of coffee."

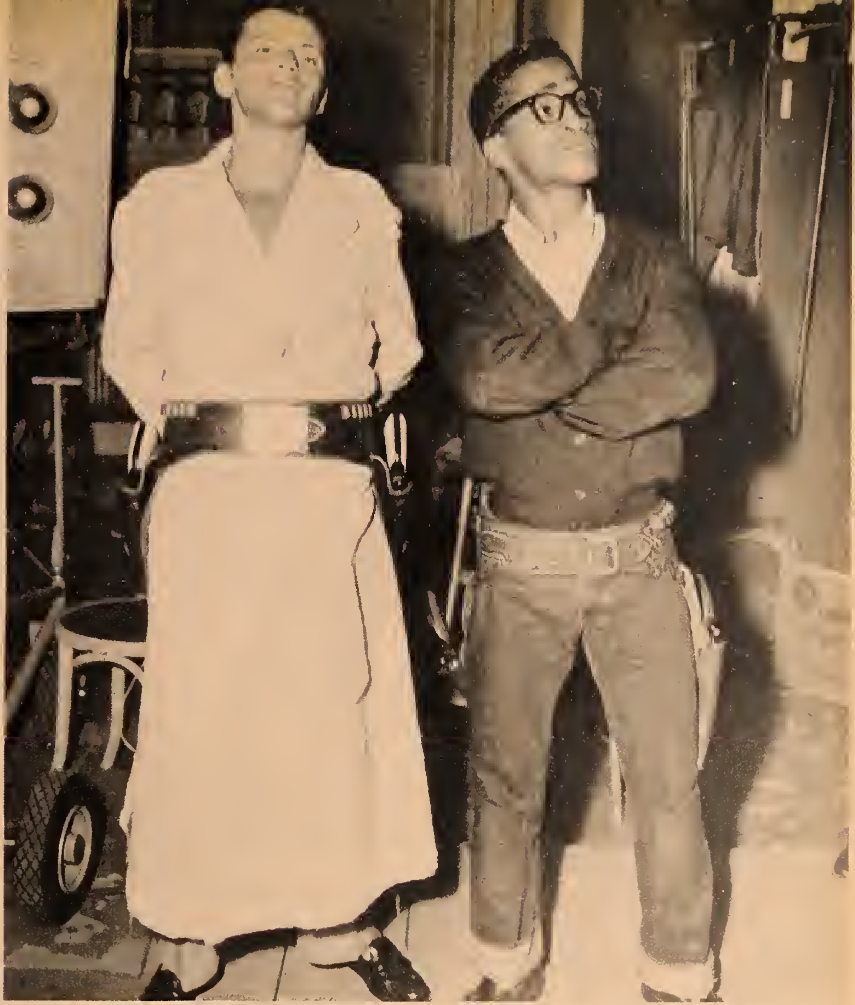
Let me quickly explain that I haven't anything in particular against Barry. Unless he's dating someone I'm fond of. And despite her high-jinks, Susan has been my friend and I hers, for many years. I think my redheaded friend is her own worst enemy.

She's impulsive and thoughtless. But she

when the stars shine for charity

And I met Grace Kelly looking casual but beautiful (how else?) at the City of Hope affair.

The Mitchums sat with the Kirk Douglases at the City of Hope. Bob's in Foreign Intrigue.



MY FAVORITE CLOWNS: *The minute after Sammy Davis, Jr., saw* The Tender Trap *he went dashing all over town to find Frankie and present him with six real-live guns! "Don't let it happen to you, Frankie," he begged. "Use these—they'll keep you out of any trap!" And the way the girls are after Frankie these days—he needs them!*

isn't a mean and petty and phony person.

Susan has a talent beyond that which she displays in front of a camera. (And she is a fine actress—wait until you see her in *I'll Cry Tomorrow.*) This other talent I speak of is a veritable gift for hurting herself.

When I heard she was dating Barry, a good looking Irishman who has a gift of his own (for attracting women, *too* many women), I had a hunch it wouldn't be good for Susan. They met when Don was cast in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* with her and he started driving her home from the studio.

Well, they say almost every debacle has it's humorous side—and this one came at the sneak preview of *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, during a very dramatic scene wherein Barry, trying to help the alcoholic heroine get off the bottle, says to Susan: "Will you have a cup of coffee with me?"

The preview audience actually howled with laughter!

ATTENTION YOU GIRLS who don't have too many dates: Listen carefully to the words of Gig Young, a most eligible bachelor, who says the unmarried glamour girls of Hollywood make a serious mistake by *advertising* the fact that men are hard to get.

"No fellow likes to date a girl who persists in telling the world that she isn't asked out much," says Gig. "And, yet—many unmarried stars persist in giving out interviews about how they sit home nights by the telephone waiting to be asked out. I don't have to be ungallant enough to mention names. I'm sure you've read their plaints and complaints about the shortage of manpower in movie town.

"One well-known belle even went on record as saying that *she* is the one who does the inviting and that the single men only show up if she's playing hostess. Wow! Is this the wrong approach!

"Nothing pleases us—all right, say *vain* males, more than to *feel* we are out dining and dancing with a popular girl. Maybe the facts don't substantiate that. But why let us in on the secret?

"I believe this applies to girls who aren't famous as well as the celebrity type. The girl who jumps at a date the first time she's asked just isn't as attractive as the girl who is polite and cordial—but who sets a later time to date you, even if it's just twenty-four hours. It isn't being deceitful. Just smart—and popular.

"No male wants to be a one-man Rescue Squad to a wallflower."

Anybody want to answer Gig on this topic? This department is open to other points of view—if any.

WILL SOMEBODY TELL me what all these goings-on between Liberace and Dorothy Malone are about?

When the gleaming-toothed pianist has a dinner date with Dorothy, who is one of his leading ladies in *Sincerely Yours*, he drives his car out to some out-of-the-way cafe in the valley, or farther. Then, a little while later, Dorothy drives up in her car.

They always take the most secluded booth in the darkest corner—although no one yet has caught them even holding hands.

As neither is married, and there's no good reason under the sun (or the moon, either) why they shouldn't be out together if they want to, let me repeat—why all these mysterious shenanigans?

THE SEVEN-MONTHS-OLD daughter of Guy Madison and Sheila Connolly, making her first social appearance at the party recently hosted by her proud parents, made a slight social blunder—which brought on the following poem from Andy Devine (pardner and cohort of Guy on the *Wild Bill Hickok* shows):

When little Wee Belle made her social
debut on the arm of Wild Bill Hickok
She took one look at the guests and gave
with a real wild hiccup!

Now there's a Western lyric for you!

the letter box

"Why does Rock Hudson hate actresses?" MRS. DE WITT MEYERS, KANSAS CITY, *wants to know.* "He was engaged to Betty Abbott, a script girl, for two years and he married Phyllis Gates, former secretary to his agent." *Does this prove he hates actresses, ma'am? On second thought, you'd better ask Rock about this.*

From HOLLAND, FREDIE KRUYER *(who states in excellent written English that she is a sixteen-year-old girl despite her name) writes:* "Please know that the young drama students of far away Bloemendaal, Holland, are taking up funds to establish a dramatic scholarship in the name of your late, great young actor, James Dean. No American actor in years has impressed us as deeply as this boy in *East Of Eden.*"

A/2C JIM MARKOWSKI, 49TH COMMAND, S2DN, APO 919, SAN FRANCISCO, *has a few words to say anent my advising Kim Novak to take her happiness and marry Mac Krim with or without the permission of her studio:* "Let her take her time. She is my favorite actress and I'd hate to see her get caught in the divorce mill which has caused so much tragedy to other Hollywood actresses. I admire her for her dedication to her career." *Methinks you have a crush of your own on the lady, Jim.*

CHIC ANN GARLOUSKY, NORWICH, NEW YORK, *says I haven't the nerve to print her comment:* "Edmund Purdom is the best actor in Hollywood." *I'll print it as your opinion, not mine, Chic Ann. (Where did you get that odd name?)*

Summing up my mail this month, many beautiful letters came about the great loss of James Dean; most fans are happy about Rock Hudson's marriage to Phyllis Gates and wish the newlyweds much happiness; but Susan Hayward takes a few good spankings from even some of her most devoted followers, who wish she would stay out of the headlines.

FRANK SINATRA was the most surprised person in the world when Gloria Vanderbilt packed up and flew out of Hollywood—also out of his independent picture, *Johnny Concho* without a word of explanation!

I still say the brunette actress was miffed because Frank had remained in Palm Springs for the entire week she was in movietown and because he hadn't met her plane when she arrived after divorcing Leopold Stokowski in Mexico.

Frank's side of the story is: "I was absolutely exhausted from my role of a dope addict in *Man With The Golden Arm.* My director, Otto Preminger, had put me through a terrific pace.

"The minute the picture was finished, I headed immediately for my house in Palm Springs to rest and catch my breath. My friend, Jack Entratter, and I kept bachelor house and even cooked our own meals. I was in bed every night by eleven o'clock—and well, that's the story."

Evidently Frankie hadn't figured that Gloria is a young lady who is used to having the young men with whom she is romantically interested (and she *was* romantically interested in Frankie when he was giving her the big rush in New York) dancing attendance on her.

So ends another chapter in the topsy-turvy love life of Frankie Boy, who seems to be having a "No Girls Week." Just before Gloria took a powder, Frankie informed Stanley Kramer that he wouldn't make *The Pride And The Passion* for him in Spain next spring if he (Kramer) insisted on signing Sinatra's estranged wife Ava Gardner as his co-star!

Alan and Sue Ladd move into their Palm Springs home

Anyone who doesn't think Alan Ladd is as tough as he acts in the movies should have seen the way he and Sue were roughing it in the Palm Springs house they bought a few months ago, after their second honeymoon. They had no furniture at all in most of the house, and the one room they did use had camp beds and no chairs! They say they didn't mind a bit, felt like kids again, camping out, eating all their meals outside, with Sue doing all the cleaning and cooking. But you can't tell me they weren't relieved to get it all fixed up with rugs and drapes and furniture in *all* the rooms—especially since they are planning to live there six months out of every year, so Alan can keep an eye on the hardware store he and a friend bought. Alan's a shrewd businessman and doesn't want to be just a "silent" partner.

Sue and Alan picked the materials and furniture themselves, without help from a decorator.

Carol Lee came down to help—and offer advice, now that she's a one-year-old housekeeper.

Strong-man Alan agreed to let the movers help with the TV *("Only because it's breakable").*

But Sue got first chance to relax in the new patio chairs once the house was in order.

You ought to meet her...
there's nobody sweeter
than...
GLORY
SHE'S an eye-opener
...in a story as fresh
as *young love* itself!

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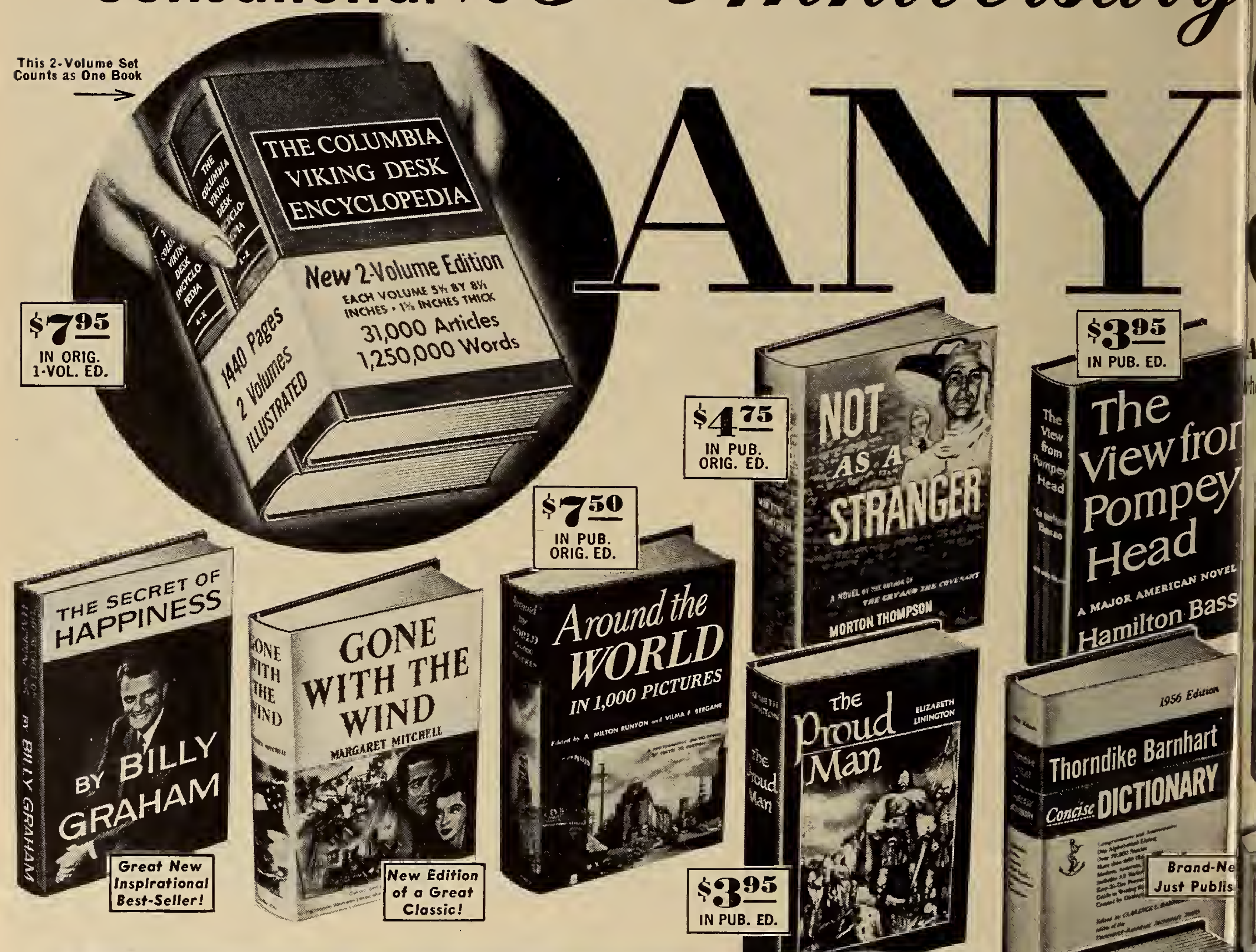
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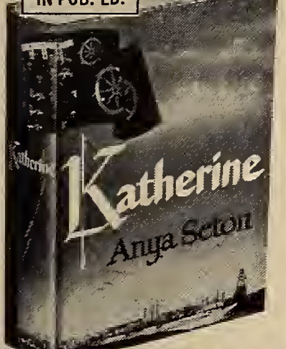

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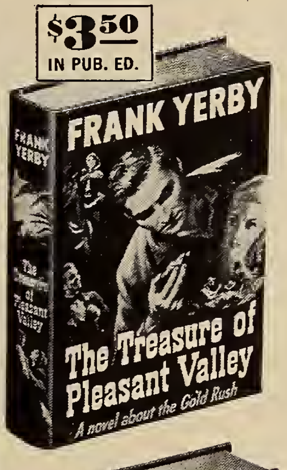

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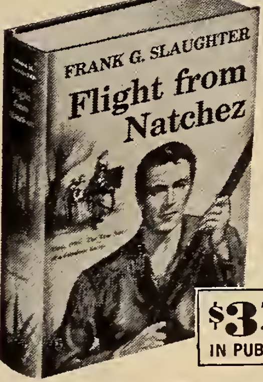

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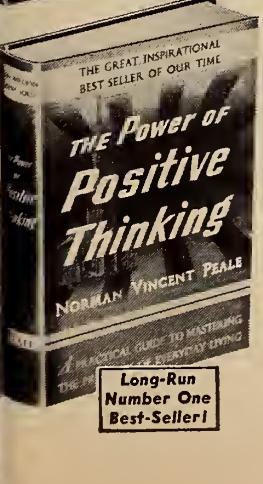

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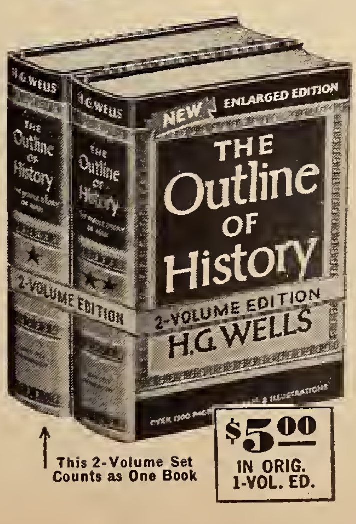

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FOR SHIVERS

Inside Detroit
Tarantula
Postmark For Danger
The Crooked Web

FOR LAUGHS

Artists And Models
The Court Jester

FOR MUSIC

Guys And Dolls

FOR LOVE

Picnic
Sincerely Yours

***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Guys And Dolls *presents Jean Simmons and Marlon Brando in roles completely different from any they've ever played on the screen. They're delightful!*

*GUYS AND DOLLS

Big, bold and brassy

■ Here's the movie you've been waiting for and you can't say anything's missing from the Broadway hit unless you're going to be picky about lyrics. And of course, added to the original are the charms of Marlon Brando (as Sky Masterson) Frank Sinatra (as Nathan Detroit) and Jean Simmons (as Sarah Brown of the Salvation Army). Of the three Jean is the biggest surprise, singing and dancing with skill and abandon. Brando sings and dances, too, but his voice doesn't match his delivery, which is delightful. Sam Goldwyn paid a million dollars for the motion picture rights and saw no reason to stint on this CinemaScope production, which is in blazing color with magnificent sets. The story, more or less, is this: Sinatra has a running crap game going, when he is not running from police officer Brannigan (Robert Keith) and can scrape up enough money to bribe a friend to let him have a room. Right now he is out of money with potentially the biggest turnout a floating crap game ever had. Sinatra's girl Adelaide (Vivian Blaine) has been waiting to marry him for fourteen years but he's cautious and content as is. She isn't. She gets colds and is tired of lying to her mother and sings some of the best numbers in the movie about her troubles. Brando's a gambler, but out of Sinatra's class. He's smooth and smart. However he gets himself involved in betting Sinatra that he can lure Jean to Havana for dinner. Jean is prudery itself and a zealous missionary. Furthermore, if Brando can land her in Havana, Sinatra will be out a thousand bucks and also out of business. It's fun—and funny, although the flavor of Damon Runyon is a little overshadowed by the personality of the stars. Michael Kidd did the choreography; Joe Mankiewicz directed.—MGM.

INSIDE DETROIT

Racketeers at work and play

■ Inside Detroit is Pat O'Brien who before that was inside the state pen where he should have stood. Because as soon as he comes outside there is trouble sure. He is a big operator, former head of a local union (the kind of head he was, led to his stay at the pen). Now Dennis O'Keefe is head, and a more balanced, honorable one you never saw on shoulders. In fact, because of him, O'Brien went "up" and now that he's "down" O'Keefe's aching to send him "up" again. This looks like a terrible, nasty habit to O'Brien's children—Margaret Field, Mark Damon. They think Pop's swell and refined. Pop had nothing to do with the explosion in the union hall that killed four, injured twenty-two; nothing to do with the murder of the plant's hiring boss; nothing to do with the betting and gambling now rife. They think Pop had nothing to do at all but play golf. They are such stubborn children O'Keefe practically has to beat the truth into them. But right's right and wrong is Pat O'Brien who, luckily, is sent up again, since he had ideas of working his way to the White House.—Col.

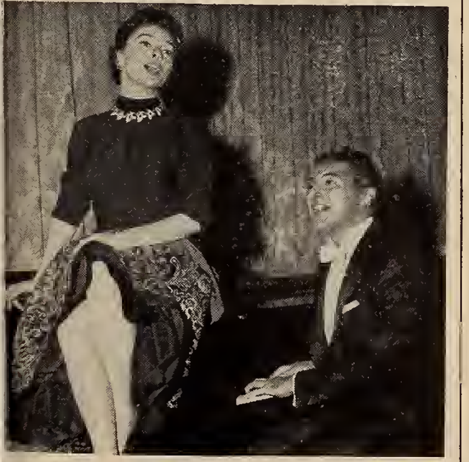
TARANTULA

Science fiction with shudders

■ I tell you—stay out of Desert Rock, Arizona or any such big places that have plenty of room for a man to expand. Because not only men, but insects grow big out there. There is this professor (Leo G. Carroll) busy, busy in his lab injecting live things with a nutrient based on atomic energy. Two of those live things (his assistants) developed acromeglia and died in no time. Everyone, including doctor John Agar, knows that acromeglia is a chronic disease and takes years to kill anyone. But forget about that. What about the hordes of horses and cows and people that were healthy one day and nothing but bones the next? Picked clean as a spring chicken. Well, tell you about that. That was due to a little tarantula that got away and grew as big as the Empire State Building. Quite a to-do out in Desert Rock about that. With Mara Corday—U.I.

PICNIC

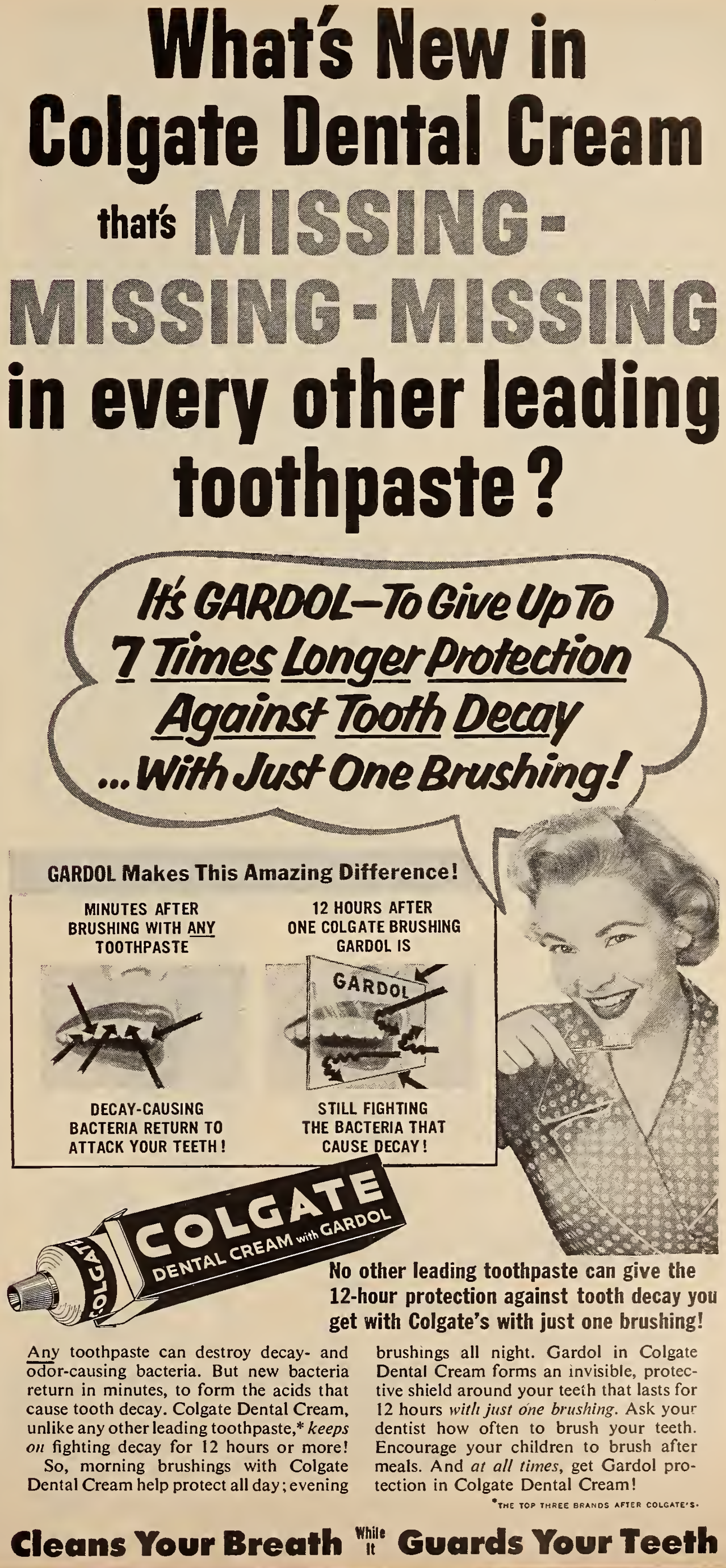
■ This prize winning Broadway play by William Inge is beautifully recreated on the screen under the direction of Joshua Logan. It's set in a small town of Kansas on Labor Day and even the bit players look remarkably authentic. Bill Holden, an ex-football player who flunked out of college and is spending the better part of his life finding himself, hops off a freight into the lazy morning, and proceeds to leave ineradicable marks on the lives of whomever he encounters. There's Kim Novak (the prettiest girl in town) whose mother Betty Field (deserted by her husband) is about to satisfy a desperate ambition, i.e., to marry her off to the richest boy in town (Cliff Robertson). There's Kim's sister Susan Strasberg, brainy tomboy who finds herself jolted into womanhood, and there's Rosalind Russell, old maid schoolteacher who would have remained bitterly resigned if not for the impact of this sensitive savage—Holden. At the Labor Day picnic (whose small town mood and merriment are magnificently caught) drink and the electric stimulation of Holden loosen the pent up passions of all the aforementioned females and their lives are changed forever after. It's a movie you won't want to miss. Everything, including the acting, is tops. With Arthur O'Connell, Verna Felton.—CinemaScope—Col.



INCERELY YOURS

Soap and soft music

If you are a Liberace lover, you will love *Sincerely ours,* otherwise you may not. Liberace plays the art of a famous pianist whose secretary (Joanne ru) adores him, but he adores Dorothy Malone, a iano student. Okay—but what happens when the anist grows stone cold deaf in both ears? Dorothy alone would stick by him, but he's noticed (through y glasses and a nifty course in lip reading) that she ally loves another. Anyway, he's morose. Even his anager, William Demarest, who smokes cigars in the thtub, can't cheer him up. Finally Liberace de-



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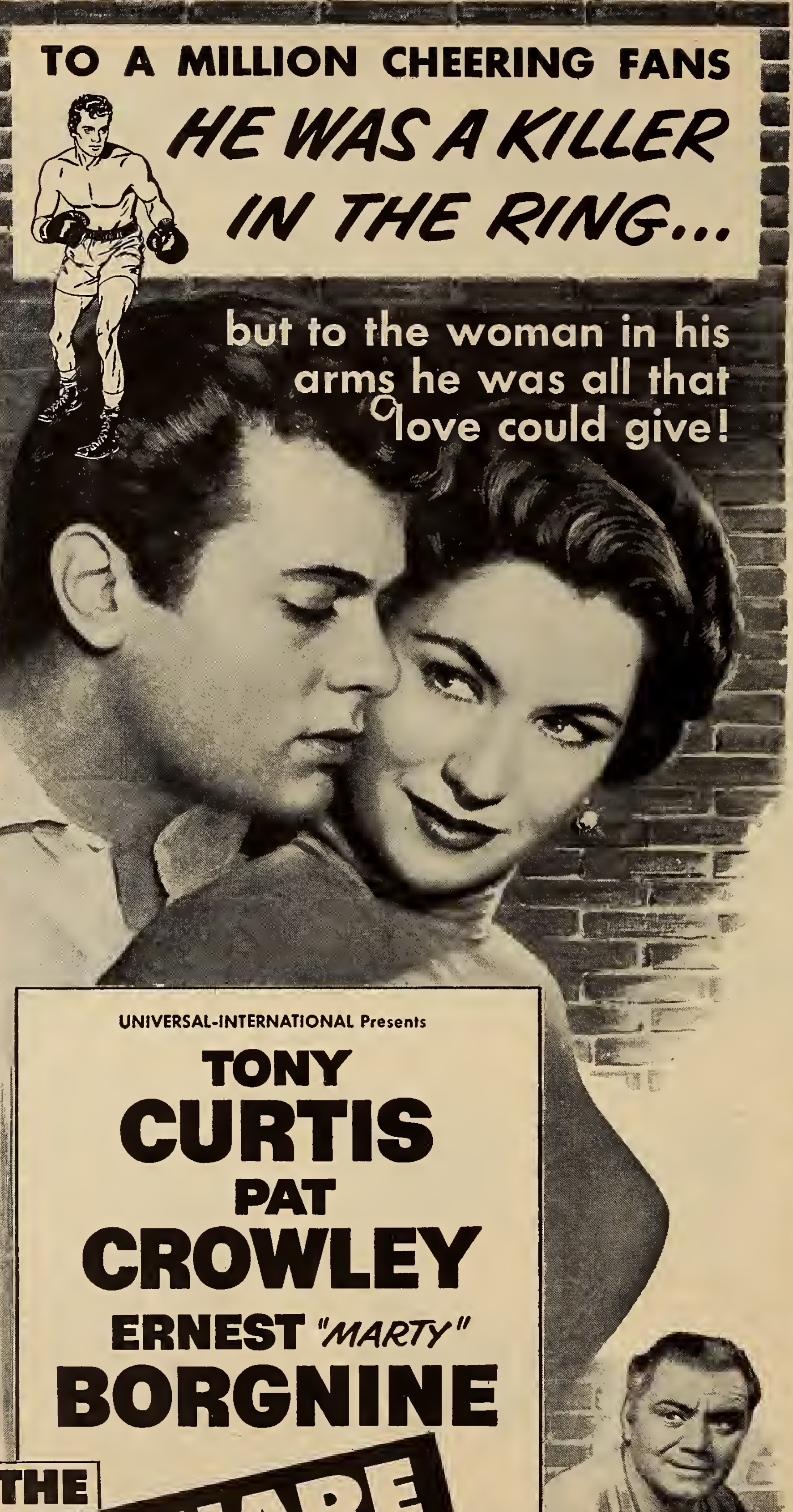
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movie previews

(Continued from page 21)

cides he might as well do good as mope around the penthouse. So he helps all kinds of people (he spots them in Central Park through his spy glasses and that nifty course in lip reading). For instance, he unites a mother with her snobbish daughter (Lori Nelson) and sees that a little crippled boy is operated on and cured. Well, the idea takes hold that Liberace can be operated on, too. And he is. He hears good as new, discovers who his true love is (you guess) and does a buck-and-wing on the stage of Carnegie Hall. —CinemaScope—Warners.

ARTISTS AND MODELS

Martin & Lewis at large

■ Dean's an artist out of work. Jerry's a model of retarded development. They can't pay the rent in Greenwich Village, but Jerry has a rich dream life. All day he reads comic books, all night he has nightmares about Vincent the Vulture. This would get them nowhere if Jerry didn't knock at Dorothy Malone's door and if the Bat Lady (Shirley MacLaine) didn't open it. Dorothy makes money drawing comic books; Shirley is secretary to the publisher (Eddie Mayehoff) and her model. One-two-three Dean gets a job with Mayehoff and starts picking Jerry's active subconscious for story material. In that maze of a mind is a secret formula which certain foreign agents desperately want—and they send Eva Gabor to seduce it out of him. Martin and Lewis are as crazy as ever, and if you're looking for something new there's Anita Ekberg in the build that's making her famous.—VistaVision—Para.

THE COURT JESTER

Superb satire

■ If you've ever laughed when you shouldn't have at some of those movies about early England, you can feel free to roll in the aisles at this one—and probably will. A conniver has taken over the throne by the simple expedient of rubbing out the royal family, but the baby prince was saved. (To prove he's legal there's a birthmark on his rear end in the shape of a pimpernel—scarlet.) Among the band of the Black Fox which is bent on restoring that baby to the throne is Danny Kaye. He gets into the palace by assuming the guise of a famous jester. From that point on all is hilarity. Arch fiend Basil Rathbone assumes that Kaye has come to murder the king and several others—he arranged this plot by mail with the original jester. Mildred Natwick, lady-in-waiting to princess Angela Lansbury, figures he'll make Angela a splendid lover and hypnotizes him with a snap of her fingers. Under her spell Kaye becomes bold and magnificent like Superman, but he reacts to any finger-snapping and keeps returning to his former humbling state with complete amnesia for the heroic feats he's performed. The dialogue's a riot, so's the plot and Kaye is always at the top of his form. With Glynis Johns, Robert Middleton.—CinemaScope—Para.

POSTMARK FOR DANGER

Suspense made in England

■ Who is Alison, what is she, that her portrait in the studio of artist Robert Beatty should be nearly destroyed and the dress he used as a model he found on another model lying dead in the extra bedroom? And what is the meaning of a postcard inscribed with a bottle of Chianti and a woman's hand? This postcard was sent by Beatty's brother (a newspaper correspondent killed in an auto crash) to a person unknown in London. And what is this movie all about anyway? These are questions I shall not attempt to answer since it would spoil the artful plot which has to do with diamond smuggling. Well, I'll answer a few questions. Alison is Terry Moore, a young actress who supposedly died with Beatty's brother in the crash. Her father gave Beatty a photo and the dress so that he could paint her portrait. The model who died in Beatty's bedroom was going to leave him, anyway, to marry a rich man (Terence Alexander). And Beatty has another brother (William Sylvester) who comes and goes. More I cannot say, except that the suspense is fine, and leave it to Geoffrey Keen of Scotland Yard to put an end to it.—RKO.

THE CROOKED WEB

Adventure in murder

■ You wouldn't think a girl could hate her brother as much as Mari Blanchard hates Richard Denning, but the answer to that is easy. He isn't her brother, he's her sweetheart. And you'd think Mari could do better than waste herself as a carhop at Frank Lovejoy's drive-in, and the answer to that is easy. She isn't. That is, she's really not a carhop in love with her boss, but some kind of private eye—like her sweetheart Denning. Together, they lure Lovejoy to Germany in search of buried treasure (illegal) which Denning buried during the war. Oh, he didn't actually. It's just a lure, as I said. Because during the war Lovejoy murdered a friend of his. Not really a friend, but the son of a wealthy man who hired Denning and Blanchard to lure Frank to Germany. To get a confession. In Germany—of murder. Called *The Crooked Web*, and if you wish to tangle, do so.—Col.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE BIG KNIFE (U.A.): A behind-the-scenes story of the world's most fascinating industry. Stars Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Wendell Corey, Rod Steiger and Shelley Winters add their talents to this explosive film.

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER (MGM): One of the most delightfully clever musicals ever put on film. Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd. The story of three GIs reunited after ten years causes no end of complications together with laughs galore and great dancing. You'll enjoy this one.—CinemaScope.

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Para.): A fast-moving, frightening film concerned with the horror that envelops a family when their home is invaded and taken over by three escaped convicts. Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott are superb.—VistaVision.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS (U.I.): Love conquers all in this film starring Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. There are numerous difficulties, however, before the pic reaches its happy conclusion.—CinemaScope.

THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (U.M.P.): A delightful French comedy starring the riotous Fernandel.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES (Warners): Jack Palance as Public Enemy Number One and Shelley Winters as a confused dance-hall hostess who adores him make this film one of the best of its kind. It's taut melodrama. With Lori Nelson and Perry Lopez.—CinemaScope.

TRIAL (MGM): A really fine and exciting film, this one deals with a young Mexican boy accused of murder. Race prejudice and Communism enter into the trial, with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire and Raphael Campos as the principals involved.

Again she lied to the boy she liked best, "Sorry, I'm busy tonight"

She'd been listening for the phone since dinner. Yet, when it rang, she wished she were a million miles away. It was *he*, of course—the one boy in all the world she'd wanted to ask her. And now she heard herself tell him, in a voice she tried to keep gay, "Sorry, I'm busy tonight."

"Well I'll try again next time," he said but she knew in her heart that he wouldn't. This was the third time she'd turned him down—and always for the same reason.

Pimples. She had what people called a *slight* case of pimples. Not serious, they said, just be patient. (But how can you be patient when the dance is a week away?)

They'll go away, they said, give them time. (But how much time have you *got?*)

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In this issue and the following issue of Modern Screen *you can again enter our disc jockey contests, the prizes listed here to be given away each month to lucky contestants.*

SECOND CONTEST: *All you have to do is arrange the twelve male singers from the movies listed on the coupon in the order that you rate them. The one you like best is marked "1", the next "2", and so forth up to 12.*

PRIZES *will be awarded to the listings that come closest to the final rankings tabulated from the total votes.*

RULES: *Mail your completed coupon to any one of the disc jockeys listed on page 80 who is closest to your home. If there is a choice, send it to either one. Don't worry; all entries received by all the disc jockeys will count, just so they arrive on or before January 30, 1956. Winners will be notified by mail and announcement of winners' names will be made in* Modern Screen *and on the air by disc jockeys in the winner's area.*

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SECOND CONTEST: MALE SINGERS FROM THE MOVIES

To the left of each singer, listed below alphabetically, place the numbers 1-12 in the order in which you like them:

.... Nat "King" Cole
.... Perry Como
.... Bing Crosby
.... Vic Damone
.... Howard Keel
.... Gene Kelly
.... Frankie Laine
.... Gordon MacRae
.... Dean Martin
.... Tony Martin
.... Donald O'Connor
.... Frank Sinatra

NAME. . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . .

CITY. . . . . .STATE. . . . .

Mail this entry to disc jockey (listed on page 80) nearest your home.

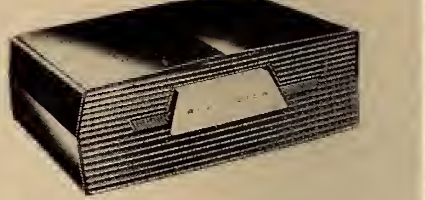
NAME OF DISC JOCKEY. . . . . .STATION. . . . .

3 FIRST PRIZES

RCA-VICTOR'S NEW HI-FI PHONOGRAPHS

You can win an RCA-Victor Mark VI Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victorola" phonograph featuring the exclusive triple Panoramic Loudspeaker System for wide-angle sound, in a beautiful high-fashion furniture cabinet.

117 SECOND PRIZES



NEW SLIDE-O-MATIC PLAYERS

This is RCA-Victor's 6JM1 "Victorola," a revolutionary new idea in phonograph design. Attaches easily to any radio or TV set, plays instantly! No tone arm to move—slide a record into the slot and presto! your record plays like magic!

300 THIRD PRIZES

100 NEW PERRY COMO ALBUMS

100 NEW JAYE P. MORGAN ALBUMS

100 NEW EDDIE FISHER ALBUMS

suddenly...you're
glamorous!

NEW . . . LONG-LINE BRA WITH MAGIC MIDRIFF

Elastic with nylon cups . . . it "magics" inches away!
Heavenly Comfort in Bandeau and Long-Line Styles!

*Exclusive! Criss-cross elastic front dips low . . . divides divinely.

*Exclusive! Elastic Magic Midriff assures a long smooth line.

*Exclusive! Elastic bias-cut side panels and all-elastic back.

You can be Free! Lithe! And Glamorous . . . with Heavenly Comfort.

PLAYTEX T.M.
Living® BRA*

Battling with a bulge? Here's new magic for midriffs plus the high, round look you will adore in all Playtex Living Bras! Long-line in lovely nylon and elastic, gently smooths away inches for long-torso fashions! Buy it! Try it for heavenly comfort. In white to fit all sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 40C, $5.95. D-Cups, slightly higher.

Other Playtex Living Bras, white or black, from $3.95. High Style Bra in cotton, $2.95. In the Playtex gift package at your favorite store.

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There's a Playtex® Girdle, too, for your figure.

Light-Weight . . . for *wonderful* control . . . **$4.95**
High Style . . . for *more* control . . . **$5.95**
Magic-Controller . . . for *most* control . . . **$7.95**

Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
in lotion form
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN

Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jeanne Crain. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Jeanne Crain

starring in

"THE SECOND GREATEST SEX"

A Universal-International Picture

Print by Technicolor. In CinemaScope.

ROCK HUDSON'S SECRET HONEYMOON!

Rock and Phyllis registered as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roy at Miami's swank Saxony Hotel. But our reporter knew who they were.

Another Modern Screen Scoop! First look at the most carefully hidden honeymoon hideaway in recent Hollywood history. It's a picture story to treasure—along with your Modern Screen album of the Debbie-Eddie wedding. We scooped everybody else on that one and we've done it again. It wasn't easy and we're awfully proud of the pictures and stories on the following pages. Honeymoons should be magically private, a time for a man and woman to savor the joy of just being together. And so you can't blame Rock for giving everyone (but us) the slip. All the other magazines were looking for the Hudsons in Mexico and Palm Springs). We wouldn't have intruded on the newlyweds for the world. But when Rock, playing the proud bridegroom, felt like showing his Phyllis off, Modern Screen was there because we knew Rock would want you to share his memories of this important milestone. (Yes, we sent him our exclusive pictures to keep forever.) Of course, there had to be a wedding before there could be a honeymoon, so let's start at the beginning—with our exclusive elopement story told by all the nice people who were there . . .

ROCK HUDSON'S SECRET HONEYMOON: PART I — THE ELOPEMENT

Close friends, who tell all below, watched Hudsons cut the cake.

by **HENRY WILLSON**

agent of Rock Hudson, ex-boss of Phyllis Gates

■ Of course I knew. I knew they were serious ever since—well, ever since they were serious. I think he first proposed to her last March or April, but he couldn't get time off for a honeymoon.

All during the filming of *Giant* it was understood that once the picture was finished, Rock would ask for time off and the wedding would take place. He was so tired there for a while that he was dreaming of something like an eight-month vacation. And here he is now with two weeks, but he's lucky to get it. He has to be back the 28th to start work in *Written On The Wind*.

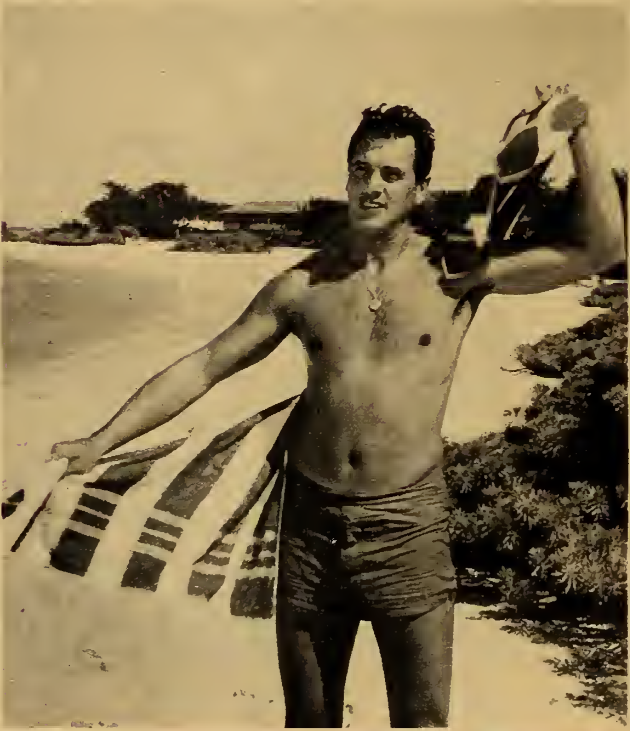
Anyway, *Giant* finished, and he was up to his ears in post activities on that one, and preparations for the next one. Then he got the word he'd have two weeks, beginning at noon on Wednesday, November 9th. So Monday night I went to his house and talked to them and suggested Ventura for the license. This was because the L.A. newspapers wouldn't get the records so quickly, particularly if they got to the courthouse just before it closed for the day. Then I suggested Santa Barbara for (*Continued on page 58*)

This color portrait was shot just before the elopement. Rock never looked more handsome and confident.

SAXONY
SAXONY

After elopement to Santa Barbara Rock and Phyllis took off for Miami and the plush Saxony Hotel. They did the town that night and next day flew off to Jamaica where they found privacy and an island paradise made for honeymooners.

More pictures on following page



Grinning groom and blushing bride take turns snapping each other on the beach in Jamaica. The Hudsons spent most of their days spearfishing, skin diving and shell collecting. High point of stay at the Half Moon Hotel was a surprise birthday party for Rock—complete with cake.

by ALICE HOFFMAN

■ The driver whose cab they hailed at Miami's International Airport assumed they were tourists. They looked it—the tired, sober-faced, rather tousled twosome—the girl in a simple dress with a sweater thrown over her shoulders, the big, dark, vaguely-familiar-looking man in a rumpled suit.

When they asked him to drive to the Saxony the cabby hesitated.

"That's the expensive one," he told them. "It isn't as big or new as the Fontainebleau, but there's a bottlers' convention in town and the rates are tops."

"I think we can manage," Rock said.

Roger, the desk clerk on duty at the Saxony that afternoon, had checked in a few celebrities in his time, among them the Shah of Iran and his queen. Roger keeps up with the columns, and when a tired gent who looked like Rock Hudson, the movie star, marched in with a girl on his arm and asked for a room, he knew what to do. Even though the man registered as Charles Roy.

The hotel was over-booked, but there was a three-room suite being held for an executive of a cola company.

As of that moment, the cola executive's suite became a two-room deal, a maid was dispatched to lock the door of the extra bedroom, and the Rock Hudsons were assigned to their honeymoon room, number 809.

Roger thereupon made three telephone calls, two of them within the hotel itself.

The first was to Irma Koff, an assistant publicity girl for the hotel. She was giving a small dinner party in her Miami Beach home, and when Roger called her she was irritated. She said, "I've got a party on here. Lay off."

"But Rock Hudson and his bride just checked in for the first night of their honeymoon."

"This is no time for gags," said Miss Koff crisply. And she hung up.

Roger then called an executive vice-president of the hotel, a lordly figure who had a passion for amateur photography. "I tell you, it's Rock Hudson!" Roger insisted. William Stone believed him. He was already dressed. He grabbed his best camera and commandeered the first elevator to the lobby. He was barely in time to catch and photograph the Hudsons as they registered.

Sweating gently all over his good-looking brow and within his Madison Avenue charcoal gray suit, Roger then rang Dorothy Van, the Saxony's Social Director. She is a cute little dame with hair like a chic red mop. She knows everybody, and everything about them. She is gay and charming. Magazines with a circulation of ten million have run admiring (*Continued on page* 74)

Rock and Phyl share a love of the casual life and their honeymoon album proves it. They loafed in the sun, went barefoot and revelled in the beachcomber's existence. Rock had no worries, no studio, no cameramen to dodge—just a loving wife armed with a Kodak.

photos by Jerome Yulsman

In New York, Bud spends much of his time at his sister's. He hates to have their privacy "invaded," but these exclusive photos of them together reveal him at his ease. To his niece (above) he is the most understanding grownup she knows, able to share her moods. To sisters Frank (below) and Jocelyn (not shown) he's "my kid brother— who needs a scolding sometimes."

the private world of Bud Brando

In this exclusive family album, in the stories told by the girls he dates, there's a Brando hard to know, very easy to love

by DON STEWART

■ It is one a.m. The intense young man slouches deep in an easy chair and puts down his book. He cocks his ear to the noisy chirp of a night bird boldly interrupting the post-midnight silence of Laurel Hills.

The young man takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, looks around the large comfortable room. His glance rests on the phone. He thinks for a moment, then lifts his body from the chair, moves to the phone and dials a number.

His number buzzes for long seconds. Finally the sleepy voice of a girl answers, "Hello?"

The young man half smiles. "Hi. This is Bud."

"Hi, Bud," says the girl.

"Sorry to call so late. Were you asleep?"

The girl's voice is more awake now. "Yes, Bud. But that's all right. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

They both laugh heartily at the joke.

An expression of seriousness smooths the laughter from the young man's face.

"Say, remember the other day, we were trying to break down the reasons why people refuse to face spiritual realities?"

The girl: "Yes, I do."

Bud: "Well, I got a book by a guy who really knows the answers. Can I come over and we'll yak about it for a while?"

"Of course, Bud," says the girl.

"See you in a few minutes," says Bud.

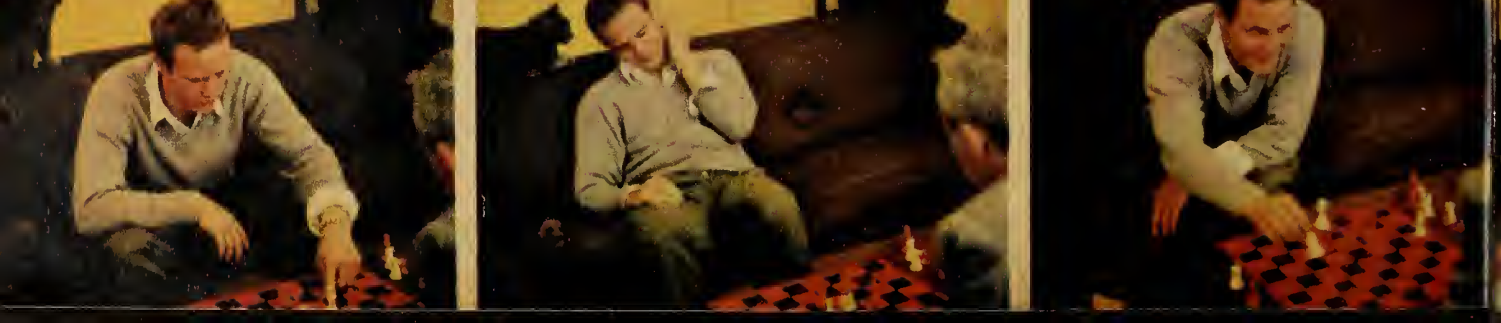
Marlon Brando puts on a well-worn leather jacket and picks up a bunch of keys from a table. A few minutes later a black car winds its way down from the hills and Bud Brando is off on another intellectual rendezvous with a girl. (Later, the girl

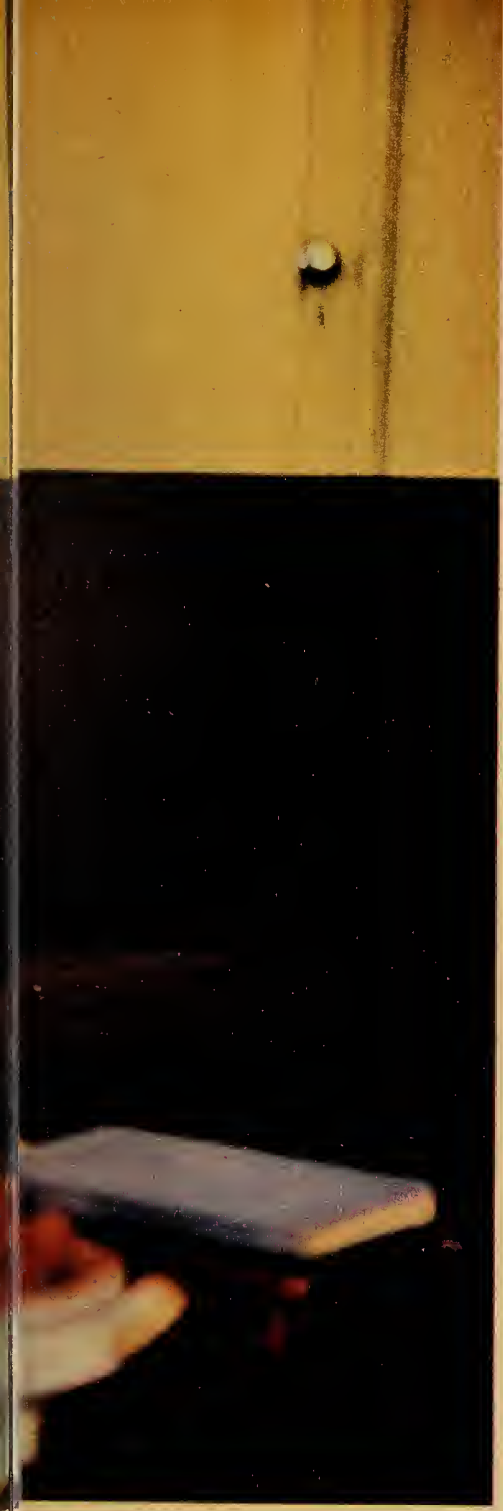
(*Continued on page 88*)

Closest members of Marlon's circle are his family. Sister Fran's husband, Richard Loving, was Wally Cox's partner when Wally was Bud's roommate. Now a jewelry manufacturer and an artist, Richard has done several sketches of his brother-in-law, is one of his closest friends. The family closeness dates back to Bud's adored mother, who told her children, "Brothers and sisters must help each other."

More pictures next page

MARLON BRANDO: *The serious game of chess relaxes him, leaves him grinning triu*

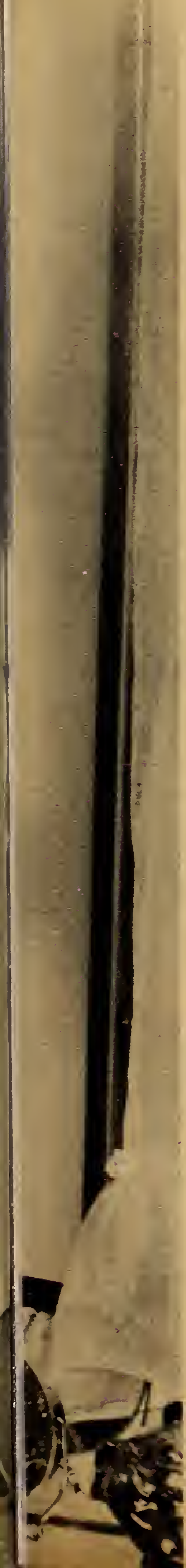




riumphantly at opponent

But the bongos are no laughing matter for Bud, George Auerbach, Sam Gillman (of U-I's Away All Boats*) and musician pal Mel Mills. Nor to Brando's beloved cat, who disappears when the drums come out. Brando's New York apartment (shown on these pages) is rarely photographed. In it, Marlon lives amid a friendly, informal clutter of modern furniture and murals.*

The busier she gets — tending husband, four kids, a career — the more beautiful



becomes the redhead / by NATE EDWARDS

THE MIRACLE OF JEANNE CRAIN

Here is a true phenomenon. When I first met this woman, she was cute and rather giddy and very pretty. That was almost a decade ago, and other girls whom I met at the same time, under the same conditions, are now dull and matronly. This girl has stayed married to the same man, has had four children, has worked like a dog at her career and at making a home. Yet she breathes the air of youth, she walks along the street and even women turn to stare at her. The people of Paris and Rome have adopted her as a perfect symbol of beauty. She is glamour personified. She is utterly desirable in every move she makes, in the way she turns her head, or lifts her hand, or smiles. Even in the way, on occasion, she refuses to smile. How is this? How has she accomplished this miracle?

Sons keep Jeanne stepping; she has three.

Daughter keeps her deliciously feminine.

Husband Paul helps her keep level-headed.

■ Paul and Jeanne Brinkman invited me to spend the afternoon with them in New York the other day and this story is no more than an invitation to you to listen in on a reunion of old friends. And learn, as I did, how Jeanne stays young, desirable and beautiful.

I found myself distracted by this Jeanne Crain of 1956. The girl I'd interviewed when she made her first picture at 20th all those years ago was gone. This stunning creature at my side wore a simple Dior suit in off-brown, with tan stockings and shoes that clung to her exquisite feet by some species of magic. They had four-inch spikes on them, giving her the height she needed. She carried herself with grace and serenity. She was superb.

In a hotel suite designed by Cecil Beaton Jeanne had to pose for a photographer in a gown by Ceil Chapman. In one of those typical mixups, the gown had been shipped to Chicago and Jeanne now had to try to fit herself into one of three others that had been rushed to the hotel. While she did this in the bedroom, Paul pointed out the new electronic flashbulb on its standard, which would automatically light her from the side when the photographer tripped his camera.

"Biggest boon to husbands of movie stars ever invented," Paul said. "Lord, the man-hours I've spent holding flashbulbs up at arm's length for Jeanne while photographers dropped plates and scrambled for angles." When Paul mentioned man-hours, he wasn't talking about peanuts. He is a very high-powered business executive, and such a labor of love cost him a great deal of money. But it did not cost him prestige. I made a mental note: he loves her just as much as ever, and he is not embarrassed to stooge for her when she needs it. He is too big to even consider the task beneath him.

A moment later, Jeanne came out of the bedroom in the Chapman gown, looking enchanting. Diamonds—sprays of little diamonds— *(Continued on page 69)*

Martha wanted to do-it-herself—but everyone else kept trying to do it for Martha!

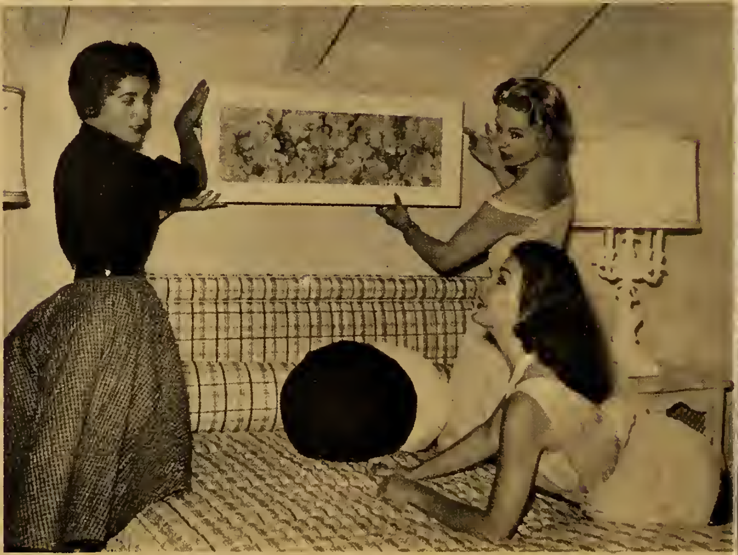
Hollywood Housewarming!

Model HOME
OPEN house

Bill and Molly Sinclair happened to have a sign or two.

Tommy brought purple asters—perfect with Martha's gray walls.

■ When Martha Hyer decided to decorate her new apartment, she was determined to do the entire place all by her lonesome. It was all her friends could do to talk her into letting the moving men place the heavy furniture. Then, single-minded and single-handed, Martha created Hyer's Heaven and moved in. Then she sent out housewarming invitations to half-a-dozen choice friends. Her date, Tommy Rall, phoned to say, "We accept. We're delighted. We'll all help you paint!" "Paint!" Martha gasped, "I've painted already." "All right," Tommy agreed cheerfully, "we'll scrub floors. Or scrape the windows." "Now, look here," Martha announced, "don't you touch this place. This isn't a work-party, it's a party-party." "We'll find something!" Tommy told her. And so they did.



Mara Corday insisted Martha's prints were all hung too low.

Tommy: "Kindly have your floor rubberized—quick!"

Martha: "Voilà! A Hawaiian dinner from a Dutch oven!"

Supper turned out to be a Luau—shrimp, barbecued chicken, thin slices of cold roast pork, cold salad, fresh fruit and iced punch. Martha set it out buffet style ("Authentic Honolulu floor service" she called it) and provided chopsticks. And when it was over she announced: "Now you can help me! Dishes, anyone?"

At twenty Russ has gone steady several times, dated Cindy Robbins, Margaret O'Brien, feels very sure of his love for eighteen-year-old Venetia.

■ Do you think Hollywood couples are flighty, haven't the proper regard for their marriages? Dig this couple:

They didn't see each other after their first date (a blind date) for a year.

When they met again it was only to exchange vague hellos.

They have made it their business to know exactly why each likes the other.

They were apart for months and used the separations as tests of their love.

She moved into his apartment while he was away on location—to see if she could handle his business and professional affairs.

They both feel that young love is hard enough to go through, and happiness difficult enough to attain, without having the whole world looking over your shoulder. So that even if he is a young-star-to-be who can really use publicity, they are not going to get it via cashing in on their romance.

The boy is Russ Tamblyn, the happiest-go-lucky hep-cat in town, you'd think. And you're right. But there is nothing careless about the way he is establishing a solid basis for his

When Tamblyn tumbled he fell hard. And as for Venetia—not even a trip to Europe could make her forget that hiccuping boy at home!

by NATE EDWARDS

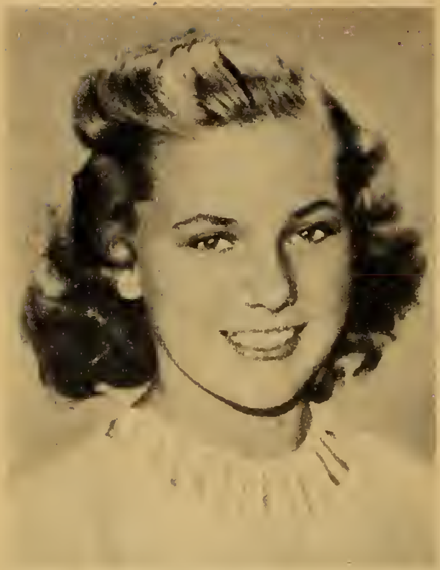
Look, Pa— We're Engaged!

Russ and look-alike Ben Cooper double-date. With Ben, Marcia Henderson

future happiness. The girl is Venetia Stevenson, daughter of the noted director Robert Stevenson, and a sensationally beautiful blonde who could have been in pictures long ago if she weren't more wife-minded than movie-minded.

Also bride-minded. She wants the wedding, to be held this Valentine's Day in a Beverly Hills Church, really romantic; a few relatives present, their closest friends, but mostly just *the two of them and the event.*

Afterward there'll be a reception for everyone, real open house. They're not hermits; it's just that they both abhor the thought of having their (*Continued on page* 72)



You wouldn't think such a little girl could get away with slinky black gowns—but Kim did!

I knew Kim when she was fourteen — and modeling the sexiest evening

■ I first met Kim (Marilyn Ann Novak to us at that time) at a teen-age Christmas party. Kim, then only eleven, was a guest of one of the teen members. Now Kim is twenty-two; during these years, we have been close friends.

Knowing Kim as I do, I'm a bit confused when I read again and again that Kim Novak became an actress overnight, that she arrived in Hollywood without a bit of acting experience. National magazine articles, fan magazine stories, newspaper columns, state that Kim has had no acting experience. I disagree. Kim isn't the inexperienced actress that you are led to believe!

No, she hasn't played Broadway under an assumed name; she doesn't have a long list of summer stock appearances or TV dramatic shows to her credit; but she has had her acting experience where it counts.

Perhaps it began when Kim was a very little girl. But to my knowledge, it all began back in Chicago, Kim's home town, at the annual Fairteen Christmas party. At that time, I was director of the Fairteen Club, a teen merchandising promotion of The Fair department store. We provided a huge auditorium for our activities plus a clubhouse where teens could meet and have fun together. Being a part of something that the teens could call their own was the club's great attraction—plus the excitement of working on their own radio show (and later a television show); the thrill of learning modeling and

Oooh! What we know about

Now that she's grown up, Kim has switched to sweaters and the far from glamorous life of a star!

I know Kim 'cause I live with her, comfort her when Mac's away, and play

■ I met Kim Novak over a laundry basin at the Hollywood Studio Club, a residence for girls in the theatrical field. It was just a little over a year ago and I was home on a Saturday night because I had just come to Hollywood and I didn't know a soul—but—*why* was Kim Novak home doing her laundry on a Saturday night?

So, I asked her: And I found out that Kim often does her own laundry. If she has been busy at the studio during the days and rehearsing nights, Saturday night is the only time she has to do all the things girls must to keep nice and neat.

From our girl-talk over the laundry basin, our friendship has grown.

Kim's roommate Bernedette Whitehead and I became well acquainted, mainly because we were both from Texas (which I claim as well as Arkansas and Louisiana) and soon the three of us were getting together in our spare time. One thing that drew us closer together was religion. Kim and Bernedette are Catholic and they regularly asked me to go to church with them. Most of the time we went to Blessed Sacrament on Sunset Boulevard and then afterward we went to lunch—or breakfast, depending on whether we had gotten up in time for breakfast at the Studio Club.

Usually we went to Du-Par's where there is such a wonderful variety of food from which to choose (especially pastries). We would each order something different and then all of us would taste everything.

gown in Chicago / by Norma Kasell

participating in the club's fashion shows; the fun of meeting movie stars and other celebrities.

More than anything, Kim, too, wanted to be a part of something—to belong—to be needed. When I knew her better I realized that the club gave her this, plus satisfying her great desire to give something of herself. If you share Kim's dreams and longings, and hope to do something worthwhile, then you will understand how she felt as a teen.

Kim's ability as an actress became apparent to me at this first party, in spite of the fact that to all outward appearances she was very timid and shy. At first wide-eyed, wondering Kim didn't seem to know how to enter (*Cont'd on page 85*)

Kim!!!

Sinatra for her / by Gloria Dearing

One Sunday morning I didn't have any collection money (as singers sometimes don't) and Kim gave me enough for the collection. That Sunday the church was very crowded and we had to stand with many others along the side aisles. The collection basket was passed the first time and the man missed me. Then he missed me on the second collection, too, and just as everything got very quiet, Kim's whisper rang out over the church: "Glori-bee! Why didn't you put that money I gave you in the collection?" To this day, I am still trying to convince Kim that I wasn't filching the collection money for the next day's lunch.

Mac Krim, Kim's steady boy friend, gave me the name Glori-bee. Mac has a hard time remembering (*Continued on page 87*)

THE VIEW FROM DANA'S HEAD

by RICHARD MOORE

Photos by Jacques Low

The future looks rosy for Dana Wynter, Hollywood's latest British import, who's been called a cross between Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly. Dana herself modestly hopes "to make good without wearing white gloves." Whether she gives up white gloves or not Dana will surely cling to her trademark—extravagantly chic chapeaux. She has closets full of hats and always has had even when she was stony broke.

■ Only two years ago Dana Wynter hit New York, too broke to buy a new hat and too proud to accept one as a present. With echoes of applause from her native England still ringing reassuringly in her ears, Dana was crisply confident about her looks and her talent. And quite sure the Big Town would meet her half way at least.

Today, after *The View From Pompey's Head*, they're calling her "the most exciting new personality since Grace Kelly" but Dana can't relax on her new throne. The two years of struggle are too recent. In New York she found out what it feels like to be hungry.

A New York writer, who recalls Dana's street-pounding period with pleasure, remembers how hard she worked to get noticed—on her terms. "She got around a lot, looking like two million dollars. People used to fall on their faces. She was so marvelously turned out. I remember one outfit that was made of mattress ticking. It was sort of shocking and you figured she'd made it herself, but you weren't quite sure. Maybe it cost a fortune. Anyway, she looked great. She couldn't have had a big wardrobe because she didn't have money for cabs and I was always cashing three dollar checks for her. But one time they were photographing her for a fashion layout and she looked so terrific in the hats that the photographer wanted to buy her one. No dice. This girl was frighteningly well bred." (*Continued on page 75*)

by IDA ZEITLIN

This is the love story of
the Lemmons, who met at a
try-out, fainted when
they kissed, supported their
dog on filet of sole—
and discovered that when
it's too deep for words,
too joyous for tears . . .

LOVE IS A LAUGHING MATTER

■ It began with a girl from Peoria and a boy from Boston whose paths crossed in New York. Purely, of course, against their better judgments.

At the time they were two drops in that torrent of stagestruck kids who batter endlessly at agents' doors to find or lose a dream. Cynthia had some radio shows under her belt. She also modeled at Saks from nine to five. Jack's sole source of income trickled from a crummy night club where he played the piano. When starvation loomed, he'd borrow ten bucks from his dad who stood ready, willing and anxious to finance him. But Jack's stubborn Scots soul held to the notion that he'd make it or flop on his own. One point he conceded, graciously agreeing to move into his father's apartment when business brought the elder Lemmon to New York. Since this maneuver put nobody out of pocket, Junior figured it didn't count. Senior just figured it was nice to have the boy around.

Technically, Cynthia shared an apartment with two roommates. Actually, the community spirit prevailed and cots blossomed all over the place for pals down on their luck. The world was young and any minute *(Continued on page 81)*

Calmer than a lake, cooler
than a cucumber, Jane Powell
planned her home to keep her from
becoming Hollywood's most
hurried, harried girl!

by MARVA PETERSON

MODEL HOUSE FOR A BUSY BUSY BUSY WIFE

Jane keeps living room (right) clean by using den (above, below) for all but formal entertaining. The kids eat there, watch TV*—but can't reach Pat's books on high shelf. Living room "expands" when Jane turns cushions (under coffee table) into seats*

Dining room was planned in simple, quiet tones as a background to Pat's oil paintings, Jane's wedding silver. Candles and the lights above the paintings provide the only light.

Long, narrow kitchen is perfect for Jane, who makes dinner nightly, bakes every week. Everything is within easy reach, but there's room for a breakfast table, array of time-saving gadgets.

More Pictures on Next Page

Master bedroom was planned so "when the kids grow up and take over the living room, Pat and I can retire with comfort," boasts TV, radio, reading lights. Pat chose blue and purple for cool, restful atmosphere—and to show off more of Jane's precious silver.

Sissie's nursery (above, left) is bright, sunny, has shelf space easy to keep clean and neat. Jay's room, identical in layout, is more tailored in natural woods. Both rooms are planned to keep the kids content when they can't play outside on the perfect-for-children lawns—where Jane feels they are safe from accidents and traffic hazards, even when she and Pat leave home for a few hours with their friends.

JANE POWELL *continued*

■ The merchants in the Brentwood Country Mart are well accustomed to celebrities. On any ordinary day they may wait on Gregory Peck, Esther Williams, June Allyson and Jerry Lewis. None of these famous faces will cause a ripple of excitement at this unique shopping center. In fact, a kind of reverse snobbishness exists. The clerks and grocers lean over backwards not to be impressed. Their manner is courteous but cool. Actors are just customers to them. But let Jane Powell come in and the place falls apart.

From the moment Janie parks her Ford station wagon behind the barn-like, red and white shops the smiles begin. They start with Mr. Carnahan at the newsstand and spread like an epidemic of good cheer.

"Hello, Miss Powell," booms Mr. Carnahan, his ruddy face creased by a wide grin. "You're on the cover of three new movie books. I've put a few copies aside for you."

"Thanks a million," calls Jane. "I'll pick them up on my way out."

She moves briskly on, closely followed by four-year old Jay and little Sissie. Sandy's Bakery is their first port of call. Mrs. Mueller, the wife of the owner, sees them coming and has two sugar cookies and a big smile waiting for them.

"Honest to goodness, Mrs. Nerney," exclaims the apple-cheeked proprietress, "those children get bigger every week."

"I know it, isn't it awful?" jokes Janie. "And so will I if I let myself be tempted by your pastries. Please, just give me six loaves of protein bread for the freezer and we'll get out of here."

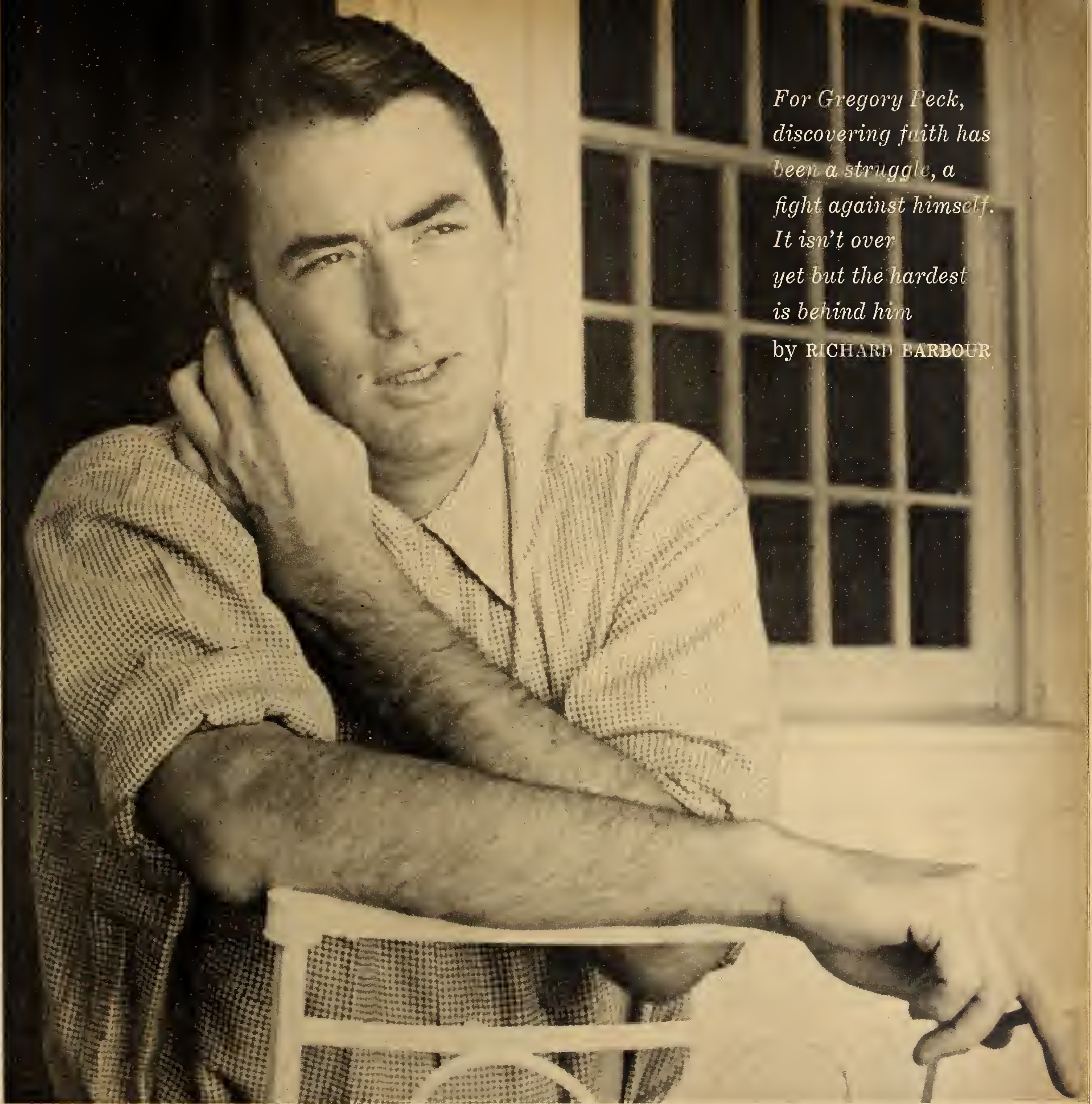
"Now, now, don't be in such a rush," the woman urges, but Janie is off, with her tow-headed youngsters bounding along beside her like two carefree puppies.

As the trio moves from vegetable stand to cheese counter to flower stall, Jane's eye is caught by a "week-end special" on prawns. Husband Pat loves seafood, so she steers her kiddies and the grocery cart toward the fish market. There she confers earnestly with Mr. de Rosa on how to cook his beautiful shrimp so they'll stay sweet and flavorful. The elderly gentleman is flattered to have her ask his advice. And in a few minutes, she's on her way again.

"Isn't she a doll?" sighs the cashier in de Rosa's Fish Market. "She's so unspoiled, and so honestly interested in her home and her family."

"She's a lovely little lady," agrees Mr. de Rosa thoughtfully.

Just about everybody who's ever had any contact with (*Continued on page* 77)



For Gregory Peck, discovering faith has been a struggle, a fight against himself. It isn't over yet but the hardest is behind him

by RICHARD BARBOUR

Gregory Peck:

HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS MISSING

■ Gregory Peck's earliest, and, he is afraid, only intimate recollection of religion is the feeling of happy awe that filled him as a very small boy when he was dressed and shined up special every week end for church and Sunday School down in San Diego. It seems to him that, without being aware of it, he has spent the rest of his life trying to recapture this feeling—but not in an active way. Rather, it has been a blind sort of thrusting out to combat a sense of loss he never took time to define. He says he is taking time out now.

Somewhere in his youth the church and he parted steady company. He has a (*Continued on page 87*)

No bride ever had a
rougher shakedown cruise than
Debbie but she
weathered those first months
in New York just by
being the kind of wife Eddie'd
been dreaming of

by IMOGENE COLLINS

MRS. FISHER-TO YOU!

Eddie's TV *rehearsals claimed most of his (and Debbie's) time. Together they sat through the endless waits, grabbed a bite of lunch during breaks. Debbie had hoped to write thank-you notes, catch up on her shopping, see old friends in New York. She did. But only when Eddie didn't need her by his side.*

photos by Jacques Lowe

photos by Jacques Lowe

■ About a month and a half after Eddie Fisher took a bride the phone rang in his dressing room during a hectic rehearsal conference. "Answer it, will you, Nina?" Eddie called to his make-up girl. "It's from California, Eddie, a Mrs. Fisher," Nina reported. "Mrs. Fisher?" Eddie said. "But I don't . . ." Then the light dawned. "Mrs. Fisher! Give me that phone." And in a masterful, yet tender, voice Mr. Fisher told Mrs. Fisher to go ahead and rent that Hollywood house she liked but thought they couldn't afford.

If Eddie is still somewhat confused about Debbie's new title, you can be sure Debbie isn't. She's Mrs. Fisher to all concerned and determined to play only one role off the screen. (Eddie introduces her as "my wife.")

Mastering this, the most important role of her life, didn't come easily to Debbie. Because she had to start married life in New York, a city alien to her and one she doesn't particularly like. ("It's so dirty and crowded.") Because she had to fit into Eddie's complicated schedule and his enormous circle of business friends and old pals. Because she's always been a career girl who lived at home and had a mother who cooked and sewed and organized things for her. Because—and possibly this is the most important reason—Debbie is a perfectionist. No burned biscuits for this little bride.

Lucky Debbie is blessed with a husband who doesn't care what he eats—as long as it's hamburger—so she can work up to crepes suzettes gradually. By the time the Fishers moved to the Coast last November Debbie had made friends with several sympathetic New York butchers strategically located between the Century Theatre (where Eddie's show was televised) and the Essex House (a swank apartment hotel where the Fishers set up housekeeping). Loaded down with Eddie's extra jackets and new records, Debbie shopped every night on her way home from Mr. Fisher's rehearsal. "What vegetable goes with hamburger?" she'd ask the (*More text and pictures on following page*)

MRS. FISHER'S *bridal buying binge in New York included silver, glass china, stationery—plus new shoes and a soda to comfort the weary wife*

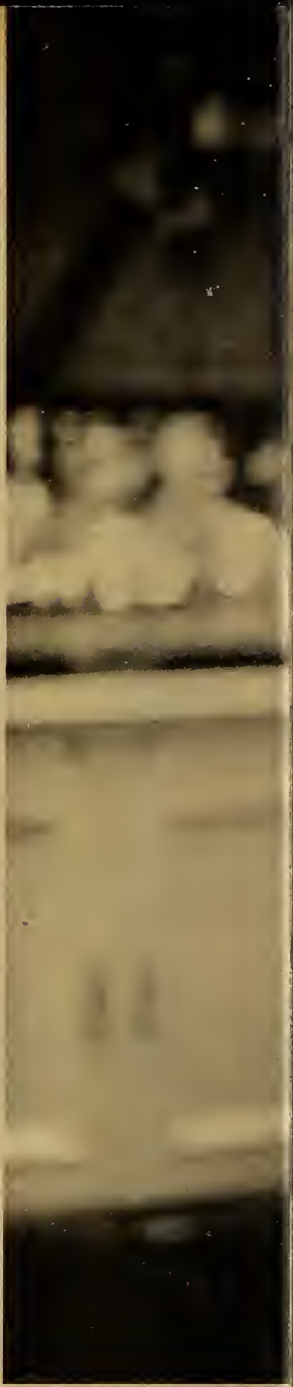
butcher. And then, as confiding as any new bride, "My husband eats hamburger eighty-seven different ways—loves it."

A visitor to the Fishers' Essex House suite remarked that it looked just like Eddie's bachelor quarters there had looked. With two important exceptions. Eddie had traded his one-bedroom suite for a two-bedroom apartment. And there were stacks of shiny new pots and pans in the kitchenette. It seems that Eddie used to have his hamburger sent in.

Debbie tried branching out, culinarily speaking, with her mother's recipes for enchilladas and tortillas. Eddie and the columnists were impressed by her ambition. But one cynic commented, when he heard the menu, "That explosion you hear is Deb blowing up the Essex House." Debbie took such kidding like a trouper but the set of her jaw revealed a determination to master "The Joy of Cooking."

No bride ever had a rougher shakedown cruise. Not even a more-than-hectic romance had prepared Debbie for life with Eddie. A one-day honeymoon,

(*Continued on page* 90)



Debbie had a ball choosing her silver and glass at Tiffany's, says she "can't wait to have a real house in California where I can entertain. Neither Eddie nor I has ever had a home of our own." Bewildered by New York stores and their glittering displays, Debbie took friend Camille Mosconi (below, left) to help her say "no."

Next stop, stationery. To stock up for the thank-you notes every bride must write. (Not many have to write thousands though!) A soda break helps Debbie through the long pull. That and some new shoes to add to her brimming shoe closets.

Debbie loved it all—learning to be a wife and fitting into his life. But Mrs. Fisher had her low moments, too, and then only Eddie's strong arm could comfort her by STEVE CRONIN

SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

He's got more girls

Francis Albert Sinatra sat in a yellow, canvas-backed folding chair, his bony, blue-eyed face creased in a warm, wide smile.

Once he looked up at the catwalks above him from which the studio electricians hang their lights, spotted Kim Novak, waved. Dressed in red slacks and white sweater, Kim lay on her stomach on a catwalk, looking down at Frank. She seemed to be studying the thin, little man. If not precisely hero-worship, at least a generous dose of admiration shone in her eyes.

Presently, Otto Preminger, a broad-shouldered, bald director with a double chin on the back of his neck, walked over to Frank. "Shall we try it?"

Frank nodded and shuffled into a scene of *Man With The Golden Arm*, in which he plays a dope addict recently returned from a federal narcotics hospital.

As Frank rehearsed his lines, gradually working his way into the mood of a sleazy, underprivileged, small-time Chicago hoodlum, a friend crawled up beside Kim. "How come you're on the set today?" he whispered. "You're not scheduled until Wednesday."

Kim smiled. "I just like to watch him work." She leaned her blonde head toward Frank. "He plays a part with such naturalness."

"Sure your interest is strictly professional?" the friend inquired.

"Sure I'm sure," Kim Novak said.

Next evening, dressed luxuriously in a white formal that clung snugly to her well-turned body, Kim attended the première of *Desperate Hours* in Beverly Hills with Frank Sinatra.

As the couple entered the theatre followed by Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, the fans sitting in the bleacher seats outside screamed and cheered.

Shouted one to Kim, "Whatever happened to Mac Krim?" Mac (*Continued on page 63*)

nd parts than he can count. From the Bad Boy With The Voice, Frank's now the Man With Everything

During the hectic years with Ava, Frankie was the most violently camera-shy guy Hollywood had ever seen, was known to break Kodaks over lensmen's heads from time to time. Today he poses happily, talks about his kids, seems to enjoy his sessions with the press.

(*Continued from page 29*) the wedding, for two reasons. First, it too is in another county, and secondly, it's such a nice, quiet town. People there don't always recognize movie personalities, and if they do, they're polite enough not to make any fuss.

The next day, Tuesday, Rock was busy taping and doing portrait stuff at the studio, but he squeezed off some time to go with Phyllis to Dr. Brandsma, who gave them their blood tests right in his lab, so no one would see them. There was no worry there—we could trust the doctor. Wednesday morning Rock went to the studio for wardrobe fittings, then came home and packed and by three he was ready to leave with the rest of the gang.

Tuesday night I drove up to Santa Barbara and reserved a bungalow at the Biltmore, and Wednesday morning I began looking up Lutheran ministers, because Phyllis had requested a Lutheran service. I saw Reverend Thorpe first and he seemed perfect, so I asked him to be at the bungalow about six-thirty.

While still in Hollywood on Tuesday I ordered the cake from a bakery I always patronize for clients, and then made reservations for the honeymoon trip. I reserved two seats on a plane leaving Los Angeles for Miami at 1:10 a.m. Thursday and plane reservations to Jamaica on Friday. All reservations were made in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roy, and when the Jamaica trip was being arranged the clerk asked for a first name for Mrs. Roy. "If she's leaving the country, we have to have a full name," she said. So I said Pearl, just to say something, and I've been calling them Charlie and Pearl ever since.

In Santa Barbara I ordered flowers, long stemmed things to be stuck into those wicker baskets, and a bouquet for Phyllis of white carnations, white sweetheart roses and gardenias.

At noon I called Pat Devlin down in L.A.—I called Pat because by this time she was the only one with a head on her shoulders—and asked her to tell the gang to meet me in Ventura at a small hotel a half block from the courthouse so that I could go in with them to get the license. I drove down to Ventura and waited for them—they were forty-five minutes late getting there and I was in a turmoil for fear they'd be too late. At four-forty-five they rolled up and we went in for the license.

The clerk didn't seem to recognize Rock, but as we left a boy and girl came tearing in for a license of their own, and Rock said to me, "Turn around and see if they're looking—they might have recognized us." I think they did, because the news tip eventually came from the AP man at Ventura, perhaps through the license clerk. But we couldn't stop to worry about it. I'd said something about Monterey in front of the clerk, hoping to throw her off, and I guess it did, because I heard later that columnists were checking up at Monterey that evening.

While we were in Ventura I asked Rock about pictures of the wedding and he said he didn't want any. He's had so many thousands of pictures taken that he's almost allergic to cameras, and I suppose even wedding pictures seemed to him to taint the marriage. But I pointed out to him that Phyllis would probably like to have some—and really should have them—so he agreed. So from Ventura I phoned the hotel in Santa Barbara and asked them to arrange for a photographer to be there.

Anyway, we got to the bungalow at five minutes before six. Jim and Rock and Pat and Phyllis had to change clothes, and while they were off in other rooms I had a waiter bring hors d'oeuvres and glasses to go with the champagne I'd brought for an after-ceremony toast.

Then the pastor arrived and I called the desk and asked the operator not to ring us for any reason, and the ceremony took place soon after six-thirty. I watched them closely during the ceremony, and Rock had the most wonderful expression on his face. Every time the pastor said something that hit home, it was as if Rock was thinking, "You're right, this is what it means to me." And when something he said touched Phyllis, there was a glint of tears in her eyes. Rock looked just the way I'd always thought he'd look at his wedding. It's important to him—Rock intends to get married only once.

After the ceremony the photographer arrived; we had our cake and champagne, and Rock and Phyllis phoned their friends and families. By eight it was all over and we picked up our assorted luggage and the flowers, and went out to our cars. It was dark by then, but we threw rice just the same. We had dinner at the Talk Of The Town restaurant, and by then we were all pretty tired and subdued. I remember that Rock said to Phyllis during dinner, "Gee, I never could have gone through a big church wedding, could you?" And Phyl agreed. Even with a quiet wedding, with only four friends present, it had been quite a day.

They left for Hollywood after that, and I stayed on to wait for the photographer's film, so didn't see them again until I got to the airport in L.A. We still had strength left to throw more rice there, but by that time, at one in the morning, if we'd have been asked to throw anything heavier, we couldn't have made it.

A Universal-International Official:

We didn't know anything about it until it was over. Seems he took out the license in Ventura County under his own name, Roy Fitzgerald, and kept it quiet that way. Somebody here knew, though—probably Ed Muhl—because Rock was set to do a lot of radio tapes, and a trailer for *All That Heaven Allows*, and all of that work was cancelled for him. I don't know how he managed it, but he certainly planned the whole thing quietly.

Saleswoman At I. Magnin, Beverly Hills:

Tuesday afternoon a girl came in and said she was to be the attendant at a wedding the next day, and that the bride would be in soon to choose her dress. We pulled a selection and when the bride finally arrived they both settled on a Paris brown peau de soie, with a full skirt and portrait neck. She looked charming in it, and I was writing out the sales slip when I heard one of them say something about the dress being nearly the color Rock had suggested.

Now, I have a teen-age daughter, and as far as I know there's only one man in America named Rock, so I said, "Are you marrying Rock Hudson?"

They both looked sort of surprised and then the bride said, "Me? Marry Rock Hudson?" and the maid of honor said, "No, I didn't say Rock—I said Bach. He's—he's a friend of ours. . . ." and then she began to giggle. And the bride said something about Bach being a dress designer, and then they both went off into hysterics.

I didn't think anything of it because all prospective brides and maids of honor are slightly hysterical. But I found out the next night when I heard the news of the wedding on television.

Mrs. Martha Dennison, County Clerk, Ventura County:

When they came in, just before closing time on Wednesday, I thought he looked familiar, but didn't think twice about it. They were very nice and cooperative, and quite calm. When people are older they are seldom nervous like the youngsters who apply for a license. These two seemed quite confident that their lives were well planned.

They asked me if the license would be good in any county and said something about going to Monterey. They gave the impression that time was short.

After they left, some teen-age girls working on microfilm in the back room came rushing in and asked me if that hadn't been Rock Hudson.

"No," I said. "His name is Fitzgerald—Roy Fitzgerald."

But they insisted that they'd know Rock Hudson anywhere.

Mrs. Kay Olson, Rock's Mother:

Rock phoned me Wednesday morning and told me they were to be married that day. I was so excited I almost got hysterical. Now I have a daughter, too!

We went to their house that evening and were there when they got back from the wedding. I've never seen such a tired and happy bunch!

Now I'll have grandchildren to look forward to. I hope they do have youngsters—Rock has wanted them for such a long time. And I think he'll make a wonderful father.

Jim Matteoni, Evanston, Ill.:

I have been Rock's old friend from kindergarten through high school. It was sudden, which is putting it mildly. He called me Monday and asked if Gloria and I could come out for the wedding. Our problem was finding someone to take care of the kids, and I had to call him back Tuesday morning. Luckily, both our parents live in the neighborhood, so we solved that part of it, and I'm a music teacher and it was fairly easy to get the necessary time off. We arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday evening, and Rock and Phyllis met us at the airport. We had often talked to her over the telephone, but this was our first meeting. They were both terribly excited—I've never seen Rock so up in the air.

We stayed with him at his home that night and on Wednesday morning after Gloria made breakfast for us, I went to the studio with Rock. He finished there around noon, and back at the house he tried to pack. I say tried, because he didn't know what he was doing. I finally took over for him. "What do you want to take?" I asked him.

"Oh, some pants," he said.

"Look," I said, "you'll be gone two weeks. Think, now. What about shirts?"

"Shirts?" he said. He was really glassy-eyed. "Sure, I'll need shirts. Put some shirts in."

It went on like that for an hour, and I hope he was well dressed in Jamaica.

We were late getting started—everything was well planned but complicated just the same, with five of us in one car and changes of clothes and a pile of suitcases. We threw all the luggage in the trunk, right on top of the cake, which was in a heck of a shape when we got to Santa Barbara.

All the way up Rock kept asking me if I had the ring. He'd given it to me in the morning and asked me a hundred times since if I still had it. In Ventura I grabbed the wedding license and hung on to that, too, and he kept asking after that about both the ring and the license.

By the time the ceremony began both he and Phyllis were very, very quiet. The minister gave a beautiful little sermon. It affected everyone there. In the first place, that kind of thing, well, you're susceptible to it, and secondly, it was an unusually fine ceremony. And there was no distraction. But I know he was nervous. They were standing in front of the fireplace, and once a log popped and everyone jumped a little bit, Rock in particular. I had the feeling I was up in a balcony watching all this go on, and not a part of it myself at all. I noticed that when the minister said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," both Rock and Phyllis stiffened perceptibly.

It all went off very smoothly. It was an incredible job of planning. Henry had even remembered to bring rice. And Santa Barbara is such a lovely town, a wonderful place to be married. Even the minister was perfect. He looked just like a minister you would want to perform your ceremony.

We saw them off at the airport and went back to the house and spread the wedding flowers around in vases. And the next day we flew back to Chicago and our kids. I hope Phyllis and Rock have children. I know he loves them. He just dotes on ours, and it's time he had some of his own.

Mr. Pettingell, of the Santa Barbara Biltmore:

A Mr. Willson telephoned me to reserve a bungalow for Wednesday afternoon. He wanted one that was fairly well removed from the hotel proper, and he finally told me it was to be used for a wedding. But he wouldn't give me any names. Later that day he phoned again and asked that we have a photographer available between six and seven o'clock.

We didn't know who they were until they left, about eight that evening. They certainly did the whole thing beautifully, with a minimum of fuss.

Rev. Nordahl B. Thorpe, Pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Santa Barbara:

Mr. Willson came to see me on Wednesday morning and asked if I would officiate at a wedding in a Biltmore bungalow early that evening, for a Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald. When I arrived at six-thirty Mr. Willson told me that the young man was a movie star known as Rock Hudson.

They were a fine young couple. I talked to them alone for fifteen minutes, explaining the ceremony, and they chose to answer "I will" rather than to repeat each phrase after me. They were both very serious during the whole ceremony. They were really intent and listening, and kept their eyes on mine.

The kiss? Yes, it was—well, Mr. Fitzgerald did a good job of it.

Incidentally, in talking afterward with Mrs. Fitzgerald, I asked her where she came from and she said, "A little town in Minnesota that you've never heard of—Montevideo." And I told her I knew it well, that I had lived in nearby Willmar and knew the pastor who has christened most of her family. The connection seemed to make her quite happy.

Hal Boucher, Photographer, Santa Barbara:

I've got to mention, first off, what a really wonderful wedding this couple had. I was impressed by it because I've covered so many Hollywood weddings, and some of them are ghastly. That's the only word I can think of that's strong enough. If you're at all sentimental about a wedding, it's bad enough to have a ceremony without music and all the things that should go with a wedding, but with Hollywood celebrities it often gets worse. There are fifteen photographers elbowing each other for vantage points and shouting instructions, and sometimes a press agent re-staging the ceremony—things that should be private and personal. I think this guy Hudson did a fantastic job of getting himself and his

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To let us know who you want to read about in *your* magazine, fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because (just to make it more interesting) a crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of his honeymoon story, part one: **"The Elopement"** ☐ part
☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I READ: ☐ all of his honeymoon story, part two: **"The Wedding Trip"**
☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JACK LEMMON:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JANE POWELL:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. For each of the stars listed below, place a check in the box under the one phrase which describes how much you like her.

	I LIKE HER				
	More Than Any Other Female Star	A Lot	Fairly Well	Very Little	Not at All
Joan Collins					
Grace Kelly					
Elizabeth Taylor					
June Allyson					
Doris Day					
Pier Angeli					
Janet Leigh					
Marilyn Monroe					
Ann Blyth					
Jane Russell					
Jean Simmons					
Esther Williams					
Mitzi Gaynor					
Debbie Reynolds					

8. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. .... MALE d. .... FEMALE
b. .... MALE e. .... FEMALE
c. .... MALE f. .... FEMALE

9. To which movie magazines do you subscribe?..

AGE........ NAME..

ADDRESS ....
Street
....
City & State

MAIL TO: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

bride married in a ceremony that they can remember as something wonderful.

I didn't know who he was at first. I was asked to arrive at seven o'clock and when I did I was introduced to six people, plus the minister. The bride and groom were named Fitzgerald, and I thought to myself that he was a nice-looking fellow, obviously an up-and-coming actor. I figured he was an actor, you see, because the hotel had told me they were keeping quiet about identity. And I felt like a fool because I didn't know who he was. Once, when he was off phoning in one room and his bride in another, I asked Pat Devlin if Mrs. Fitzgerald was an actress. She laughed and said, "No, she's just a housewife—now!" And then the name Rock slipped out in somebody's conversation, and I knew. I felt so dopey about it—I'd read lots of stories about him and seen his picture on *Life's* cover—and I never recognized him.

Anyway, I kept shooting pictures, which wasn't easy because the bride and groom were phoning their families and friends, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, or maybe I should say Mrs. Hudson, was so excited talking to her family back east. And the ring, too, she nearly died over that ring. She's a pretty girl, sort of halfway between what you'd expect a starlet to look like, and a home town girl.

They poured the champagne themselves—obviously didn't want to let even a waiter in on the news. I had trouble photographing the cake. Somebody must have sat on it—it looked like the leaning tower of Pisa, and we had to keep propping it up.

One funny thing happened. Some columnist called the hotel and asked if Rock Hudson was there, and the hotel people told the columnist they'd never heard of Rock Hudson. He found out about it just as he was putting a piece of wedding cake into his mouth, and he laughed so much I thought he was going to choke.

There's something else, too, something they don't know about. Walter Tissen is security officer for the hotel here, and he used to live across the street in Winnetka from Jim Matteoni's boyhood home. Rock and Jim used to play at his house all the time, he tells me, and Rock used to go over there to play the piano. Tissen was sorry to have missed seeing the fellows, but he didn't know they'd been there—not until they left. Nobody knew but me, I guess.

The last I saw of them, they were straggling out of the bungalow, carrying suitcases and clothes, and long-stemmed flowers that were still dripping water.

All I can say is that it was a pleasure to cover.

Pat Devlin, Maid Of Honor:

I should preface the story of the wedding with the fact that I've known Phyllis for two years, ever since she came to California. At the time I was working for Henry Willson and he told me one day he had hired another girl whom he thought I'd like very much. I did. It was Phyllis. She was new to California then, and didn't know a soul out here, so you might say I was her first friend in town.

At any rate, I've known for a long time that she and Rock would be married. It was just a question of his getting time off—he works unbelievably hard, and so steadily there isn't time to breathe. They dated for more than a year and for a long time Phyl didn't take him seriously. She wasn't sure about her own feelings, nor about his, and she took time to be sure. Phyl isn't one to jump into things—she's an extremely sensible girl. He used to kid her a lot. He'd say, "Phyl, will you marry me?" and she'd yawn and say, "Oh, I don't know. . . ." I'm not sure when he proposed seriously, but by the end of October he was beginning to see daylight through his schedule and it looked as though he would have two weeks off before starting *Written On The Wind.*

The Monday before the wedding he called me at the office where I work now, an advertising agency.

"What're you doing Wednesday?" he inquired politely .

"I'm working Wednesday, you lunatic," I said.

And then he told me about the plans. Phyllis came on the phone and was so excited she didn't make sense. They asked if I'd come to his house that evening, said Henry Willson would be there, and we'd talk over all the problems connected with the wedding. They emphasized that I wasn't to tell anyone, but they didn't have to remind me about the need for secrecy. If the news had leaked, their wedding would have been a shambles, not at all the way they wanted it.

So I went up there that evening, and both Rock and Phyllis were absolutely useless, so Henry took over completely, thank goodness.

The next day Rock had to work, but he did get enough time off for the blood test. Phyllis was running around like a headless hen, among other things buying a gift for Rock—a lovely gold St. Christopher medal. We planned to meet each other at I. Magnin at three to pick out our dresses, but then Phyl called and said she'd be late—she had to get her hair done, because the Matteonis were due in at seven and she and Rock were going to meet them.

So I got there at three and had practically everything in the store out on display by the time Phyl arrived at four. She had asked Rock what color he'd like her to wear and he'd said yellow, and we both nearly died because yellow is not for Miss Gates. I suggested beige—she looks wonderful in beige—and then Rock said something about cocoa brown. So that's what we tried for, and got Paris brown, the nearest thing to it. I let something slip about Rock and the saleslady got suspicious and we tried to cover it up with something silly. I don't think she believed us.

I ought to mention somewhere along in here that Rock didn't want a big wedding—most men don't, I guess. And anything that's fine with him is fine with Phyllis. In fact. he didn't want anybody there but himself and Phyl, another normal male attitude, they tell me—but Phyl wanted to have me around and so Rock said okay, then he'd have Jim Matteoni and his wife.

Wednesday Phyllis picked up their health certificate, had her hair combed out again by the hairdresser, and picked up her dress—the hem had had to be shortened overnight. For my part, I picked up the cake and took it to Rock's house. Then I went to pick up her ring and have it sized (it's platinum set with baguette diamonds, and very beautiful), and got my clothes and returned to the house at two-twenty. I had told them we had to leave by two-thirty, knowing if we left by three we'd just about make it, and I also told them the courthouse in Ventura closed at four-forty-five, just to hurry things up. You have to do that with Rock, he's always late, and Phyl didn't even know what time it was, she was that rattled.

When I got to the house it was bedlam. Everybody was running around bumping into each other and I don't know how we ever got off on time. We didn't, of course. It was three straight up and I was a nervous wreck. We piled the clothes and the cake and ourselves inside the car. I sat in front with Phyl and Rock, and Jim and Gloria were in back. It was a good thing Rock drove—it kept his wandering mind on something. All he talked about all the way up was the whereabouts of the ring and the health certificate. But all

HOLLYWOOD STAR, LORI NELSON
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Lori wears Rite-Fit Dress of the Month
Rite-Fit's STAR OF THE MONTH SELECTIONS

Lori's afternoon print in silky, textured Riviera. There's a big, feminine swish of bow-tie, a skirt that's flared very gently. Rhinestone-row buttons. Silken acetate and rayon in Blue, Brown, Grey. 14½ to 22½. About $9.

Lori picks Rite-Fit's Pat-o-Crepe sheath for sleek elegance. Delicate white braiding and a splash of rhinestones surround the neckline, repeat at both pockets. Luxurious acetate and rayon crepe in Black or Navy. 14½ to 22½. About $9.

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PHYLLIS?
PHYLLIS WHO?

PHYLLIS GATES— THAT'S WHO!

A close-up of the girl Rock Hudson married by Pat Devlin, Maid of Honor

■ I suppose the best overall description of Phyllis would be the fact that she has such a bubbling personality. She has a sense of humor that just won't quit, and a wonderful laugh. Phyllis laughs from her toes.

She wasn't always so gay. When I first met her two years ago she was very quiet and shy. Basically she *is* a shy girl—Phyllis is not a person who would shine in a room full of strangers. But two years ago she was new to California and had just recovered from being hit by a car in New York.

After she had been in a hospital almost three months the doctors advised a change of scene. She had worked at MCA in New York, and through a friend of Henry Willson's she got a job out here as his secretary.

Phyllis is a very kind and a very sentimental girl and she made friends quickly. She was born on a farm in a little town, the youngest of five children. Her parents still live on the farm. As a child she rode the farm horses bareback and went duck hunting with her brothers, and when they went away to war she drove a tractor and plowed.

Phyllis is a much prettier girl than her photographs show. I've never known anyone who photographs so badly. She's about 5′6½″ I think, and has a wonderful figure, and flair for clothes. Her eyes are a beautiful blue, and she has what Rock calls confused eyelashes. They are very black, like her eyebrows, and her hair is brown. Her greatest feature is her coloring—she has that sort of honey-colored skin with a healthy glow. And beautiful teeth.

She and Rock both come from small towns and have that mid-western salt-of-the-earth quality. They are both home bodies, both adore the sun. They play Scrabble and have their card games. Phyllis has always had a terrible fear of water, and Rock is teaching her to swim. He has bought her fins and she paddles around for dear life. The one thing they don't have in common—yet—is Rock's love of classical music. He is trying to acquaint her with it, but both Phyl and I are short hairs when it comes to music, and he gets a boot out of our resistance.

I think they'd both like a ranch type home, with stable and horses, some day. He showed her his present house before he bought it and she loved it, but it will certainly be too small when they have children. Rock wants a round dozen, but he'll probably calm down after two or three have arrived. he thought about was getting there on time, and he was doing a job of it, too.

Just before we got to Ventura we saw a policeman traveling in the opposite direction. In a normal state, Rock would have made a mental note upon seeing that vision on a motorcycle. But not that day, oh no. The cop turned around and after we'd sailed around a couple of curves he was right alongside of us, giving us that lazy wave they use so well. I guess he asked about the fire or something, because I heard Rock tell him he was trying to make it to the Ventura County courthouse before it closed, for a wedding license, and the officer said, "Well, buddy, if you keep going this way you'll arrive in a hearse." It took about ten minutes to write out the ticket (that cop had no sense of humor), and Gloria and Phyl and I were tearing our handkerchiefs to shreds.

We made it to the courthouse—just—and met Henry, who had driven down from Santa Barbara. And then to the hotel, just before six o'clock. The suite had a lovely living room with a roaring fire in the fireplace, and three bedrooms and two baths and a kitchen. The men changed in one room and Phyl and I in another, and she wasn't too nervous while she was dressing, but when she was all ready and had nothing more to do, she almost fell apart at the seams. She wore (old) her pearl bracelet, (new) her dress, (borrowed) a hanky, an unshredded one, and (blue) a garter given her by Kathy Adams, one of the few friends she had told about the wedding.

I keep thinking of things I've forgotten. There was the diamond ring Rock gave Phyl six months ago, but she never wore it in public so as to avoid suspicion. Then, too, I wanted to mention that Rock worried because he'd had no time to buy her a wedding gift. He planned, before he left, to have a new convertible waiting for her in the garage when they returned from their honeymoon. "A black one with red leather upholstery. That's what she wants, isn't it?" he asked me.

Now, back to the ceremony. It was one of the most beautiful I've ever heard, and it really reached home. Phyl kept biting her lip, I think to keep back the tears, and although Rock's "I will" came out strong and clear, Phyllis's was sort of a croak.

Afterward she learned from Reverend Thorpe that he knew her own family minister back in Minnesota and it meant a great deal to her. Phyl is a very religious girl, and the link with her home made her quite happy. She called her family, and they were all there, too. Mother and Dad, her two sisters, two brothers and all the in-laws. She talked to every one of them, and started off each time by saying, "I'm married!" I think she was in a state of perpetual astonishment at that fact. She got a little misty when she spoke to her mother, and when Mrs. Gates said, "I'm proud of you," Phyl said, "And I'm proud of you, too."

It was all wonderful, Henry had even remembered rice. He brought three pounds of the stuff and gave us all some, which we were supposed to hide somehow until Rock and Phyl got out to the car.

Then we had dinner in Santa Barbara and drove home, getting back there at eleven-fifteen. Rock's mother was there, hugging and kissing Phyl and saying how wonderful it was to have a daughter-in-law, and somebody said Rock ought to carry Phyl over the threshold, so he did, and Phyl hammed it up. And half of us were screaming for coffee, because there was only a half hour until we had to leave for the airport for their plane to Miami.

It was a big, happy, crazy day. They are two wonderful people, wonderful enough to deserve each other. END

sitting on top of the world

(*Continued from page 57*) is Kim's steady beau.) Shouted another, "Sinatra gets everything."

Certainly, as he approaches forty, Frank Sinatra gives the impression of a man sitting on top of the world, bearing no ill will toward anyone. For Frank this is indeed a change.

Take his behavior a few weeks ago at Palm Springs. Frank was resting in his new desert hideaway with Nancy, his fifteen-year-old daughter. Came a phone call that Bing Crosby was opening his new Blue Skies Trailer Village. Would Frank show?

Although tired and wanting privacy, Frank said, "I'll show." And show he did. Cooperative, easy-going, he posed for as many pictures as the photographers requested. Crosby, however, on hand with Kathryn Grant, waved the camera boys away. "No pictures," he barked.

One of the photographers approached Sinatra. "Frank," he asked, "would you mind posing with Crosby?"

"Not at all," Sinatra said. "Just let me ask him if he's willing."

Sinatra walked over to Bing, spoke to him a few minutes, then returned. "No soap," he announced.

(*An M.S. photographer got one anyway for* Good News.)

For Frank Sinatra to intervene on behalf of the press he once so vehemently denounced and fought is the best reflection of his present behavior and attitude.

Some people remember the coarse, blistering words Frank used to use for his underlings. "Bobby, you no good, stupid blankety-blank," he would bark. "Why can't you follow out a simple order, you jerk, you moron?" To those people Frank's conduct today is seemingly incredible.

"Don," he'll say to Don McGuire, currently in charge of *Johnny Concho*, the Western he's making, "when you've got a spare minute, I'd like to go over this spot in the script with you."

All you have to do is watch Papa Sinatra in a restaurant with daughter Nancy, beaming proudly, attentive to her every word, and you know he's a changed, considerate human being. Where once Nancy's dates with Lindsay, Bing's youngest boy, served as the butt for jokes, kidding, Frank now treats them with friendly dignity.

Where once—and this was during the period when Ava was giving him a real bad time—Frank had relatively little time for his three children, now that he's busier than ever, he finds hours and hours to spend with Nancy, Frank and Christina. As soon as he finishes a recording session, for example, he makes a beeline for his Cadillac convertible, speeds out to Holmby Hills, picks up one of the children, and is off to a ball game or the desert or a restaurant.

And when Frank has custody of his children, he spends every minute with them. There is no palming them off on friends or baby-sitters. His love for them is very real, very consistent.

What's brought about this change for the better in Frank? His comeback?

Mention the word "comeback" to Sinatra, and he says, "What comeback? I wasn't away anywhere."

The time, a few years ago when *Meet Danny Wilson* was a flop, when his records weren't selling, when MGM called it quits, when his television show was a failure, when he was so aggravated over Ava that his voice cracked and his singing fell below par—all this he regards as a slump he battled, one of the downward trends in

(*Continued on page 67*)

HALO leaves hair
Cleaner
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—*than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo*

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Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!

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FASHION FLASHES

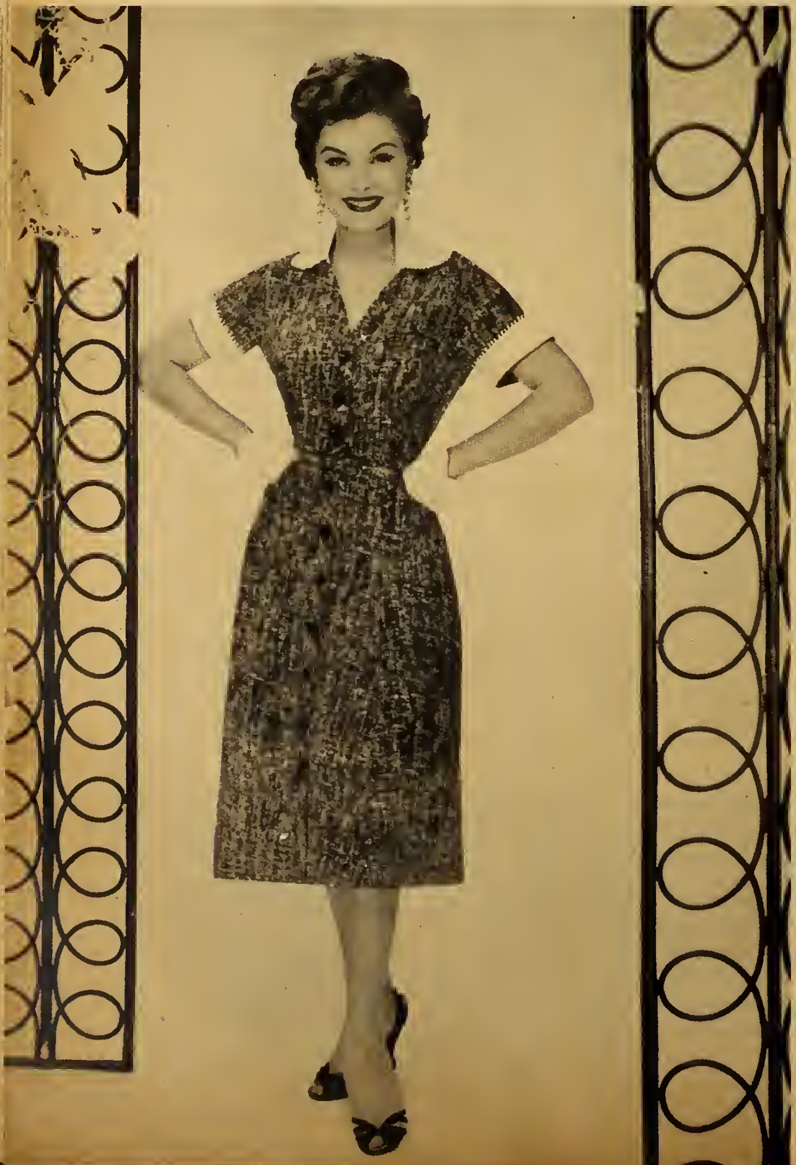
Hits of the spring season—*Rite-Fit* Star Selected dresses by Max Wiesen modeled here by lovely Debra Paget, star of MGM's *The Last Hunt.*

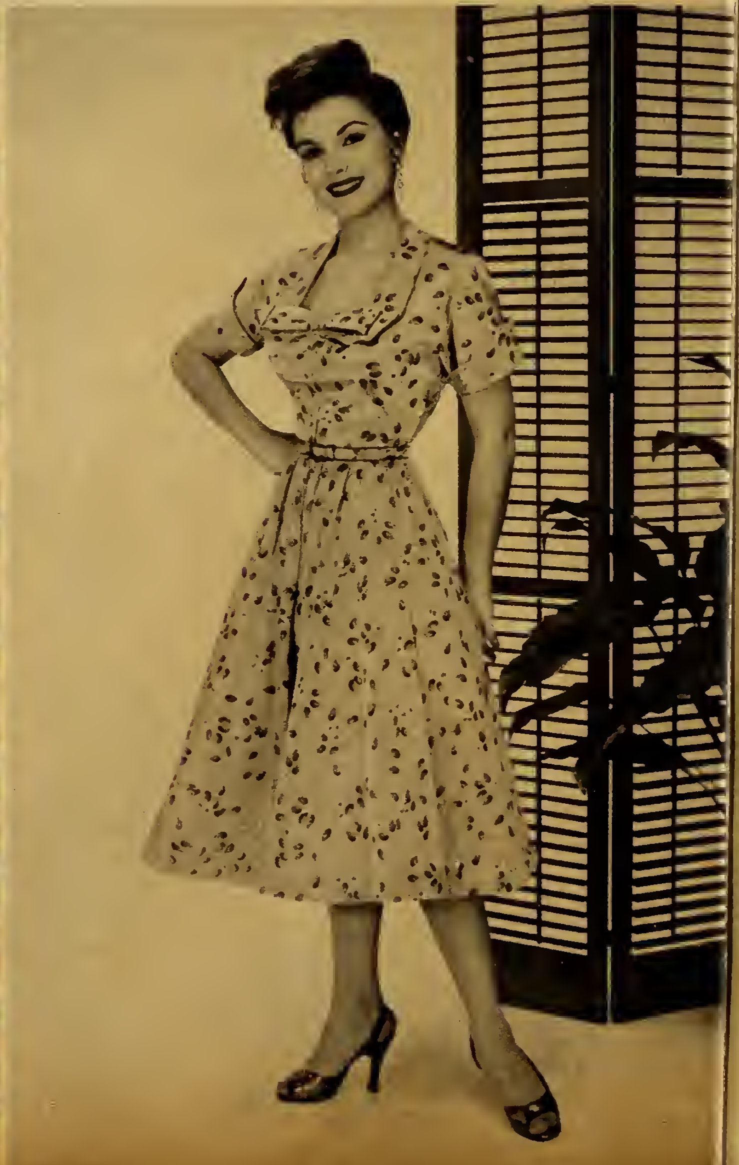
Below: SCOOP OF THE SEASON . . . Big coin dot buttons give a dash of excitement to the elegantly tailored coat dress, so easy to slip into. The picot-edged collar and cuffs in white add a sharp contrast touch. Textured-design print 100 denier rayon in black, navy or brown.

Below right: THE BELLE . . . Tiny, dainty buttons make a tight bodice deceptively demure and double the charm of this print dress. The gored skirt swishes with provocative prettiness and a square neckline bordered with a flat self-cuff and big bow make a low neckline sweetly enchanting in brown, blue or grey abstract floral print of acetate and rayon *Riviera.*

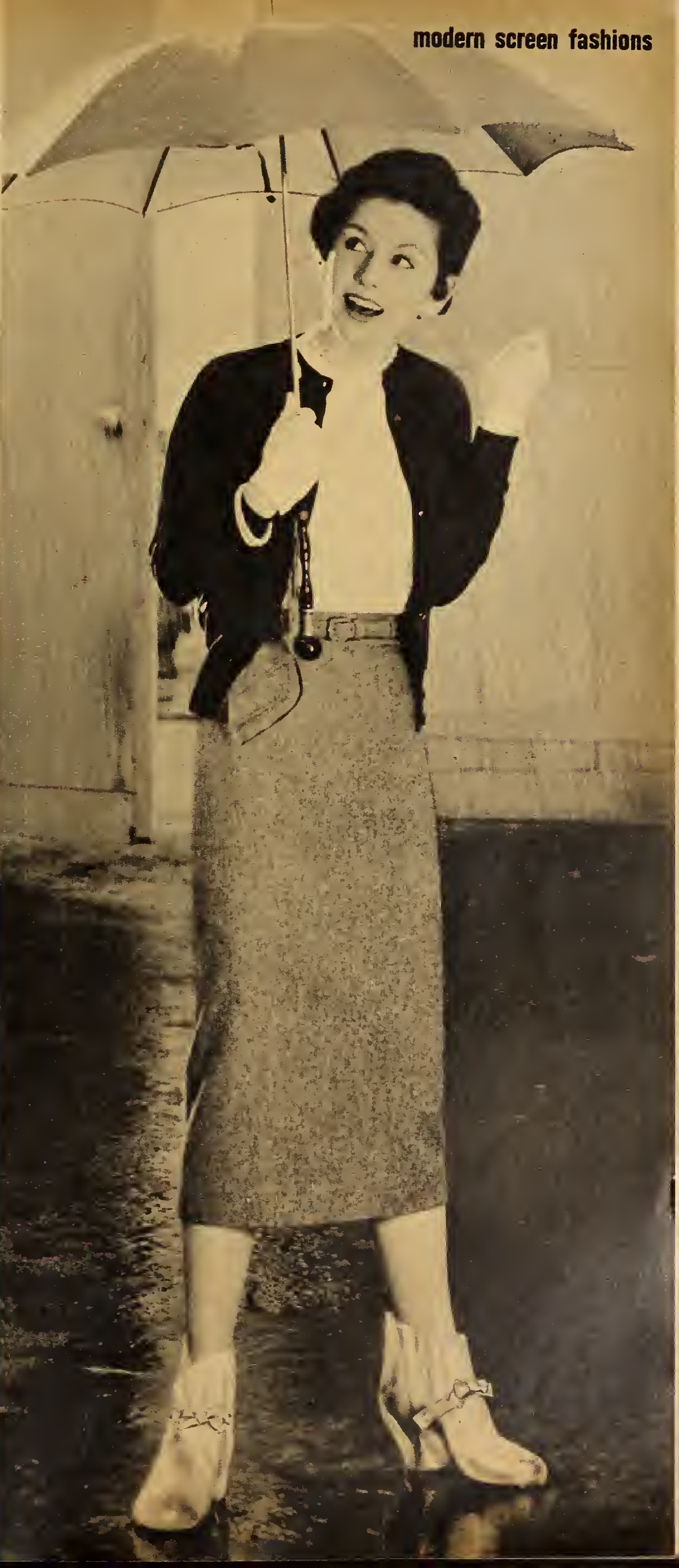
BOTH DRESSES BY MAX WIESEN—
ABOUT $9 EACH, HALF SIZES ONLY.

These dresses are at fine stores everywhere. some stores are listed on page 89
Photography, Embree





'N SPLASHES



Running between studio sets on her job Pat Crowley, starring in U-I's *Square Jungle,* takes inclement weather in her stride—protects her dainty shoes and stockings with transparent featherlight Rain Dears Deluxe by Lucky. All glamour girls are on the go—and in utter safety with these molded plastic rainboots that have triple-thick, non-slip tread. Rain Dears have easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings for quick on-and-off changes. *Universal Fit* for all heel heights—*Fashion Fit* for high and cuban heels. Smoke or clear, $2, including plastic carrying pouch. Sheath skirt, Evans-Picone; pearls, Duchess; sweater set of new *Tycora* fiebre, Exmoor.

Photography, John Engstead

Rain Dears by Lucky at Notion, Shoe and Rain Wear Counters Everywhere

More fashions on following page

Roger Prigent

DEBUT

Newest interpretation of the famous Playtex girdle—without bones or stays—features dainty all over blossom pattern, scalloped, molded non-roll waistline and replaceable garters. The 1956 Magic Controller (with curved, tapered fingers) is made of split-resistant wonder material, *Fabricon*. Garter Girdle, $7.95. Extra-large, $8.95; Panty Girdle with the new replaceable garters, $7.95.

Now for the first time Playtex introduces the fabulous fit of their famous *Living* bandeau bra into a long-length model that rounds the bosom and streamlines the midriff—promises high fashion, custom fit, eighteen hour comfort. The new long-line *Living* bra highlights a magic midriff (mostly elastic), V-plunge neckline, non-slip nylon straps. Fashioned of one-third nylon, two-thirds batiste elastic front insets and cup of embroidered nylon sheer (cotton-backed). $5.95. $6.95 for D cup.

(*Continued from page 63*) the course of every show business career.

"I never quit," he maintains. And he's right. He never did.

"The turning point," he asserts, "was *From Here To Eternity* (a picture he did for $8,000). After that the ball started to roll; *Guys And Dolls, The Tender Trap, The Man With the Golden Arm*—they came one after another, all wonderful roles.

"Lucky for me I'm in demand, so I can pretty well call the shots. I've got five pictures planned ahead including two for my own company. There's also the recording deal, and I still want to play clubs and do a couple of special things on television, maybe three or four a year.

"In this *Johnny Concho*, the first picture I'm making for myself, the script comes from a TV play on *Studio One*, very good. I play Concho, and it's a kind of unusual Western, involves a protection racket and guys who would hire out as gunslingers to protect a town."

Gloria walked out

Frank was asked about Gloria Vanderbilt. (Who has since walked out of *Johnny Concho* saying, "I want to be treated as an actress, not an heiress!")

Attempts to link Sinatra and Gloria in a romance are currently in vogue. But were Frank serious about the Vanderbilt heiress, he undoubtedly would have met her when she arrived in Hollywood.

He had motored to town from Palm Springs the day before to take part in the Friars Club tribute to his good friend, Sammy Davis, Jr. As a matter of fact it was Frank who made the closing speech. "Behind Sammy's great talent," he averred, "lies a nicety that radiates. He'll make it. He's bound to make it. If he doesn't, he can always go to Japan as an American gardener."

When Frank finished his Friars' speech, midnight was approaching. The actor knew that Gloria Vanderbilt was scheduled to arrive in a matter of ten hours. He could have easily spent the night in his Wilshire Boulevard apartment and picked up Gloria in the morning.

Instead he drove back to the desert that same evening, and when Gloria came down in Los Angeles she hied herself over to the Beverly Hills Hotel.

So numerous people decided he was stuck on Kim Novak instead.

The new Frank Sinatra is cooperative—but when it comes to his love life he suddenly becomes as mute as of old.

Kim says forthrightly, "I've been talking to Frank quite a lot. But I'm sure Mac Krim is the man for me. Right now I think Mac and I will be married before the year is out.

"We plan to go to Chicago and meet all the relatives. Mac's already met my mother, and she thinks he's a darling. After Chicago, we'll go to Detroit. That's where Mac's family lives. Then we'll make our plans for the future.

"Mac and I have been going together for two years, and I don't think that's too long to keep company. I wanted to be absolutely sure that we were in love, that we were right for each other.

"Not too long ago," Kim continued, "I met Frank Sinatra. He's one of the most charming men a girl can meet. If I'd been married when that happened I would've felt guilty. This way I could compare him to Mac, and well, Mac's for me."

It so happens that Frank is immensely fond of Kim's fiancé, Mac Krim, and that his feelings for Kim have always been platonic. He's taken her out a few times, but only to highly public places.

Sinatra, however, offers no explanations about Kim, Ava, Lana Turner, Judy Gar-

Lines on your husband's face give him "character"—

but on you they spell "middle-age"!

Perhaps you've noticed—with each passing year, with each new crease and furrow, a man's face becomes more interesting, *more distinguished!* But, these same lines on a woman are her bitterest enemies. Because while they add "importance" to *his* face—they just add *years to yours!*

Don't let Drying Skin make you look older!

It's not unusual at 19—to see the first warnings of dry skin. Because even then, the skin's natural softening oils may start to *dry out.*

Soon, little dry crinkles creep in around your eyes, tiny dry patterns groove your forehead, and flaky, rough skin begins to show. By 40, the skin can lose up to 20% of its own oil.

To prevent the "middle-aging" effects of dry skin—*you must replace natural skin oils every day!*

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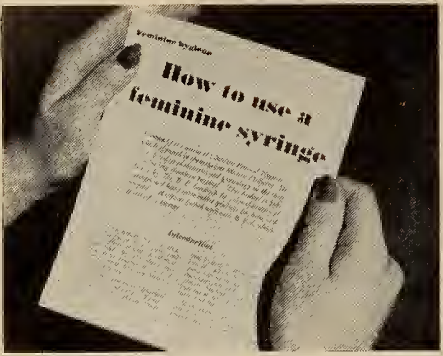

New booklet tells how to use a feminine syringe

A SCIENTIFIC article on feminine hygiene is now being packed with every B. F. Goodrich gravity-flow syringe.

The author, a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology, tells how to douche, when, how often, and explains why, where to do it, exactly how to operate your syringe, etc. He also says it's best to use a gravity-flow type of syringe because its gentle action will not irritate delicate tissues.

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land, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Rhodes, Claire Kelly, Lili Kardell, Anita Ekberg, Hedi Marlaine, any of the dozens of beauties correctly or incorrectly linked with him.

"I think," says a friend of his, "that Frank picked up this refusal to share his private life with the public from Montgomery Clift. Monty is a very shy and brainy guy, and Frank admires his outlook. When they made *Eternity* they began going around together, and Monty pointed out that what an actor owes the public is the best performance he's capable of, not a run-down on the dames he's been going with."

Carousel go round

When Frank was asked to give the lowdown on his fight with 20th Century-Fox—the studio is suing him for a cool million because he walked out of *Carousel*—the dapper singer, considering the subject part of his career, opened up.

"They're saying," he pointed out, "that I left the picture because 20th wouldn't pay me $200,000. That's not true.

"I always wanted to play the part of Billy Bigelow. I used to bother the hell out of Rodgers and Hammerstein. 'When are you gonna make the picture?' I'd ask. When 20th finally went ahead on the deal I was so anxious, I took the part without a contract. Then I heard that it was being photographed in two processes, CinemaScope and 55mm. I felt that they were shooting two pictures and that one of them was not going to be as good as the other.

"I hung around Boothbay Harbor in Maine for three or four days even though my lawyers and my agent said to get back to the Coast. Then I hung around New York for a week hoping everything would get straightened out. Finally I came back to the Coast. They replaced me with Gordon MacRae, and a week later dropped one of the processes, decided to shoot the picture in only one version."

Frank, contrary to popular opinion, doesn't like to fight for a fight's sake, but when he feels he's in the right, no battle is too dangerous, no odds too great.

One of the reasons he's formed his own company is that he cherishes independence. "An actor may have some pretty good ideas," he says, "but once he's under contract to a major studio, he's got no say-so." Which is why Frank is turning down all studio term deals. After *Johnny Concho* he reports to MGM for a musical adaptation of *Philadelphia Story* to be called *High Society.*

That finished, he takes off for Spain to star in *The Pride And The Passion.* In this one he'll play a Spanish guerrilla. From Spain he returns to Hollywood, where he will check in at Paramount studios for *The Joker Is Wild,* the autobiography of comic Joe E. Lewis.

He also has commitments at The Sands in Las Vegas where he owns two per cent of the casino, plus his Capitol recording dates. So 1956 shapes up as a busy-busy year for the hero of Hoboken.

Busy or not, however, Frank will find time enough for female companionship. No matter how much he changes, Frank has never relished solitude.

The girls he goes for may mean relatively little to him—Gloria Vanderbilt, for example, is really gone on TV director Sidney Lumet—but Frank enjoys their company. Conversational by nature, he loves to amble into a club, an attractive girl on his arm. The best in food, the best in drink, the best table, and Frank is living. He talks rapidly, warmly, the talk punctuated with jive terms, "Man, what a kick he was on . . . Real cool, that one. . . ."

One of his favorite restaurants is the Villa Capri, located on an obscure Hollywood side street. Frank manages to drop in at least once a week for his pizza and antipasto, usually accompanied by a dazzling female, and hardly ever does the identity of the girl leak out. Owner Patsy D'Amore is a discreet proprietor who takes such good care of Frank that a few months ago the singer generously gifted him with an all-expenses-paid vacation to his native Italy.

Sinatra has always been a fast man with a dollar. Today he's even faster than he was in the 1940's, when at that time he averaged $32,500 a year for Christmas presents.

Frank's income for 1955 must easily have topped a million. He not only gets $200,000 a picture and $25,000 a week at Las Vegas but saw three of his recent albums become top sellers of 1955. In addition Frank owns a piece of the race track at Monmouth, N. J. Add to this his royalties from five music publishing companies and his television fees, and it becomes apparent that his earning capacity is astronomical.

Big spender

Sinatra believes in sharing the wealth. His largesse these days is admirable. When Judy Garland opened up her road tour at Long Beach, Frank hired the largest bus he could get, loaded it with all of his and Judy's friends, ordered Romanoff's to cater the whole junket, and took off.

Later, he commandeered the Romanoff penthouse for a private shindig to which practically everyone was invited. "It was the least a pal could do for Judy."

When Judy was ill in Boston some years ago, Frank chartered a plane, jammed it with her friends, sent them off to visit Judy in the hospital.

Recently when an orphanage outside of Palm Springs reported that its kitchen equipment had broken down, Frank casually sent over a new stove.

The hospital bills he has paid for friends and employees come to a sizable figure, but of these he refuses to speak.

He is not now and never has been a simple man to analyze or understand. But of late he has succeeded in keeping his fiery Latin temperament under control. He will not, for example, slug a waiter who refuses to serve a Negro, as he once did. Rather, he will stand up and give him a piece of his mind. But headline-making fisticuffs are out for Frank. He seems to have calmed down.

An apartment in West Los Angeles with closets large enough for the most extensive wardrobe in movieland, a sleek new Cadillac, a modern office in the William Morris Building in Beverly Hills, visits with his children, an occasional dinner with ex-wife Nancy, plenty of hard work, plenty of attractive girls, and best of all, a new, jaunty, friendly attitude toward press and people—and that's the position Francis Albert Sinatra finds himself in at the age of forty.

In the words of Jerry Lewis, a fellow Jerseyite and one of Frank's staunchest admirers, "This guy has got it made." **END**

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the miracle of jeanne crain

(*Continued from page 37*) dripped from her ears. The gown was a twist of silver lamé and genius. Her sandals were wisps of silver. She carried a stole of white mink.

"Shall I carry it, or drag it?" she asked the photographer.

Paul looked up briefly. "It's a beautiful gown, isn't it?" he said. It had been a quick glance on his part, and he obviously hadn't seen what happened when Jeanne took a step. That gown was split in the middle, and had a tendency to fall away at the shoulders.

While she posed, expertly, and looking like something from a dream sequence in an MGM finale, he made a telephone call. I sensed that he was deliberately absenting himself from the problem, because she was supposed to look the quintessence of sex, and perhaps his watching would inhibit her. When he came back he sat with his back to her.

After the photographer had left and the three of us were all alone, Jeanne excused herself to go back into the bedroom and get something more comfortable. She returned in a Kelly green sheath, fitted to her figure, devoid of jewels.

Paul grinned at her. He was wearing a sports shirt, slacks and loafers.

"Okay, honey?"

"Okay." She drew an easy breath. "I'd hate to have to sit down in that dress."

College girl with baby

It was fun to yak around with the Brinkmans again. In truth, we'd all been practically kids during our first meeting.

I'd been crowding twenty-one—a writer just out of college. Jeanne had just been discovered as the sweetest and prettiest girl at 20th Century-Fox and she'd just married a boy named Paul Brinkman, who had something to do with a Pasadena company and radio tubes.

They had a cute house down at the beach in Santa Monica, and furthermore they were going to have a baby. Whether 20th liked it or not.

This was news, and I went to see them. Paul was beaming all over the place. Jeanne, in a maternity dress, amplified the story. "I know I'm playing college girl parts," she said, "and I know it would be best from a career standpoint if I stayed single and just went around with studio guys. So much for the career standpoint."

Even then, I realized how completely Jeanne and Paul differed from other Hollywood couples. They were so young and fresh and wrapped up in their marriage. She was a lovely girl, not yet beautiful, because real beauty takes mellowing, but she was as pretty as any girl her age could possibly be. Paul was blithe and tall and then, as now, a very handsome gent. He looked like Errol Flynn.

That interview had been an event for all of us, because we had in common not only youth and ambition; we were all new to Hollywood, and enchanted by it, and wary of it. I left the Brinkmans liking them better than I'd imagined I could like any couple connected with show business, and the story I wrote about them reflected this attitude—just as, no doubt, the story you are now reading reflects a different attitude from the one you'd expected.

And now here were the three of us again, remembering. And I said, "The next time was when you started to build The House. Remember the house? Way up on top of that hill—you had another baby on the way, and you had just adopted a lion cub, and you'd planted sixty trees along the drive. Who bought the house from you?"

Jeanne and Paul looked at one another

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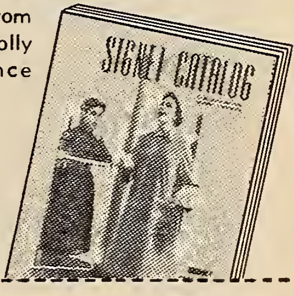

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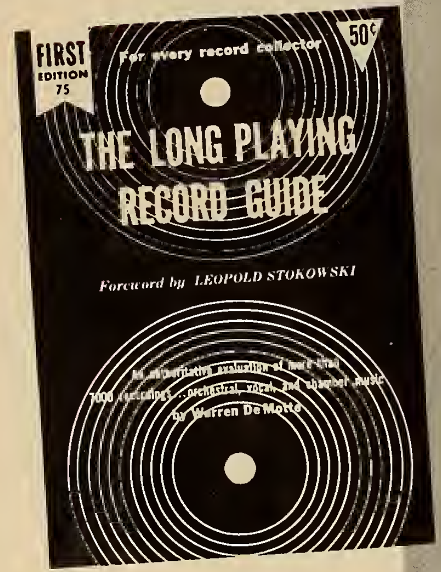
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and grinned, and he caught her hand. "You should see those trees now," Jeanne said. "We're still in the same old house. New wing, because of the children. And of course the lion got too big and went to the zoo. Otherwise, nothing's changed."

It was my cue to look astonished, and I did. "You haven't moved? But that house was a masterpiece of simplicity. All redwood and glass and flagstone. It looked as if it had grown out of the hilltop by itself." And I glanced around at the hotel suite, decorated by Cecil Beaton.

Now a Beaton-decorated suite is a joy and a wonder but there is nothing simple about it, ever. It is the penultimate of chi-chi, wherever you encounter it. You are not supposed to stay in it very long, but while you are there you are supposed to get a large charge out of it.

The whole thing was crazy and charming, and it would have been ideal for Jeanne alone, in her current role of sophisticate and blasé beauty—but the instant Paul entered the picture, it went all to pieces. Beaton's little conceits became ridiculous. Paul is a man's man, as well as Jeanne's, and he wears last year's clothes casually and well, and his big voice booms through the house so that sometimes Jeanne has to flash him a warning look and go "Shhh." What he needs is a big leather chair.

I recalled their house, with plenty of big chairs, the great windows looking out over a view broad and expansive. The clean, simple lines, the solid, earthy materials, the honesty of that house.

Of course they hadn't sold it. It had mirrored the essential characters of Jeanne and Paul eight years before, and it still did. The Beaton suite was a phase, a fun thing—but in relation to them, it was a fake.

Young and desirable

It was about then I guess, with the memories of the house and all getting very strong, that we got into the business of how people stay young—young and desirable. It began when I said, shamelessly, that Jeanne had become beautiful. Not just pretty, any more. but truly beautiful. She blushed. Paul didn't. By now he was used to the remark. Then I came right out and asked her.

Jeanne came up with the answer to my question in the straightforward way she had always replied to questions.

"All right," she said, "I think I can say what's happened." She shrugged, and the emerald sheath made a motion as if it were about to slip over one shoulder, but didn't. "There's a time when any woman blossoms. I've reached that time. I was just a baby the last time we talked together. Now it's different. I've lived a lot. I've had four children. But after almost ten years, I have a husband who loves me dearly. The children love me. My career is at its pinnacle. I'm still in my twenties. I'm no longer a child. I know clothes and food and houses. I've been on an African Safari, and I've gone into the Brazilian jungle. I've had bugs crawling over me, and I've flown in little planes when I've been scared to death. I've sat in on the top-notch fashion previews of Paris—at Dior and Fath and Balenciaga. I've been in Rome and Venice and heard the water playing in the fountains and canals. And I've had my children with me at Christmas in London town. Watched them while the people outside sang carols. Watched them get their presents."

Paul nodded. "That's right. I brought the kids over for a Christmas in London. That's what Jeanne wanted."

"It was the most beautiful Christmas in the world," she said. "It even snowed. The carolers were everywhere—it was right out of Dickens. And all the kids had to have bicycles. So we got them bicycles, and had to ship them home. Can you imagine what that did to the budget? Paul came over to see me three times, and then with the children—and having the bikes packed and shipped back—it was a financial disaster."

Paul didn't laugh. "Keep this up," he said lugubriously, "and who'll put them through college?"

"Indeed," said Jeanne, "and who also shipped over a Mercedes Benz?"

Somehow, the discussion of that car led into the description of a trip they'd taken on the way back to Paris from Monte Carlo. It is the fanciest of sport cars, with a top that lifts up so you can slide into the seats, and it is Paul's pet. The cost of those four transatlantic trips be damned—he wanted that car, and he bought it. Both of them were talking a blue streak by now, and my head was switching back and forth as if I were at a tennis tournament, but that's usual with the Brinkmans.

Bread and wine

Anyway, Jeanne said: "I was looking at the map, and the thing that got me was that everything was so close together. Why, if we drove forty miles out of our way we could have lunch in Geneva!"

"So we went and had lunch in Geneva," Paul said, "just so when she got back to Paris Jeanne could polish her nails on her lapel and say, 'Oh, yes, we dropped in on Switzerland for lunch.'"

"You bet," Jeanne said enthusiastically. "I spread it all over. *Too* blasé about it. But listen—the most exciting thing."

"You know that old gag about bread and cheese and wine?"

"So we saw this shepherd . . ."

"Well, actually he saw *us*. The motor started to tick, and I stopped by the roadside . . ."

"But this divine little flock of sheep, with this boy tending them . . ."

"It was only a sparkplug . . ."

"And we'd bought the bread and cheese and wine in Geneva, just in case there wouldn't be an inn when we got hungry."

"I had it fixed in two minutes."

"So we asked him if he'd like to share some lunch with us, and he said sure, and we spread a rug and got out the stuff . . ."

"And we had lunch with a shepherd."

"With wine and cheese," Jeanne added. "In the nougat county."

"It's called that because they grow the nuts there, the kind you use in nougat candy," Paul supplied.

I have included this seemingly silly bit of trivia in this story because it struck me as an important part of the portrait I'm trying to give you of Jeanne. She was excited about sharing lunch with the shepherd boy not because she was a woman of the world, an internationally known star, amusing herself being incognito with a simple country fellow. Not on your life. This episode was the essence of romance to her, because as a child she'd read descriptions of such scenes in Grimms and kid books, and at last it was really happening to her. She still walks with dreams. In a kind of way she is still a child at heart. And so is Paul.

That's part of their secret of youth. It may be the most important part, after all.

Well, we had a few minutes left before Jeanne was due at a TV studio up on Madison Avenue. They were both still gabbing away a mile a minute, interrupting and contradicting one another in that friendly, comfy way which seems to be natural only with people long-married and in love. They told me about the hunting, and Jeanne's problem about planes.

"Oh, I know it's silly," she said, "but as the children began coming along I started thinking about Paul's flying so much, and maybe a crash that would take both of us."

"And she was in that British Comet, too," Paul said. "From London to Africa. Four hours later it blew up. That makes you pause for a minute or two."

"So I got scared of flying," Jeanne went on. "But then we went to Brazil a few weeks ago. Paul was going out shooting some kind of horrible beast called a Tigre. Low-flying stuff. I couldn't stay home. I'd have been bored stiff."

"So we flew together," Paul said. "And landed and crawled through the jungle and swatted flies and got what we went after. Jeanne with a camera, me with a gun as big as I was."

It's that kind of life, Jeanne insisted, that keeps them both on their toes, and young. I made the obvious remark that not everybody can barge around the world, not blowing up in Comets and flying over the jungles of Brazil in pursuit of Tigres, and they answered—also obviously—that living a full life doesn't necessarily involve all that. They did it because they were in a position to, but there were hundreds of other ways to keep busy and happy and blow off steam.

"Ah," I said, "but what about those four children? *You* can afford to have proper help and supervision for them while you're away, but what about people without dough? They're stuck at home, with meals to make and clothes to wash, and well you know it."

"I took my second baby to the studio every day in a basket," Jeanne said indignantly, "because I couldn't get anyone I trusted. And I'd dash over to the basket between scenes and feed the little thing, for heaven's sake!"

"But how do you manage?" I asked.

"We've got our folks, and besides . . ."

"Besides," said Jeanne, "this wonderful guy here is home when I can't be. We've talked about the trips because they were exciting and different. But we're a family, we have a house that is a true home, and life is just as exciting there as it is in Paris or Rome or Brazil."

Old school pals

"And your friends?" We were walking across the intersection of Park Avenue, now, with the nice people of New York trying not to stare at Jeanne and almost succeeding; I needed one more piece of information to make the Crain puzzle work out. I had to know about the people they saw all the time and loved or hated.

"Why, they're all like us," Jeanne said.

Paul laughed. "Yes," he said. "I guess friends grow along with you like everything else. You know, we went to a party in Pasadena not long ago, and saw a lot of the people we'd grown up with, gone to school with. People our own age. It was pretty scary."

"The men," said Jeanne, "were all sort of settled down in their clothes, if you know what I mean. They couldn't help being bald or paunchy, I guess, but they didn't seem to *care*."

"The women," Paul said. He started to go on, but chivalry and good taste made him close his mouth again.

"We didn't go back," he said instead.

"No," Jeanne said, "you can't ever go back."

We had come to CBS and we made a laughing goodbye on the sidewalk, with a promise to get together soon. No eight years in between, this time. I watched them barge into the studio: the parents of four children, the busy executive with time to understand his wife, and the gorgeous woman who personified sex and glamour to millions of people.

And I walked away feeling reassured and absurdly cheerful. **END**

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(*Continued from page 41*) wedding turn into a Hollywood spectacle. As a matter of fact, they have permitted very little intrusion into their courtship.

"I don't want to offend," a writer once told them, "but stories of young romance need some cute touches. You know, the first kiss . . . stuff like that."

Russ and Venetia looked at each other and it was plain they didn't see it that way at all. "I don't think there was anything *cute* about our first kiss," Russ declared finally. "It meant more than that to us. We weren't posing for a photograph or meaning to look gay or appealing—we were serious. I think the trouble with too many Hollywood love stories is that there's more Hollywood than love. We don't want anything like that. We know love is no easy thing to come by. And it is too easy gone."

Well, before they ever got to the kissing part Russ and Venetia met on a blind date at her home and didn't exchange a dozen words. Bob Six, son of Warner Brothers' photographer Burt Six, had had his girl friend phone Venetia. (Russ and his old flame Cindy Robbins were just breaking up and Russ was looking for new ways to spend time.) When they got to the Stevenson home Russ talked mostly to Venetia's father, Venetia talked to Melinda Hawkins who was Bob's date, and Bob mostly stood around and listened. Russ and Venetia said goodbye without a word about seeing each other again, and they didn't until Eddie Cantor threw his Beverly Hills Hotel party to announce Debbie Reynolds' engagement. At the party Venetia nodded her hello and Russ spoke his. Venetia was there with Donald O'Connor. Russ keeps remembering different girls he might have been there with—he says he can't remember exactly.

Fate takes a hand

And that would have been the end of that if one of the darndest coincidences hadn't happened the very next night. At about nine o'clock two cars pulled into Stan's Drive-In on Sunset Boulevard simultaneously, the driver in each coming to a stop at the same second and then looking across at the other car. Russ and Venetia, naturally. They ordered. They started talking car to car across their trays. And they finally made a date—for four nights off. But this time something had registered; Russ couldn't wait. On the third night he called and Venetia was somehow waiting for him. It was cold, but they put the top down on his car. Neither had had dinner but they drove around and just talked until nearly midnight before they ate. And for some reason they talked about everything that first night except each other. They discussed reincarnation, insects and what's-the-line of different people they passed.

"We should have been bored to death but we weren't," Venetia recalls. "We liked it so much that we dated every night for the next fortnight without missing once."

But during that fortnight the talking did get around to taking in each other. Whom did each know? Why? What did they seek out of life? Why? And gradually they unfolded thoughts, desires, ambitions, so that they met each other again and again on a thousand entrancing levels.

Along about the time they were pretty sure they were in love, they began to show it. A man who was going to play the villain in their affair for a while, Venetia's father, was the first to notice it.

"I heard rumors that she had visited the kitchen with an expressed view of learning how to cook," Mr. Stevenson remembers. "Later I spied her through an open door practicing how to make a bed. I knew then that something had happened to my little girl, as it must to most girls, and I had best do something about it if I didn't want to lose her to the wrong party.

"Of course I had no way of knowing that Russ was the wrong party, but, you know how fathers of beautiful daughters are—who can possibly deserve the angels?"

This was why early last spring Mr. Stevenson approached Venetia and told her of a wonderful surprise; he was going to take her on a two months' trip to Europe.

"Naturally I flipped," Venetia says. "But then I reflipped when I realized this meant leaving Russ."

Mr. Stevenson's strategy was age-old in form of course, and he admits it. "I figured that if the affair was just a casual one the least I could do for Venetia was take her away from her suitor until she realized it. A few weeks and I was sure she would come to her senses," he explains.

But Mr. Stevenson was wrong, as he now realizes. "An expensive mistake," he sighs. "I spent thousands of dollars to show her the Old World, and every time I thought she was getting a bit interested, along would come a fifteen-cent airmail letter from Russ and I'd lose her again!"

Actually the only reason Venetia decided to go at all was that Russ was ready to leave for South Dakota for location shooting on *The Last Hunt*, with Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger and Lloyd Nolan. Rather than wait in Hollywood alone, with neither her father nor Russ around, she thought she might just as well make the overseas trip. But as it turned out, the South Dakota scenes were delayed and weeks after Venetia sailed she got letters from Russ—still in Hollywood.

She and her father sailed from New York on the French Line's *Ile De France* in April. Mr. Stevenson remembers that he didn't see much of Venetia during the voyage; she kept to her stateroom a great deal of the time.

"When we got to England I was notified there was some air mail awaiting us—all of it letters for Venetia from Russ. And then she handed me the letter she had written to him, but I couldn't send it air mail as she requested. The port Postal Office refused to accept the envelope as air mail. It was too heavy. It went air freight."

Forget-me-not

For six weeks Venetia stuck with the tour. But it was heavy going. When they looked at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris and her father turned to her for comment she had a reflective stare in her eyes. "I wonder," she murmured, "if he is still hiccuping?"

Her first night out of Los Angeles, the train made a stop in Las Vegas. Russ had arrived there earlier for a personal appearance and learned that her train would be sidetracked in the station for twenty minutes. He was waiting for it when it pulled in, jumped aboard and went hunting for her. Venetia was asleep in her compartment, but Russ got the Pullman conductor to open the door and he woke her up with a kiss. They talked until the train began to move and he had to take a running jump off. In the excitement he developed hiccups. The last she saw of him, Russ was miserably in the middle of a seizure.

When they drove toward Rome on the famous Appian Way one afternoon, and her father spoke brilliantly of the significance and the beauty of the historical countryside, Venetia listened absently, then realized with a shock that her only interest in Rome was knowing there would be letters from Russ when they got there. She turned to her father and told him.

"You've been wonderful, Dad," she said. "But the trip is just wasted on me. I can't think of anything but Russ."

Mr. Stevenson, who was saying something at the moment about the genius of the Roman engineers of two thousand years before, knew he was licked. But he straightened out Venetia on one point without delay.

"Nothing has been wasted, dear," he said. "If Russ persists in your heart, despite all these wonders before your eyes, then you know, and I know, he's the right one for you."

Once she knew she was returning, Venetia couldn't make it fast enough. She flew back, leaving her father to complete the tour alone. But before she left, he drove her six hundred miles to a small German town where Russ's idolized older brother, Warren, ran a small Mormon Mission. Her purpose? Just to meet Warren and pose with him in a snapshot which she could bring back to Russ.

Gone tomorrow

Oddly enough she and Russ had only about ten days together before he had to leave. The minute she arrived, the often-delayed jaunt to South Dakota was put back on schedule. That's when Venetia decided to move into his place, and give herself a trial run at the business of managing a home and being a practical help to a husband. Russ, Venetia figured, being an actor, could function much more successfully if relieved of all the business and professional details related to it. Russ still gapes with wonder at her many accomplishments.

"She paid more bills than I ever was able to pay in such a length of time," he reports, "and yet was able to save more money than I have ever been able to save. Boy, all that loveliness in one girl, and so practical, too. I'll never get over being impressed."

Russ has other reasons, however, for loving Venetia, and as much as he talks about not talking on this subject, he hasn't been able to keep them entirely to himself. He likes the idea that Venetia, despite her beauty, has never been over-possessed by her career and can take an objective view of herself and the life she wants to lead. She has been a model and would like to play a movie role if she thought it interesting enough to make into something worthwhile. At the same time, she has turned down a number of professional offers, including pictures, because they would teach her nothing and mean nothing creatively.

"I'd like to act," she has said, "but it's not a striving, driving thing with me. I'd much rather get married and have a home and children."

Venetia is not a Mormon like Russ, but an Episcopalian. They will be married in a non-denominational ceremony. For the rest they are not without plans. They were on the point of buying a lot when this was being written only weeks ago. Since Venetia likes colonial architecture, and Russ modern, the house they plan to build will be a modern colonial. Friends have suggested that there ain't no such thing. Russ and Venetia have replied simply that there is gonna be now.

They mean business. They aren't kidding about their marriage; it's going to be a heart-in-heart, not just a hand-in-hand, they say. They mean that just as they haven't let anyone else decide the kind of love they should have for each other, no architect or designer is going to stand between them and the house they want to live their love in! END

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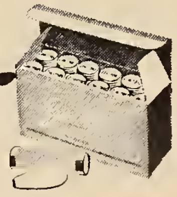

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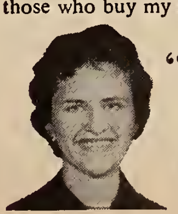

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AVA'S CAT WALK

■ When Ava Gardner came to Hollywood from North Carolina, she had a beautiful face and a lovely body, but studio experts shook their hands over the fact that she was clumsy. She walked like a cement mixer coming home from a hard day's work. Gradually, she began to improve, but she didn't begin to develop into the graceful beauty she is today until she learned an important lesson at Birmingham Hospital in the San Fernando Valley, where she spent many hours talking to wounded servicemen.

One day she said to a young doctor there, "I love making these visits, but to tell the truth it wears me to a frazzle. My feet ache after walking up and down the long halls. When I go to the studio for work I'm dead tired. Maybe I'd better start taking vitamins."

"Nothing of the sort," the young doctor replied. "You're simply not walking right."

In essence, what he told her was this: "Nine out of ten people walk too heavily on their feet. Every step sends a jarring wave up to the brain. To walk correctly, shift your weight directly over the foot that's being placed on the ground. Imagine that you're walking like a cat, with the feeling that you are 'toeing in' just a bit. Don't try to copy the way models walk. That is artificial. You must try for rhythm in your walk. Don't throw the shoulders back. Instead, hold your head up high. It's that simple. By all means, go barefoot, wiggle your toes, stretch. When you've been sitting awhile, give your feet a little warm-up exercise before putting them to work. Another thing: try rhythmic walking with deep breathing. It's simple. Take five steps inhaling a long breath, then five steps exhaling."

Ava Gardner listened. Not long after Hollywood gossips reported that she had reverted back to her "country ways," she was seen hiking barefoot in the mountains in the early morning hours. She wiggled her toes whether sitting in a night club or standing around waiting barefoot for a scene to begin. She even walked on the slim supports of the picket fence around her home. Before long, she became known as the star with the loveliest posture in Hollywood, and she could go, go, go without ever tiring.

rock's honeymoon—the wedding trip

(Continued from page 30) profiles of her.

But when Roger called her, she was in her bath. She answered the phone from the tub, casually. She knew that Ed Sullivan was in the hotel, and that Eddie and Debbie Fisher were to arrive the next day. Life was a breeze, and she had a sharp date for the evening.

"Oh, Roger, for Pete's sake!" she said.

"It's Rock Hudson," said Roger. "It's their honeymoon night."

"You're sure?"

"Have I ever missed?"

"Oh, Gawd!" cried Miss Van, and sprang from the tub. Spraying water in every direction, she flew into action. The rug of her suite will never be the same, but Miss Van arranged for a bucket of ice, complete with a bottle of superb champagne, to be sent to room 809. She herself tied the great satin bow upon the bottle.

A moment later Irma Koff arrived at the front desk. "I did a double-take," she told Roger. "Left twelve guests in my living room. If you were kidding—"

And so the stage was set. The Saxony was in action, on ten minutes notice.

The first thing Rock did upon his arrival was to phone for one of those rental cars. Miss Van, dressed by now, saw them off. They had a Cadillac convertible, and something long in a white cloth napkin to keep them company. (According to the Saxony's housekeeper, there was nothing left the next morning except a bucket of melting ice, once occupied by a bottle of Moet et Chandon '49. Most people save only the cork for a keepsake.)

The weariness of the long, cross-country plane trip shaken off, Rock and Phyllis were gay, smiling and ready for anything. The Miami weather might have been ordered for them, and as Rock wheeled the big open car along glittering Collins Avenue, Phyl snuggled close to him and laughed.

An hour later they were back at the hotel. Happy now, too excited to worry about their early call for tomorrow morning, they disappeared into the Bamboo-la lounge to dance lazily, cheek-to-cheek. Later they had supper—and more dancing in the Pagoda room, unnoticed among a horde of sophisticated guests in dinner dress. After a while they drifted out of the hotel, hand-in-hand past the pool to the sea-wall, leaning on it for awhile.

They went upstairs around midnight. In the lobby, Irma Koff and Dorotha Van met for a moment. "I've got to get back to my party," Irma said. "He's magnificent, hey? What do you think of her?"

"I'd say she's the kind of a gal a man would want to bring home," Dorotha said. "Wholesome, All-American."

"I'll buy that. Nobody bothered them, you noticed."

"Just two youngsters for autographs."

"They didn't mind. They just grinned and signed."

"Nice people, thank heaven," said Miss Van. "Hope they have fun."

It was only a little after seven the next morning when Kay, the waitress whose turn it was to take the early shift and open the Noshery—the coffee shop—sleepily brewed the first pots of coffee against the room's eight o'clock rush customers. When, at seven-thirty, the phone by the cash register rang, she was unprepared for the masculine voice asking if he and his wife could come right down.

"We're not open till eight," Kay said.

"We've got to catch a plane at nine-thirty," the voice said, "and we could sure use some coffee."

"Who is this?"

"Rock Hudson, in 809." (Charles Roy had been forgotten.)

"Aw," said Kay, who had been home last night and like everyone else thought the newlywed Hudsons were still in California, "who're you kidding? But okay. If you have to catch a plane come on down. I'll unlock the door."

Five minutes later she stood frozen behind her counter as Rock and Phyllis slid onto stools before her. She is a movie fan, and there could be no mistake. But as she poured their coffee, Rock said, "Hi. Thanks for letting us in."

"Hi," said Kay, "glad to." And, with the ice broken, the three people chatted.

When they left, Kay would rather Rock hadn't left the sizeable tip. The pleasure had been all hers.

At the airport the Pan American man was there with a photographer, and the Hudsons posed for him with good enough humor—but then, as the big plane roared off across Biscayne Bay and over the Caribbean, bright in the early morning, they felt that at last they had found the privacy, the sense of getting-away, that not even Miami Beach and the courteous hotel staff could afford them.

There weren't many people on the plane. They stopped in Cuba briefly for refueling, and then were off again into that kind of lost, out-of-time mood you get in a long flight over the Spanish Main.

They landed at Montego Bay late in the afternoon, and strolled into another climate, and yet another mood.

Then began the kind of honeymoon week most people can only dream about. Using their cottage at the Half Moon as a base, their privacy protected by the all-powerful Tourist Board of Jamaica, they set out to explore. In a little, noisy English self-drive car, they skittered about the North Coast. From Montego Bay they drove to Ocho Rios. They dined and danced at the Towel Isle Hotel, they did a repeat at the Jamaica Inn. They ate lunch on the terrace at Shaw Park, sampling what the waiters assured them were native dishes with varying degrees of pleasure. Rock, who had spent half his European trip a year or so earlier discovering the delights of eating, terrified Phyllis by demanding recipes right and left and assuring his bride that she would learn to prepare them in nothing flat.

One afternoon they dropped by the beautiful island home of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Marsella, old friends of the honeymooners. They ended up spending the week end. When they got back they found that the hotel had missed them. "We've made you a little surprise," the social director told the Hudsons. "We understand that tomorrow is Mr. Hudson's birthday, and so—we've prepared a little party. Tomorrow night at eight, on the patio. Dinner. Casual dress."

Rock and Phyllis managed smiles, thanked the gentleman kindly and said they couldn't be more surprised and delighted. The former was true, the latter was in way of being a white lie.

"I'm sorry, honey," Rock said when the socal director had bowed himself out. "I wanted it just with you."

"It's all right," Phyl said. "We've had more privacy than we thought we'd ever get. Who do you think will be there?"

"I don't know," her husband said gloomily, "but I suppose there'll be lots of them."

"Forget it," Phyl advised. "We'll have the afternoon just to ourselves."

And they did. On Rock's thirtieth birthday as on every other day, they headed for the beach after breakfast. Rock is very athletic; he swims, skin-dives, high-dives, builds sand castles. Phyl, stunning in a bathing suit, cheered him on, paddled after him bravely. Lunchtime, since there was no sightseeing for the day, they sipped coconut drinks, ate lightly at the hotel. In the afternoon they dragged out their movie camera. Phyl photographed Rock, he, having had his picture taken before, snatched the camera away repeatedly to snap his blushing ("Rock, you know I don't take a decent photo—oh, honey, I was squinting —now, stop that!") bride, then dragged her over to talk to others on the beach, and, incidentally, ask them to "Take us together, would you? Thanks." Long before sunset, though, they went back to their room to shower and dress.

At eight, they arrived on the terrace among a scattering of other diners.

"Our party's not here yet," Rock muttered. "Come on, quick, we'll make a getaway."

"Honey, we can't, after they've been so nice to us and all." They wandered about a little, looking at the moon, finally sat down disconsolately at a table set for two.

"Maybe we've got the wrong night," Phyllis suggested.

"Maybe *they* have," Rock said. "*I've* got the right night—it's my birthday."

Out of nowhere, a waiter appeared. "A sherry for Madame?" he inquired.

"Thanks," Phyl said. "We'll wait for the others."

"Others?" asked the waiter. "There will be no others to dine with you, Madame. This is *your* party!"

Beaming, they dined on Cornish game hen stuffed with wild rice, white wine, sweetmeats, a huge birthday cake. The new moon outdid itself. A Calypso band whispered rhythms in the background. They thought it was the most romantic evening they'd ever spent.

On Friday, November 18, Rock Hudson and bride caught their airplane and headed back to Hollywood. The groom, a tall, handsome man now just-that-side of thirty, had a deep tan and a rested look. The bride, a cute brunette with an equally effective tan, clung to his arm, talking, laughing. Ahead of him lay a new picture, an award from MODERN SCREEN. Before her was the fun of doing their apartment. The honeymoon wasn't *really* over. **END**

view from dana's head

(*Continued from page 44*) The writer stopped talking suddenly and a dreamy look passed over his face. "I heard she was in town the other day, for the preview of *Pompey's Head*. I meant to call her up. She's a nice girl." Then he sighed, "I always like to see how fame has treated these youngsters."

Fame has treated Dana just fine. As anyone knows who reads the columns. "Marlon Brando didn't look happier when he won his Oscar than he did dining with lovely Dana Wynter at the Moongate" . . . "Darryl Zanuck was so impressed with Dana Wynter's talent and beauty when he saw the rough cut of *The View From Pompey's Head,* he ordered her role fattened" . . . "Dana Wynter and Richard Egan look like they're serious" . . . "Dana Wynter and Oleg Cassini have dates five nights in a row."

Being on top hasn't changed Dana much. Her taste in hats remains extravagantly chic. But her taste in men has changed. One disgruntled admirer remarked recently, "She used to be fun and she loved to get out on the town. Now she likes old men."

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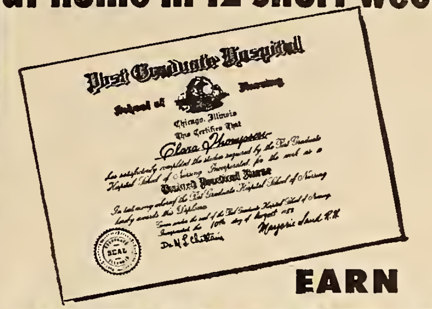

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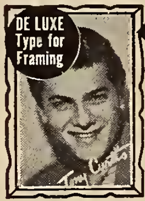
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By "old men" he meant Oleg Cassini who's long been a threat to Hollywood's young bloods. Grace Kelly (not to mention Gene Tierney, the ex-Mrs. Cassini) has found Oleg fascinating. He's smooth and civilized and he has remarkable taste in women. To be escorted by a man who knows just how a woman should dress and walk and talk is a very subtle compliment. And the women who dote on Cassini are practiced in the art of femininity.

Dana first attracted Cassini's eye on Fifth Avenue one day when she was out for a stroll. He thought she was a model and introduced himself by saying he'd like to talk to her about a modeling job. Dana brushed right past him without even taking his card. Six months later they met at a party and, having been introduced properly, Dana accepted Mr. Cassini's invitation. She has become his model, not in his showroom of course, but in movie and social circles. Oleg loves to see his dresses on Dana and designs most of her clothes

Dana's flawless figure

Wardrobe fitters have dubbed Dana "the girl with the flawless figure." She is five feet, six and a half inches tall and measures, in the usual order, thirty-five, twenty-two, thirty-five. No wonder she's been described as "Audrey Hepburn with curves." Dana has more than a figure to set clothes off, she has style. A style more international than British and no wonder.

Dana's stamp of individuality was placed on her the day she was born in London, England the only child of a renowned British surgeon Peter Wynter and Frederique Spencer-Marcus Wynter. Her parents named her Dagmar. Her father, who had traveled all over Europe in the pursuit of his practice, had spent a good deal of time in Scandinavia and had grown attached to the name, which is as common there as Nancy and Barbara here. The British were amused but not amazed at the name and it was not until Dana was eighteen did she discover that she had a challenger for Dagmar in America. Hollywood director Lewis Milestone, who was a friend of the family, told her about the busty beauty whose name was being bantered about at the time and suggested Dana as more suitable for her less-explosive beauty. (She pronounces it "Donna" because it sounds more feminine.)

Growing up, Dana moved with her family around the Continent and even lived for awhile in Tangiers. When war broke out the Wynters moved back to England. Says Dana now, "I find playing young parts difficult because during the war years I somehow skipped youth."

After the war her father was called to Southern Rhodesia in the central part of Africa to perform a special operation, and fell in love with the country. By nature flexible and footloose, the Wynters soon found themselves the owners of a 4,000 acre estate at Marandellas, a small town fifty miles from Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia. Dana was immediately fascinated by the life—arising at four-thirty in the morning to take a canter with her father before he left for the hospital, helping supervise the raising of tobacco and Arabian horses.

Men and Mau Mau's

Interviews beginning "What do you think of American men?" usually end in disaster for the interviewer and he discovers when he leaves that all he has are a few notes about the Mau Mau situation.

Soon after she arrived in Africa, Dana applied for entrance at Rhodes University in order to take a pre-med course. Her great ambition was to be a doctor like her father. "I admired my father's work," she says, "but let's face it— I got the chance to be the only girl among one hundred and fifty boys in the med school."

It was during these first two years at the University that Dana's interest in medicine got sidetracked. She was persuaded to join a drama group which wrote and produced its own plays. "Everybody kept telling me," she recalls now, "I'd never convince a patient that I was a doctor." Her first dramatic role was that of a blind girl in a gloomy little drama called *Through A Glass Darkly.* ("I was perfectly awful but the play was voted the best production of the year.")

At the end of two years at Rhodes, drama had won out and Dana went to London to try her luck as an actress. She applied and was accepted at the Old Vic Academy, a British version of the Actor's Studio in New York.

Her first stage appearance in London ("I was paid in experience") was in a small acting group called "Under 30," and she played two roles, the King's daughter and the goddess Diana in Shakespeare's little-known *Pericles.*

Dana got the thrill of her life when she received the best notices in the show. She was also named one of London's three best-dressed young actresses. "The other two were established actresses with wealthy husbands," she says. "I had one elegant dress made, but I varied it for two seasons without anyone ever recognizing it as the same dress." She laughingly adds, "Perhaps, because nobody looked at anything but my crazy hats."

The results of her "one dress" fashion showing were both bad and good. The London papers couldn't take their cameras off Dana and as a result everybody in the British capital became aware of her. "Friends reported that the word was going around I was being 'kept,' " she adds ruefully. "I never bothered to tell them that I would have starved if my parents hadn't added a few bob to my bank account once in awhile. And after many gala receptions following theatre openings I soaked up champagne with fish and chips from a corner stall on my way home."

Dana did lots of TV plays, including one series now being shown in this country called *Fabian Of The Yard* produced by Anthony Beauchamp, Sara Churchill's husband.

All this time she had been storming the offices of the movie companies.

Miffed by the silent treatment she was getting from the movie boys in England Dana toyed with the idea of trying her luck in New York. Hollywood still seemed a long, long way off. She had met several Americans in London, among them Al Rockett of Famous Artists' agency of Beverly Hills, who finally persuaded her to make the break, and in November, 1953 she landed in Gotham with a very modest scrapbook of her achievements but with lots of nerve and ambition. Asked by her agent what kind of a TV show she wanted to be on, Dana mentioned the only program she knew: "Oh, something like the Robert Montgomery Show."

She was the most surprised young actress in New York when a few days later Norman Felton, the director of the Bob Montgomery show, gave her an audition and she appeared as the lead in something called *The Soprano And The Piccolo.* She played the soprano.

TV brought Dana to the attention of the Hollywood producers.

She got an offer to make a test for Universal-International. It was a monstrous failure from everybody's standpoint. Dana is reluctant to even discuss it at any great length. "The test was dreary and dull," she says flatly. "I had a feeling that between the time I came and the time I made the test that they'd decided that they didn't want an English actress in the first place."

On her way back to New York she began to wonder whether leaving England had been such a smart move in the first place. Arriving in New York, her agent informed her that Columbia, MGM, Paramount and 20th Century-Fox all wanted to test her.

Fox had her in mind for *The Egyptian.* But a test meant waiting for Darryl Zanuck to return from abroad and she had a full schedule of TV work in New York. "I didn't feel like staying, but I liked the enthusiasm at Fox so I signed an option and promised not to test for any other studio first. I was so busy in New York that I never got around to testing for two years."

Dana had a whirl in New York for those two years even though she was broke. She had friends everywhere, TV shows kept her busy and she had the time of her life acting on Broadway, even though the show, *Black-Eyed Susan,* didn't remain active for long. "In staid old Boston," Dana says, "where we opened, everybody loved the play. While some of the lines were mildly racy not a word of criticism was leveled at us on that score. But in New York the critics blasted us."

Meanwhile, Dana was loaned out by Fox to producer Walter Wanger for the lead in *The Body Snatchers* and as soon as that was finished she turned up at Fox for that long-delayed test.

"Such impact and spirit"

Philip Dunne, who was producer-director-scenarist for *The View From Pompey's Head* says that the first day he saw Dana he knew that this was "Dinah" of the film. "She had such impact and spirit."

It's been taken for granted that her work in *Pompey* would lead to even bigger and better roles. She has the female lead in *Sixth Of June,* Karl Shapiro's great novel of the D-Day landings on Normandy.

And of course it's been taken for granted that Dana will be seen and be seen with Hollywood's eligible men. Richard Egan for one. He was accused of househunting after dating Dana. No more communicative than Grace Kelly on the subject of romance, Dana calls Egan, "a terrifyingly good actor, a man with great charm, who has a marvelous gift for telling wildly funny Irish stories." She refers to him as "Mr. Muscles" because of the shower scene in *Pompey's Head.* But adds, "he's got active muscles in his head, too. He'll make a fine director some day." She will not confirm nor deny the recurring rumor that she's secretly engaged to a London physician. Her only comment: "Doctors find publicity unethical and unsuitable to their calling." She's very coy about the huge square-cut diamond she wears on her engagement finger—"it's comfy there."

"She's housed in a hatbox," is the way one friend describes Dana's Hollywood quarters, a small, furnished one-bedroom house near the back entrance of the Fox lot. English, Irish, Italian, French and American hats are stacked everywhere and only Dana's comparative restraint in dresses makes it possible to move about.

White and powder blue are her favorite colors and she drives a powder-blue Chrysler convertible which helps her pursue her favorite hobby: Touring the homes of famous movie stars. Her own dream house is one that she's told is no longer fashionable in Hollywood—the Spanish hacienda. ("I still think it's the most beautiful architecture for Southern California, which, next to Rhodesia, is my favorite place to live.") "Where in the world," she asks earnestly, "do you find people who are so interested in a newcomer, so willing to help a stranger? I could scarcely believe it in New York. I'm still amazed at it in Hollywood." END

model house for a busy wife

(*Continued from page 50*) Jane Powell agrees that she's a real doll. What they don't always realize, however, is that she's a terribly busy doll. People seem to think that because she's in movies and can command a five figure salary in Las Vegas, her life's a breeze. Janie herself contributes to this impression by making everything she does appear effortless. She never *seems* rushed or hurried—but she is. If she's not working in a picture, she's rehearsing for a night-club or concert tour. Right now she's busy in still another department. She's expecting her third baby in early spring. It's little wonder then, that in order to have a career and yet to see something of her children, be a companion to her husband and run a good home, Jane has to cut corners and combine jobs.

Over the past few years she's perfected some dandy shortcuts—like baking cookies while memorizing song lyrics. She answers fan mail while sitting under the hair dryer. She often gives home interviews before or after having a party because the extra flowers around the house look so nice for pictures.

Home is a short-cut

But one of her best all-time short-cuts has proved to be the eight-room, modern California ranchhouse she bought soon after her divorce from Geary Steffen. When she first spotted this charming timber and fieldstone home, Janie wanted a comfortable size house with very little land. Living alone with a nurse and two children she didn't want to be away off in the hills, neither did she want a swimming pool and expensive grounds to care for.

With these needs uppermost in her mind, she drove along Sunset Boulevard one day and noticed a sign offering "Gracious Contemporary Living." Off to the left were a group of new homes in the process of being built. Next to them stood a new school, on what used to be a fashionable polo field.

"I made such a sharp turn I caused motorists going in both directions to yell at me," recalls Janie, "but I hadn't known about this new development going up in Brentwood and I wanted to take a closer look. I went to the sales office and the agent showed me a map of the area and floor plans for various size houses."

In less time than it takes to tell, Janie decided to buy one of the large model homes. She chose one with three bedrooms, three baths, a kitchen, dining room, den, living room and maid's quarters. When she actually drove around and saw the house in its completed stage, she was even more satisfied—because it had so many big closets.

"You see, what I really wanted," jokes Janie, "was a lot of closets with a house around them."

After Jane and Pat were married they considered moving to a larger place. They looked, but couldn't find anything that suited them half as well at twice the price. Happily, they decided to stay put. They made only one minor addition to accommodate the man of the house: they blocked off a sliding glass door in the bedroom and made the space leading to the patio into a wardrobe closet large enough to hold all of Pat's clothes.

This was the minor change. The major changes were made in furniture and redecorating, and they've taken the better part of a year to complete.

"I wanted everything to be new," explains Jane with a small romantic smile. "I wanted to start afresh. Pat and I auctioned off all my old things and started from scratch. I wanted our home to show

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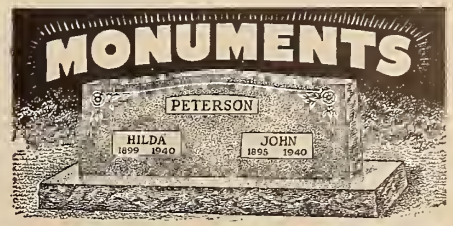

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our tastes—his and mine. It's taken months of selecting, hunting, ordering and reordering but now I can truly say the house reflects its owners."

Just as Jane tries to combine all of the various facets of her life, so she and Pat have tried to make every room in the house serve several needs. In furnishing the living room, for instance, they set out to create an informal, homey atmosphere for all the times when just the family is gathered around the piano or sprawled in front of the fireplace. So they had an oatmeal colored couch built to hug one wall and on it they've scattered turquoise and scarlet cushions. The cushions can be shifted to any spot on the long couch to fit the people sitting on it, and a four-part, sectional coffee table can also be shifted about to suit their convenience and make serving easy.

Two easy chairs beside the fireplace and a low, marble-topped bench in front of the glass wall overlooking the garden complete the living-room furniture for normal usage. When they give a party for ten or more the room changes character.

Janie had thick cushions made so that when she and Pat have friends in for a buffet supper some of the gang can sit comfortably on the floor. She keeps six of these bright red cushions stacked under the travertine and teak coffee tables. The marble bench also has two pull-out stools at either end. These inconspicuous party seats make all the difference between being able to give a big affair once in awhile or always having to entertain in small groups. In the summer especially, the Nerneys like to have barbecues for twenty or more.

For these parties Janie prepares the salad, vegetable, and dessert in advance. Pat grills the meat after the guests have had a round of drinks. Generally speaking, this makes for effortless entertaining but Janie shudders whenever she thinks of their first big barbecue.

She'd finished arranging her part of the buffet on the dining room table and she decided to check on Pat. To her horror, she found him deep in conversation on his favorite subject—art collecting. She tried to catch his eye but he ignored her signals. It got later and later. When she finally managed to interrupt, he'd completely forgotten that he was supposed to cook the main dish. He thought that she was just trying to get him to be the first to eat.

"I could have cheerfully strangled him with my bare hands," says Janie vehemently. "After all the hours of preparation I'd put into making it a spectacular dinner."

Like most couples who've celebrated their first anniversary, Jane and Pat look back and laugh over this night as one of the milestones in their First Year.

Two-job room

Making a room do two jobs isn't usually easy, but the orange, beige and black den serves several purposes. It is probably the most versatile room in the house, boasting a fireplace, bar, TV set, two day beds, a coffee table that lifts to card-table height and lots of books. Before the dining room had furniture Jane and Pat ate all their evening meals here. Now just Jay and Sissie use it for a dining room. They sit on their own small rattan chairs to watch television and eat at the low table, feeling very grown-up and private.

Occasionally the den doubles as a guest room, but it's used mostly as a cozy place to curl up with a good book. Janie often lies down there in the afternoon to rest and read, since she can still keep an eye on Jay and Sissie, invariably playing in the back yard.

The den is also the library. The books in this room are kept on an unusually high shelf. This was Pat's idea. When he first got the carpenters to put up this sky-high shelf, Janie thought he'd taken leave of his senses but she wisely held her tongue. Now she can see the merits of this unconventional way to store books. The shelves don't take needed space away from a small room, and Pat's art books are safely out of reach of the children's grubby fingers.

The dining room was the last part of the house to be redecorated. Neither Jane nor Pat liked its original green wallpaper but since they couldn't settle on a new color they had no choice but to leave the room alone. In their anxiety to get the rest of the house finished, they practically forgot about it. Then Pat bought several small oils, as he's apt to do in a weak moment. The rest of the walls were taken, so that brought them back to the dining room. It was obvious that the paintings needed a neutral background so their problem was solved for them; they decided to use grass cloth on the walls. Next, Jane ordered a simple teakwood table and chairs that wouldn't compete with the fine art. In this severely plain setting she uses a lot of her wedding silver and among the flowers in the center of the dining table she keeps a lovely little head by Degas.

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The kitchen is one of the features that originally sold Jane on the house. It's long and narrow and a nimble cook can work fast there with a minimum of movement—yet there's plenty of room for a breakfast table, telephone desk, and even Pat's butcher's chopping block. There are bleached ash cabinets that don't show fingerprints, a door leads directly to and from the children's play yard, and everything about the room is bright and gay and spotless.

Lastly, the bedrooms in this well-planned house are at the opposite end from the kitchen and service porch where, by the way, the laundromat plays "How Dry I Am" when the clothes are finished.

Their master bedroom is a quiet blue room with purple accents and silver accessories. Pat selected this color scheme and Janie hesitantly agreed. Now that she's actually lived with the colors she thinks they are the most restful combination in the world. Pat also suggested that they have the frame of their headboard lacquered silver to harmonize with all Jane's sterling pieces. He also had a television set put in and hi-fi piped in through speakers in their bedside tables.

Jay and Sissie

"If we should live here until the children grow up and want to take over the living room for their parties, Pat and I can always retire comfortably to our own room," predicts Jane.

But for the time being, at least, Jay and Sissie are perfectly content to keep their social activities in their own rooms. They have identical bedrooms with an adjoining bath. Sissie's room is painted a delicate blue and white, and a doll collection fills the shelves of her room.

Jay's woodwork is natural pine and he keeps all sorts of boyish treasures on his shelves. He loves records and crayoning, and not too long ago went so far as to color the back of the den door. Jane didn't spank him or make him clean off the marks, she merely told him quite seriously that he should know better than to crayon on a wall. Then everytime she had guests and someone mentioned the marks Jane would comment that it was a foolish place for Jay to color. After a few such discussions he was sufficiently chastened and begged his mother to clean it off. They've had no more such errors in judgment from Jay.

So much has been written about Jane's talents as a cook that she now tends to belittle her skill—saying that she just follows the recipes in the books. It's true she does own an impressive number of cookbooks from *Fanny Farmer* to *Countess Morphy's Encyclopedia Of Cooking*, but her greatest housekeeping accomplishment is just being able to do so much without showing signs of strain. When pinned down about her secrets, Jane insists she doesn't have any. She says she just goes ahead and does things. If she's going to straighten up a room, she starts and doesn't stop until it's finished. If she has letters to write, she sits down and writes them at once. And she's well-organized enough to do all her Christmas shopping in two days because she's thought it over ahead of time.

"Somehow it seems that the busier I am the more I can do," muses Janie, "if you can figure that out. I believe it's because when I'm working and pressed for time I don't procrastinate."

Janie has also found some housekeeping worksavers. She wraps polished silver in Saran Wrap, for example, to keep it from tarnishing. She uses a Broil-Quick rather than the stove broiler. She keeps a first aid kit in the kitchen in case of burns and cuts. And she has one "big-order" shopping day a week. On her weekly trip to the Country Mart Jane takes a shopping list a block long and she tries to buy all her food, books, gadgets and gifts at one time. Anything she overlooks or forgets she orders by telephone later in the week. It's her belief that too many wives waste time and energy running to the store for every little item. With Janie time is more precious than money—but she's adept at saving both.

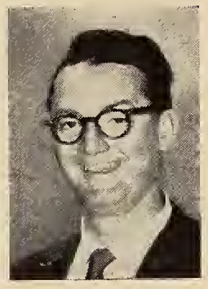
With the approach of spring and the new baby due any day, excitement runs high in the Nerney household. Only Janie seems serene. She's busier than ever but unruffled.

"Yes, a baby will bless our house," she says with a radiant smile, "and make our happiness complete." **END**

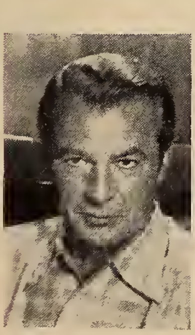
BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD



I'll never forget my first meeting with Steve Allen. It was February or March, 1949, in sunny California. I had just planed in from New York to secure some music rights for a major film. In the course of my visiting various music personalities I heard the name Steve Allen mentioned several times in relation to a disc jockey-pianist who had a really different style. Always on the lookout for something new in music, I walked over to the CBS Studios. Here I found a studio, a bespectacled pianist playing, and about half a hundred people sitting in folding chairs. Steve Allen, at the piano, was keeping up a running conversation with the audience while he played to a microphone. There were no CBS pages or guards to keep order. People came in and people went out. I sat down, watched, and listened. Steve would read some of his fan mail, query the audience about it, play the piano; and believe me, it was good. Steve kept a certain order in the program, and yet there really wasn't any order. Confusion reigned, and yet it was controlled. After the program went off the air, I went up to Steve, introduced myself, and asked him if he would do a monthly feature for a music magazine in New York. Steve said sure, if he could put anything in the column he wanted. I said O.K. Three weeks later in New York I received the first column, and I'd like to quote a part of it for you. It was called *Allen Callin'* and ran like this: "I was coming into the CBS studios the other night, and a listener stopped me with this question, 'Are you Steve Allen?' When I told her I was, she said, 'I want you to know you're number one on my Hit Parade.' *Then she hit me.* Say, Joan Davis gave me a money-saving hint the other day. Don't throw away old, hard doughnuts. With a little green cellophane they make a very attractive pair of sunglasses. Bing Crosby had a flat on Sunset and Vine and he had no jack. Imagine that! Bing Crosby without any *jack!*" The column was very successful. It ran for more than a year. Then Steve's other duties became so pressing that he had to give it up. This is why *The Benny Goodman Story*, now being produced by Universal Pictures and starring Steve Allen, is of personal interest to me. Also, Benny Goodman, the chief of the licorice stick, who highlighted the exciting era of American jazz, was known personally to me and my typewriter. This is one picture no jazz fan will miss. You'll hear Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson playing twenty-eight great numbers, among which are "Don't Be That Way" (Goodman's theme song), "Let's Dance," "And the Angels Sing," "Shine," "One O'Clock Jump," and "No Name Blues." I can just see Steve on the set in his dressing room when the cameras aren't turning. He's either listening to jazz, composing, working on a series of readings, writing on one of his new books, or thinking about his *Tonight* NBC video assignments. He takes this all in his stride, and that's what makes him tick. If you don't believe me, ask him.



That song with the strange title "Lead Her Like A Pigeon" may wind up with the distinction of being the only top hit song ever written in ten minutes. This isn't a joke: both the words and music were done in just about that period of time. Seems that William Wyler was directing *Friendly Persuasion*, an Allied Artists production, when a sudden decision to change a scene created an opportunity for Gary Cooper to sing a song, for once. Dimitri Tiomkin, who composed and conducted the musical score, was on the set at the time and he phoned Jessamyn West, who authored the screenplay. She immediately dictated the lyrics. Tiomkin scribbled the tune on an old piece of cardboard, Cooper was taken over to the music department, a pianist ran through the score a couple of times for him, and he had it. Which certainly must be a record. So, move over everybody in the Singing Actors' League. Here comes Cooper. Incidentally, when Dimitri Tiomkin appeared on Groucho Marx's show, Groucho asked: "How come that a man like you, born in Russia, was able to write a real American cowboy song like 'Do Not Forsake Me, Oh My Darling' for *High Noon?* Were you ever a cowboy?" "No," answered Dimitri, "but then Strauss wrote 'The Blue Danube' and couldn't swim a stroke."

Strains from the *William Tell* overture and the mighty sound of hoofbeats will be heard throughout the nation's movie theatres. *The Lone Ranger*, Warners' picture starring Clayton Moore, (*Continued on page 80*)

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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 79*) will soon be seen. Although he's never been photographed without his mask, Clayton enjoys a unique distinction all his own. "Most folks don't know me from Adam," laughs Moore, "until I speak. Then they take a second look and invariably say, 'Well, now, I sure know that voice, but I just can't place the face.'" The make-up department had a king-sized problem with Silver, the magnificent silver-white stallion. After chases and runs over the prairies, Silver began to turn into a spotted roan—the result of the fine powdered brown dust which clings to his hair. So, before every closeup the make-up department had to swab down the big horse from head to foot, so he'll show up on the screen in natural color.

Currently among the most sought-after actors of stage and screen, José Ferrer was born in Puerto Rico, January 8, 1912, and named José Vincente Ferrer Otero y Cintron. Always a perfectionist, José has just completed *Survivors Two* for Columbia release. It's the true life story of a Commando Force of Royal British Marines led by Col. H. G. Hasler in a series of daring exploits against Nazi shipping. A stickler for realism, José would have none of the usual spraying with hoses and the use of artificial mud when brand-new uniforms were issued to the cast. After donning the uniform, José leaped into the chilly water of the River Tagus and rolled up to the neck in mud. "Come on boys," he shouted, "you'd have to pay good money for this kind of beauty treatment at home." Soon the entire cast were having a wonderful time throwing mud at each other, to the amazement of the Portuguese onlookers who obviously now had proof that all English and Americans are quite mad. Yana, a twenty-two-year-old cabaret singer with fair hair and blue eyes, has been signed to portray a British Wren (British Wave) in the film and will sing a wartime number, "The London I Love." Yana was awarded a five-year film contract as a result of the fame she won in singing at the Pigalle night club in London. John Addison created the music score, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra will record it. Incidentally, José gave up the career of a concert pianist when he entered Princeton's School of Architecture in 1930, although he continued with his six-piece band until 1932. His studies made it imperative to give up one or the other.

Rossana Podesta, who plays Helen in Warners' *Helen Of Troy*, has been promised the statue of the goddess Aphrodite, sculpted in her likeness for the picture, when the film is completed. Rossana is enchanted. Now all she has to do is find an apartment to fit the statue—it's eighteen feet high. During the shooting of the picture, a flood of correspondence was received from songwriters, amateur and otherwise, suggesting song ideas and titles for the picture. Among those received were "Trojan Rock," "The Trojan Wars Mambo," "The Golden Apple Lullaby," "Come To Me My Charioteer," "Achilles, Look Out, There's An Arrow For Your Heel." Max Steiner has been signed to score the music from the picture. Sir Cedric Hardwicke discovered that he always gets first attention from the Italian waiters in the Cinecitta Studios restaurant. Sir Cedric says, "They serve you not according to the importance of your role but the extravagance of your costume."

One thousand fans watched Lucille Ball fall into the Merced River! Their gasp of amazement echoed from Bridal Veil Falls to El Capitan when they realized it was their favorite redhead and not a reasonable facsimile of same. The dunking, in water forty-seven degrees cold, took place at Yosemite for outdoor scenes in *Forever, Darling*, a romantic comedy starring Miss Ball, Desi Arnaz and James Mason. Lucy and Desi are in a rubber raft when Lucy inadvertently rips the side of the raft with a knife. Out wafts the air and down go the stars—into the water. For the first time in a picture since she was a Goldwyn Girl, the fourteen-carrot-topped Ball goes blonde. Watch for the scene in which she wears a bright red scarf. This would have been taboo with her strawberry hair. In this picture you'll see James Mason emceeing a party and leading a conga line. Quite different for the "black-browed" star. Johnny Green conducts the MGM Orchestra for the background music, and the Ames Brothers have recorded the title song from the picture to be released on RCA Victor. Desi Arnaz will record the same tune for release on MGM's label.

A most hearty welcome to the new major record label started by Paramount Theatres and the American Broadcasting Company. It's called A.B.C.-Paramount; and if the first releases are any indication of the type of records we can expect, then look for many bits on this label. Their first release is Eydie Gorme's "Sincerely Yours" from the Liberace picture, and it's backed with "Come Home." Eydie is Steve Allen's vocalist on the *Tonight* show and a gal with a future. Wait till you hear Annette Warren's "Tame Me," and "Circle" on the flip side. Annette's been heard in most of the top night spots, and she supplied the voice for Ava Gardner's singing in the movie "Show Boat." Remember the name John Leslie, and remember that you read it for the first time in this column. John's first release will be in January, and he swore me to secrecy after playing me an acetate of his work. However, I'll say this: John Leslie has the same quality of voice timbre and phrasing that made great names like Nat "King" Cole.

Diane, costume-wise, is MGM's most lavish historical production since *GWTW*. It's the story of a beautiful woman and a romance that survives political intrigue, conflict of nations, and the hatred of the world's most feared woman, Catherine de Medici, during the glittering era of the early 16th Century French Renaissance. Lana Turner, Pedro Armendariz, Roger Moore, Marisa Pavan, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are cast in this production. Lana Turner is the heroine Diane and has my vote for this year's heroine in real life. During an eight day filming period on the set Lana made twenty-eight costume changes of period-designed velvets, brocades, silks, satins and laces, weighing a total of twelve hundred pounds. Lana fenced, loved, danced, and while riding horseback manipulated a riding habit of thirty pounds of trailing velvet. She lost eight pounds during this period, and is down to the beautiful measurements of 35" bust, 31" hips, and 22" waist. Roger Moore, who plays Lana's royal lover, has quite a busy time being immersed in cold water, trapped in swampy mire, lost in a forest, and gored by a wild boar. But I guess it's worth it since he winds up in Lana's arms. Sean McClory, playing the sidekick of Roger Moore, goes through the same feats as Roger, but he winds up only in the Palace Guards. Lana refused the offer of a fencing teacher from MGM since hubby Lex Barker taught her how. Lex is acknowedged as one of the top fencers in Hollywood today. According to historical researchers at MGM, Catherine de Medici invented the side saddle, not to facilitate riding, but to show off her legs! Dan Dailey, not in this picture, is the President of the Westhills Hunt Club. Hearing the studio needed a pack of hounds for a scene, Dan allowed twenty-one of the club's specially-trained foxhounds to participate. Musically, the film promises many interesting developments. Roger Moore is also a songwriter. He wrote a London hit song, "White Wings," with wife Dorothy Squires. Roger wrote an original composition which he hopes Director David Miller will use as the theme for the picture. The Robert Mitchell Boys Choir, consisting of eight boy sopranos, will be seen and heard singing a mass. Miklos Rozsa, of Academy Award fame, will do the music score for the production.

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Gene Whitaker, WNCA
Siler City, N. C.
Mike Woloson, WNOR
Norfolk, Virginia

love is a laughing matter

(*Continued from page 46*) something wonderful might happen. Something wonderful meant a chance to prove you could act. Men had their place. Cynthia was even sort of semi-engaged to a certain law student who came down for week ends. But marriage swam far off in the comfortable distance, offering no charms right then to compete with a career. These sentiments would have been loudly applauded by John Uhler Lemmon, III. Girls had their place. He knew better, however, than to squire the same girl for more than two weeks. That way involvement lay.

Uta Hagen brought them together. Jack tried out for her off-Broadway production of Tolstoy's *Powers Of Darkness.* Among the feminine contenders he spotted a blonde—for which he claims no credit, since you couldn't miss her—tall, slender and lovely, simply dressed and well-groomed, the fair hair shining, laughter in the green-flecked hazel eyes. Sleuthing, he discovered her name to be Cynthia Stone, and felt that luck was a lady twice when Miss Hagen picked them both.

Having done its part, fate withdrew and left the game to love, which encountered a couple of stumbling blocks. After all, Cynthia had another beau, so she turned down Jack's dinner invitation. After all, he wasn't looking for a girl of his own. None of these considerations prevented him from seeing her home. At the end of two weeks he said sort of casually, "Well—good night, Cynthia," reached to kiss her, tripped on the four-inch step and fell flat on his puss. She considered this comical. Its humor escaped him. However, from his viewpoint, the second attempt proved a dilly. Rehearsing till midnight, gabbing over coffee till three, due on her Saks job at nine, Cynthia was getting plenty of no-sleep. From sheer exhaustion she fainted in the gentleman's arms and hadn't the heart to tell him why. He sauntered off, feeling he'd been pretty terrific.

"Wonderful girl. Where is she?"

As her interest mounted, Cynthia grew troubled. If an actor attracts you, it's hardly honest to stay even semi-engaged to a law student. Being a straightforward person, she resolved to take action. On opening night the cast arranged for a post-curtain celebration (or wake) at Paddy Clark's, the famous Third Avenue bar. Cynthia alone seemed hesitant. "Will you be there?" Jack persisted. "I'm bringing some friends I went to college with. I'd like them to meet you."

"I've got a date but I'll try to make it later."

To cut the agony short, she never showed. The cast dispersed, the friends departed on a note of cheerful irony. "Wonderful girl, Jack. Where is she?"

He paced Third Avenue. He paced the street in front of her apartment. At 2 a.m. he phoned. "Where *were* you?"

She sounded constrained. "I'll have to meet your friends another time."

Why he should have been furious Jack didn't pause to analyze. Next day he was still furious. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I had to talk to someone."

"Smells fishy," he growled.

"Then that's how it's got to smell."

Not till much later did he learn that while he watched the door at Paddy's, she'd been breaking off with the other guy.

The play ran for five nights and no stars were born. Only what Jack thought of as a beautiful friendship. This friendship called for seeing Cynthia daily. They began making the rounds together. He said, "I love the piano." She said, "We have a piano at our place." He said, "Ha!" She introduced him to the apartment and its bevy of dreamboats. In the chips, he'd take her to dinner. Out, which happened more often, he'd co-op with the girls. To Jack's music, they'd pull drying sweaters out of the oven and somebody'd cook—mostly filet of sole because it was cheap. Say piano to Jack nowadays, and the vision it conjures up is filet of sole. In all his life he never ate so much fish.

And in all his life he'd never squired a girl for more than two weeks. It was Jack's turn to review the situation. Another straightforward type, he also took action. "Cynthia, look, we shouldn't be seeing each other every day."

"You're right," she agreed promptly.

Feeling unaccountably flattened, he forced a weak grin. "Well—I'll give you a ring in a couple of days."

So she dated another boy for Saturday night. Which news, when it reached his ears, turned Lemmon livid. Determined to put up with no more nonsense, he'd nail her down each Sunday for the following Saturday. That summer he joined a Pennsylvania stock company. She came down for week ends, and the weeks between seemed endless. Sage friends proffered counsel. "Why don't you break down and marry the girl?"

"I don't want to get married. Moreover, I have no money and no job. So what do I marry on?"

Therein, by now, lay the crux of the matter. True, his plans had all been tied up with establishing himself as an actor, not as a husband. They hadn't included falling in love till later. Cynthia just happened. And Cynthia was too rare a happening to lose. The self-imposed blinders dropped. By now he knew she was his girl if she'd have him. On the other hand, Jack's a responsible citizen. As he saw it, you don't ask a girl to marry you till you can offer her sustenance of sorts, be it only filet of sole. He couldn't—not regularly.

Next season brought changes. Cynthia taught him some radio technique.

Flunking his first four tryouts, he passed the fifth and copped a running part in soap opera at $100 a week—more dough than he'd ever heard of. Topping even that, he landed his first TV job, the lead in an hour-long *Kraft Theatre* show. Script in hand, he went screaming down the street to Cynthia. Somewhere in between she'd met his folks, and he'd met hers when they visited Gotham briefly.

In contract form

Still he hadn't popped the question in so many words—and never did. Cruising along in a taxi one day, they mulled over the problem of a TV set for Cynthia's apartment. "We could buy it on time together," mused Jack, "and after we're married, use it in our own place."

Followed a long and pregnant silence. Only then did Jack realize that he'd stepped foot over the Rubicon. This filled him with such awe that the silence remained unbroken till Cynthia broke it. "*Are* we going to be married?"

"Well, sure—of course—some time," responded her gallant.

A week later, over frosted chocolates in a drugstore, she handed him a napkin. "Put it in contract form," she ordered.

"What?"

"That you, Jack, take me, Cynthia. And vice versa. For life. With no options."

They bought the ring from a friend who ran an antique shop—the antique shop because they wanted something old—the friend because he sold it to them cheap. The contract was further sealed by Duffy, a wire-hair and their first unofficial engagement gift. To Jack's father, an apartment wasn't for dogs. To Cynthia, any place was for dogs. Duffy moved in with

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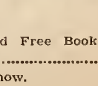

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Now enemy shells whistled over his head from vessels doomed to destruction. As the *Texas* raced past the flaming, riddled hulk of the *Vizcaya*, that Spanish battleship exploded.

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the girls. Owning a pup and a TV set in common, all the young lovers needed was a spot of upkeep.

Cynthia's an only daughter, whose mother died when she was sixteen and whose stepmother's a doll. Jack's a blend of modern and traditional. Both wanted her family to announce their formal engagement. Fortune cleared the way with a series called *That Wonderful Guy*, giving them a princely joint income of $225 a week. At Christmastime they headed for Peoria, where Jack spent a nervous day or two, alternately trailing and eluding Cynthia's father. A problem hacked him. Unlike Ensign Pulver, he's a worry-wort with some oldfashioned notions. How do you go about asking a man for the hand of his cherished child? At what point do you close the den doors behind you and croak out, "Well, sir."

Pop's a compassionate man. He took the fiancé-elect for a drive. Between this and that he tossed in a remark. "By the way, if you want to marry my daughter, it's all right with me." From the shock of relief, Jack all but fell out of the car. And from that day forward, Bud Stone could do no wrong in the sight of Lemmon.

There was a beautiful party, everyone loved everyone and the kids left for New York. Even the sponsors loved them, signing their show for another thirteen weeks and giving Jack a $25 raise. They set the wedding date for May 7 and hunted frantically for a place to live. The only available apartment rented at $200. With qualms they took it—partly because budget charts said it was sensible to pay twenty-five per cent of your income in rent—mostly because trees bloomed in the backyard and a fireplace in each of the two rooms. As irony would have it, no sooner had they signed the lease when notice came that the series was being dropped, and who'd pay the rent now? In a remote way Arthur Godfrey paid it. Jack got the nod as his summer replacement at an unbelievable $500 per.

And so to wed

The wedding took place on a cloudy day in the family home at Peoria. His father was Jack's best man, with the net result that four Lemmon knees quaked instead of two. Preceded by her maid of honor, Cynthia came downstairs on her dad's arm. As she moved through the archway into the living room, the clouds broke, the sun hit her and she lit up like a Christmas angel. People went ooh! So did the bridegroom's heart. And that's the sole sentimental detail you get.

Ludicrous items, sure, as many as you like. How his father had to catch the same train as the newlyweds but, absorbed in hurling rice, just stood there hurling. How, with his beautiful bride beside him, Jack leaned from the car, shrieking, "My father, my father!"—which sounded rather odd. How their room at the Drake was done up in leopard spots. How the management sent them champagne for breakfast. How, on top of the spots, this act of courtesy so dizzied them that they sneaked the stuff down the drain. How, in Miami, Jack contracted a case of sunburn that kept him soaking in vinegar through half of their ten-day honeymoon—a situation whose humor failed to come clear till later.

Back in New York, they took possession of the charming apartment, charmingly furnished with pieces left to Cynthia by her mother. The summer proved divine. Of Jack's $500 they saved a goodly portion, which was farsighted of them, because suddenly the market for Lemmons took a nosedive. At first he worked spasmodically and for peanuts. Then even peanuts grew scarce. Nor was Cynthia doing much better. The wolf sniffed, the wolf howled. On food you can always retrench, so they ate beans and hash and again filet of sole. But a lease is a lease and rent-day kept rolling around. From his father Jack borrowed the depressingly large sum of $200.

This state of affairs worsened for a year or more. One morning Jack woke with the sun shining on his face, though not on his mood. While Cynthia slept, he lay there for half an hour, feeling horrible, seeing no out but to go to his father again. Cynthia woke up. The sun was still shining. "Nice day," she said.

"Great," he grunted, turning his face to the wall.

She went to the bathroom to dress for the day's rounds. The phone rang. It was Ward Byron, producer. He wanted Cynthia and Jack for a fifteen minute segment on an hour show with Frances Langford and Don Ameche. "Gee, I hope you're both free," said Byron anxiously. "It pays a thousand a week."

Jack's knuckles whitened on the phone. He pushed his voice past the sudden blockage in his throat. "Yes, we're both free," he said hoarsely.

"Good! Can you meet me here at ten? I'll expect you then."

Cynthia walked in, brushing her hair. "Who was that?"

"Ward Byron. He wants to know if we'd like to do a show for a thousand a week."

She looked to see if this was a bad joke. She saw it wasn't. Her lips parted but nothing came out. Like a sleepwalker she moved back to the bathroom, still brushing her hair.

That ended their professional low. The show ran seven months. They paid off all their bills. To hail that glad day, Jack bought Cinny an antique jewelled cosmetic case and a sapphire guard for her wedding ring. For the rest, they were provident, saving two-thirds of their salary. In the fall of '52 they formed their own corporation and sold their own series. As a series, it turned out fair. As performers, their prestige mounted. Jobs poured in. Movie producers offered regulation contracts—you tie yourselves up to us for seven years, we can drop you at the end of any given six months. It didn't appeal. Toward Hollywood they had what Jack now describes as a slight attitude. Movies? That was for curlyheaded boys. The stage was their meat.

Jack made it in a revival of *Room Service*. On opening night Cynthia gave him a pair of plain gold cufflinks, one side inscribed with the name and date of the play, the other three left blank for whatever might happen. They're still blank—but the future is long.

It should happen

Though *Room Service* died on the vine, he reaped golden notices and Columbia waved a multiple-deal contract. A multiple-deal allows for outside pictures and time off for plays. This sounded better. But what caused Jack's eyes to bug out eight feet and water was the dazzling combination of such names as Cukor, Kanin and Judy Holliday for his first film, *It Should Happen To You*. Such names you don't look down your nose at, but take off your hat to. Cynthia was in Peoria on a week's visit. Having consulted with her by phone, he flew out and made the test. On their third anniversary three thousand miles lay between them. He wired her roses. She sent him a telegram. "Will call tonight. Congratulations on getting the part." Alone in his hotel room, he wondered if Hollywood the wacky was already rubbing off on his beloved wife.

"What do you mean, getting the part?" he asked when she called. "I haven't even heard yet."

"Didn't you know that Louella always

hears it first? I read it in her column."

Pictures or no, however, they were still easterners. Except for the necessary few weeks, nothing would induce them to live in Hollywood. While Jack did location scenes in New York, they moved into a new Beekman Place duplex. Then Cynthia had to see him off again. Within ten days a lonely husband heard a lonely voice on the phone. "I'm free now. Would you care to have me come out?"

"As of yesterday," he sang.

They took an apartment in Westwood, bought an MG, and California began weaving her spell. Neither would admit this to the other, each being sure that the other's roots lay elsewhere. Little by little suspicion took hold of Jack. "Every morning," he recalls, "I'd see this long stringbean of mine taking off for the beach with a crazy hat with a crazy pompon on top, looking like she'd never had it so good, and I'd start asking myself who's kidding who?"

Finally Cynthia put out feelers. "D'you suppose maybe if we got a little house, we could maybe live here part of the time—maybe—?"

"Cinny, tell me something. Where do you *want* to live?"

"In a house with a yard with a tree without taxis rushing back and forth. In a word, here."

"That's great for me. Because I'm making two pictures a year. But what about *your* career?"

"They tell me Hollywood's wired for TV."

So they called an agent who led them to a house, unpretentious but lovely. Entering the living room, they glimpsed through a bay window the feathery beauty of a huge pepper tree and stood entranced for ten minutes before the agent could drag them away. He showed them other houses, which they hated, having given their hearts at sight to the first. They made an offer, way below asking price, yet enough to swallow most of their capital. They called Cynthia's father and Jack's for advice, and got the advice they craved. Jack attempted a last stand at caution. "It's a big gamble. Suppose this picture lays a bomb. Or *I* do."

In MGM's *Kismet*, the Princesses of Ababu are a trio of beauties. The little Japanese is named Reiko Sato. The little Chinese is named Wonci Lui. The little Korean is named—Pat Dugan!!

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

"You won't. Oh Jack, I'm so sick and tired and fed up with New York."

Thus fired, he leaped to the phone and upped his offer by 250 bucks. Which so caught the owners offguard that they called it a deal.

Back to New York via car to get rid of Beekman Place and to ship the furniture, guaranteed to arrive ahead of them. Back across country with Duffy, a few things Cynthia wouldn't trust to the movers and a stopover in Peoria. Precisely at noon on August 22 they opened their own front door. Instead of chairs, emptiness greeted them. A couple of frantic calls left it clear that the stuff hadn't even got started yet.

Their cash assets came to $1600, and Jack was off salary till his next picture. An icebox they *had* to buy. At Sam's who was going out of business they picked up a tacky table and two benches. They borrowed two cups, two knives, etcetera. They invested in one set of box springs and a mattress. With Pete Lawford's blankets and some sheets Cynthia'd stuck in the car, they slept for twenty-one days in a single bed, Duffy curled at their feet. They sat on the soft carpets that came with the house. They hauled their table outdoors, feasted under the pepper tree and can't ever remember having a better time.

Maternity and paternity

One evening Jack draped himself carefully against the mantel. Standing, your hands are less likely to get entangled. The pose of nonchalance comes easier. Between surreptitious glances at Cynthia, he tried to make small talk. As representative of the stronger sex, his job was to distract the little woman who'd undergone pregnancy tests that day. The little woman looked supremely tranquil. When the phone rang, it was Jack who jumped six feet, pulled himself together and clutched the mantel again, this time for support. "Thank you," he heard Cynthia saying. "Thank you very much. I think I'd better hang up now and tell my husband. He's pretty excited."

The first transports over, they called both families. Bud, if anything, took it harder than Jack. Nor were his own parents very coherent. "I can't stand it, I can't stand it, I can't stand it!" Mrs. Lemmon kept hollering. Having murdered sleep for four people, they sat up till the crack of dawn, holding hands. "Let's keep it quiet here," said Cynthia. "Let's not tell a soul."

"Wild horses," vowed Jack, "couldn't drag it out of me. Who needs it in all the columns right away?"

By next afternoon all the columns had it, and the culprit was far more exultant than abashed. "Excuse it, honey, I just couldn't keep my trap shut. Besides, you can buy those maternity outfits now."

"I won't need them for months yet."

"I want you in them tomorrow."

By the same token, he bought her two rattles for her birthday and a music-box that played Brahms' Lullaby. Cynthia flourished, ate like a lion and couldn't keep her eyes open. Jack suffered insomnia and a few simple pains. At six on the morning of June 21 he felt a poke in the ribs. Cinny was up, quietly dressing. "Is this it?" he yelped.

En route to Cedars of Lebanon, they picked up Cynthia's folks, who'd come out by request. Jack noted that Bud looked green at the gills. Nobody told him that he looked greener. At the hospital Cynthia was torn from them. Bud and Dotty, confined to the lower regions, were torn from Jack. At least they had each other for comfort. He had only some jokers in the waiting room, experiencing parenthood for the blasé third or fourth time.

All day nothing happened. He'd chase downstairs with bulletins to that effect, then return to stare through the window at a purple bougainvillea, every leaf of which remains clear in his mind. At 6 p.m., the doctor said, "Go have dinner."

"But—"

"Go have dinner. I don't want another patient on my hands."

After ordering steaks, Jack called the hospital. Somebody else ate the steaks. Cynthia, they'd told him, was in the labor room. Back at his post in nothing flat, frustration piled up. He couldn't see her. He wasn't allowed beyond the swinging doors. Ingeniously he discovered that if you swung the door by accident, a nurse came out. Timing his accidents, he kept himself informed. "How's Mrs. Lemmon?"

"She's all right."

"I just wanted to hear you say it."

Great big beautiful boy

By nine all the other babies had been born. Now he was really alone. Even the bougainvillea got lost in the gloom. Second by creeping second, the longest hours of his life ticked themselves by. Eleven, midnight, one. On his trips below he as-

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sumed an air of false cheer. On the way back he went crazy. Something had to be wrong. What were they keeping from him? What torments was she suffering? How long would they let this go on?

As if in answer, the doctor appeared and spoke first to the anguished plea in Jack's eyes. "She's all right. Nothing to worry about. X-rays show room for a normal birth. But I think she's taken enough. I'm going to deliver the baby by Caesarean."

They wheeled Cynthia out. Spent though she was, she propped herself on an elbow. "Dear," she said, "I'm going to have a Caesarean."

Her gallantry all but undid him. Keeping rein on himself, he managed a smile. "I know. The doctor says you're a heck of a good patient. I'm proud of you." His lips touched her cheek. "I love you very much, Cinny."

He sweated the Caesarean out by himself, telling his co-watchers only that the baby was expected shortly. Shortly stretched to eternity. And then a nurse opened the doors. "I don't know whether it's a boy or a girl, but your wife has the *biggest, healthiest* baby. Don't worry, she's fine. All through the operation she kept telling the doctor to bet on a horse named Copasetic."

He was at her side, holding the doors open. "It's a boy," he heard. "Nine pounds seven," he heard. "What a whopper!" he heard. Then the nurse steered him away. "Relax," she said quietly. "She won't be out for a while yet."

Down again, where he found Bud and Dotty stretched on a pair of couches. "Hey, you're grandparents!" Up again, before he could miss anything. At four-twenty-two out rolled Cynthia, dopey but smiling. "Have you seen my great big beautiful boy?" Out rolled the great big beautiful boy on his own cart and Pop stood petrified. The head of his son and heir came to a point! He looked wildly around. Nobody else seemed to notice. He rubbed his eyes. It still came to a point.

Guarding the secret well, he made twenty-eight phone calls, seventeen of them long distance. Then he caved in, weary face in his hands. "Oh God," he prayed, "don't let anything be wrong with that head."

By next afternoon when he arrived with a ruby guard to match Cynthia's sapphires, their child's head was properly flattened. At eighteen months, he's gorgeous. In a baby beauty contest, it's widely conceded, Christopher Lemmon's the kid you'd have to beat. He takes kindly to his father's rough-housing. So does Cynthia—up to a liberal point. The point was reached when she found Jack hanging the baby upside down. "Excellent for the circulation," he explained. They held a long discussion over that.

Family life

Both want at least a two-child family. Meanwhile Cynthia plans to return to TV. She still loves acting. But never again will her career loom as important as it once did. Never again will it place anywhere but third to husband and son. The same holds true of Jack. Serious, hardworking, ambitious though he is, should the day ever come when Cynthia asks, "Don't make that picture, take me to Europe instead," he'll take her.

Both were born to backgrounds that bred an inner security. Both developed sound character and steadfast values, whether applied in large ways or small. For over a year in their new house, they used a makeshift table, waiting till they could afford the one of their choice rather than compromise on something-just-as-good that wasn't. Though their tastes mesh for the most part, both are individualists with strongly held opinions. This leads to disagreement. They disagree without flying off the handle. Says Cynthia, a friendly person, with grace and warmth of manner: "If it's a big difference, which happens rarely, we discuss it like reasonable humans. But we never make anything big out of something that isn't."

Jack puts it another way. "When two people live together, each is bound to do something sooner or later that's going to ruffle the other. Aside from love, humor can well turn out to be the most important contribution to a marriage. If I get mad, Cynthia starts a dry line of ribbing. You can't stay mad when you're laughing your fool head off."

Each considers the other easy to live with. According to Cynthia, nothing upsets Jack except paying bills. He scowls, mutters, waves a large item from Saks and launches into a soliloquy about saving money. She digs up the payment due on his new fishing-rod. He grins and subsides. When he's working, she pays the bills, which makes for a nice peaceful first-of-the-month. As long as he doesn't see them, they don't bother him.

According to Jack, Cynthia's the more equable of the two. Under his working habits, many a good wife would snap. Through his first weeks on a picture, he inhabits a world of his own. Talk to him and he's elsewhere. "Hm?" he says. This used to irritate her till it struck her funny. Now she writes him notes. Or says sweetly, "Better listen, dear. You never know what you're going to miss." Which low appeal jolts him out of his coma.

Come May, the Lemmons will celebrate their sixth anniversary. Since claiming his bride, Jack is a man transformed in two details. Used to be that his clothes lay where they fell. Cynthia introduced him to such marvels as hangers and shoe-trees. Used to be that his eating range was fairly restricted. For the ideal midnight snack, one can of corn dumped into one can of beans and the whole doused in catsup. For more formal meals, hamburgers well done with eight plates of French fries. Anything beyond those limits he considered exotic.

Cynthia's a cook of parts and no slouch in the field of common sense psychology. Waiting till her husband was famished one night, she served lobster and a salad. He eyed both with disfavor. "Why do I have to eat what I don't like?"

"That's a fair question. Now *you* answer *me* one. Have you ever tasted a lobster?"

"Come to think of it, no."

"Then try. Maybe your palate's still young enough to be coaxed. If not, I'll fix you some hamburgers."

He now eats food in variety as well as quantity, and with equal pleasure. These minor changes apart, he's the same guy she married, which is how she likes him. And the other way round.

Their major current difference concerns the menagerie, comprising Duffy and two cats. Jack likes animals but holds that they don't have to be multiple, especially when it comes to walking them. He hints darkly then about getting rid of all three. Cynthia, on the other hand, contemplates an addition. With Duffy nearing eight, it's time for a new pup. She'll know how to manage. Some day the pup will just be there, tumbling with Chris who, like his mother, goes for anything fourfooted. This will make an effective tableau, none the less fetching for being pre-arranged. And Cinny will lift her laughing, green-flecked eyes. "You couldn't be so cruel as to take it away from him?"

He couldn't. Neither from Chris nor from the girl to whom he pledged himself on a drugstore napkin. For life. With no options. And with all his heart. **END**

kim—I knew her then

(*Continued from page 43*) into the fun. When our guest star, Carmen Cavallaro, walked onto the stage, the girls started screaming madly. Everyone rushed wildly for the stage. Startled, unaggressive Kim was left alone at the fringe of this hysteria. Then it happened. This uncertain little girl seemed to become someone else. It was as if she had stepped upon a stage and had started acting a part. Kim was suddenly vivacious, exuberant! Frantically swooning, screaming with delight, she became the most typical "typical teen" in the crowd.

Right in the midst of Kim's intense play-acting she noticed her friends edging to the back of the ballroom. And as if a curtain had come down on her performance, it was over. Kim was again the unsure little girl.

The "miracle"

Later on, Kim came down to the clubhouse with her friends to attend the preliminary modeling tryouts held to select the girls who would compete in our big modeling contest and fashion show. Kim's friends were signing up for the event, but she sat apart from the gay bustle of activity. She was surprised and pleased when I suggested she try out, too. After much hesitation on her part, and further persuasion on mine, she finally entered. As she left her friends to be judged, she seemed terrified and I began to be sorry that I had put her in such a spot. But when she stepped on the stage, I knew what an amazing person she was. It was as though she had completely forgotten that any of us existed. The judges were captivated by her stage charm, and selected Kim as one of the models to compete in our big show.

I couldn't figure it out, this great change in Kim when she was on the runway, until a few days later when she dropped into the office to chat. I was complimenting her on her fine stage presence, in spite of the fact that she had no training or experience.

Kim said, "That wasn't me that walked across the stage. I would have been scared to death. That was a good model who knew exactly how to walk and what to do. I was just pretending that I was that model. Goodness knows, *I* couldn't have done it!"

Suddenly I remembered that first time I saw Kim at the Christmas party. And I realized that there she was just "pretending" because she wanted so very much to be like all the other kids.

Kim and I soon became fast friends. She helped in my office during all her spare time, after school and on Saturdays, and loved learning about the behind-scenes operations of a big department store. She thoroughly enjoyed helping me with the unglamorous part of preparing for a fashion show or radio show, delighted to be a part of the mad rush, with a definite job to do.

One day when I was telling her how much I appreciated all her help, Kim flashed me a warm smile and said, "Here, helping you, I feel needed. Before, I have always been on the outside looking in. It's wonderful to be on the inside looking out."

Soon it was time for our largest and most publicized activity of the year, the big modeling contest and fashion show. Kim, as well as the other teens selected in the preliminary tryout, was practicing and getting ready for this event, since the big prizes were a four-hundred-dollar complete professional scholarship from The Patricia Stevens Modeling School, plus a coordinated wardrobe.

Just before the show, when all the other entrants were wearing themselves out redoing their make-up, fussing about their own personal appearance, Kim was busy helping me with last minute details: checking final line-up for the show; clothes, accessories. Finally, I had to remind her to comb her hair, put on her lipstick (special for the show: she wasn't allowed to wear it any other time) and get ready.

A few minutes before the big event, a newspaperman wanted to meet some of the likely contenders. I introduced him to a couple of the older girls, then asked Kim to come out from backstage. Kim was still unsure of herself, meeting people and making conversation. The reporter was fascinated by her nonetheless, but after she left he said something like this, "Beautiful little girl, lovely figure, but she'll never win! She seems nervous, awkward, ill at ease. Did you notice she admitted to me her insecurity and fear of this big show? Doesn't she know that other people tend to agree with your own opinion of yourself?"

"Wait until you see Kim on the stage," I suggested.

It was Kim's turn to compete in the modeling contest. I was at the mike doing a brief commentary on each of the contestants. My heart sank as Kim tripped as she was coming toward the stage. But as she started across the stage to the runway, I relaxed. She had become a different person, poised, radiant, walking with brisk, confident strides. She was acting the part of the loveliest model in the show. And that she was, by the unanimous decision of the judges! In spite of the fact that Kim was only twelve, and the other girls were older and more experienced, she won the contest and the scholarship!

"Cross your fingers"

Perhaps sometimes you've felt like Kim. She wanted so very much to be included in a group, any group, but especially by these older high school models. Before the show, Kim had said to me, "The girls have been so good to include me in their grown-up plans after rehearsals. Cross your fingers and hope they don't find out I'm still in grammar school." When the decision was announced and our winner Kim was asked to come on the stage, her great desire to be one of the gang presented a problem. A gathering of very young friends of hers, twenty or thirty sitting together near the front, just about raised the roof, they were so happy for Kim. It was very evident that her rooters were all from the grammar school crowd. I could see Kim's embarrassment as she glanced at the other models. Don't misunderstand, Kim wasn't ashamed of her own school crowd, but they had never included her before, never made her feel that she was part of the gang. The older girls, on the other hand, had accepted Kim as one of them. That, she had liked! Suddenly, she realized that now she was one of her own school group, and that was even better. She smiled and laughed at their enthusiasm, loving every minute of it. After the show, Kim said to me, "Wasn't it great? Those kids came all the way down to the Loop, just to root for me—for *me*, Norma. I still can't believe it. I never thought they knew I existed. I feel wonderful, simply wonderful!" And I think Kim was actually more thrilled about that than about winning the contest. What her prize-winning modeling course would do for her never entered her dreams.

My newspaper friend stayed after the show, to take pictures of our young celebrity. He said, "I've never seen such a change in a person. When she walked on that stage, things happened! She's the most terrific young model I've seen in a long, long time. She didn't give with that fake, sweet smile that seems so typically 'model,' but looked at us in her lovable, sincere way, and won us without trying at all. I have a feeling that gal is going places!" (Wonder if that reporter remem-

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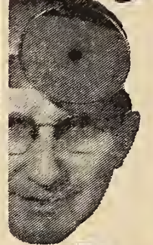

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bered the Fairteen Contest when he first read of Kim's success in Hollywood?)

I'm sure I was just as thrilled and happy as Kim. It was exciting to see this bewildered, imaginative girl, growing into a confident teenager. Winning something special, making Kim important to herself and to others, was just what she needed.

The TV show

Kim took advantage of every opportunity to learn something new and each experience seemed to bring out her true self and personality. Like our first television show together. They tell me that one important requisite of a good actress is the ability to memorize quickly. Today, when Kim says she has to learn a script in one night, I know that she can do just that, because she has always been a whiz at memorization. Her ability to memorize quickly helped us all out at our first Fairteen television show. Our radio sponsor asked us to replace an adult show for one evening. We found ourselves with only a few hours to work out a presentation. Those were the days when television was still in an experimental stage, with only four or five hundred sets in the entire city.

The other day when Kim and I were talking about this first show, she laughed and said, "Remember how all of us got hysterical just as we were supposed to go on the air, when we saw each other made up with that horrible orange pancake make-up and black lipstick? Or maybe it was because of those hot, miserable lights or the cameras peering down at us, just waiting for the seconds to click off—or that final blow when WBKB revised our complete show and gave us just one hour to memorize a whole new script. But I know I never felt such a terrible urge to giggle as when they told us we had just thirty seconds until air time—and everyone was hysterical, giggling like crazy. Everyone was disgusted with 'those silly teenagers.' What a hectic, thrilling night!"

Seems strange now when *seconds* matter so much in television, but since there were only two evening shows scheduled at that time, they *delayed* our show until our cast got themselves under control. When the show finally got underway, actress Kim came through for all of us. She was the only one who had a quick enough memory to have learned our revised script in the hour given us. So when someone forgot, she assumed the responsibility of saying her lines, or asking a leading question, and generally kept the show going.

Soon after this, Kim was doing professional modeling for other stores, manufacturers and photographers. Big shows, like the War Bond Fashion Show at the Chicago Coliseum. Really, she should have received some sort of an award for her acting performance at that show.

She tells it like this: "When I left home the morning of the show, complete with hatbox, I had never felt more like a professional model. Neither Grandmother nor Mother approved of the teen fashions, but since this was such a special day for me, Mother let me wear my pink sloppy sweater, my short plaid skirt, sloppy moccasins, and heavy thick white anklets. I want you to know how I looked when I left home, because there were some changes made! At that time I was wearing my hair in a very long smooth bob, like every other teenager in Chicago.

"Well, Norma, I realized from the first that they thought I was older than I really was. Thank goodness they never asked, because you know I never could handle a fib. When it was my turn with the hairdresser, he swooped my hair on top of my head, and did lots of 'interesting' curls, and then sprayed it with a heavy lacquer. After that, my complexion changed abruptly, under his expert hands, into a nice deep tone that they all insisted made me look very 'alluring and sexy.' When he finished with my false eyelashes, and then completely changed the arch of my eyebrows with pencil and the shape of my mouth with lipstick, I didn't even recognize myself. I was really somebody else! My imagination took over where they left off, and right away I was pretending to be a very grown-up, sophisticated model. Perhaps I was carrying the thing too far, but I didn't walk into the fitting room, I 'slinked' in. No wonder the people in charge put me in low-cut, strapless evening gowns! You know the type, pencil slim, very slinky and tight, one black satin, the other royal blue covered with sequins.

"And then the night of the big show, the most thrilling thing happened as I was leaving the runway to go back for my change. A group of teens asked for my autograph—come to think of it, my *first* autograph! They were really awed by this 'glamorous woman,' who, I fear, was slightly younger than they were. I didn't want to let them down, so I continued to play my part. Then, just the right spice was added. During my autographing, a couple of fellows walked by and whistled at me. Then an older man actually asked me if he could meet me after the show. What sophistication! I was so pleased.

"When the show was over, my worried mother came backstage to find me, since she thought I hadn't been in the show. I was only a couple of feet from her, and she still didn't recognize me! When I spoke to her, she was pretty upset to see her fourteen-year-old daughter looking and acting like a woman of thirty!"

Stewart Granger and his wife Jean Simmons are selling their mountaintop home in Hollywood. It's an isolated spot, reached only after a steep climb, and it seemed ideal for them when they first bought it. "I'm not saying it's located too high on a mountaintop," said Granger, "but the only person who's come a-calling is Tenzing's partner, Hillary!"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Personally, I think the follow-up story of that memorable night is even funnier. I remember when Kim was telling me about it: "One of the models asked me to come over and spend the night with her after the show. Since she was nineteen, I knew she would have flipped if she had known I was only fourteen. Of course, she had never seen me in my 'original state,' so not wanting to lose my camouflage, I insisted on leaving my stage make-up on after the fashion show. When we arrived at her home, I met her older brother of twenty-two. He was wonderful to me, treated me like his equal. It was the first time a service man had ever paid any attention to me, and I was really 'gone.' When it was time to go to bed, my model friend suggested that I use her cream to remove the thick make-up, but I insisted that I was much too tired and wanted to go right to sleep—I didn't dare touch my lacquered hair! I would gladly have sat up all night, to preserve my sophistication.

"It had been a long day, so in spite of myself and my thoughts of her handsome brother, I went to sleep quickly. But words can't describe how I felt when her mother woke us up the next morning. All my beautiful complexion and glamour had rubbed off on the sheet; the heavy lacquer had made my hair 'bend' in every direction. I looked just like a little girl trying to play grown-up model; I was much too miserable to cry. How can anyone play the part of a grown-up model if she's lost all her props and costume? I managed to live through breakfast, even with that handsome brother of hers across the table. The night before, conversation was so easy, when I was pretending to be someone else; but that morning, I was just me and *couldn't say a thing!*"

So you see, Kim isn't an inexperienced actress as everyone insists! Kim's kind of acting experience made it possible for her to do a fine job in her first picture, *Pushover*, filmed only a few months after she arrived in Hollywood, with no further dramatic training. She portrayed a part as remote from her own personality as possible. I remember when she was in the middle of filming *Pushover* she said to me, "I don't dare think about what's happening to me. Here I am in Hollywood making a picture with Fred MacMurray! If I stop to think that this is *me*—all these exciting things are happening to *me*—I couldn't possibly get through the picture."

The other day when I was at the Studio Club with Kim right after her return from location in Kansas, we were talking about her new picture, *Picnic*, starring Kim and William Holden. Kim described her role, and as she was giving me a word picture, she was actually becoming Madge. She didn't need descriptive words. She could have said, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," and I would have known exactly what Madge was like. She *was* Madge from the top of her new red coiffure (special for *Picnic*) to her warm voice.

Since we are such close friends, I felt that I could ask Kim how she is able to accept all this new acclaim so graciously, and be the same as always. I couldn't help but remember how Kim used to shy away from photographers, applause of any sort.

Thoughtfully, Kim said, "You know, even now, I still get those same pangs that remind me so much of growing up, the funny feeling I always got after the big event was over, the emptiness in the pit of my stomach, the goose-pimples when I thought people were staring at me or when I was the center of attention after having won a contest—and then that dizzy, excited feeling I always got when we planned something big for a long time, and *this* was the day.

"And then the other day when you were helping me clip all those wonderful articles about me, I became all weak inside when I suddenly realized that all this has been written about *me*. And then it happened again the other night right after I had accepted an award at a dinner and they kept saying so many nice things about me. Aren't things strange, reading fan mail makes me so happy, but at the same time I get that sinking feeling when I realize that all these people have faith in *me!*

"Norma, you've always kidded me about my 'let's pretend' game, but it comes in mighty handy when all this notoriety is whirling too fast. My only way out is to take stock of the situation, and try to look at myself as if I am an outsider. Just as you say I've always done, I act the part. *Now*, of the lucky girl that so many people have been mighty wonderful to, since she has been in Hollywood."

Every time Kim found herself in a tight spot that was difficult for her to cope with, or when she was striving so hard to be what she wanted—a typical teen, or the best professional model (or perhaps now, a successful, confident Hollywood star), she "acted it out," playing her game. It always gives her the confidence she needs.

And they say that Kim has never acted! Why, before she ever came to Hollywood, Kim Novak already had many good performances to her credit! END

kim—I know her now

(*Continued from page 43*) names and it is always easier to remember a nickname—so Glori-bee I've been ever since. Kim never calls me anything else.

When Kim went on location for *Picnic*, she asked me, as a little joke, to call Mac and say, "This is the Glori-bee Detective Agency. Are you being true to Kim?"

Now every time Kim goes on location, I play the great sleuth and remind him that Kim has someone looking out for her interest here in California.

Besides playing detective, I've also played Cupid for them. (I hope that Mac doesn't read this.) Kim came home from the *Picnic* location in Kansas very tired. They were trying to complete the picture here days and she was rehearsing for *The Eddy Duchin Story* nights, as that picture was to begin immediately. Mac, who's very thoughtful, tried not to take too much of Kim's time. He wanted her to use the few free hours she had to get as much rest as possible. But Kim, because she was under so much pressure, took it the wrong way and thought he was losing interest in her—thus causing a little friction. It seemed very big to her. So, we devised a scheme whereby I called Mac and told him that something was wrong with Kim, and maybe he would know what it was so I could help her because I didn't like to see my friend so upset. I had no sooner put down the telephone than he called and everything was rosy again in Room 214 of the Studio Club.

Some girls in the entertainment world are not always too eager about giving another girl a little boost up the well-known ladder, but not Kim. She is always ready and willing to help someone along the way, whether it is sitting in the first row on opening night, arranging a little plug in the papers, or just giving advice. But I have wondered about the time Kim cut my hair just as I was dressed and leaving for an audition. She kept "evening-up" the back until it was "evened-up" past my ears!

Many things we've done together started out as work turned promptly into fun. For instance, I helped Kim work on her lines for *The Eddy Duchin Story*. We read the lines, using a tape recorder so she could go back later to see which needed the most work. I read Tyrone Power's part. If only he had heard his lines in my southern accent—which sounds just ghastly on a tape recorder! We were hysterical with laughter!

Mom Novak

At the time of this writing, Kim's mother is here from Chicago. She is staying at the Studio Club in the guest room just across the hall from Kim. With her warm personality and wonderful sense of humor, she has become the friend of many girls living there. Several have remarked, "I was so homesick—and now I feel just like I've had a visit from home, too." We take turns showing her the town while Kim is working.

The first night Mrs. Novak was here we went for a drive after dinner and decided to show her around the recently-opened Beverly Hilton Hotel. We happened to go into a handbag shop there, which also carries costume jewelry. Kim wanted to buy her mother everything she saw but we had a hard time persuading Mrs. Novak to let Kim buy her even an inexpensive pearl pin for her coat. Kim's mother kept repeating, "But, honey, I don't want you spending your money on me."

Afterward we stopped at our favorite ice cream parlor (the one with the twenty-one different flavors)—and as usual, ended up sampling each other's cones.

Kim is really going all-out to show her mother the best time possible. She and Mac planned to take Mrs. Novak to the première of *The Tall Men*. Kim wanted to buy her mother the loveliest dress she could find for her first première. She called one of Beverly Hill's finest dress shops and had them send over some dresses so her mother could try them on when Kim came home from the studio and could help her decide. Mrs. Novak kept insisting they were much too expensive for her but we found the perfect dress and over much protest made her keep it. When we had the other dresses back in the box, ready to return, Kim's mother took another box from the closet. She had "slipped off" from Kim earlier and had taken the bus all the way to downtown Los Angeles to get a bargain. And what a bargain! She found a beautiful dress for only $17.00! But she wore the lovely dress Kim and I had chosen for her to the première.

Kim secretly decided to rent a fur stole for her mother for the evening and after her mother was dressed and waiting, Kim tip-toed up behind her and slipped the beautiful sapphire mink stole around her shoulders. Oh, did she look elegant, and Kim was so proud.

As they walked down the hall, all the girls came out to see how pretty she looked. Then, when they commented about the lovely stole, she laughed and said, "Oh, it's just borrowed!"

Mac was waiting in the lobby with a white orchid for Mrs. Novak (this was her night) and when we walked into the lobby, Mac told her that she looked exquisite. She replied, "I ought to—this dress cost $125.00!"—and we all love her for being that way.

She will be leaving soon and I know I will miss her in the same sort of way that I miss my mother. I know how Kim feels, wanting to do *everything* for her mother to show how proud she is of her. I hope to have the same opportunity as Kim, but instead of movie premières, maybe it will be an opening night of a singing engagement. But I must end this story. Kim is in her room working on her lines for *The Man With The Golden Arm*—and I have to go be Frank Sinatra! END

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he knew something was missing

(*Continued from page 51*) vague memory of a pastor who preached too vehemently about hell-fire, and this may be the reason, or perhaps things just turned out that way, he says. He still felt vaguely bound to God through the church he was born in, but he didn't give it much thought. When, occasionally, he attended services, he found it easy to forgive himself for not showing up more often. A man falls into a pattern of life easily, he points out—and out of it with much greater difficulty.

He carried it even further, figuring (until lately) that if a man practices fair play and a policy of live and let live (which in practice probably meant not poking around for fear he might get a chance to be helpful to his neighbor) he was observing an adequate ethical code.

He might have gone on like that forever but for one thing: the inconsequential in life, the trivia, began to irritate him. A late meal, a favorite necktie that refused to knot neatly, an overfull closet dropping its clutter at his feet, an odd look from

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someone that caused him to spend hours going over a hundred improbable reasons for it—these miserable bits of minutia began to ruin whole days at a time.

Slowly at first, then with a rush, he became increasingly sick of the whole thing—not so much of the annoyances themselves, but of being a slave to them. It struck him as somehow shameful that in a world where there is beauty to be found everywhere, wonders to occupy the mind, he could find nothing better to do than stew over personal mishaps and trifles.

Then one day he heard a story that rang a bell for him. Dr. Napoleao Laureano, the famous Brazilian cancer specialist, found himself the victim of an incurable form of cancer. When he came to New York several years ago for confirmation of the diagnosis and learned he had only a month or so to live, he listened quietly and seemed less perturbed than many men are when they lose ten dollars.

He acted like none of the heroes in the popular novels when they are presented with such a fate. His next wish was not to see the world before the end came, or to "live it up" for his last few days. In fact, it wasn't a spectacular wish in any way. He simply said, "A man ought to die at home," and flew back to Brazil—but not just to wait for death. He spent his remaining time in a fund-raising crusade to improve cancer diagnosis.

Peck was greatly impressed not only by his courage, but by his evaluation of what was worthwhile in his life—the little he had left to live. It could best be lived, in Dr. Laureano's estimation, by being of service to others. He quoted no Biblical passages when he made his declaration, and the story didn't say whether or not he was a religious man in the common sense of the word. But his words covered him with a spiritual glory that comes to few people, and no one can doubt that he was a man secure forever with his God.

Thinking about it, Greg suddenly realized that he knew an even closer example of the larger life. When Franklin D. Roosevelt fell victim to polio he realized that he could never rise above it in an existence circumscribed by his own desires and emotions. He moved into a wider picture, shifted his thoughts to embrace the world and its people, and against this he, the man, grew and developed—while his infirmity became less and less significant.

Changes to be made

But where did that leave him, Gregory Peck? He did not lay claim to the capability of such faith as these men showed. But he could develop a faith that would be satisfactory for him, and he could move toward it with integrity. Right off, he decided that some changes must be made.

For one thing, the fact that he had always acted as if he had faith, yet did nothing about it, didn't set well with his conscience. By what right, for instance, had he dared to pray whenever he was faced by an emergency? He says he prayed on his opening night in the theatre. He prayed each of his sons into the world.

To have prayed like this and then to feel that he perhaps had no right to pray, that he was, in fact, just presuming rather than praying, was something of a shock. And he felt it was time to set himself aright. He started at once, and hasn't stopped. The changes were many.

As a youth, the most important thing in his life was to get somewhere. It still is—but the "somewhere" is in a different place. His goal is now less the material than the spiritual gain.

He can think of two men he knows well who are far apart by practical standards, yet strangely close as far as human virtues are concerned. Henry King, the director, is one of them and his father, Gregory Peck, Sr., is the other. Henry King knows the wide world he lives in, knows the men to be found in every corner of it, and adds to this knowledge a special talent he has to dramatize life on the screen as a form of service to his fellow men. Peck's father, who has spent thirty-five years as a pharmacist, runs a drug store the same way. He knows just one corner of the world, the corner he lives in, but he knows the people in it well, and he adds a special talent of his own, a warm friendliness, as his form of service to them. Peck says he knows his father is a happy man who feels he is utilizing his life for the general good, and he's pretty sure Mr. King feels the same way. As far as Peck is concerned, he'd like to join these two. So far he doesn't think he's made it. It seems to him that with all his effort, there is still a quality, an attachment to life, which is lacking in him.

Some years ago he went to New York in the heat of late summer to shoot scenes for *Gentleman's Agreement*. The weather turned bad and for almost two weeks he had nothing to do. He was a lost soul. For a few days he saw some shows, did some visiting, and then holed up in his room in a fit of loneliness.

It was a little odd, because it was a repeat performance of lonely New York nights he had spent long ago, before he got started in the theatre. Then he was living practically hand to mouth in a furnished room. He had nothing but bare walls, a bed, and some loose change in his pocket. This time, in the luxurious Plaza, he was an established figure in the film world, his prospects were excellent. But the way he felt, he might just as well have had nothing.

What was missing? It was obvious that nothing coming from without could help him; he would have to develop it from within.

Actually, he had known that for some time. Five and six years ago his life was largely taken up with surface activities, parties, social gadabouting. He went to places he didn't particularly want to be, did things that in the end had no special meaning, and saw people there was no good reason he should see—and all with a disturbing feeling that he was using up valuable time on worthless activity. He began to cut down.

Father O'Hara

Back when he was working in *The Keys Of The Kingdom*, made from A. J. Cronin's great novel, the technical advisor on the set was a Jesuit priest, Father O'Hara, who had spent eight years in the Chinese missionary field and was back in this country for a Ph.D. in sociology. As Peck walked by him one afternoon, attired as the priest-hero in the picture, Father O'Hara remarked, "Gregory, you would make a very good Catholic."

Peck was startled for a moment. He had been raised as one.

He said, "I am a Catholic, Father."

Somehow the priest sensed Peck's thoughts, for he asked, "Have you been thinking much of the church?"

"No," Peck replied.

"Will you?" he asked, simply.

Peck stood mute a while, and that was all then. He went on to other things. But the two met and talked again and began a correspondence.

Now, involved in his spiritual dilemma, Greg noticed a strange thing. Their letters had not dealt with that first conversation, and Greg didn't write to the Father for help at this time. Yet, as if the priest sensed that something was going on inside him, the letters Greg received suddenly seemed to contain indirect clarifications of so many of the things troubling him. This has been a great help.

Peck knows he no longer rates as a new face on the way up in pictures, a boy to be helped by those who are naturally drawn to cultivate young talent. Now he is a man in his career, able to take care of himself and expected to do so. He figures he classifies as a "young old-timer." Which is exactly what he wants. His role in *Moby Dick*, for instance, offbeat and difficult, represents the newest development of his relationship to acting. But his career is not to get all the thinking and planning in his life. The actor will get along; it is the man he wants to provide for. The man, Peck thinks, however far he has come, is still way off spirtually from where he should be. But he has set his feet upon the road and headed in the right direction. He has made the hardest step of all—the first. **END**

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private life of bud brando

(*Continued from page 34*) commented, "If it were anyone else, I'd just say 'you nuts?' and hang up. But Bud's so hard to refuse and," she smiled, "sometimes I believe he's lonely.")

Marlon Brando thinks no more of calling a friend at midnight than he would at noon. His friends expect it and enjoy it. They know they are free to call or visit him at equally unconventional hours.

Sleep, to Brando, is only a necessary evil. It is time lost from living.

And in the private world of Bud Brando, living, making every moment vital, is the only thing that counts. Most people would find this a reasonable, if unusual, ambition. It's just the way Bud goes about achieving it that confuses them—and, incidentally, gives Brando his series of odd reputations.

Before he became a star Bud tried to explain himself. "When I was nineteen," he said, "I faced the decision all men must face at some point in their lives. I had to make up my mind. Should I live as I please and make myself happy, I asked, or should I form my life to fit the laws of convention and make society happy. I chose to live as I pleased. The hell with society! But I also promised myself I'd never deliberately hurt anyone in attaining that end."

If he has failed once, that would be in his relationship with Josanne Berenger, who started out as his fiancée but lately doesn't even seem to be on his list of dates. And even here, though he may have hurt Josanne, and badly, no one seems to think Marlon did it on purpose. One of his unnamed friends, a woman, says:

"One of the least immediate events in Bud's life is marriage. And, oh, what a husband and father he would make!

"I know how much Bud hates rules, having to do things he doesn't want to do. Yet if you want to be a girl-friend of Bud's you have to follow a few rules of his making.

"He likes girls slightly slender. Not skinny, but not big-bosomed either. He likes short hair-dos, very little make-up, doe-shaped eyes, delicate jewelry and plain, but feminine, dress. Conversationally she must not only listen and be interested in what he has to say about life, but she'd better be able to discuss it."

But Brando's girls are an assorted lot.

Recently, during the rehearsals of a television spectacular, the show's producer noted the repeated and irritating tardiness of one attractive chorus girl. Each time she was late a stagehand was sent to her dressing room to get her.

Finally, the producer's curiosity got the better of him. Just before a dress rehearsal he went to the dressing room and opened the door without knocking.

He found the pretty blonde standing in the center of the room, fully costumed. She was humming to herself and kicking a balled piece of paper against the wall.

The producer shooed her out.

"I wonder," the producer said to an assistant, "what kind of a guy goes for a dame like that."

After the show the pretty girl hurried to a waiting black Thunderbird outside. The driver, her date, was Brando.

Yet, on the other hand, one of the most touching boy-and-girl relationships in Hollywood occurred recently when Brando discovered that Charlotte Austin, daughter of singer Gene Austin, was seriously ill.

Brando knew her only as a hard-working starlet in *Desirée*. For months during her illness, Bud visited her, and read her poetry and prose. Friends of Charlotte say Brando was as much responsible for her recovery as the physician.

Many of the best stories about Brando are told by his dates themselves.

One pretty, dark-haired actress recalls: "We were sitting in the front room listening to classical music. When the music had ended Bud said, 'I think Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has one of the cleanest-cut, most completely organized minds of any woman in the country.'

"I giggled, the remark was so sudden. He looked at me and shook his head and gave me that expression of hopelessness. I knew I had done the wrong thing. He was never the same with me after that."

Yet his friends, men and women, go right on loving him. He has more real, "I'll-stake-my-life-on-him" buddies than any other star in motion pictures. Some of them have not seen him in months, even years. But their loyalty is unshaken.

"I hadn't heard from Bud in more than a year," says one intimate. "Two weeks ago at 10 p.m. the phone rang. It was Bud. He talked as though we'd never drifted apart. He said if I could stand playing with a novice would I come over and give him a few games of chess. I went. He beat me two out of three and I'm better than average."

Frank Sinatra has this to say: "It's ridiculous to call Brando a non-conformist. The people who knock him are only envious of his imagination. He refuses to be dull because he wants to live his own life and find a little happiness. We all do that. Brando wants what we all want. To be left alone."

To get that wish, Marlon will go to almost any length. Unlike Greta Garbo, he doesn't wear dark glasses in public—but he insists on his friends wearing muzzles. When one breaks down and talks to the press, Brando's private circle gets smaller by one. It doesn't matter much if the friend has knifed him or praised him to the skies—he—or she—is out. That's why none of the women Marlon has dated will allow her name to be used when she tells the story. That's why friend Sam Gillman says, "I just won't say a word about Bud to anyone. He doesn't want it. I can understand why people want to know more about his personal life, but if he doesn't want friends to talk, I won't. Get Bud's permission and I'll talk to you for hours."

And that's also why musician-actor Carlo Fiore, once one of Bud's closest pals, no longer hears from him. Carlo, in a weak moment, gave too long an interview.

Why does Brando insist upon his privacy to such an extreme?

One friend (anonymous, of course) says, "Bud is a sort of lost body, looking for a personality to call his own. Everytime he gets a good part he dislocates his own character and gets it mixed up with the role he's playing. He can't defend himself when he's called this or that, since he's never quite certain whether he is or not!"

Once in a while, of course, Marlon's reputation as a tormented young man has come in handy. This is usually the case when one of his escapades involves people who are not members of the inner circle.

At a recent party, for example, Bud started into a long, noisy bash on a set of bongo drums. His pals knew it was 2 a.m. but they didn't interfere: the boy was "gone"—and besides, Bud on the bongos is a treat to hear. Only thing was, the neighbors considered it more of a treatment. They called the police. Before the law arrived, however, the complainers discovered that the noise-maker was Brando, and withdrew the charge.

"I read all the time about how confused and tormented he is," one explained, "and I figure beating those drums may help his confusion." Then he sighed wearily. "But I'm the one who's tormented," he added. "I can't get back to sleep."

But the most penetrating observations of Brando, as a man in a world of his own, were made by a young Hollywood actress who is *not* pretty, but who promises to plug the gap by becoming a real actress. For the usual reasons she wishes to remain anonymous.

"To me Bud was everything in the world a woman could want in a man. Intelligent, tender, considerate and above all, sensitive. I mean an incredible sensitivity *for* other people. And because of it I knew that he realized I was afraid my plainness of face would hold me back as an actress. Without ever mentioning it he gave me courage to minimize my handicap and go on in spite of it. Now, because of him, I'll never give up.

"He does not date me anymore. It's better that way. He stopped as soon as he knew I was in love with him. He terminated our friendship cleanly, without hurting my heart or my ambitions.

"Of course, I still love him. Oh, not that sexy, passionate way. And not like a brother, either. I don't think there are words to describe that particular kind of love a woman can have for a man.

"But maybe, if you try hard, you'll understand when I tell you that, to a woman, he's sort of beautiful." **END**

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mrs. fisher—to you

(*Continued from page 54*) then off to the Coke convention, the World Series, Eddie's TV rehearsals and the gala preview of *The Tender Trap.* That's how it began and the pace got hotter. A close friend of the Fishers does a flashback on the Fishers' Essex House life with relish and something approximating awe. "Debbie's in the kitchen doing dishes. Eddie's in the living room holding a script conference for the new show. Debbie drops olive jar which breaks. Eddie hears crash and comes running to see what happened. Debbie barefooted. Eddie runs into bedroom for her slippers. 'Here, baby, you'll cut your foot, wear these.' While all this is going on the phones (and there are dozens of them around the apartment) keep ringing. Debbie answers all calls. Most of them for Eddie's pals. Every now and then Eddie wanders past the kitchen and gives Debbie a little kiss. Eddie wearing bathrobe and slippers. Debbie wearing black slacks with straps over shoulder, yellow sweater, hair messed up, no make-up but lipstick."

At the studio during the rehearsals it was no different. Debbie sailed through crises minor and major with a calm that astounded Eddie's associates. Eddie's dressing room is a madhouse, a small madhouse. And Eddie's staff is closeted, literally speaking, for hours daily. The pressure and the split-second decisions are meat and drink to Eddie who sails through his day with a deceptively casual air. Mrs. Fisher took it like a trouper and if her head was swimming she didn't let on.

By now the Fishers have sort of relaxed—in the very comfortable California house they leased for their first year. Although it was once owned by Norma Talmadge, the house is not pretentious by star standards. No swimming pool, for example. Who needs it when the address is Pacific Palisades, right on the ocean? Such elegance is a change for Mrs. Fisher.

Ever since she arrived in Hollywood Debbie has lived in Burbank, a charming San Fernando Valley town, with her family. Burbank could be Wichita or Springfield or Maryville or Hometown Anywhere. Everybody knows everybody; people drive Chevvies instead of Thunderbirds; go to church on Sunday and play touch football in the backyard. No wonder Debbie is a small-town girl at heart. No wonder Eddie got just what he wanted in a wife. He used to say, "Someday I'll be walking down a street in Wisconsin and I'll see an apple-cheeked girl and that'll be for me." It didn't happen quite that way—in Wisconsin that is—but the girl was apple cheeked and wanted the same kind of life he did.

Right now Debbie's a working wife. She's got to be on the job on the set every morning and she's got to be on the job at home every morning, noon and night. But, being Debbie, she's juggling both jobs.

Of course Debbie has people to help her. But she's setting up housekeeping her way. And she's getting a big kick out of adding to the precious store of housekeeping treasures her Texas grandmother has collected in a hope chest marked "Debbie." Eddie's prouder than ever of his wife's good sense and taste even though he's still a little baffled by all the things it takes to make a house a home. Way back last June before that scheduled big wedding Eddie presented Mrs. Reynolds with a huge deep freeze he'd acquired as his first claim on domesticity. "Mama, you keep it for us and use it." When the little wedding finally took place Mrs. Reynolds sighed, "I suppose I'll have to give up the freezer now." She didn't. Big hearted Eddie bought another. And filled it full of—you guessed it—hamburger. END

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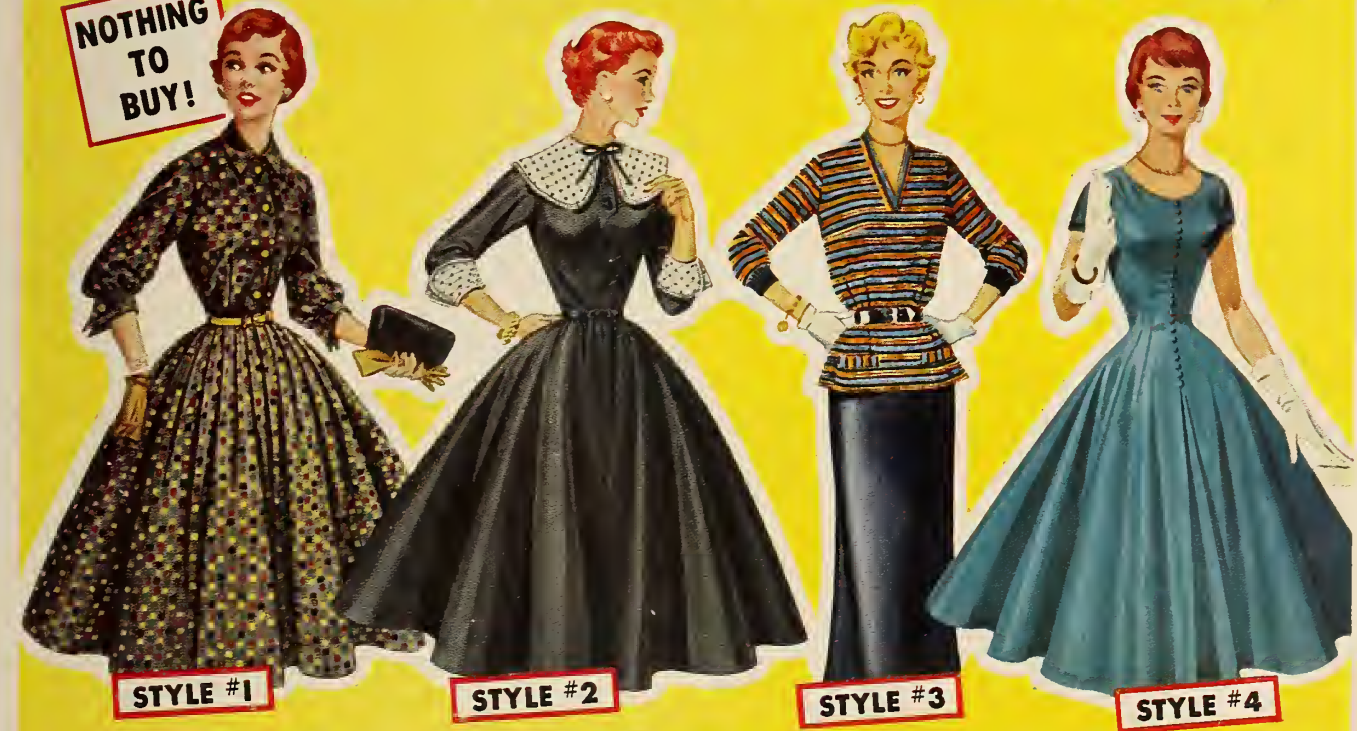

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Bill Campbell

Shirley Jones

Tab Hunter

Janet and Tony

AT LAST! A LIQUID SHAMPOO THAT'S EXTRA RICH!

LIQUID
Prell
RADIANT SHAMPOO

LIQUID
Prell
RADIANT SHAMPOO

IT'S LIQUID PRELL FOR 'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique *extra-rich* formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more *effective* lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

JUST POUR IT . . .

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Never thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never thick with a "filming" ingredient that can dull hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film!

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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PRELL radiant shampoo

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MAR -6 1956

Often a bridesmaid...

never a bride!

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

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Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

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...4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

NEW **MUM**® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

March, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Doris Day by John Engstead. Doris can soon be seen in MGM's *The Amazing Nellie Bly*. Other photographers' credits on page 99.

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M-G-M's Mighty Drama of the Last Great Buffalo Hunt!

All the power and splendor of the great prize-winning novel now surges across the screen!

Charley — handsome, moody, violent — drew the fastest gun in the Dakotas! He claimed the beautiful Indian girl as his own.

The Indian Woman — silent, primitive. Her smoldering loveliness sparked the strange and amazing showdown!

Sandy — the greatest buffalo hunter of them all. He hated Charley, hated his killer instinct, his cruelty to the Indian woman!

SEE THE STAMPEDE OF 1000 WILD BUFFALO!

Filmed in the Badlands of Dakota!

in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR!

THE LAST HUNT

Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR · STEWART GRANGER

LLOYD NOLAN · DEBRA PAGET · RUSS TAMBLYN

Screen Play by RICHARD BROOKS • Based On the Novel by Milton Lott • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS • Produced by DORE SCHARY • An M-G-M Picture

the smartest girls use it!

Here's how to single out the Tampax user: First, she's intelligent. She realizes that internal sanitary protection is a far more sensible way of handling "problem days." It prevents odor. It eliminates chafing. It's easy to carry, insert, change and dispose of. It does all the things you wished sanitary protection would do! . . . Secondly, the Tampax user is poised. She's conscious of her clothes, her carriage, her grooming. She particularly likes Tampax because it's "invisible" when in place; she doesn't like belts, pins or pads. She feels strongly that the Tampax way is the nicer way, the more modern way, the most desirable way. When millions of smart girls *do* use Tampax, why shouldn't you? It's sold at drug or notion counters in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it this very month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, and Clark Gable are all grandfathers?—D. E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *Tracy and Pidgeon are grandfathers; Gable is not.*

Q. We hear that Eva Marie Saint is finished with television and living in California. Has she really gone Hollywood? —V. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Miss Saint, along with husband and baby, intends to settle in Los Angeles, has no intention of giving up* TV.

Q. What is the status of the Anita Ekberg-Mario Bandini love affair? —H. F., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *One of yesterday's romances.*

Q. I read that Tyrone Power has requested Linda Christian as his leading lady in *Lorenzo The Magnificent.* I thought he hated her. —A. O., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *There is no chance in the immediate future of Ty Power co-starring with Linda Christian.*

Q. How come Jack Benny and Jimmy Durante haven't made movies for years? —J. E., PROVO, UTAH

A. *Benny can't find suitable story material; Durante returns to star shortly in* Suddenly It's Spring.

Q. Will Dale Robertson ever marry Mary Murphy? —D. S., TULSA, OKLA.

A. *Probably in May.*

Q. How good are the chances of Frank Sinatra's re-marrying Nancy? —E. J., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A. *Sinatra is unpredictable.*

Q. Who has more money, Jimmy Stewart or Bob Hope? —S. O., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Both are millionaires.*

Q. How about the rumor that Jean Simmons fell in love with Marlon Brando during the filming of *Désirée* and *Guys And Dolls?* —T. P., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. *No truth to it.*

Q. Is it on the level that Pier Angeli never wore lipstick until she was twenty-one? —V. L., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A. *On the level.*

Q. Here in Chicago we read that marijuana spoiled Lila Leeds' Hollywood career. Was Lila ever a promising actress? —G. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *One of the most in 1947-48.*

Q. Frank Sinatra and Micki Marlo, Frank Sinatra and Corky Hale, Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak—which girl has the inside track?—S. D., DENVER, COLO.

A. *Sinatra is most fond of Novak.*

Q. Can you tell me if it's true that Doris Day was named after actress Doris Kenyon? Is it true that Doris is a Christian Scientist?—B. E., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *Doris was named after Doris Kenyon; she is not a Christian Scientist.*

Q. Has William Holden bought property in Japan? Does he plan to move there? Does he dye his hair? —C. H., EUGENE, ORE.

A. *Holden has invested in a Japanese film; doesn't plan to live in Japan; has dyed his hair several different colors for several different pictures.*

Q. Liberace and Joanne Rio were once supposed to be madly in love. Whatever happened? —D. J., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *The romance died with the publicity.*

Q. Susan Strasberg and Julie Harris, two of the hottest actresses on Broadway, couldn't get jobs in Hollywood. How come? —S. N., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *They could and did get jobs in Hollywood.*

Q. I've been told that Alfred Hitchcock hates actors and actresses. Isn't his daughter an actress? —G. K., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Hitchcock's daughter is an actress. Hitchcock likes the tribe.*

(Continued on page 6)

HEAR! HEAR!
It's

DANNY KAYE

in the king-sized
comedy of this
or any year!

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

You'll roar at Danny as Royal diaper
changer to the pint-sized king!

THE COURT JESTER

co-starring

GLYNIS JOHNS

BASIL RATHBONE

ANGELA LANSBURY

CECIL PARKER

Color by TECHNICOLOR

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SONGS!

- Loo, Loo, Loo, I'll Take You Dreaming
- Life Could Not Better Be
- The Maladjusted Jester
- Out Fox The Fox

and others!

Words and Music by Sylvia Fine and Sammy Cahn · Written, Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

Do salesgirls call you "miss" ... or "Madame"?

When a salesgirl calls you "Madame" for the first time, you can't believe she means *you*—it sounds so unfamiliar, *so old.* But, suddenly you realize that "looking older" doesn't just happen to other people—it can happen to *you* too!

Don't let Drying skin "middle-age" your face

It can happen even before 25—the dreaded "older" look of dry skin. Little crow's feet, flaky patches, dry lines—they tell you that your skin's natural oils are beginning to dry out. *By 40, the skin can lose up to 20% of its own softening oil.* So, to prevent the "middle-aging" effects of dry skin, you must *replace* these oils daily!

You can't expect a thin liquid to do the work of a rich cream

Parched, dry skin needs more than surface oiling with a thin liquid. It needs the *deep-softening* benefits of a quick-penetrating, *really rich* cream.

Quick-penetrating and very rich, Pond's Dry Skin Cream is *today's leading dry skin care.* These three special features make it an unusually effective dry skin treatment.

1. **It's extra rich in lanolin,** the oil most like your own natural skin softeners.
2. **Homogenized lanolin.** Not ordinary lanolin—but lanolin that's homogenized into microscopic particles that penetrate dry skin almost instantly.
3. **Its special emulsifier** restores "dewiness" to flaky, dried-out surface skin.

Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream *tonight.* See how quickly this rich cream smooths away dry lines, really deep-softens dry skin. Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream in the large jar—a season's supply for less than one dollar!

Extra Rich in Lanolin

LANOLIN RICH
POND'S
dry skin
cream
HOMOGENIZED ★ RICH TEXTURED

So effective—more women use it than any other dry skin care

THE INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 4)

Q. Is it true that Olivia De Havilland's bulldog bit Adolphe Menjou so viciously in Paris recently that Menjou had to be hospitalized?
—C. L., Boston, Mass.

A. *Menjou was bitten but not hospitalized.*

Q. Did Susan Hayward recently drop $20,000 playing roulette in Las Vegas?
—O. R., Reno, Nev.

A. *The story is that she lost $15,000 at the dice table.*

Q. Is Esther Williams really making a non-swimming picture?
—B. O., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Yes,* The Gentle Web *at Universal.*

Q. Is the Tab Hunter-Lori Nelson thing serious? —V. K., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Could be serious if Hunter gets a career break.*

Q. Katy Jurado and Trevor Howard—didn't they have a big thing in Mexico? Isn't that why Katy refused to leave Mexico for a TV show in Hollywood?
—B. O., Fort Worth, Texas

A. *Jurado and Howard are old friends; once met in Uruguay; nothing serious between them.*

Q. Is it true that when they worked in *Trapeze,* Gina Lollobrigida refused to talk to Katy Jurado?
—G. H., Paris, France

A. *The relationship between these two was frigid.*

Q. I've heard that Dean Martin's wife walked out on him because Dean refused to talk to her except at night. True or false?
—D. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. *Martin loves to watch* TV *in the evenings, dislikes small talk. Jean felt neglected.*

Q. Is the Bing Crosby-Kathryn Grant romance a publicity stunt?
—S. H., Tucson, Cal.

A. *The crooner really cares.*

Q. Does Sterling Hayden take care of his children because his ex-wife was legally ruled unsuitable for the job?
—T. T., Olympia, Wash.

A. *The agreement was part of their divorce suit.*

Q. Was Audrey Hepburn ever a victim of tuberculosis? —T.K., Ardmore, Pa.

A. *As a teen-ager in Holland she was a victim of malnutrition.*

Q. Who has the better figure, Anita Ekberg or Marilyn Monroe?
—C.L., Clovis, N.M.

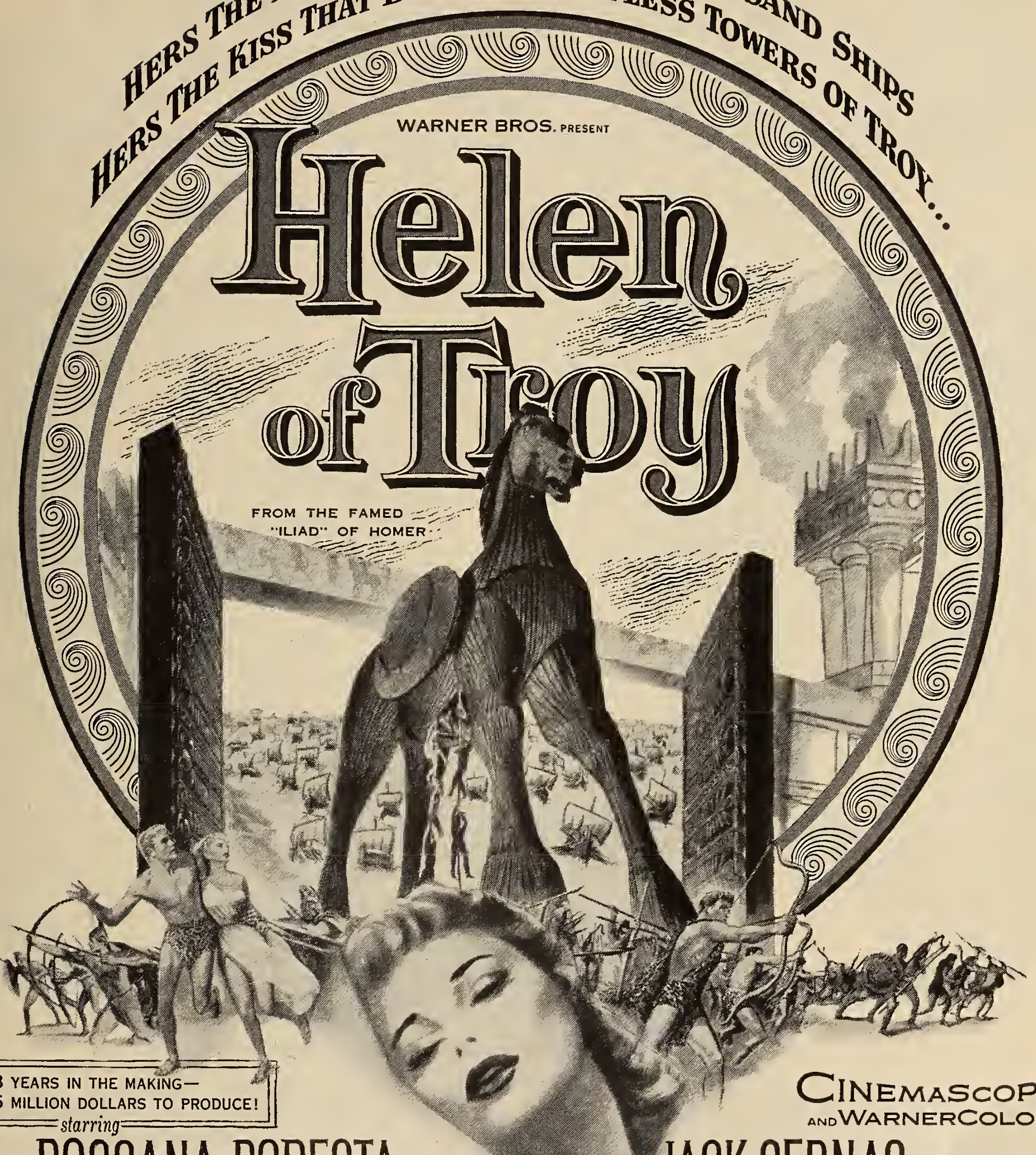
A. *Ekberg, according to reliable experts.*

HERS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS
HERS THE KISS THAT BURNT THE TOPLESS TOWERS OF TROY...

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

Helen of Troy

FROM THE FAMED "ILIAD" OF HOMER



3 YEARS IN THE MAKING—
6 MILLION DOLLARS TO PRODUCE!

starring

ROSSANA PODESTA *as Helen* **JACK SERNAS** *as Paris*

CINEMASCOPE
AND WARNERCOLOR

also starring **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE** · STANLEY BAKER · NIALL MacGINNIS · ROBERT DOUGLAS · TORIN THATCHER

SCREEN PLAY BY **JOHN TWIST** AND **HUGH GRAY** · DIRECTED BY **ROBERT WISE** MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

. . . And for Paris of Troy Helen flees the couch of her king . .

Achilles — invincible — till the fated arrow finds his heel!

Paris rescues Helen from the victory-crazed pillagers of Troy!

The handsome prince bests giant Ajax in fantastic test!

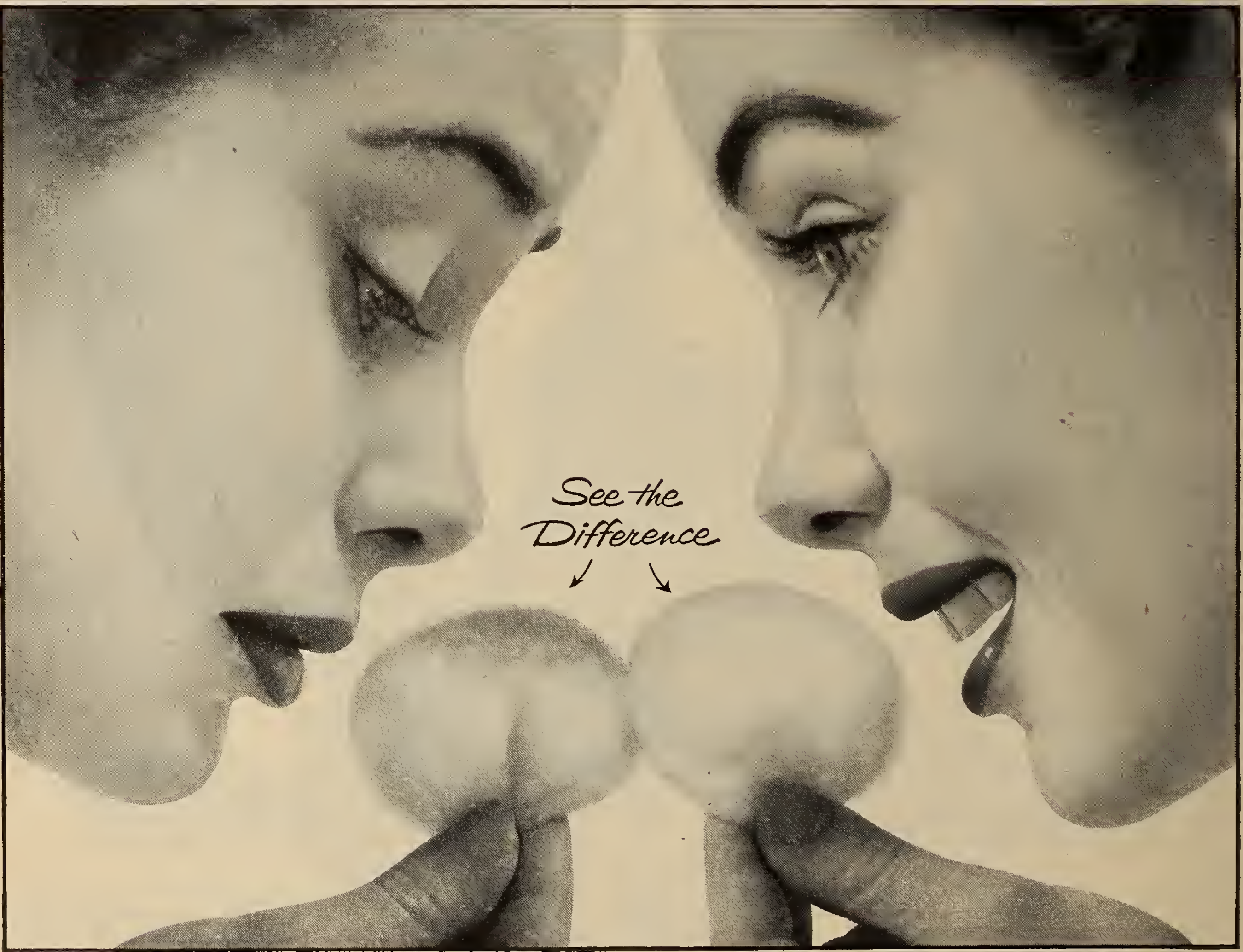
The awestruck populace sees how their mighty Hector has fallen!

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

2. **Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!** *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

Mild and Gentle
PALMOLIVE

Mild and Gentle

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Modern Screen's Award party was Hollywood's biggest, starriest event of the year

Lana, John Wayne: Top Cover Girl and Star of Stars

Russ Tamblyn (with fiancée Venetia Stevens): voted Most Promising Male Newcomer of 1955

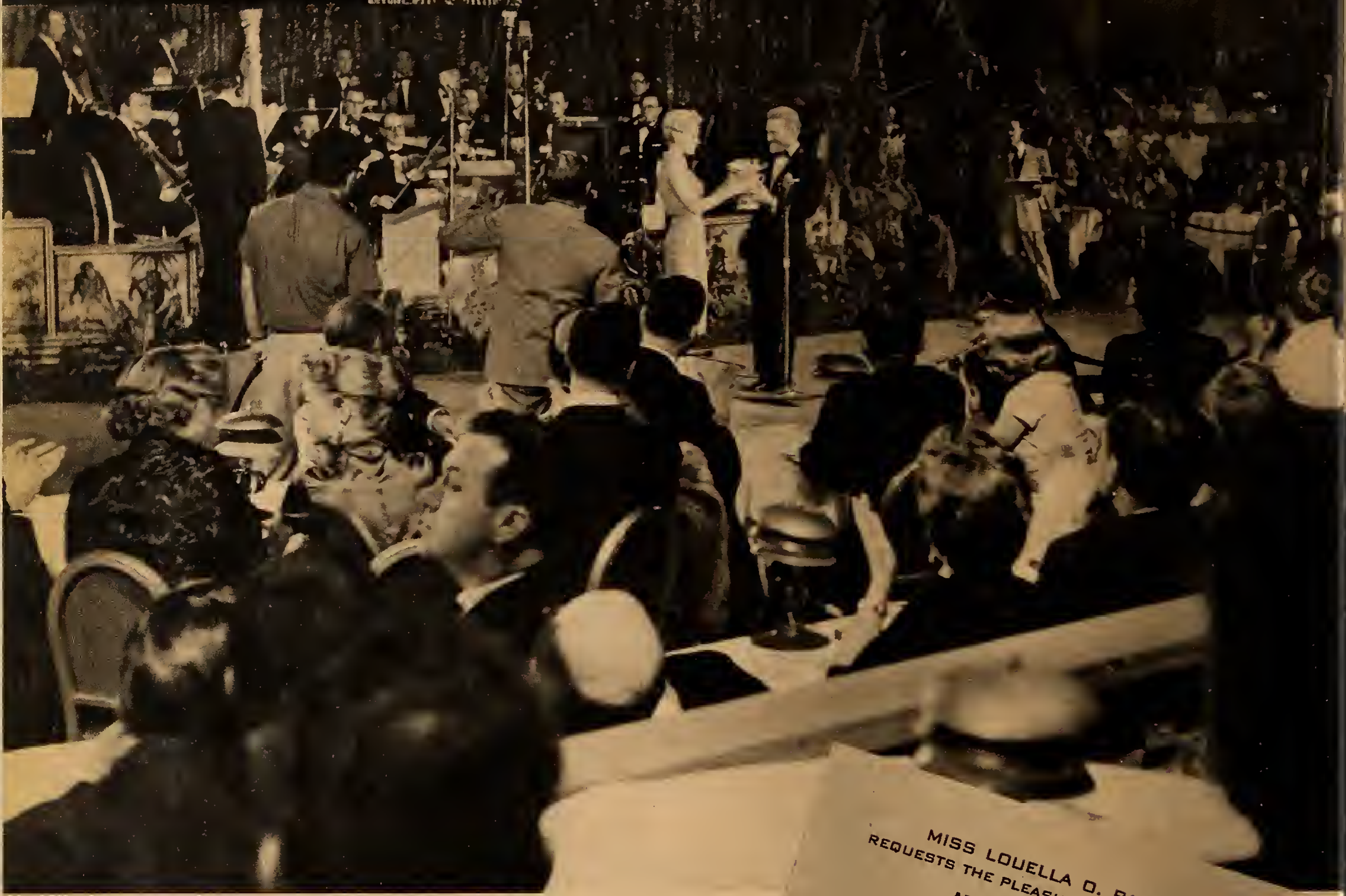
Publisher Delacorte with Eddie Fisher: voted the top TV Star by Modern Screen readers

Most Popular Stars Rock and Debbie with the hostess—me

Editor Saxon with Kim Novak: Top New Star of 1955

Bob Hope (and Mrs. H.): Outstanding Comic

Everyone—really everyone—came, all dressed up, to celebrate Modern Screen's 25th Anniversary on the Colgate Variety Hour. Turn page for more pictures



Here's a shot the TV *audience didn't see. That's Kim Novak up front, getting her award from mc Kirk Douglas, and right behind the cameramen on the left is Lori Nelson's profile. And these below are the beautiful awards, the four big cups for Rock and Debbie and Kim and Russ, and statuettes for special achievements.*

MISS LOUELLA O. PARSONS
REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY
AT A DINNER PARTY
HONORING
MODERN SCREEN'S
25TH ANNIVERSARY
AND THEIR DISTINGUISHED AWARD WINNERS
SUNDAY, NOV. 27, 1955
COCOANUT GROVE - THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL
THE PRESENTATIONS WILL BE TELECAST ON THE COLGATE VARIETY HOUR. YOU ARE REQUESTED TO BE SEATED BY 4:30 P. M. COCKTAILS AND DINNER FOLLOWING TELECAST IN THE GRAND BALLROOM.

louella parsons'
GOOD NEWS

We had Awards, Anniversary and Television Show all rolled into one at the beautiful Cocoanut Grove

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: —Or several months, for that matter, was the annual Modern Screen Awards presentations, held in the Cocoanut Grove, televised over the *Colgate Variety Hour*, and honoring such happy "winnahs" as:

Rock Hudson, "Most popular actor."

Debbie Reynolds, "Most popular actress."

John Wayne and Claudette Colbert, "The star of stars."

Kim Novak and Russ Tamblyn, "The most promising young stars."

Lana Turner, "The star who has appeared on the most M.S. covers."

I was very pleased that publisher-and-popular George Delacorte, editor Chuck Saxon and Western editor Carl Schroeder, invited me to again be the hostess of their wonderful party. Everybody, but everybody, was there either to win or to applaud the winners.

Kim Novak's violet-colored dress was the same color as her eyes. Too bad the beautiful effect didn't show up on your TV screens.

Those who criticized Eddie Fisher for hopping up and leaving Debbie Reynolds' side every time the camera turned their way didn't know the truth. Eddie wasn't being rude. He'd promised the sponsor of the spectacular he was doing that he wouldn't be seen before the hour-and-a-half show.

Pretty cute the way George Delacorte got a televised kiss from Lana Turner, right out in front of all those millions of viewers, by reminding her that she had kissed his son, Al, when Al presented Lana with her *first* Modern Screen Award. "Like son, like father," quipped George.

Rock Hudson, looking sooooo handsome, remarked that he had interrupted his honeymoon with pretty bride Phyllis to hurry home for his "most popular actor" cup.

Later, master of ceremonies Kirk Douglas asked Debbie Reynolds Fisher, "And did you interrupt your honeymoon, too?" That cute Debbie replied, "Nope, mine's still going on!"

Vic Damone and Eddie Fisher congratulated Jimmy McHugh before show-time. Jim got an award for 25 years of writing song hits!

Rock and Phyllis made their first appearance as Mr. and Mrs. They cut their honeymoon short to be there—and Rock still had his head in the clouds.

Claudette Colbert (Star of Stars) and Tab met Natalie Wood, who took Jim Dean's Special Achievement Award for him.

Bill Campbell brought his lovely wife Judy. Bill, like Tab, was one of the Top Ten New Stars voted by Modern Screen *readers.*

Kirk Douglas (the beard is for playing Van Gogh in Lust For Life*) congratulated Joan Collins. She was voted the fastest rising young star in Hollywood.*

This was the first time we saw Jeff Richards with Vicki Flaxman—whom he married 3 weeks later! (Story on page 37.)

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

This is a month for youngsters in Hollywood—all looking so happy

It was the opinion of all that heard them sing that some smart producer should star Gordon MacRae and Anna Maria Alberghetti on the screen. After listening to these two duet some of composer Jimmy McHugh's loveliest songs (Mr. McHugh was honored for his contribution to music) someone remarked, "Anna Maria and Gordon could be our new Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy."

Julie Adams is so much prettier than she photographs. She looked so chic and striking in smart black. Too bad that the TV time ran out before the camera could pick up glimpses of Julie, Piper Laurie (in an orchid satin cocktail suit—orchid seems to be quite *the* color with the movie gals this season), Marla English—she of the lovely figure—pert, vivacious Shirley MacLaine and Marisa Pavan. Dorothy Malone and Cleo Moore were other eyefuls.

I didn't at first, recognize Esther Williams, who was done up in a long, flowing, white chiffon gown topped with a long gold-and-white robe, looking for all the world like a Greek goddess in classic, yet modern dress.

Natalie Wood was so sweet and girlish as she accepted the award in memory of the late, great James Dean.

Not to neglect the gentlemen, my friend John Wayne *always* looks like a million dollars. As for George Nader, he reminds me of a young Robert Taylor. (Not that Bob's old.)

After the Cocoanut Grove festivities, we all went into the Grand Ballroom where a delicious dinner was served. Not to be corny, but very truthfully, a wonderful time was had by all!

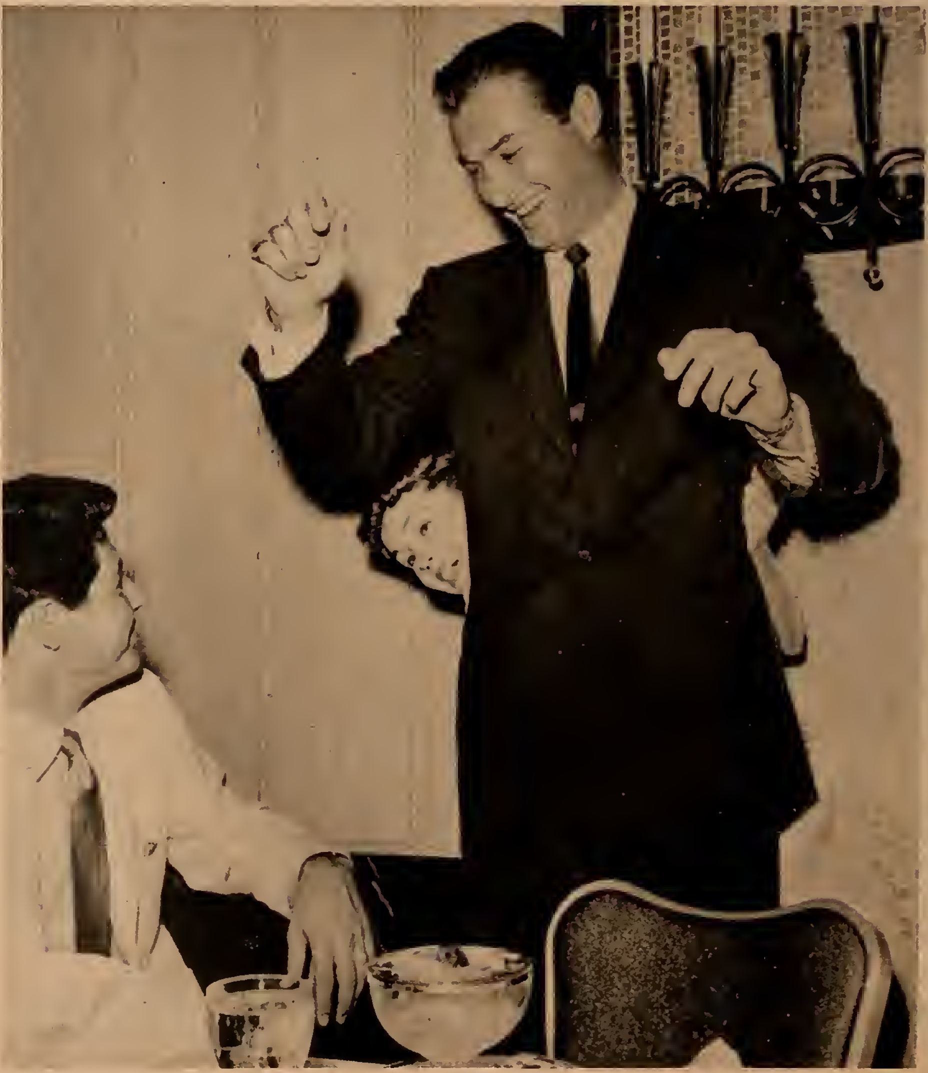
DORIS DAY DOESN'T get much credit for it, but she really has a cute sense of humor. I got a laugh when she told me at a recent party, "I'd never make a good gossip columnist. I never recognize people unless they're with their own husband and wife." (*Oh*, Doris!)

At the Audience Awards, Doris was seated at the same table with her good friend, June Allyson. Both girls were "up" for the most

Lovely Leigh Snowden appeared on the MODERN SCREEN *show; Bob Paige was there to split the mc's chores with Kirk Douglas.*

Perry Lopez, one of the nicest guys in town, was among the Top Ten Newcomers. He's been dating pretty Denise Alexander lately.

Dani Crayne and George Nader congratulated Rock, who returned the good wishes to George—one of the brightest of the Top Ten.



And Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher had Lex Barker roaring at their antics before the show! It was hard to keep a straight face during it, too, when Eddie kept ducking under the table to avoid being photographed (he missed once!) but he was just following orders and we understood.

popular actress award which went to Jennifer Jones.

When Jennifer's name was called for *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing,* Doris said to June, "Well, this is a many-splintered thing. We can stop mentally biting our nails now."

And, speaking of her happy marriage to Marty Melcher she said, "We get along fine except when I'm asleep and hurl a leg over him. My bones are so heavy Marty says it's like being trapped under a railroad tie."

They say this girl isn't good copy?

AFTERTHOUGHTS, on the Audience Awards (in which the public did the voting), which was a really brilliant affair held in the white-and-gold Grand Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton:

Tab Hunter was the only winner who thanked the star who introduced him and presented him with his "most promising newcomer" plaque. Bowing to Rosalind Russell, who looked sensational in an all-red outfit and fabulous jewelry, Tab said, "Winning is

Sheilah MacRae and Vic Damone saw Gordon do a medley of Jimmy McHugh's tunes with Anna Maria Alberghetti—they were sensational!

And when Kim Novak put down her cup to pick a Dell book I saw she had it filled with dessert—to take to the girls at the Studio Club!

An open letter to JUDY GARLAND

Judy, dear—I think next to yourself and Sid Luft, no one is more thrilled over your wonderful new contract with CBS calling for $100,000 an appearance 'way up to 1959, than I.

There is only one thing I hope you'll do. That is, let the world see the new happy, laughing Judy you are today, a happy woman, a wonderful wife and mother, and not concentrate on the sad little girl you were two or three years ago when you made your "comeback."

"Over The Rainbow," the song you have made your own, had great sob appeal when you sang it at your appearance at the Palace. It was plaintive and sad with its wistful "wish" thought for future happiness.

And your sad-faced "little tramp" number was a showstopper, as it had been for you in the movies.

But you have come a long way toward reaching a rainbow in your personal life now, Judy, and I think your devoted fans and I would like to see you reflect some of this happiness you've found.

The great Emerson once said, in words to this effect, "The true conqueror (and you are a conqueror) does not remind us of the troubles he has overcome. His experiences become part of his new found serenity."

We all know what a little champion you have been. We want to see now the happy person you have become.

Love and kisses,

Louella

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

I nominate for stardom:

SHIRLEY MACLAINE

■ Not only is the pert, pixie-like singing, dancing comedienne from Broadway musicals the freshest (and I mean that as a compliment) talent to hit our town in ages, she's also wonderful "copy" for reporters.

"I'm stingy," she says with a perfectly straight face. "I haven't any decent clothes because I won't spend the money.

"I can't cook, either. But my husband can." (She means Steve Parker, who in addition to being her spouse, is also an actor-manager.) "But I wash the dishes, and I can also iron very well. How many actresses do you know who can do a decent job of ironing?"

I laughingly admitted I didn't know very many, if any.

The gal refuses to put on any "dog." "Two years ago no one knew me from Adam, or Miss Adams," she insists. "I could still be unknown except for an accident: Carol Haney took ill in *Pajama Game* and I was put on in her place. It just happened that Hal Wallis was in the audience that night. He saw me and liked my work and brought me to Hollywood. I should be conceited about a break like this?"

Shirley was born Shirley MacLaine Beaty in Richmond, Virginia, April 24th, 1934. Her show people parents started her with ballet lessons on her third birthday. Her first New York job was in the chorus of *Oklahoma!* and later *Kiss Me Kate* also in the chorus. Doing TV and modeling work on the side, she also undertook the understudy role to Miss Haney in *Pajama Game*. You know the rest—but just wait until you see Shirley on the screen in *Around The World In 80 Days*. She's really going places.

a great thrill for me, equalled only by the thrill of receiving the honor from this gracious lady whom I so deeply admire." Nice going, Tab. Nice manners.

Peggy Lee was so surprised, delighted and excited over winning for her performance in *Pete Kelly's Blues* that she had to excuse herself to the waiting photographers and make a bee line for the ladies room!

Cutest sight at the party was ten-year-old Tim Hovey who scored so strongly in *The Private War Of Major Benson*. He was all done up in a juvenile dinner jacket with a white carnation in his lapel. He left his own table and bowing from the waist to Mara Corday, asked the glamour girl for a dance. And she accepted, much to the delight of the onlookers.

Donna Reed looked like a doll, or a Queen, with a diamond tiara on her head. She wore a low-cut red satin gown, also on the Royal lines.

Many people ask me if I think the Audience Awards will ever replace Hollywood's own Academy Awards. I don't. I believe there is a definite place for both polls.

It is a big honor to win the approval of the public, the ticket buyers. But the Academy means winning the approval of your own show people. It means being a "prophet" *with* honor in your home town, Hollywood.

IN SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S determination to remain completely out of the spotlight, one fact is rather sadly apparent: Shirley must have unhappy memories of her fabulous career as perhaps the greatest child star of all time.

If you remember it was just two years ago that Shirley took her young daughter out of school because the youngster was being billed as "Shirley Temple's daughter" in a school play. "I won't have my little girl commercialized by my former career," Shirley, now Mrs. Charles Black, said indignantly.

Just before Christmas, Shirley was invited to take part in a benefit program staged in San Francisco where she and her husband and the three children live. She was sweet but firm in declining. "My days as an actress are over," she said.

But, one thing Shirley *is* willing to share with the public is her fabulous collection of dolls, 300 of them, which are currently on exhibition at the State Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles and which will be taken on a national tour in the spring.

"My wonderful dolls brought me so much joy I want children everywhere to see them," said Shirley.

Among the collection are Shirley's first rag doll; there's a beautiful likeness of Queen Elizabeth II when she was a Princess of twelve years of age, and there are the fabulous Lenci dolls from Turin, Italy. Then there are the famous choir dolls atop a musical box that winds up and plays sweet religious music.

What a thrill for children everywhere—with love and kisses from the loveliest little "doll" of them all, the unforgettable Shirley Temple.

SOMEONE SAID TO ME, "Did you ever know anyone who got exactly what she wants the way Ann Blyth does?" The reference, of course, was to the baby daughter, Maureen Ann McNulty, born to Ann and her handsome Irish husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, a few weeks before Christmas.

Richard Egan, who still shows no sign of settling down, is seeing Barbara Nichols, the TV *star.*

Cliff Robertson (he's now in Picnic*) and Felicia Farr are a new couple out night-clubbing these evenings.*

Roger Smith and Victoria Shaw (who looks like Livvy De Havilland to me!) are new at Columbia.

Jarma Lewis (she's in Tender Trap*) visited the Harwyn Club with Ben Bensinger on their honeymoon.*

Yvonne De Carlo and Bob Morgan eloped to Reno and surprised everyone—except Lita Baron Calhoun (left) and Pat Schweiger who were bridesmaids.

Joan Crawford and Al Steele took Joan's adopted kids, Christina, twins Cathy and Cynthia, and Christopher to Switzerland for a vacation.

Now who says Stewart Granger is stuffy? He stole the Guys And Dolls *benefit preem (for Cedars Hospital) from Frank Sinatra and Jean Simmons!*

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
GUYS AND

the letter box

VIVIAN BLUMFORE, LIMA, OHIO, *writes (and hold on for this!)* "I saw a new actor, Farley Granger, in *Girl In The Red Velvet Swing*, and was most impressed with his talents. Has he played any other important parts?" *This is what you get for being off the screen so long, Farl!*

A very nice suggestion comes from BARBARA FALDISH, FAIRCHILD, WASHINGTON. "Could you use your influence with the editor of MODERN SCREEN to run good size pictures of Robert Francis, James Dean, John Hodiak and Suzan Ball, so we fans who treasure the memory of these brilliant stars can cut them out for our scrapbooks?" *How about this, Mr. Chuck Saxon?*
Editor's note: See page 66 for a Jim Dean picture, Barbara.

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL, DIXON, CALIFORNIA, *has a crush.* "That Jack Lemmon! I sure do like him. He's the best of the new heroes." *I'm intrigued by your name, Mrs. Pat. Do you know there was a very famous stage star of the same name?*

"Joan Crawford is the most popular star ever to visit New Orleans—at least to me," *writes* LILLIAN TOSCANO *of* LOUISIANA. "I stood outside the places where she appeared so often that she began to recognize me and always called a cheery 'hello' just to me. How about that!" *Joan really appreciates her fans, Lil.*

"You don't write enough about Dan O'Herlihy," *complains* GEORGIA STRICKLEY, ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA. "Don't you like the Irish?" *Shurre—and I'm part Irish myself. In this department next month, I'll give you a closeup of Dan, Georgia.*

MARCIA KATZ, LONG ISLAND, *wants the world to know,* "I am the President of the first fan club organized for *both* Eddie and Debbie called the Fishers' Fans. Who says we fans of Eddie's didn't want him to marry the adorable Debbie?" *Not I, Marcia.*

They wanted a son first. And they had one. Then they hoped for a daughter *and* she arrived as requested.

I've said before and I'll say it again, I do not feel that all the happiness that comes to Ann is pure "luck." She is such a fine little person, so thoughtful and out-going, always giving so much of herself to other people, that I believe the good things of life just naturally gravitate her way.

PORTLAND MASON, child wonder of the James Masons, who is playing the seven-year-old daughter of Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck in *Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*, is missing her two front teeth. Except when she is actually in front of the cameras, Porty has developed a little habit of holding her mouth tightly closed.

Greg asked her the other day why she did it.

"It's *draughty* in my mouth," replied the always fascinating Miss Mason.

FEW VISITORS to our town, particularly actors, have ever received the wholehearted respect and admiration tendered Alec Guinness—that distinguished actor and charming gentleman from England.

I think even Guinness was impressed by the long and sincere outburst of applause that greeted his appearance on the dais at the Audience Awards. He seemed really touched.

And, believe me, it's not every co-star who is met at the plane by Grace Kelly, herself, in person. Alec you know is here for Grace's *The Swan*.

He was also sincerely touched when poor, young James Dean, just twenty-four hours before his untimely death, introduced himself at a cafe where both were dining and asked, "May I have a talk with you some time? You are a hero to me."

Guinness deserves all these accolades. The adjective which best describes him, I believe, is "seasoned." He has a witty but not cynical outlook on life and his fellow man. He can carry on a conversation for hours without once resorting to "My last picture" or "My next one."

He is a family man, proud of his wife and children, and when he found he could not finish *The Swan* before the holidays, sent for them to join him in Hollywood.

Guinness speaks nicely of Hollywood. "It is an honor to an English actor to be invited to come to Hollywood and make a film," he says. "I shall most certainly return, if I am invited."

He will be.

THE SHORTEST-LIVED marriage of '55 was between Joanne Gilbert and Danny Arnold. Just six short months, from June 24th, 1955 to December 20th, same year.

This is very surprising because these two seemed to do a lot of thinking before they became Mr. and Mrs. They broke off their engagement once because "we aren't suited." Then, they found they couldn't live without each other, made up—but still didn't rush out into matrimony. They took another six months to "make sure."

When I talked with the dark-haired, svelte Joanne, just before Christmas, she seemed very depressed over their rift. "We both hope it's just temporary," she told me. "It is so sad to be parted at this time of year—our first Christmas.

"But for the time being, it seems the wisest thing to do. Believe me, there's no other man in my life nor any other girl in Danny's. It's just—us."

Danny, who is a writer at Warners', feels just as blue as Joanne over their separation. He said to a friend, "She's such a wonderful girl the fault has to be with me."

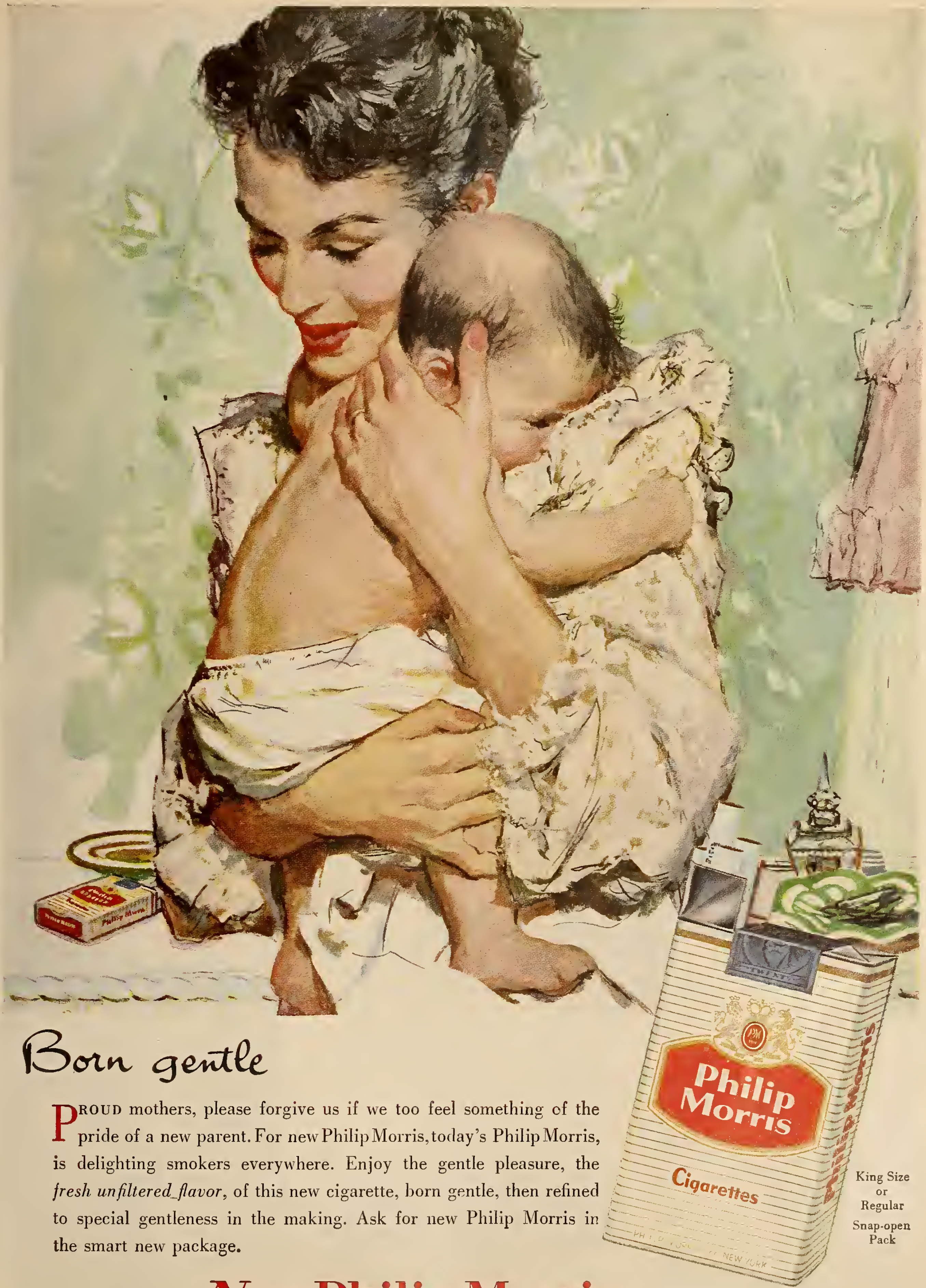
If you ask me, it sounds very much like these two are still in love. So stand by for a reconciliation.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH

Talk about unposed photos—just look at Debbie and Grace!

Debbie Reynolds danced with Mike Todd at the Audience Awards party—and they could have won a prize in a face-making contest!

Grace Kelly danced sweetly with Rupert Allen that night, gave no inkling of her engagement announcement three weeks later!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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Mitzi Gaynor co-starring in "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.

Shelley thought she knew about men—but gentlemen were something else!

SHELLEY LEARNED, WHEN IN ROME . . .

■ Shelley Winters, who is currently starring on Broadway in *A Hatful Of Rain*, is by nature a very warm person, and like many women had dreamed of going to Europe some day. Shelley recently fulfilled this ambition.

Having been a novice concerning European customs, Shelley learned her lesson the hard way. Now, experienced, she offers advice on what to do when in Rome. Namely:

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do!"

There was a young Italian actor, whom she won't name, who gave her a lesson in European manners, i.e.: Under no circumstances should a woman shop when with a male escort, unless she is prepared to have him pay for her purchases.

They were walking one afternoon in Rome when her eye was caught by a pair of gloves in a shop window and she announced she was going to buy them. He seemed to turn white for a moment. "Oh, I don't mean for *you* to pay for them!" she said. "I'll pay, of course."

She got the gloves but he was strangely silent for the rest of the time he was with her. Three days later there was a knock on her hotel door and when she opened it a bellboy stood there with a bouquet in his hand bearing the actor's card. It was a bouquet of gloves arranged exactly as if they were flowers to make up a floral display.

And never did he call her again!

TV TALK

The mysterious Jerry Lewis . . . Judy Tyler acting up . . . Franchot and Eva are still "good friends"

Phil Silvers is one celebrity who doesn't forget his old pals. When he plays Sgt. Ernie Bilko, lots of those guys in his platoon are men he worked with years ago in burlesque. Now that he's having it good, he fixes it so that they, too, get a nice stipend from TV. And when a one-shot part comes up that a burlesque buddy can play, Phil gets in touch with him and offers him the part. Some comedians in the strip shows, you know, just have one or two routines and can't do much else; but Phil tries to slip in as many as he can. Phil, incidentally, was very doubtful that his TV show would be a success. When CBS told him they were putting writer-creator **Nat Hiken** to work figuring out a format for him, he didn't even have any confidence in Hiken—although he knew that Nat's work on the **Martha Raye** shows had made her a top TV star. He rejected format after format, and then wasn't at all overwhelmed with the idea when he made a pilot playing Bilko! If it had been up to Phil, he probably wouldn't have gone on. But **Bill Paley,** the boss man at CBS, took one look, and *he* knew a bit when he saw one. Now everybody's happy—except Phil's mother. She wants her son to get married again. (Most people think Phil's always been a bachelor. Not so. He was married once, for a short stormy time a few years ago.) She even tries to find girls for him. One day she called him, all excited, and said she had found *the* girl for him—on television of all places! She'd been looking at pretty **Carol Reed,** the girl who does the weather reports for CBS in New York, and she'd been so taken with her that she demanded that Phil make Carol her daughter-in-law. Poor Phil almost had to apologize for the fact that Carol is not only happily married but also the mother of a baby! . . It's common practice for stars to have unlisted phone numbers so they won't be bothered by calls night and day, but two big names take extra precautions. For some reason no one can fathom, **Jerry Lewis** will talk to reporters only over one certain phone in Hollywood. If he gets a call from a newspaperman in Chicago or New York, say, and he's at rehearsal, he refuses to talk—or even to call back during the next break. Instead, he gets in his car and drives clear across town—and you know how spread out Hollywood is!—to his special phone. He's always amiable and helpful then. You figure it out! . . . **Arthur Godfrey** has another system. He's almost impossible to reach in New York, but a few reporters have managed to get his private number in Leesburg, Virginia. But when they get him on the phone, something very mysterious sometimes happens. They'll be talking back and forth, with perfect reception, until Godfrey is asked to give an answer to some delicate question. Then, suddenly, the phone is full of static. The static stops, and Godfrey says, "Did you get that?" "No," says the reporter, so Godfrey answers again—and again the static starts. After just so many go-rounds of this, the reporter gives up and switches to an innocuous subject. The air is suddenly clear again. It could, of course, be coincidence, but it's always a good way to act cooperative without being cooperative. . . . Godfrey admits, incidentally, that he owns part of the Kenilworth Hotel, the Florida spot where his shows sometimes originate. Those that know, however, say that he owns the whole place . . . **Dean Martin** and **Perry Como** are such good friends—and such avid golfers—that Dean often flies into New York from Hollywood just to play several rounds with Perry. Como has plenty of leisure time. He doesn't like to rehearse, and he does less work than any other man with an hour show. He does much less work now with his sixty-minute show than he used to when he had three fifteen-minute ones a week. He can, and does, take off three or four days a week to play golf. But he *is* willing to make a movie. So don't be surprised if you read he's signed to do one . . . **Liberace** not only takes great pains with his own white-and-gold wardrobe, he even shops with his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Liberace, and, unlike most men, will spend hours finding just the right dress . . . **Anthony Franciosa,** who plays **Ben Gazzara's** brother in Broadway's *A Hatful of Rain*—and who almost steals the show from Gazzara and **Shelley Winters**—does not use his real name, although "Franciosa" hardly sounds like a stage name. It's not really. It's his mother's maiden name. Tony hates his father so much that he refuses to use his name . . . **Judy Tyler,** the young love interest in Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *Pipe*

Was guest star Kirk Douglas worried when Perry Como shaved off the beard Kirk had grown for Lust For Life*? You bet he was!*

With filming finished for the season on The Honeymooners, *Audrey Meadows and escort Spencer Martin relax at The Harwyn.*

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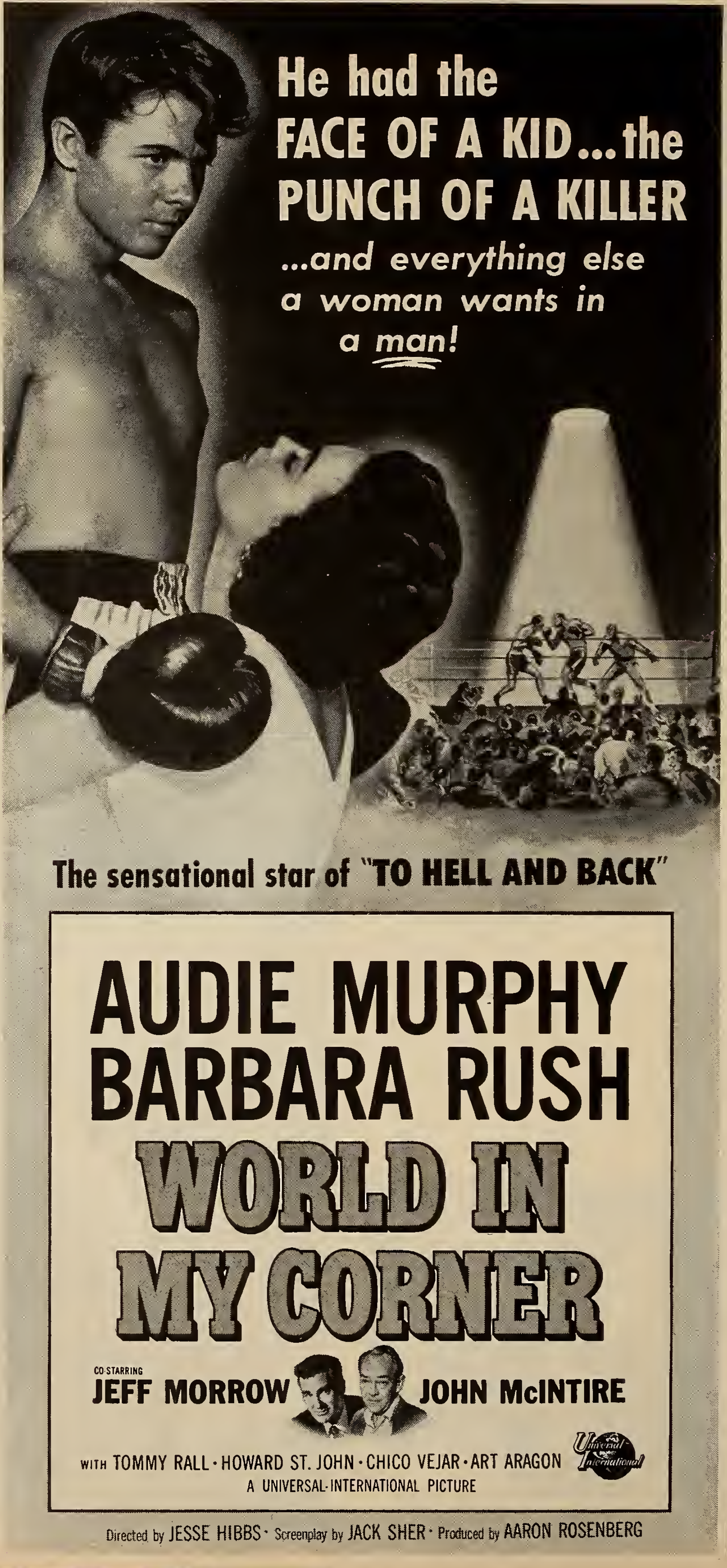

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Directed by JESSE HIBBS · Screenplay by JACK SHER · Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

tv talk

(Continued from page 19)

Dream, is already acting off stage as though she were a star . . . **Kim Stanley** left the hit *Bus Stop* for several reasons. One was that her domestic life needed some quiet time spent on it. Another was that she wanted to do Horton Foote's new play, *Traveling Lady.* The third was that she never really liked her part in *Bus Stop.* Yet this was the play that really cinched her standing as a top-flight Broadway star! . . . **Helen Gallagher's** career is finally looking up. For season after season, she had done very well on Broadway playing second leads, usually comic parts. Then she made what many people consider her big mistake: She signed for the starring role in *Hazel Flagg. Hazel Flagg* was a flop. She was good; but, after it folded, nobody offered Helen any more secondary parts. They figured she was a star, and once a star, always a star. She almost got hungry before **Carol Haney** had to leave her role in *Pajama Game* and the producers offered it to Helen. Now she's eating well, cavorting around in a comic part again, and will undoubtedly get signed for more second-leads in new plays. She'll be right back where she started from, but will she be glad to be there! . . . When **Franchot Tone** and **Eva Gabor** are together, they really do act as though they are the "good friends" they say they are. That and no more . . . **Rod Serling,** the writer who made such a name for himself when his *Patterns* became one of TV's big dramatic hits and was sold to the movies, wrote reams of scripts before he hit the jackpot. They were rejected, one after another; and once he was advised to stop writing altogether. After the *Patterns* success, he dug into his commodious files of rejected scripts, pulled one out, sent it off, and sold it! . . . Some relatively minor TV actors are getting smart. They know the people who run the shows, and they've started sending scripts into them. They sometimes sell them, too—for, say, $1,000 for a thirty-minute plot. After all, they've hung around rehearsals enough times to know what the bosses want in the way of a script. The inside dope never hurts. Some of the real cagey ones also write in parts for themselves. Then, when casting time comes around, they get an extra $250 for a ready-made role. They even add a few more parts for friends of theirs, suggest that they be used, and end up feeling rich *and* philanthropic! . . . It's hard to believe, but **Hal March's** dearest ambition is to be—not the actor you read he wants to be, but a novelist! We say "hard to believe" because every week, on *The $64,000 Question,* all of the questions he reads are written out for him in phonetics. He just plain has trouble reading, so his ambition to write is really ambitious! . . . By the way, **Bergen Evans** gets a mere $100 a week—not even peanuts in TV—for thinking up the questions on *The $64,000 Question.* He's very happy with his little fee, however. It doesn't take long, and he's very fond of the *$64,000* creator **Lou Cowan,** who is the man who thought up Evans' *Down You Go.* . . . You can believe it when you read that **Anna Magnani** was very upset when **James Dean** died. She really thought that he was a great actor. *Every* actor thinks Magnani is great. None of them is surprised to read the raves for her performance in *The Rose Tattoo.* In fact, you can't name one performer who wants to appear with her. They know she steals scenes.

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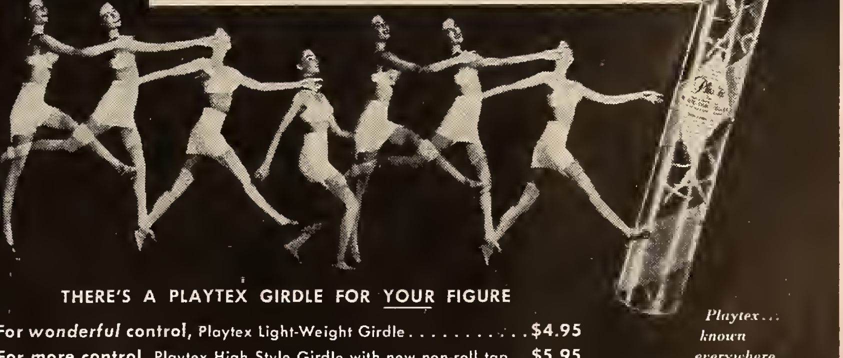

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By Perry Como, Jaye P. Morgan and Eddie Fisher

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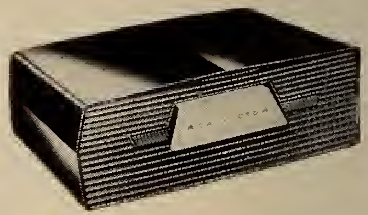

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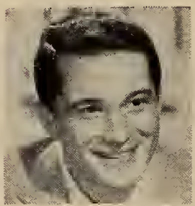

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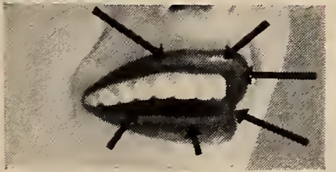

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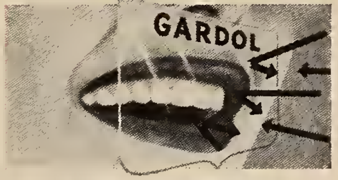

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD

"Hail To The Groaner," America's King of Sing, Bing Crosby! Bing, now in his fifties, has just completed his fiftieth motion picture. Starring with Donald O'Connor (who, incidentally, is reunited with Bing for the first time in the eighteen years since they co-starred in *Sing You Sinners*), Jeanmaire, and Mitzi Gaynor in Paramount's lavish VistaVision musical *Anything Goes.* Bing will be seen in the type of role that won him his first fame. In the picture Bing plays a big musical comedy star. He signs a contract with Donald O'Connor, a star in his own right, to appear with him in a Broadway musical after a vacation in Europe. Bing goes to England and Donald to France. Bing catches Mitzi Gaynor's sensational solo number at a London theatre and signs her for the leading lady role in his forthcoming musical with Donald. Donald, while in Paris, sees Jeanmaire doing a ballet number and signs her for the leading lady role. However, only *one* leading lady can be used. What happens? Well . . . Bing gets Jeanmaire; Donald gets Mitzi; and you get songs, romance, dancing and very funny sequences. During the filming of *Anything Goes*, Jeanmaire walked on the set tugging at her midriff. "Darn thees—thees—how do you say it?" "Girdle," supplied the wardrobe woman. "How do you say girdle in French?" "In France," answered Jeanmaire, "there's no such thing." During Jeanmaire's first run-through on the "Dream Ballet" number, she exits to the right. "I think," says Director Robert Lewis, "that it would be better if you exit to the left." "I would like to exit to the right," says Jeanmaire. "I believe that it would be better if you exit to the left," says Producer Robert Emmet Dolan. "I prefer," Jeanmaire insists politely, "that I exit to the right." "You exit to the left," says Roland Petit, who's doing the choreography. So Jeanmaire made her exit to the left. Roland Petit in addition to being her choreographer is her husband. In France a husband is still *the* husband. Mitzi Gaynor wears the briefest outfit of her career in a big solo number. Whipped up by Edith Head, it consists of a hand-full of sequins artfully placed on a strapless piece of red silk into which she is apparently sewn for the occasion. "It's so tight and revealing," says the leggy Mitzi, "that I can't lean, sit or bend over. It's a strait jacket in sequins, but it makes the boys whistle, which was Edith's idea when she designed the thing." The number "You Can Bounce Right Back," in which Donald O'Connor sings, dances, and clowns with fourteen moppets, is rated by him as the most difficult in his entire career. Set in a nursery of a large trans-Atlantic liner, the number calls for O'Connor to keep up a continued song-and-dance patter while bouncing and juggling ten tennis and beach-balls at the same time. Cole Porter's key tunes for the original stage version remain: "You're The Tops," "Anything Goes," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," and "All Through The Night," which Bing sings to Jeanmaire in perfect French. Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen have whipped up a couple of new songs for the picture. One of them—"You've Got To Give The People Hoke," sung and danced by Bing and Donald, includes this sobering thought: "Every year at the Met they go deeper in debt. They don't want Pagliacci, give 'em Liberace. You have got to give the people hoke." Jeanmaire was inclined to be a little nervous during love scenes with Bing. To break her down to normal, Bing had a gag wire delivered to him just before a big clinch. It read: "Stop making love to my wife."—Signed: Roland Petit. The gag worked. Jeanmaire relaxed and the scene was perfect.

"You've Got To Be Good . . . To Be Bad." The young woman who has embarked on a life of crime since she arrived in the film capital a year ago is blonde, blue-eyed Tina Carver, a former Houston, Texas, socialite. In her very first film role she played a gun moll companion to Pat O'Brien in Columbia's *Inside Detroit.* Tina made such a good impression that she got a job immediately afterwards at Warner Brothers where she was given a lusty role in *Hell On Frisco Bay*, which stars Alan Ladd. Tina was a gun moll in this one, too. Currently, in her third picture to date, Tina plays the female lure in the Columbia picture *Uranium Boom*, starring Dennis Morgan and Patricia Medina. "I'm a conniving con girl in this one, too," says Tina, who is not worried one bit about being type-cast in pictures. She's certain that it will lead to (*Continued on page 26*)

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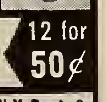

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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 24*) bigger and better roles. The really mad part about Tina doing these roles is the fact that her real life is a complete contrast to her film portrayals. Until a few years ago she was a concert pianist, giving performances throughout the United States and Europe. After a concert in London in 1949, Tina decided to become an actress and enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Later she toured the provinces. Returning to the States, she became a TV actress, which led to her Hollywood discovery.

Leigh Snowden, Miss Whistle-Bait of Universal-International, whose most recent film is *All That Heaven Allows* with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman, starts the day with a breakfast of a dozen raw oysters. Many of Hollywood's beauties are satisfied only with off-beat victuals. According to a recent breakfast survey, it was found that Lana Turner eats smoked salmon on her toast, Donna Reed eats baked beans with a generous helping of ketchup, Piper Laurie takes caviar on a scone, and Colleen Miller starts the day at least three times a week with kippers. Leigh is amazed at how her life was completely reversed overnight. When she was selected for this picture, the number of phone calls from Hollywood's wolf pack were so numerous that she had to change her phone number and subscribe to a phone answering service. Before her selection for the film, Leigh would have eagerly grabbed the phone which rang very seldom. However, now she has no room for romance. It's the chance of her life to be under contract at Universal, and she is making the most of it. She is enrolled in every course the studio has to offer, including drama, speech and dancing. Leigh sums up her hopes with, "I want to be a comedienne someday, and that's not so funny. I mean comedy takes more study than any other form of the entertainment field." For many years now Leigh has been interested in a musical career. She started as a child prodigy in her home town of Covington, Tennessee, and graduated to roles, singing the leads in *Brigadoon*, *Naughty Marietta*, *Rose Marie*, etc., in the Open Air Theatre in Memphis. Today Leigh is striving toward a popular recording style.

Never Say Goodbye, Universal's production starring Rock Hudson, George Sanders and the new foreign import Miss Cornell Borchers, looks to be excellent fare. Cornell, a blonde with limpid eyes of turquoise blue, will make her American film debut in this production. Gifted with a sultry voice of unusual quality, the actress will play the role of Liza Gostling, a Viennese chanteuse. We asked Cornell whether she has thought about American Men since she is unattached. "Naturally, I've had my eye on them. I think they are wonderful—very attentive, very solicitous, and how do you say, very wolfish." In answer to the question "What would you really like to do?" she replied, "Play Mary, Queen of Scots." When studio officials heard Cornell sing "A Time Remembered," a song written for the film, they were so impressed that they had another one, "I Promise," written for her. Did you know that George Sanders used to sing in the theatre both in England and the United States long before his Hollywood debut? George has a rich baritone voice. The only time he used it in a Hollywood film was in *Call Me Madam*. George was offered $30,000 per week to sing in one of the Las Vegas clubs. He says, "I've long considered a night-club routine, and I'm now completing special material including the composing of special tunes. But first I want to try it out in front of a few friends—so I don't lay an egg." When George was asked whether he had any romantic attachments, he replied, "You might say that I am in hiding." When the question arose about hobbies or did he collect anything, George said with a straight face, "I collect unfortunate memories." Rock Hudson knows how to play the piano, but he has a passion for music rolls for his player piano. Cornell found out about this, and she wired home to a music shop in Munich and had an air freight shipment sent direct to Rock's new home on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood.

One of Hollywood's most solid and respected marriages of the last ten years is that of Barbara Hale and Bill Williams, TV's Kit Carson, so the telephone calls Bill has been receiving at home lately from his most intimate friends, have amused the pair no end. Generally, the conversations have gone something like this: "Bill, look, I don't want to start anything nor butt into your private life. But after all, I'm older than you, and we've been friends for a long, long time and our wives know each other. What's going on at your place? Don't you know that you were seen with that platinum blonde dish at Mazzarini's the other night?" According to Williams, when he tells his well-meaning friends that it was his wife who was the "platinum blonde dish," they are even more surprised than when they suspected a new feminine interest in his life. Barbara's hair was dyed silver blonde and given the new, short haircut, by Helen Hunt, Columbia's chief hairdresser for her first wicked woman role in *The Houston Story*, starring Gene Barry and Edward Arnold and, of course, Barbara Hale. In this film Barbara will for the first time: Play a sultry siren, take a screen beating from thugs, wear a split skirt to show her shapely legs, have her first screen death, sing and dance. I asked Barbara how she felt about doing this new type of role. Here's her answer: "I play my first bad girl role in *The Houston Story*, and there's no halfway measures. Brother, I'm really bad. I'm a night-club singer and a racketeer's moll. I double-cross one mobster, Edward Arnold, to become involved with another, Gene Barry. My love scenes with Barry really sizzle. I'm beaten up by thugs, whacked across the face by Barry, thrown into the river by hoods, and finally taken for a one-way ride by paid killers. This type of role is really blasting my former type casting to bits, but I feel that in the final analysis this type of role will be good for my future screen career. Ever since I played Al Jolson's wife in *The Jolson Story*, I played the perfect wife in all my picture roles. I spent my time in the nursery with a brood of children, testing bottles, etc. Just one *formula* picture after another. It was getting so that I was becoming allergic to gingham aprons and kitchens. But now—*wow!*" Barbara does an excellent torrid version of "Put The Blame On Mame, Boys" in this production.

Joanne Dru, who used to be married to singer Dick Haymes, will sing for the first time in her role of a night-club chanteuse in *Hell On Frisco Bay*, starring with Edward G. Robinson and Alan Ladd. Joanne will sing "It Had To Be You" and "The Very Thought Of You". Alan Ladd is happiest when he's listening to music. His first move upon rising in the morning is to turn on the record player. He continues it on his (*Continued on page 28*)

A town
...a stranger
...and the things
he does to its
people, especially
its women!

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WITH

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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 26*) car radio en route to the studio. Between takes there's always music in his dressing room. Joanne divulged her secret for sound sleeping to Alan Ladd. Just before retiring in the evening she has a fried egg with a large onion on top. I hope she doesn't cry herself to sleep . . . Edward G. Robinson plays as ruthless and menacing an underworld character in this film as ever has been on the screen. Since his portrayal of "Little Caesar" many years ago, he has played parts as doctors, lawyers, artists, scientists, and clergymen, and yet if anybody were to mimic or imitate him, it would be as "Little Caesar."

The popularity of *The Vagabond King* continues undiminished as Paramount films this marvelous musical for the third time. This time we'll see the film debut of Oreste, famed operatic tenor, co-starring with Kathryn Grayson, as well as top featured players like Walter Hampden, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Rita Moreno. On the set Director Michael Curtiz is directing a huge cast, and Oreste as Francois Villon is leading his vagabonds and rabble in a pitched battle with the forces of the Duke of Burgundy. The troops are in a main street of Paris, and Oreste on his proud charger waves his sword and yells, "Come on! Forward to Victory!" The ragged troops start marching—all except one poor fellow who seems lost. The director stops the cameras and yells through the PA loudspeaker system: "What's wrong with you?" The extra answers: "Sorry, but I didn't know which was the way to Victory!" Twenty dancers were going through their waltz number equipped with tiny batteryless radios which relayed the music to their ears noiselessly while Kathryn Grayson and Oreste danced nearby and recorded dialogue for the scene. This is known as a closed-circuit transmission, the receiving sets smaller than match boxes hidden in the players' costumes or hairdos. Suddenly consternation took over and virtually everyone fell out of step to the waltz. By some electronic quirk the wavelength had been invaded by broadcasts from a local radio station—and the music heard by the waltzers was "Sh-boom!" Mantovani and his orchestra have recorded an LP album, which will be released by Mercury Records, of the score from *The Vagabond King*.

These are the disc jockeys participating in the big Music From Hollywood contest (on page 22). Send your entry to the one closest to your home. He will announce your name over the air if you are a winner in the

DISC JOCKEY DERBY

Bill Anson, WAIT *Chicago, Illinois*
Hal Bakke, KGKO *Dallas, Texas*
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Don Bell, KRNT *Des Moines, Iowa*
Bob Bradley, WLOL *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Paul Brenner, WAAT *Newark, N. J.*
Lee Case, WAYE *Baltimore, Md.*
Pat Chambers, WFLA *Tampa, Florida*
Jack Denton, WISN *Milwaukee, Wisc.*

Jane Russell, who co-stars with Cornel Wilde in Columbia's *Hot Blood*, a film about gay, romantic, gypsy life in the United States today, appeared on the set bearing a home-baked chocolate cake as a gift for co-star Wilde. "Oh, buttering up your co-star," kidded Director Nick Ray. "Well," returned Jane, "I figured if we were filming the scene today where Cornel cuts off the roses I wear behind my ears with the flick of a fifteen-foot bull-whip, I'd better make sure he's on my side." Jane's brother Wally, making his debut in this film, received the following directions from Nick Ray: "When you dash into the gypsy wedding scene carrying four gallon jugs of wine, act as though you were carrying five gallons—one inside of you." Cornel Wilde says, "Anybody that contends screen kisses are just acting must be kidding." Cornel says: "The current wide screen processes pick up and expose any phoniness of technique. Besides, when I get to the stage where I don't get a charge out of doing a romantic scene with, say Jane Russell, and showing it, I'll retire." Joseph Calleia, who plays the gypsy king in *Hot Blood*, used to do a Scottish singing act in London's music halls. Coming to the States, he made an auspicious debut at Town Hall and was warmly received by the critics. Joseph did composing on the side, teaming up with George Abbott, who has since become one of Broadway's most successful producers. The popular ballads of Abbott and Calleia afforded them recognition in Tin Pan Alley, which, had they remained together, might have heralded the birth of another Rodgers and Hart team. When Jane Russell, who plays a great boogie woogie piano, had an upright moved onto the set of *Hot Blood*, Joseph Calleia gave an impromptu impersonation of Harry Lauder singing "The Wiggle Waggle Of The Kilt," which brought cheers from everyone.

Johnny Fairchild, WORZ *Orlando, Fla.*
Jon Farmer, WAGA *Atlanta, Georgia*
Larry Gentile, WXYZ *Detroit, Michigan*
Norman Hall, WBNL *Boonville, Indiana*
Irwin A. Johnson, WBNS *Col., Ohio*
Pete Johnson, WKBR *Manchester, N. H.*
Bob Jones, KFAB *Omaha, Nebraska*
Arty Kay, WVLK *Lexington, Kentucky*
Jack McCoy, WHLN *Harlan, Kentucky*
Ed Meath, WHEC *Rochester, New York*
Jerry Nesler, KCBQ *San Diego, California*
Harry Nigocia, WJBW *New Orleans, La.*
Ed Penney, WTAO *Cambridge, Mass.*
Ray Perkins, KIMN *Denver, Colorado*
Bill Previtti, KDEF *Albuquerque, N. Mex.*
Bill Randle, WERE *Cleveland, Ohio*
Ray Schreiner, WRNL *Richmond, Va.*
Chuck Thompson, WALA *Mobile, Ala.*
Frank Ward, WWOL *Buffalo, N. Y.*
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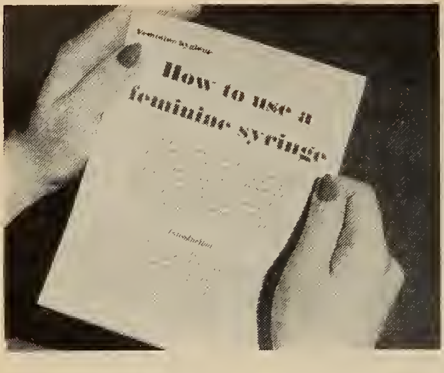

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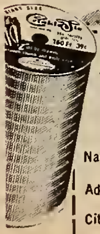

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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Never Say Goodbye
The Benny Goodman Story

FOR SPECTACLE
Diane
The Rains Of Ranchipur

FOR DRAMA
Court-Martial Of Billy Mitchell
Hell On Frisco Bay

FOR SHIVERS
The Man With The Golden Arm
The Killer Is Loose
Joe Macbeth

FOR TEARS
Glory
Miracle In The Rain

*** PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** The Benny Goodman Story *gives TV favorite Steve Allen the opportunity to prove he can really act. Lovely Donna Reed, his co-star, gives a fine performance.*

* THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY

Steve Allen as The King of Swing

■ The music of Benny Goodman, Harry James, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, the drums of Gene Krupa (and the men themselves, except Goodman) are here. You won't hear anyone complaining about the music. Pleasant is a strange word to apply to the life story of the King of Swing, but pleasant's the feeling it gave me. It begins in Chicago when Benny was nine (they say there were eleven kids in the family—all I saw were three) and comes by his first clarinet. In no time he's fourteen and playing with a hand on one of those pleasure boats that sail up and down a river. And then he's old enough to be Steve Allen. From that point on it's a question: Can a poor but talented boy from Chicago marry a wealthy socialite (played by Donna Reed)? No, says Benny Goodman's Mom (Berta Gersten). "You can't mix bagels with caviar." Says who? Allen (that is, Goodman) being a quiet chap doesn't put up a fight. He just looks at Donna and she looks at him and that question rings in their minds. While they're looking he's making a name for himself all over the country and in several exciting scenes you see how Goodman became that King. The music, as I said, is always wonderful. Steve Allen's nonchalant charm is refreshing and lends subdued excitement to a great era in American music.—Technicolor—U.I.

THREE BAD SISTERS

. . . and Daddy's money

■ They're not *all* bad. One (Marla English) is just a little too crazy about married men, and Kathleen Hughes is just a little too crazy. The third sister (Sara Shane) is always wanting to jump off a cliff—not to commit suicide, just to prove she can do it. Well, they're all very rich because their rich father died. And real crazy sister tells John Bromfield she'll cut him in on the fortune. All he has to do is worm his way into the confidence of sister number three (cliff jumper) since she holds the purse strings. Okay, says crazy John Bromfield, but he really falls for this sister (not cliff-wise, love-wise) and she ditches Jess Barker to marry him. Meanwhile real crazy slashes just-a-little-too (that's Marla) across the face with a riding crop in an effort to ruin her looks. Marla runs off in her car and crashes to her death. Then real crazy tries to kill her other sister with a horse—she's riding the horse and tries to stamp on her. This doesn't work. So she tries to steal John's affection. This doesn't work, but wifey thinks it does and drives off in her car. It goes on like that. "I can't stand this nuthouse!" John shouts once. *He* can't stand it!—U.A.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL

True-life drama

■ Here's a stirring film based on the court-martial of a former General in the Army Air Service. It's the story of a man who knowingly threw away his career because loyalty to his country came first. Among the remarkable qualities of Billy Mitchell (Gary Cooper) was his ability to see into the future with the kind of clear-sightedness that others scorn as visionary, idealistic or downright mad. It was in 1925 that his court-martial occurred. Before that, Mitchell had struggled to build up our air force but all he ever got were obsolete planes. Most Navy and Army men considered planes no more dangerous than toys—and no more useful. When Mitchell promised that the next war would be fought in the air, they laughed. When he mentioned the incredible speed and distance planes would set, they shook their heads with pity. Another man would have gone on being a General, enjoying the prestige and respect it brought, but Mitchell was too honest and too troubled by the truths he knew. (He predicted back then that some day the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor and that we would be unprepared.) He called a press conference and publicly criticized the Army and Navy, knowing what would happen but hoping it

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movie previews

(*Continued from page 30*)

would give him a chance to plead his cause. It's an exciting story with a fine cast lending it polish, and the drama of our times gives it depth. With Ralph Bellamy, Elizabeth Montgomery, Charles Bickford, Rod Steiger—CinemaScope, Warners.

DIANE

Love in a palace

■ Diane (Lana Turner) a remarkable woman, otherwise known as the Countess de Breze, was a powerful personage at court in 16th Century France. This movie is fiction based on historical fact and it is a grand and colorful spectacle. (Lana's clothes, by the way, are magnificent.) She first arrives in court to plead for her husband's (Torin Thatcher's) life—he's been accused of treason. King Francis I (Pedro Armendariz) is so moved by her beauty, charm and intelligence that he frees Thatcher, who'd rather be dead when he suspects it was at the price of Lana's honor. She becomes a permanent palace fixture (by order of the King) and is assigned to turn his son Prince Henri (Roger Moore) into a gentleman. Henri is betrothed to Catherine de Medici (Marisa Pavan). Naturally, Henri and Lana fall in love between fencing lessons, but she's nobler than he and doesn't want to hurt Catherine. But after Catherine and her guardians are ensconced in the palace, nobility goes by the boards. Catherine's astrologist (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) keeps predicting dire events which her uncle (Henry Daniell) strives—often successfully—to accomplish. But he gets his, since Catherine compensates for her unrequited love by becoming a Queen in the true blue tradition. You'll be moved by the love story, entertained by court life and captivated by the lavish settings. CinemaScope—MGM.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM

A Study in drug addiction

■ You'll be gripped with horror for any number of powerful reasons when you see this movie. It's about Frankie Machine (Frank Sinatra) who returns to his home in Chicago after six months at Lexington where he kicked the dope habit. Now he's got plans about being a drummer but the squalid life he left is still intact and he isn't strong enough to resist it. There's his petulant wife Zosh (Eleanor Parker), confined to a wheelchair, who assures him he won't get anywhere as a drummer and ought to go back to dealing cards for Schwiefka (Robert Strauss). And there's Louie (Darren McGavin), the suave and evil dope peddler who keeps inviting Frankie over to his place for a "fix." An air of hopelessness and decay settles down around Frankie like heavy fog. Only Molly (Kim Novak), who works in a crummy club—and is the chief moral support for alcoholic John Conte—seems to have any faith in a better life. With her help Frankie goes through the gruelling experience of a "cold turkey" cure. Others—Sparrow (Arnold Stang) and Police Captain (Emile Meyer)—round out a cast of characters who are pathetically and tragically real.—U.A.

GLORY

Maggie O'Brien comes back!

■ Margaret O'Brien's a thoroughbred who loves thoroughbreds, but Grandma Charlotte Greenwood can't let sentiment interfere with the horse business. Glory (the colt in question) never wins a race so why keep her? Why? Because Margaret worships her, is why. She also feels a slight attraction toward John Lupton, young owner and operator of the biggest stable in Kentucky. A society belle (Lisa Davis) would go to any lengths to get him, which is further than Margaret will go. And for a while it looks like John is lost to her. Meanwhile, old-time trainer Walter Brennan figures if Glory wears goggles she may run faster. It figures. Margaret has the wild idea to enter her in the Kentucky Derby. "She ain't that good," says Grandma who by this time is disgusted with the whole seedy business and moves to Brooklyn, ever nearer to the Dodgers. Margaret is now earning cash as a singer with Byron Palmer's band. (He found her outside a stable one day.) But she still doesn't have enough to meet the Derby fees—which she'd better do something about quick because I got a feeling Glory will win. And then there's John—who do you think will win him? Technicolor—RKO.

MIRACLE IN THE RAIN

A tender romance

■ It's 1942 in New York City. The year hasn't been so hot for Jane Wyman, a stenographer in a drab office who supports her mother (Josephine Hutchinson) in a drab apartment. Her father (William Gargan) walked out ten years ago and Mom is still suffering from the shock. One rainy day at quitting time a goodlooking soldier (Van Johnson) picks up Jane and in a burst of aggressive fellowship invites himself home to dinner. His vitality and optimism are contagious and Jane comes alive for the first time. Only Mama worries. Their tender romance is cut short when Van is sent overseas but he has a lucky coin she gave him and she has his ring Even the Excelsior Shoe Manufacturing Company seems glamorous now to Jane. Tragedy follows, but so does a miracle. With Eileen Heckart, Fred Clark.—Warners.

THE KILLER IS LOOSE

Psychopath and the lady

■ When a housing finance company is robbed the last person you'd suspect is Wendell Corey. Diligent Wendell who loves his wife. Too bad detective Joseph Cotten has to kill her when he closes in on Wendell. At the trial Wendell notices Joseph's wife (Rhonda Fleming) and there's an evil look in his eye. Wendell's such a good prisoner they send him to an honor farm. He gets out of there by killing a cop and everybody knows his next victim is Rhonda. (There are one or two before Rhonda, but she's the main target.) Only Rhonda doesn't know it and Joseph won't tell her and she won't cooperate when he tries to lure her out of the house for safety's sake. All she wants is for him to quit the business. At a time like that—she pouts! With the killer loose and closing in.—U.A.

JOE MACBETH

Fall of a Kingpin

■ Good thing Shakespeare's dead. This movie—"a modern paraphrase"—would sure have killed him. Paul Douglas (that's Macbeth) is number two boy in a gang. He don't mind, but his wife (Ruth Roman) does. And everywhere he looks there's this free-lance fortune teller (Minerva Pious) reading his heroic fate in the cards. Enough to drive a man mad—which it does. But first he becomes number one boy by wiping out his boss. Then his conscience rattles him and before you know it there's more blood on his hands and ghosts in his house and vengeance (Bonar Colleano) knocking at the door with a machine gun—loaded, I'm happy to say.—Col.

HELL ON FRISCO BAY

Little Caesar vs. Alan Ladd

■ Alan Ladd's back from the pen—but I swear to you he never killed Joe Ventra. And, believe me, he's going to get the man that framed him if it takes a million years. That man is Edward G. Robinson who rules the fishermen on the Frisco waterfront. Tough? Lordy! (He's got a screw loose, too.) But Ladd doesn't scare easy and he doesn't forgive (not

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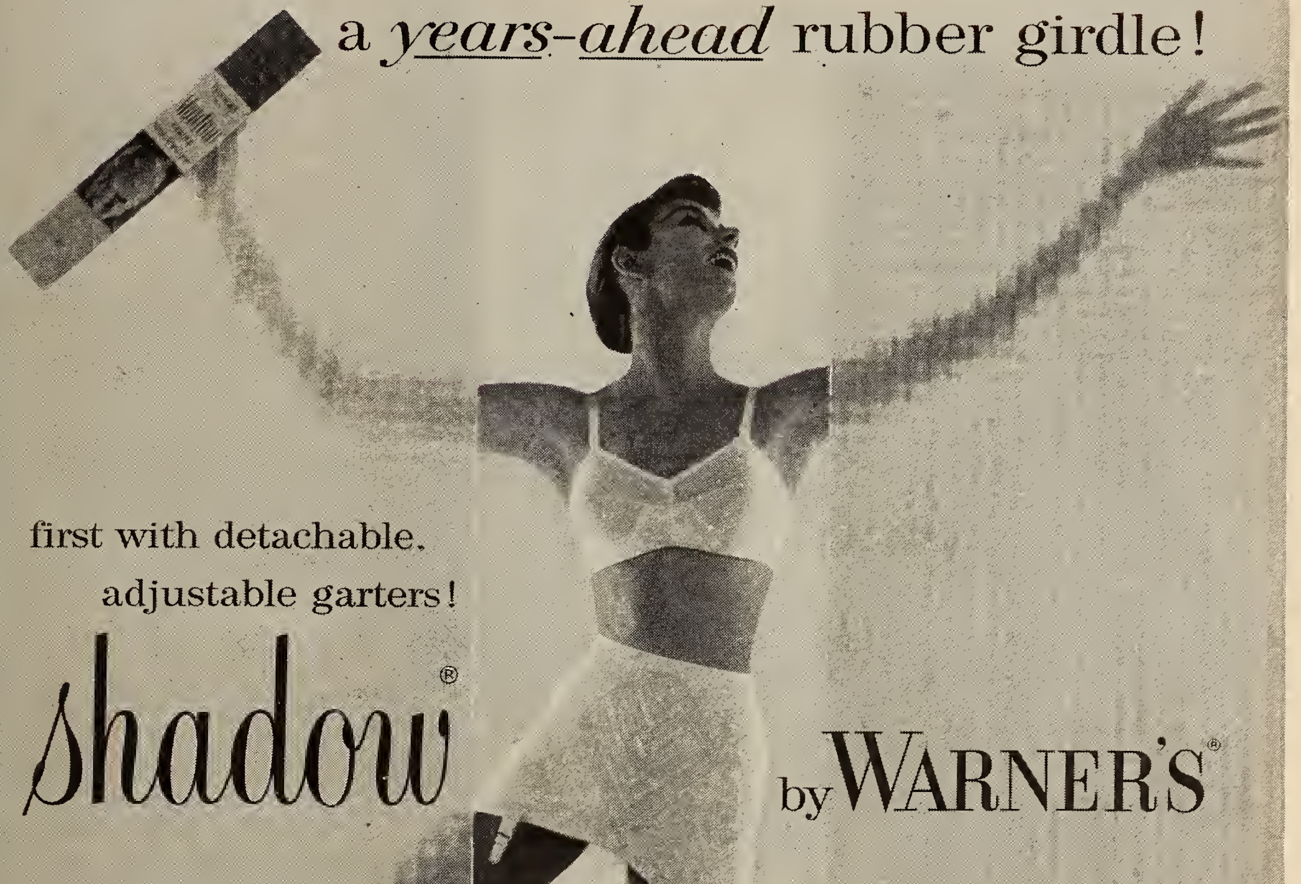

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movie previews

(Continued from page 32)

even his loving wife Joanne Dru who got restless waiting and dated another) and he doesn't forget and he doesn't fool around. Takes one sniff at the free air and is up to his ears in trouble. With characters like Perry Lopez (Edward G.'s sulky nephew) and Stanley Adams (Edward G.'s fat killer) and Paul Stewart (Edward G.'s reluctant right-hand man). The faster they come at him the grimmer Ladd gets. Relentless is the word and who am I to fight it?—CinemaScope, Warners.

THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR
Highlife in India

■ There's an episode in this film—an earthquake and torrential floods—that, for sheer photographic magnificence, is more than worth the price of admission. However, the rest of the movie makes up for it. Lana Turner's a Lady and her languid husband (Michael Rennie) is a Lord—which is why she married him. And here they are in India, probably the only country left where Lana hasn't loved and left someone—oh, anyone. Well, the Maharani (Eugenie Leontovich) takes one look at her and fears for the future of noble but naive Dr. Safti. And well she might, since he is Richard Burton and only a moron would overlook *him*. Meanwhile, looking over Fred MacMurray (who is in the throes of a perpetual hangover, and in India because he lost his idealism) is Joan Caulfield. Joan's brimming with idealism and yearning to go to Iowa State Teachers' College, of all places. Aside from sweeping away several hundred Untouchables, that flood is the wash that everything comes out in. I mean, it precipitates decisions all over—uniting Lana and her Lord, MacMurray and his lady and Dr. Safti and his soul. CinemaScope—20th Fox.

NEVER SAY GOODBYE
Lavish soap opera

■ Vienna after the war: Rock Hudson marries Cornell Borchers and they live happily ever after for two years. Then Rock stalks out of the house. Jealousy is why. And the villain is George Sanders—an artist of sorts (but not the sort who steals men's wives!). Well, when Rock comes back Cornell is out. Out for good, since she has run to Papa in the Soviet zone and the Soviets seize her. Rock returns to the U.S.A. with his baby daughter and lives happily ever after for seven years. Then Cornell turns up in Chicago where Rock, a successful M.D., turns up for a medical conference. Come on home, your daughter needs you, he says pleadingly. But daughter (Shelley Fabares), who is going on nine needs a psychiatrist more. She thinks Mom is dead and that suits her. Cornell Borchers is lovely. Technicolor—U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

GUYS AND DOLLS (MGM): Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine in the Technicolor version of the famous Broadway musical based on Damon Runyon stories. Just about the perfect musical from laughs to love. Includes "I'll Know When My Love Comes Along," "Adelaide's Lament."

PICNIC (Col.): Another prize-winning Broadway play translated into a fine movie. Kim Novak as the pretty sister, Susan Strasberg as the smart sister, Bill Holden as the untamed, lonely boy who loves Kim, are splendid, and as the unmarried schoolteacher making her last desperate attempt at love, Rosalind Russell is Oscar material. Betty Field, Cliff Robertson also contribute to a movie you mustn't miss.

THE COURT JESTER (Para.): This one has Danny Kaye in CinemaScope and if you want to know more, there's also a zany, riotous plot involving turning gentle Danny into a superman by means of a magic potion, in an effort to restore a baby prince to the throne. Also involved are Basil Rathbone, Angela Lansbury, Glynis Johns, Mildred Natwick.

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Para.): A fast-moving, frightening film concerned with the horror that envelopes a family when their home is invaded and taken over by three escaped convicts. Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott are superb.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS (U.I.): Love conquers all in this film starring Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. There are numerous difficulties, however, before the pic reaches its happy conclusion.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES (Warners): Jack Palance as Public Enemy Number One and Shelley Winters as a confused dance-hall hostess who adores him make this film one of the best of its kind. It's taut melodrama. With Lori Nelson and Perry Lopez.

THE DAY DORIS GOT A FAN LETTER

■ Maybe this will answer the question of whether a fan letter actually gets to the star. One morning, Dodo opened a letter from a girl (above).

"It was so sweet, so intelligent," says Doris, "that I couldn't put it down. I was so touched I decided to write her a letter." On second thought, she said, "No, better still—why don't I call her?"

So that's how it happened that Elaine Gershbein of Wade Street in Mar Vista, California, answered a phone call.

The voice on the other end said, "This is Doris Day."

This was an unexpected development, to say the least, for Elaine. There followed a silence.

After that, the conversation resumed; about seven minutes of it. Then Doris had an inspiration.

"I thought she was a real nice girl," she says, "and would like to see the studio. So I asked her, 'Would you like to go through Paramount?' There was a little pause, and then she said, 'Do you think I could?' I asked her, then, if she'd like to bring a few of her friends, or family. She said she would, but she'd have to get them together on it. So I told her well, I'd be working and just to call Marty at his office."

Elaine rounded up her mother, sisters and aunts for the studio visit.

Afterwards, Elaine wrote another letter. This time not to Doris, but to a newspaper columnist. In part, she summed it up, "I figured we'd see the studio, but never dreamed we'd talk to Doris. But we did, for almost two hours between scenes. She's nicer and sweeter than I'd expected."

Doris, when asked about the incident, said, "These little things are better left unsaid by publicity men."

When Dodo learned it was Elaine herself who had "planted" the item, it was her turn to be flabbergasted. "You mean *she* wrote a letter about it?" asked Doris. "Well, what do you know!" **—by Helen Gould**

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They all stared when Jeff Richards brought a new doll to the MS Anniversary Party. "Meet Muscles," he beamed and you could hear bells ring. But little did we guess they'd be eloping to Vegas a scant three weeks later!

MEET MUSCLES!

by STEVE CRONIN

■ Humphrey Bogart almost dumped his martini when he got the call from Vegas. He and Baby had just been hashing over Jeff Richards, among other assorted guests from the night before. Bogey couldn't stop grumbling about the girl Jeff brought along as his date, "She's got him drydocked. On a reform kick, too. No drinking, smoking, swearing or playing tiddleywinks." Baby just smiled knowingly but before she had time to explain the laws of attraction to her husband the phone rang.

It was for Bogey, a call from one Jeff Richards who was about to get hitched in Las Vegas. The connection wasn't very clear but the message was, "Father, we want to get married but we won't go through with this without your blessing."

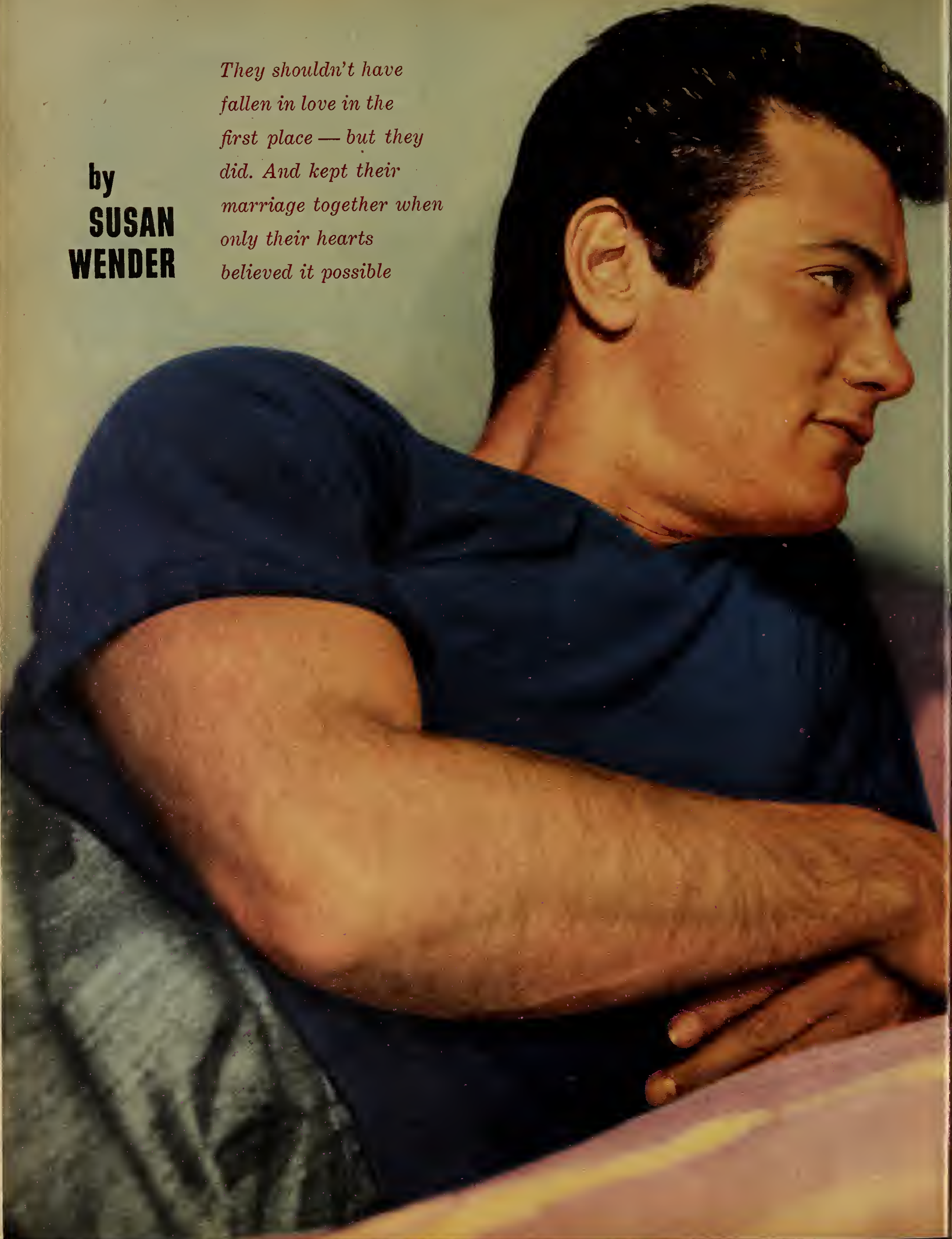
Bogey snorted, "I always hated weddings—except my own. When you are officially domesticated come on home and Baby and I will show you how to fight like newlyweds." This, translated from Bogart into English meant, "We are delighted for you two wonderful guys."

If Bogey had his doubts about Vicki Lenore Flaxman, alias "Muscles," he was the only person in Hollywood who did. (And Bogey was prompted by his very reasonable desire to keep the best mate he'd ever had just for himself.)

Mine hadn't been the only head that swivelled when Jeff ushered his girl friend into MODERN SCREEN'S Anniversary Award party at the Cocoanut Grove. (*Continued on page 80*)

They shouldn't have fallen in love in the first place — but they did. And kept their marriage together when only their hearts believed it possible

by SUSAN WENDER



the HEART has REASONS

■ The heart has reasons that the reason knows not of. That's an old saying, and a true one. It's the story of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, whose reason told them that they were wrong for each other, before they were married and after—and whose hearts said only that they needed each other too much to care, that somehow a love like theirs could be made to find a way. They're going to have a baby now, and because they [illegible] to their hearts, they're ready for it. They can offer their child love and a home and the security that comes from a mother and father who love each other enough to have battled their fears and won. This is the story of that love and that battle—and that wonderful victory. It has never really been told before.

There was the beginning. They met by chance. No one dragged them together and said, "You two *must* get together—I just know you'll *love* each other!" No one would have thought so. But it was a big Hollywood party, and since they were both actors, they had mutual friends. Someone said, "Janet, this is Tony Curtis. Tony, Janet Leigh," and dashed off after a waiter, leaving (*Continued on next page*)

Trying to save time so they can spend some of it together, they study scripts, take care of business during meals, generally manage to have their evenings free for each other —only to find they are too exhausted to stay awake past 9 p.m. Vacations are even harder to manage; last year they got their first—a week end at Palm Springs, where they swam, sunned, relaxed— but found when they got back it hadn't been long enough to completely calm their nerves.

Love they had aplenty. But problems from inside and outside threatened to tear them apart

(*Continued from page 39*) them stuck with each other. They looked each other over quickly. Tony was brand new to Hollywood. His fan mail was pouring in, all from kids who loved his black hair and his big eyes and his broad, sweet grin. He wasn't much of an actor, and he was more boy than man, but he was so *terribly* cute. They didn't see him off-screen, so they didn't know his clothes were —well, wrong. Neither did Tony, yet. His suits were striped, his shirts were dark and his ties were light. They were the most expensive outfits he had ever owned, and he figured he was really living it up. Janet knew, though. She had been through that phase when she arrived, when all her salary, which wasn't much, had gone for the heaviest make-up, the frilliest dresses, the most be-feathered hats in town. Nice people had hurt her feelings horribly by wiping her face and cutting off the sequins and telling her that she didn't know a Mainbocher from an Ohrbach's special and had better learn before she saw her picture in the papers. She had gone home and cried off what was left of her mascara, but she learned. Now she dressed beautifully.

"How do you do?" Tony said. "I've seen you lots in the movies. You're wonderful. You know, talented. Sing, and dance and all that besides act." He grinned. "I can't do any of those, really." The grin faded. "But I will."

A cocky kid. What an accent—real New York. And with that they were putting him into turbans and making him play Asian princes! Now there was casting for you! But Janet, having made ten movies and having learned to cover her shyness with poise and charm, was not the one to blurt out whatever came into her mind. So she smiled sweetly and made conversation, nice, friendly conversation, until someone dragged her off to meet a producer. And that was the last she thought about that cute youngster. She was escorted home by Arthur Loew, Jr.

But within a remarkably short time the cute youngster had (*Continued on page 84*)

Proud of his wife's efficiency, impulsive Tony nonetheless finds it disturbing to have Janet's new dress-designing business cause separations, calls her four to ten times a day when they're apart. Whenever possible they join each other away from home; Janet by plane, Tony by train—because he hates to fly.

Oh, Eddie how you've changed!

Eddie escorted Debbie to the MS Awards Party, but it was Mrs. Fisher's big night so Eddie kept well out of the spotlight.

Marriage has a way of making a man want to grow up faster, set his goals higher, try a lot harder to be worthy of the woman he loves

by LANCE ELLIOT

■ When Eddie returned with Debbie to the U.S. after their London Palladium appearance, one of his "pals" took him aside for a frank talk. "You're doing the wrong thing, man. You want to be singing duets all your life?" Eddie gave him a long, hard look and replied, "Maybe I do." Then he walked back and joined his fiancée.

"Eddie Fisher," they said then, "is surrounded by too many people."

Eddie's still surrounded. But today he is ringed by the love, the understanding and the personal concern of one woman—his wife, Debbie Reynolds. And it's made a big difference in him.

Recently, while walking to his TV studio, Eddie stopped at the doorway to a room from which came the sound of children's happy laughter.

The kids, television's child actors, were putting on their coats and jackets, their young, clean faces eager with the thoughts of playtime ahead.

Two of the youngsters, both boys, dashed out the door and collided with Eddie's knees.

He stooped to retrieve the tumblers, put his arms around them and said, "Get hurt?"

They gave him bashful smiles and shook their heads.

Eddie gazed into their clear, small eyes for a moment.

"I'm going to have two little boys just like you," he said.

As he watched them run off, his eyes sparkled with hope. He walked to the studio elevator with a new spring in his step. He was whistling "Love And Marriage." (*Continued on page 102*)

A play in One act by Jane Wilkie

Rock and the House Mouse

TIME: Lunch break one blustry, wintry California afternoon.

PLACE: The U-I lot. The action takes place under a large sailfish (he thinks it's "pretty") in Rock Hudson's studio bungalow. The stage is littered with a variety of peculiar objects; some scrapbooks, a war novel, a book on reincarnation, a framed photograph of an Irish setter, records ranging from Cole Porter to Ludwig Von Beethoven.

CAST: Jane Wilkie, reporter (hereafter known as Me)
Rock Hudson, actor (hereafter known as Rock)

The curtain rises.

ME: *Congratulations!*

ROCK: (with the air of one who has heard this before) *Thanks.*

ME: (smugly) *Oh, I don't mean on your marriage. I mean on your anniversary.*

ROCK: (blank): *Anniversary?*

ME: *Today is the ninth. You were married November ninth. Happy anniversary.*

ROCK: (he makes no answer. His eyebrows go up like scared rabbits, come down again with an air of wild relief. Fervently) *Thank you.* Thank *you.*

ME: *Think nothing of it. I'm mad about your wife. Out of that whole roomful of gorgeous women at the* Modern Screen *party, she was the only one in long sleeves and a collar. White lace and peau de soie—and such a* real *person. And so composed. I'd have thought she'd be nervous as a hen, making her first formal appearance as Mrs. Hudson.*

ROCK: (grinning) *She was. But she had to spend most of her energy curing me of the shakes.*

ME: *You?* (there's dialogue for you!)

ROCK: (shuddering horribly) *Television!*

ME: *Well, I can't answer for how you felt, but in that one shot of Phyllis at the table, she looked wonderful.*

ROCK: *Don't know how she*

(Continued on page 101)

I congratulated Grace Kelly and Phyllis giggled.

What better decoration for the wall than a sailfish?

But my wife insists on perfection! Tch!

So I please the little woman when I can.

I'm a neat type—for a new groom!

Unlike many star houses, the MacMurray home is a two-story, clapboard, picket-fenced Colonial, boasting ten rooms and a lived-in feeling. The den (above) is the most popular room, arranged "so you can put your feet on the furniture."

We're Old-fashioned

They didn't want picture windows and push-button doors. For June and Fred had a special need for a big, comfortable house to be a family in

by MARVA PETERSON

■ "Well, of all the funny things!" June Haver said. She stared at the magazine again and dropped the rest of the morning mail onto the hall table. "Fred," she called. There was no answer. "Honey?"

A postcard slithered to the floor but she didn't notice. Junie headed for the basement stairs, leading down to Fred MacMurray's workshop. "Darling, you down there?" No. She stopped for a moment, a small, pretty blonde in a simple cotton dress, and then muttered, "Oh—of course," dashed upstairs and stuck her head in at the door of Fred's small studio at the foot of the attic stairs. Her husband was bent over a drafting table, so absorbed in his water-color sketching that he hadn't heard her shouts.

"Look, darling," June gasped, half breathless from excitement, half from the stairs, which she had taken two at a time. She thrust the open magazine under his nose. "It's our house. They've run a picture of our house in *Holiday* without our knowing a thing about it!"

Fred, who is the calm, deliberate member of the family, rescued his paints and accepted the magazine. He studied it, read the caption and then turned back to the beginning of the article.

"Well, isn't it?" asked June, waiting for his reaction.

Fred laughed. "No, honey, not exactly," he said. "This is a picture of the St. George Tucker house in Williamsburg, Virginia."

"The who?" June said.

"Do you remember the real estate agent telling us once that Nelson Eddy had sent his architect back east to study American Colonial homes before he built this house?" asked Fred. June shook her head. "Well, he mentioned it," Fred continued. "Then later on after we bought this place I happened to be talking to Nelson and he told me that his man went to Williamsburg and took pictures and made sketches of all the different kinds of (*Continued on next page*)

"A home needs a disorganized attic," June says, stores extra dishes and clothes neatly, but lets the rest of the family odds-and-ends run riot there to remind her of her midwestern childhood. Fred's favorite spot is his garage-room workshop, where he constructs a variety of do-it-yourself inventions, some of which are even useful. Son Rob has a smaller workshop in the basement.

"June took up the piano just so someone would use the living room," Fred laughs, joins her in that formal, paneled room for clarinet practice. Much of their furniture, such as the breakfast table (above) comes from Fred's former home, includes valuable antiques. Though they hope to travel, so far June and Fred have left home only for brief fishing trips.

The FRED MACMURRAYS *bought their home before June got her engagement ring, furnished it before they were married*

houses there. Then the Eddys selected this plan as the one that best suited their size family. They had it copied with a few minor changes."

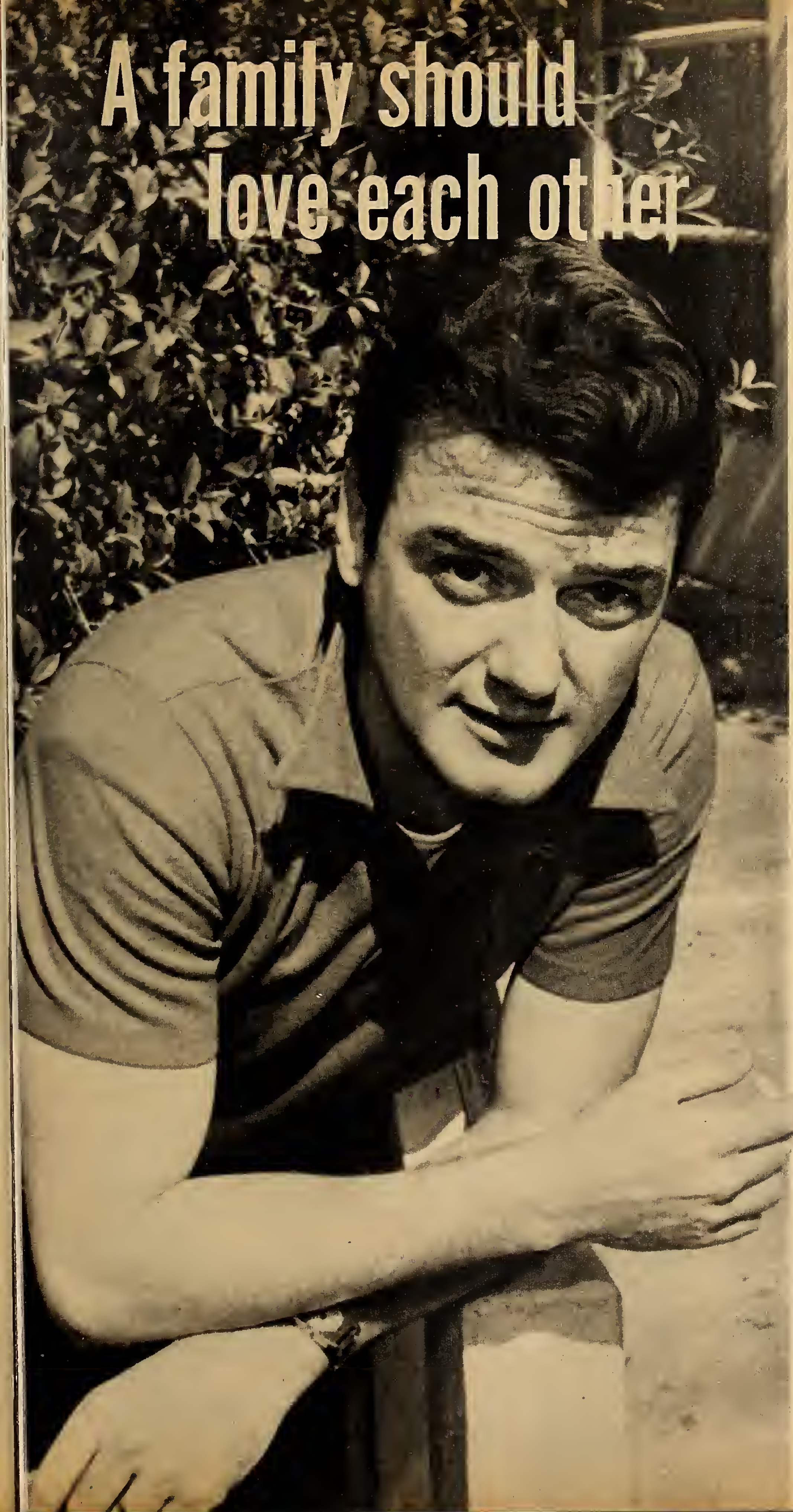
"You mean we're living in a genuine Williamsburg reproduction?" asked June delightedly.

"Yes, for what it's worth, I guess we are," said Fred. "Only, since Williamsburg is all re-constructed we're really living in an imitation of a reconstruction of an original!"

June ignored him. "Why, for all we know," she rhapsodized, "it may be the only Williamsburg in California! I think this is wonderful. And it explains why there are so many hidden cupboards and attics and basements and things like that. How many does it say there are in the article? I'm going to check every one!"

(Continued on page 91)

A family should love each other



That's the motto of Bill Campbell's folks. In scrapes and troubles, in laughter and love, they stuck together

by IDA ZEITLIN

■ Bill Campbell was singularly blessed with parents who understood what children need to keep them secure. They drew this understanding, not from psychology books, but from their own sturdy characters, their warm hearts and their balanced good sense. They had no silver teething rings to offer their sons, who teethed just as happily without. Dad worked for the City Water Department of Newark, N. J. Mom took a part-time job at Bamberger's, but not till Bill and his brother Bob, eighteen months younger, were reaching their teens and could raid the icebox for themselves. If money was tight, the boys didn't know it. Going to church, they were always well dressed. The small apartment was always immaculate. No Christmas passed without a tree that touched the ceiling and one big gift apiece. They never heard money mentioned except on the upbeat when Mom laughed, "Your father can make one dollar look like three." Luxury items didn't count with their folks. Moral fibre did. This viewpoint reflected itself in the boys. What Dad couldn't afford, it never entered their heads to ask for. The one object Bill craved and couldn't promote was a bike, though not because of the financial outlay. "If you're killed in the city streets, it will be my fault." Bill promised earnestly not to be killed. But when Dad (*Continued on page* 97)

The biggest stars in Hollywood go to Susie's father, Lee Strasberg, for coaching. But he's never given Susie a lesson—and at 17 she's a movie star—and completely on her own!

by MARCIA BENTON

Her mother (with Susie backstage at her Broadway hit, Diary Of Anne Frank*) sees that she gets enough sleep and food, but she lets Susie handle her own schedule, doesn't even stay in the room when Susie gives an interview.*

photos by Roy Schatt

SUSAN STRASBERG she did it all by herself

This is Susie and me, the author, at Schrafft's. I asked her once when she knew she'd be an actress and she said, "The first time I opened my mouth!" but she was afraid she mightn't be any good.

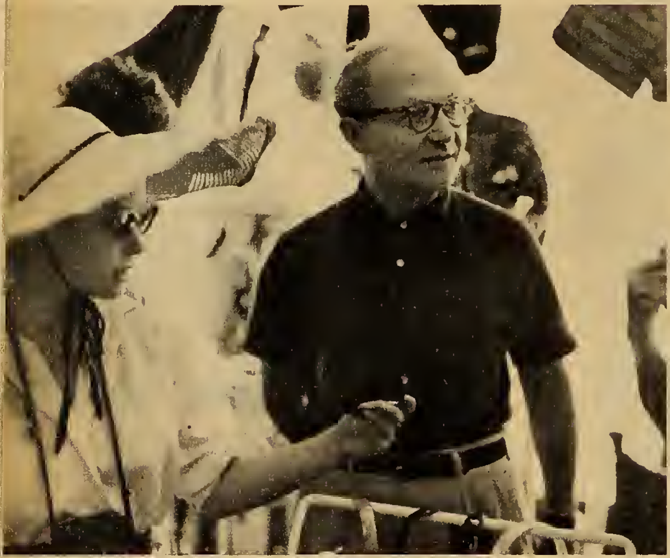
■ Susie Strasberg and I had a date at Schrafft's for lunch (my lunch; her breakfast) and practically the first thing I said was, "Does your father like you in *Anne Frank?*" Susie put down her menu and looked puzzled. "I hope so," she said. "I haven't asked him."

So I knew the Strasbergs hadn't changed a bit. Let me explain.

I met Susie for the first time just a few years ago, but I'd been hearing stories about her for as long as I can remember. My family was always interested in theatre, and they knew some people who knew the Strasbergs. I recall when I was five my father came home and told about what Susie had done the other day. She was two then, and her folks had taken her backstage to meet Tallulah Bankhead. It seems Tallulah came sweeping to the door in all her glory and said grandly, "I am Tallulah Bankhead!" And Susie looked straight at her and said, "Why?"

It was a pretty funny story, and my father said to me, "Why don't you say things like that?" I was only five, but I wasn't so dumb. I said, "Why don't you introduce me to Tallulah Bankhead?" and that was that. But I remember even then I wanted to meet her. But what with one thing and another—like our living in Brooklyn and the Strasbergs living in Manhattan—I didn't. We even went to the same high school— Performing Arts— for a while, but I was there three years before (*Continued on next page*)

These two pictures were taken at Fire Island last summer, where photographer Roy Schatt was teaching Susie to use the new camera her father gave her. Marilyn Monroe stayed with them there.



This is Susie and her father in their living room (not the public library!) and below are Susie and I in their foyer, which is jammed with photos of friends (famous and not famous), presents—and more books!

Photo from Actor's Studio

she was, so we missed each other. The same thing with Europe—we went to most of the same places eventually, but I got there in '49 and Susie in '51.

So when I finally met her at a party two years ago, it was quite an event for me. At the time I was in college, and Susie was taking commercial art at the High School of Music and Art. She was even tinier then than she is now, (she's just short of five foot one) and she was explaining patiently to someone that she was not her brother Johnny's little sister; *he* was *her* little brother. She sounded as if she'd done that pretty often. "It's rather humiliating," she was saying. "He's three years younger than I."

From the height of my position in college, I thought she was a very poised little girl. I asked her if she was going to be an actress like her mother, and if she'd ever been on the stage. "I'm studying to be a commercial artist," she said, somewhat evasively. "Yes, I have been on stage. My mother carried me on in a play called *Many Mansions* when I was not yet born. She was seven months pregnant at the time."

"Oh," I said, stopped dead. We talked for a while about Europe. She was mad about Venice; it was so romantic and they had ridden in gondolas —and Salzburg was wonderful—they went to the festival—and Israel was marvelous. She had gotten her pictures on a magazine cover in Israel —her first magazine cover, and she couldn't read what it said under the picture! In Europe she had picked up a few words in every country, but not many. "In France I learned to say, 'Which way, please?' and 'Don't (*Continued on page 89*)

For the most
unique feature MS
has ever run
we asked America's
top handwriting expert
to analyze Tab's
personally scrawled answers
to our very
personal questions.
On the following pages
we reproduce
the results exactly
so you can see
what happens when...

TAB LEVELS WITH US →

Things we never knew till now about

With whom do you live? have small apt alone.

What wakes you up? nature, or the students enroute to class

Wake up instantly? yes.

First thing you do? Yawn, stretch, make faces? open the blinds & let the sun in

Are you bright and cheery or a morning grouch? usually wake up in a good mood.

Who makes your breakfast? What do you eat? Either go to the drive-in, or else I do. juice & black coffee.

Any animals you don't like? ———

Favorites? horses & dogs

Do you own a pet? no

Do you prefer sports jackets and slacks, suits, jeans, what? Chinos - sweaters -

Do you own a tuxedo? no

A double-breasted suit? no.

Are you neat? yes (fairly)

Do you hang up your clothes? yes (if I have the time.)

Do you fill out questionnaires in magazines? sometimes

Do you send birthday cards, write notes, phone congrats? sometimes

Do you answer your personal mail promptly? I try

Are you a good message-taker? no

What's your worst fault? have so many I can't say

Your best virtue? loyalty

Ever tell lies? Fibs? I'm the greatest, but try to avoid it.

What virtue would you like that you don't have? think before you speak.

Tab! He hates baseball . . . he's afraid of the dark . . . and he can't cha-cha

What would you like to be if you weren't an actor?
but I want to be an actor.

What's the best thing about being a star? hate that word "STAR."

The worst? "the garbage heaped upon us!"

What's the best movie you ever saw?
That will take time to answer. there are so few good pictures.

Your favorite actress? Julie Harris & Kim Stanley.

Do you like interviews? that all depends

What do your friends call you? Any thing they want.

Ever had any nicknames? Debbie Reynolds & Lori Nelson call me "Tabaroo".

Did you like school? yes

What was your best subject in school? history

Your worst? spelling

Anything you'd like to study now? wanted to take a Course in psychology at U.C.L.A

Ever travel? yes.

Where would you like to go? back to Switzerland

How old were you when you first kissed a girl? around eleven.

Whose idea was it? mine—naturally.

Ever have an "our song" with a girl? yes

What and who? now aren't you getting a little personal?

Who's your best friend?
Dick Clayton

Who's your favorite pops singer?
Chris Connors, Jeri Southern, Peggy Lee, Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra, Billie Holliday & Judy Garland.

What's your IQ? I have no idea.

Are you the kind of boy you'd like your sister to marry? are you kidding?

MORE→

Continued from page 61

Do you think you're neurotic? Arn't we all?

Do you think most people are neurotic? just answered that

Did you ever want to be analyzed? God knows I could probably use it, but never have given an analist any thought.

Are you scared of heights, closed rooms? What? hate to admit this—the dark!

What touches you instantly? Crying woman, small babies, dire poverty? handicaped people —poverty.

What's your worst memory? ———

Your happiest? getting a good review in the N.Y. Times..

Your most embarrassing? Can't print that!

Who told you the facts of life? You might say, I was born knowing them.

Can you keep a secret? yes. Even other people's secrets? yes

Prefer long hair or short for girls? don't care

Fluffy or tailored or sophisticated clothes? depends on the girl

Like girls to wear perfume? yes

What kind? "Femme".

We asked an expert to study Tab's scrawl

This analysis of Tab's handwriting was prepared especially for Modern Screen *by Dorothy Sara, president of the American Graphological Society.*

■ The outstanding thing about this handwriting is the apparent speed of the pen as it goes across the paper. The connections between letters show he has a good sense of rhythm and coordination. I don't know whether it is expressed in music or sports or artistic work of some kind; but he is well-coordinated. Anything that he tackles is done with grace.

The style of writing does not change much, letter formations maintain the same pattern throughout, which indicates that he likes to have a sense of security in all that he attempts.

His handwriting has vitality, and he's probably a young and enthusiastic personality. These two traits (vitality and enthusiasm) sometimes give others the impression that he is very aggressive. But his handwriting shows that he does not rush ahead of himself. He waits to be sure.

He has a bit of stubbornness. This is shown by some "hooks" at the beginning of some of his words—for instance, a hook at the start of "l" in the word "little" and there is also a hook at the end of "s" in the word "yes."

I am delighted to notice the circle with which he dots the small letter "i" and he even puts it under the question mark. This use of the little circle instead of the conventional dot clearly shows that he has an artistic flair. He loves beautiful things and is attracted to anything that has fine quality and craftsmanship.

He has a practical streak; this is seen in the way some of the small "t" bars come up to the letter "t" but the stroke doesn't cross through. This is the sign of procrastination, graphologically speaking; and in this case it is probably based on a practicality which keeps him from rushing ahead to anything unfamiliar. The way he connects the letters in each word also shows his practical sense.

Do you like to dance? yes

Can you cha-cha? WOULD you cha-cha? what is a cha-cha?

Where would you like to live, given your choice?

in the country or the mountains.

Do you like children? yes. How many do you want? three

What was your favorite role?

part of Jim Pursell on "Climax".

Did you vote in '52? yes.

What pictures do you carry in your wallet? pictures of people I like.

Do you eat a big lunch or a bite?

usually eat breakfast around noon.

A between-meal nosher? What do you nosh? no

How do you take your coffee? black.

Favorite sports? riding, skating & water-skiing.

Un-favorite sport? baseball.

Are you a big tipper? Does it embarrass you to tip?

I remember when I waited tables at a restaurant I liked the good tips & now I leave good tips — While tipping, I always get confused on what I should leave.

What household chore would you never, never do?

I try to stear clear of it all,

but we kept his name a secret and didn't even tell her the subject was a star

I find that the endings to many of his words are lower, or smaller, than the letters used at the beginning of the word. What does this mean? Well, it shows that this young man can be secretive. He begins each word with rather large writing (showing his fluency) but the word ends with smaller writing (disclosing his ability to keep a secret). He expresses himself frankly and quickly; this is most disarming, because it makes his listener think that he is telling all. Actually, he can't tell anything if he feels it should be kept in confidence.

I can see this man has a sense of humor because of the way his "i" dots assume all sorts of sizes and shapes (aside from the small circle already mentioned), and many of the dots are not placed directly over the letter "i."

A very important clue to his personality is the way he makes his capital "I." This capital letter represents the ego, naturally. Notice how simple and how small the letter is. There are no fancy curlicues on the "I" and the vertical loop is made low and fairly narrow. This seems to contradict the friendly, outgoing personality which is seen in the fast writing and the forward slant of the script.

From my viewpoint, he is not as self sufficient nor as proud as some people might think he is. The man is shy, is hesitant about taking a plunge into anything which may seem impractical, and he may not always express his sentimentality and his feelings freely on the surface.

He is not the type of man who welcomes competition with others. He is much better off when he is working *with* others, and especially under the direction of someone who is firm and decisive and whom he loves.

His personal feelings may enter into his social and professional associations, and may act as a deterrent or as a spur to going ahead—as the case might be. He is much more sensitive in his reactions to people and places than even he realizes.

He is a constructive worker, and when others create he has the intelligence, the coordination, the vitality, to follow through.

Miss Jones' best friend works with her, lives with her, shares clothes and beaux—and now tells all!

MY "SISTER" SHIRLEY

BY BARBARA RUICK

Shirley depends on Barbara for advice, expects frankness and . . .

the kind of mood-sharing that two close friends always count on.

■ Because Shirley Jones was crying I knew I was going to like her. She was bawling big, beautiful, queen-sized tears that skidded down her cheeks and disappeared in the corners of her mouth.

The harder Shirley cried, the more pleased I became with myself. For every one of those drops rolling down her face was, I felt, a tribute to me, Barbara Ruick, singer, actress, Shirley's future roommate, mother confessor and zipper-unsticker extraordinary.

Shirley was crying over a song. A song I was singing from the 20th Century-Fox picture *Carousel.* It is not a tragic number. Nor a comical one. Just a tender little tune called "When I Marry Mr. Snow."

A few days before the studio had called suggesting that I audition for the part of "Carrie" in the movie.

I "me-me-meed" and "ah-ah-ahed" and sprayed my throat for two days. It was a part that was attracting the attention of many young singers and I just died at the thought of the chance.

Shirley, I knew from the papers, had already been set for the starring role of "Julie." And 20th wanted a singing actress. One who would look believable on the screen as Julie's best friend.

On my big day I arrived at the audition room a few minutes before Shirley.

The stage was bare, except for a small bench on a carpeted floor, a desk to one side and a tiny window in the wall. It was a makeshift set, arranged only for the test. There the studio would decide if Shirley and I went well together.

I knew my music by heart and when Shirley arrived the cameramen and director and crew took their places. We went right into the scene. I hadn't said a word to Shirley.

A boom microphone slid out over our heads, somebody called "Action!" and all of a sudden I was singing.

When you audition with another performer you can expect a variety of reactions. There are those who are willing to respond, some who are indifferent; some who are with you, some against you.

But only in rare cases will your partner complement your effort so (*Continued on page 93*)

Shirley and Barbara wear the same size, have a hard time keeping clothes and shoes sorted into the right closets in their bachelor-girl apartment in Hollywood.

GOODBYE, JIMMY

photo by Roy Schatt

The editors were so moved by the many, many letters written to us about Jimmy that we wanted to share them with the rest of you. We only regret not being able to print all of them, they were so wonderful

Dear Editor:

I was the president of a James Dean fan club and I and my members would like a *special favor* from you. You can imagine how we felt when Jimmy met his painful death recently. You see we felt very close to Jimmy because we used to see him a lot when he was in N. Y. before *East Of Eden.* I would like to tell you he was sweet, kind and good and that is the honest truth.

In the December issue of MODERN SCREEN you printed such beautiful photos of him, some of the best ever taken of him. Could you *please* send us a copy of one—we haven't any pictures of him because he never let us take any. If you only knew how we felt about him you would understand us wanting these pictures. We haven't any pictures at all to remember him by and we never,never want (*Continued on page 68*)

The page, opposite, was Fairmount's farewell to the boy whose tragic death was mourned by the whole country. But to one small Indiana town Jimmy Dean was a teammate, a classmate, a son. Others may write of artistic talent lost, of awards unearned. To Fairmount, this was a beloved friend, who is gone.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES DEAN

THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS

Volume LXXX | Fairmount, Grant County, Indiana | SPECIAL EDITION

Special

Because of the overwhelming demand for this week's issue of THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS, which contains exclusiva material concerning the brief, brilliant career of James Dean, we have sold all of our regular copies, even though wa printed several hundred extras.

Consequently, we decided to publish this Special Edition to try and meet the public's demand.

We, as members of the staff, would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy to the bereaved family of Jim Dean. Words can not begin to express emotions during periods of time such as this but Jim Dean and his influance on Fairmount will never be forgotten.

JAMES DEAN'S "EDEN" PROVES HIGH TALENT OF FAIRMOUNT ACTOR

Even if Jimmy Dean weren't a hometown boy, "East of Eden" would be one of the most powerful productions ever released by Warner Brothers and it would well be worth the effort and money of anyone.

"Eden" opens Easter Sunday at Marioo's Indiana Theatre and will continue through Thursday, according to John DeBoo, Manager.

However, homefolks will be going to see Dean. And, they won't be disappointed if they are looking to find a spleodid performance and magnificient interpretation by Jimmy.

Fairmount's star has been compared to Marlon Brando and this written can see some faint similarity between the two. But, Dean's is a warmer personality .. one that projects itself with a freedom of action that keeps movie-goers on the edge of their seats.

In "Edeo" Jimmy plays the role of an unpredictable, love-starved youth who was reared with a brother by their father (Raymond Massey).

Plagued with an inferiority complex brought about chiefly because he thought his father prefered his brother to himself, Dean, as Cal, does everything in his power to "win" his father's love.

Three climatic scenes, each topping the former, ere seen in the latter stages of the show and in each of them Dean seems to bare his very soul with his portrayal.

Writteo by John Steinbeck, "East of Eden" takes place in the Monterey-Salinas section of California, as is usual with Steinbeck. Elia Kazen, who produced and directed the picture, did an exceptional job; but, this is expected of Kazan, who is one of the nation's foremost producer-directors.

It has been said that there is a possibility Jimmy will be a candidate for an Academy Award in 1956 for his work in "Eden". This early in the year, though, it would be hard to forecast.

Packed houses have seen "East of Eden" every place it has played and in our opinion this will be true from Fairmount to Timbuctu.

Tuesday morning the Indiana Theatre gave a special performance of "Eden" for Mrs. Adeline Nall, Fairmount High School speech instructor, who started Dean on his way.

She, together with the senior class, school officials and several others, are enthusiastic with the picture as most people who see it will be.

(Reprinted from April 7, 1955 issue of THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS.)

Photo by Curtis Bernard, Sante Monica, Calif.

. . . a Student at U.C.L.A.

James Dean

A native son who startled the nation with a brilliant flash of genius was brought back home this week for last rites. His brief career was as bright as a meteor which flows like a golden tear down the dark cheeks of night.

By the law of averages, it was most unusual for a lad 24-years of age to leave a rural environment from an agarian community and go so far and fast in so short a time on Broadway and Hollywood. It is in the grass roots of Grant County from which he made his start that the body of this restless youth has been returned to rest.

He made his living at acting—by his own definition — "behavior of and for other people". For a little period of time he made the lives of many more entertaining, more interesting, and in some cases more bearable. Such a life is not suddenly wiped out in the wreckage of a car in California. Some of us have learned to distrust our senses and to know that as long as we remember, there will live on in our hearts the influence of others.

To be an actor requires a trained memory, the ability to be a severe critic of oneself, and to create moods and atmosphere for the development of that art. James Dean's part, to those of us who knew him best, was steep and rugged and was covered with sandpaper instead of velvet. As he said in a letter to a friend, "we are impaled on a crook of conditioning. A fish that is in the water has no choice that he is. Genius would have it that he swam in sand. We are fish and we drown. We remain in one world and and wonder. The fortunate are taught to ask why. No one can answer."

Human life has been compared often to an automobile. Some get more mileage in 30 years than others do in 60. So even though we "weep for the dead, the doubly dead, in that he died so young", yet we feel that Jim who lived dangerously would have had the last act come as it did as last nights must come to all earthly things.

Perhaps he would recite for us, if he could, the lines of a lesser poet, John G. Neihardt who wrote,

"Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine!
Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.
And grant me, when I face the grisly Thing,
One haughty cry to pierce the gray Perhaps!
O let me be a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the Master Melody — and snaps."

JAD

$105,000 ESTATE LEFT BY ACTOR JIMMY DEAN

An estate valued at $105,000, according to court records, was left by James Dean, whose body will be buried in Park Cemetery Saturday afternoon.

Winton Dean, father of the young actor, is the only direct heir.

Attorney L. Dean Petty filed a petition for letters of administratioo to Dean's estato Wednesday in Hollywood. The attorney named Carl Coulter and William Gray as administrators requested by Dean's father.

James Dean Killed As Result Of California Car Accident

FAIRMOUNT IS STUNNED TO LEARN OF TRAGEDY WHICH CLAIMED NATIVE SON; HEADON COLLISION NEAR INTERSECTION CAUSES FATALITY FRIDAY

Fairmount was stunned.

Saturday morning, which was the time most people learned of the violent tragedy that claimed the life of James Dean. the people who knew and loved him best could hardly conceive of the fact.

Death is always a hard thing to understand and especially when it strikes a young person, who apparently has much to give to the world and who is just beginning what could be a brilliant career.

That's how most people look at the accident which killed Jimmy (as he was known to homefolks).

Death came as result of a headon collision last Friday night near Poso Robles, California when the sports car he was driving was struck by another vehicle.

He died en route to the Paso Robles hospital after suffering multiple fractures of both arms and internal injuries.

Ralph Wueterich, 27, Hollywood, Dean's auto mechanic, was seriously injured. Dooald Turnupseed, 23, Tulare, Calif., driver of the other car, escaped with minor injuries.

According to the California State Patrol, Turnupseed's car turned left from a road onto the highway where Jimmy was driving and the smash-up occured.

Warner Brothers, who owned his contract, had told Jimmy not to drive his sports car, a Porsche Spyder, while working on a picture. However, he had just finished "Giant" at its Texas location a few days beforehand.

Reportedly, he wes traveling to an amateur car race.

Jimmy was born in Fairmount, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean, on February 8, 1931. They lived here five years from that time when they moved to Santa Monica, Calif.

His mother, the former Mildred Wilson, died in 1940 when Jimmy was nine-years-old.

He then came to live with his uncle and eunt, Mr. aod Mrs. Marcus Winslow, and graduated from Fairmount High School in 1949.

Following his high school graduation, Jimmy enrolled at the University of City of Los Angeles. Then he left college and went to New York City where he was cast in minor TV rolls on, "Studio One", "You Are There" and "Television Playhouse".

As result of his television acting, Jimmy was cast in the Broadway play, "The Immoralist", and ultimately won the David Blum award for the most promising stage newcomer.

Elia Kazan, famed Hollywood director, caught Jimmy's performance on Broadway and signed him to play Caleb in "East of Eden", based on John Steinbeck's novel.

Jimmy shot to stardom with almost unbelievable rapidity as result of his work in "Eden". Homefolks who saw the movie were heard to comment that many of the mannerisms Jimmy used were just like he did "at home".

Mrs. Adeline Nall, former Fairmount High School teacher, first started Jimmy on his road to success as she recognized his ability and tutored and encouraged him to develop it.

"That spontaneous laugh", Mrs. Nall said after seeing "East of Eden", "was so very natural. It was one of his traits I'd notised throughout school."

James Bacon, Hollywood correspondent for the Associated Press, said, "Dean could well become Hollywood's first posthumous Academy Award winner for his role in 'East of Eden'".

Many critics have credited Jimmy's debut in the movie as the male Oscar performance to beat.

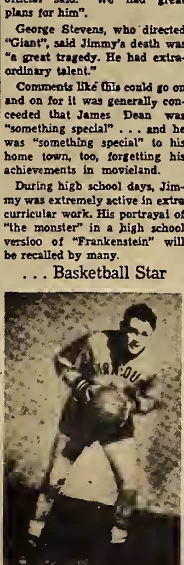
"Dean was the hottest property we had," a Warner Brothers official said. "We had great plans for him".

George Stevens, who directed "Giant", said Jimmy's death was "a great tragedy. He had extraordinary talent."

Comments like this could go on and on for it was generally conceeded that James Dean was "something special" . . . and he was "something special" to his home town, too, forgetting his achievements in movieland.

During high school days, Jimmy was extremely active in extra curricular work. His portrayal of "the monster" in a high school versioo of "Frankenstein" will be recalled by many.

. . . Basketball Star



Hockett Studio

Then too, he was a member of the ever-popular basketball team represeoting the Quakers from Fairmount High. During his senior year in the sectional tourney he shot a last-second field goal to beat Gas City 39-37.

In additioo he was a member of the track and baseball teams and was awarded the school's top athlete medal his last year in high school at which time he was also given the art department medal.

Perhaps among the first signs of his dramatic talent came while he was a youngster and won silver and gold medals in WCTU speaking cootests.

In 1949, his senior year in high school, Jimmy won first place for acting during the National Forensic League's state contest at Peru.

Outside of his school activities, many people will remember Jimmy ice skating on the Winslow ponds just North of Fairmount. He was pretty good, too . . . could keep up with the older fellows.

Each time that he came home for a visit he would also visit the high school and talk to the student body. On ooe occasioo he explained the art of bull fighting . . . which he had practiced somewhat.

On his last visit he arrived in time to attend a dance at the high school and during the eveoiog he played the drums . . . mambo fashion.

Magazines galore have given valuable publicity space to the "Indiana farm boy" who had risen to a Hollywood star in such a short time. LIFE magazine even sent a photographer to Fairmount with Jimmy to get shots of him in his home surroundings.

(Copies of this magazine were sold before they arrived at the oewsstands and are at a premium today.)

Just a few days before his death a Sunday supplemeot in one of the larger daily papers in this area carried an erticle dealing with the filming of "Giant" in Texas.

It went into detail explaining how the heat taxed the energy of all the actors. All of them, that is, except Jimmy Dean, who would go rabbit hunting in the evening.

Jimmy Dean contributed a lot in the 24 short years he lived. A great many people, who didn't understand him, called Jimmy eccentric. Perhaps he was. But then again, when a person becomes so wrapped up in something he forgets everything else but that one thing.

When he lets off steam it is apt to be outside the regular bounds of activity, according to the measure of society.

His homefolks understood him, though.

And they'll miss him.

Last Rites Will Be Held Here Saturday

Dr. James A. DeWeerd, Rev. Xen Harvey To Conduct

Funeral services for James Dean, 24, will be held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Friends Church in Fairmount by Dr. James A. DeWeerd and the Rev. Xen Harvey, pastor of the church.

Dr. DeWeerd, who has a telecast at Cincinnati shortly before services begin at 2 o'clock, will be flown in the private plane of Buford Cadle to Marion Airport and is scheduled to arrive there at 1:45.

He will be met by a State Police Patrol car and be driven to the Friends Church.

Following the church service, burial will take place at Park Cemetery in Fairmount.

The Rev. Xen Harvey said Thursday night that his church will accomodate approximately 600 people by adding extra chairs. In additioo to the amplifying system at the church, a public eddress installation will enable those outside to hear the rites.

Wilbur Hunt, director of Hunt Funeral Home which is handling arrangements, said he had received requests from Hollywood that seats be reserved.

Hunt said the requests were denied in view of the fact that this is to be a public funeral.

A Hunt Funeral Home ambulance met the plane returning young Dean's body from California at 10:17 Tuesday night at the Indianapolis airport.

The body was taken to Hunt's Funeral Home, where friends may call.

Survivors include the father, Winton Dean, Los Angeles; maternal graodfather, John Wilson, Merion; paternal grandparents, Mr. end Mrs. Charlie Dean, Fairmount; Charles Nolan Dean, uncle, Gas City; and, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, uncle and auot, Fairmount.

DEATH OF JAMES DEAN, FAIRMOUNT HIGH ALUMNI CASTS A PALL OF SADNESS OVER STUDENT BODY

The shocking news of the death of James Dean has cast a spell of unbelievable saddness over Fairmount High School. The graduate of the class of '49 had soared to fame in his first picture "East of Edeo" and had just completed two more pictures. The students, faculty, and townspeople have all been very proud of his great accomplishmeots in such a short tima.

Jimmie's family had just spent a month with him in California and were on their way home when the fatal accident occured. Tha Winslows arrived home early Monday evening only then to learn of the tragic car accident which killed Jim just one week ago today.

The students feel they knew Jim well, because he spoke before them in convocations whenever he was home and visited many of the classrooms, especially speech classes. Because ha was a Fairmount graduate, the students felt especially proud when he came back to the school, with his greatness never making them feel small or unimportant.

Jim did everything with an intense desire to do it well. If he liked a certain thing, it seemed to be with everything he had. Racing, bull-fighting, and drums were things he loved with this intensity. They set him apart from others, made him an interesting person, oot afriad to be different, but with a personality all his own.

Commentators from Hollywood have stated that Jim had a brilliant career ahead of him. In one picture he gained a popularity that usually takes young actors a long time to achieve.

Cards of sympathy have poured into the postoffice for the family from all over the United States. It is apparent that he has many, many friends. Actors and actresses he has worked with ara expected to attend the funeral.

The final funeral rites will be held tomorrow in the Fairmount Friends Church.

Fairmount's Chamber of Commerce has made tentative plans for a James Dean plaque.

Complete details will be announced as soon as possible.

(*Continued from page 66*) to forget him. Oh, Mr. Saxon, we are counting on you—*Please, Please* don't let us down!

Respectfully,
Patti & members.

I thank you wholeheartedly for doing proper justice to the great talent that was James Dean's by awarding him a posthumous award.

Let's hope that the MODERN SCREEN award is only the beginning of a long line to be climaxed by the presentation of the Academy Awards next March.

. . . Richard Deres

I saw the show Sunday night. Thanks for not forgetting James Dean. Even though he is gone, you make his wonderful spirit live in all of us. . . .

. . . Gracie Lawlor

. . . There is only one question in my mind though, what will become of the plaque given to Natalie Wood, for James Dean? Will she keep it or will it be given to his parents or what??

. . . Angie Micare

Grace gives Natalie Jimmy's Audience Award.

Dear Mr. Delacorte:

I believe one of the longest hours that I've ever sat through, was the night MODERN SCREEN was presenting their awards, at the Cocoanut Grove.

I knew the program could never have ended unless Jimmy was mentioned.

Mr. Dean and I would like to thank you and the people who made it possible, from the bottom of our hearts for our Jimmy's award.

I do not know how these things are handled, but nothing could make us happier than to be able to have his award to treasure forever. Do you think this would be possible? Do you know who has it now?

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Winton A. Dean

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean and all our readers who asked what will be done with* MODERN SCREEN'S *plaque: It is at present, with the Audience Award for best actor of 1955, in the Warner Brothers Trophy case, at the studio. We have requested that our plaque be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Dean.*

. . . I don't know how to explain this but I have to get it off my chest. Deep down in my heart I believe that I loved James Dean. I know that this letter sounds like some kid that has a crush on some movie star. But not me. James Dean, when I first saw him in *Rebel Without A Cause*, had no special effect on me. But after a while I got to thinking and when I heard that he was dead I couldn't believe it. Yet I had to accept the fact.

. . . He may be dead bodily, but please, please keep him alive spiritually. . . . Keep alive what this boy strived for. . . .

DEATH OF A REBEL

I do not know, just how to write, the words that are unseen;
Nor how to write the tragic tale, the death of Jimmy Dean.
But I'll just write what's in my heart, and what I know is true,
And hope where Jimmy is today, he'll understand it, too.

. . . Janie Hutcheson

Dear Jimmy,

This letter is meant to say, once and for all, how we feel about you.

We love you.

Yes, Jimmy, not in a possessive way, but in such a way that we only wanted you to be happy—to lose that inner torment which seemed to be a part of you. And besides this, we loved, and still love, each thing about you. The things we keep in a secret treasury and touch and count as if they were precious jewels—which they are.

We love that shock of tawny, uncombed hair.

We love your broad forehead and the tiny crease which showed itself between the brows when you were unhappy or perplexed (and we longed to comfort you).

We love those quizzical dark brows that expressed a hundred things.

We love your bewildered eyes—and the owlish dark-rimmed glasses.

We love that beautiful insouciant nose.

We love your expressive lips, kissing like no one else's; or half-open, searching for air as if the world smothered you; or twisted bitterly; or in the heartbreaking smile which should have come more often.

We love your voice, in husky, mumbled words which laid you open to the depths; in sobs which tore us, too, apart; in the marvelous yet frightening anger which could pour out of you; in the wonderful, explosive laugh that convulsed your whole body as if you were helpless before it.

We love the way you stood and sat and lay; the way you huddled into yourself, with arms crossed and head bent; the way you walked, as if you were throwing yourself carelessly at the world, asking nothing and receiving nothing from it.

We love—oh, Jimmy, most of all, we love—your meteor spirit, lighting a dark sky too briefly. That spirit, courageous, rebellious, proud, and yet lost and gentle and lovable; the essence of tormented youth—of a generation to which we too belong and which we therefore can understand.

Jimmy, there is only one more thing we want to tell you, and it is—that something that is loved can never die.

. . . Retha Hodge, Mary Malone, Blanche Mayeo, Helen Gentry, Betty Anne Terry, Harriet Hope, and Jill Schlesinger.

. . . I must say that I was very pleased when I saw that James Dean received an award. You just don't know how happy it's made me to know that our so-called rude monster has some fans after all. But on the other hand you don't know how much it hurt me that James Dean couldn't receive the award himself. . . .

I'm not going to deny that it knocked me for a loop, nor am I going to deny that I've cried every night since his death, seen his new pic *Rebel Without A Cause* twice and go to sleep on sixteen mags containing articles about him. I can't deny any of those things and under no circumstances will I ever. And now you know my feelings about Jimmy and you know now why I'm happy and sad.

. . . P. Kniess

I don't know how much good a letter like this makes, but here goes—why don't they give the Oscar to James Dean's father?

Jimmy deserved this award all the way and just because he was taken away doesn't mean a substitute should be made—there is no substitute for his talent.

. . . A. Ruzgevian

Dear George Stevens:

I read every story on Jim now I want to let out my feeling about him.

He went out with girls who didn't understand him yet those girls were very lucky to be with such a wonderful guy. If I could have only been with him for a moment I would learn to understand him. He was a very lonely boy who felt he wasn't wanted.

To me he isn't the late James Dean and never will be. I'll see him someday, where I don't know but I will.

And when we do meet I won't like him for being an actor but for being himself and making him feel he's wanted and someone cares for him.

I know this is asking too much of you but can you please ask Jimmy's father if I may have Jim's medal that he wore in some of the books.

Thank you very much for trying to understand my letter.

Let's just say that this is one of the last fan letters that he got.

. . . G. D.

. . . From us who feel so greatly this loss we say. Good night Jimmy, but not Good-bye. Peace!

. . . God called James to a happier world . . . the one he left behind had nothing to offer him. James is loved by his mother once more, and no power on earth can ever take her from him again.

. . . Anthony Giannone

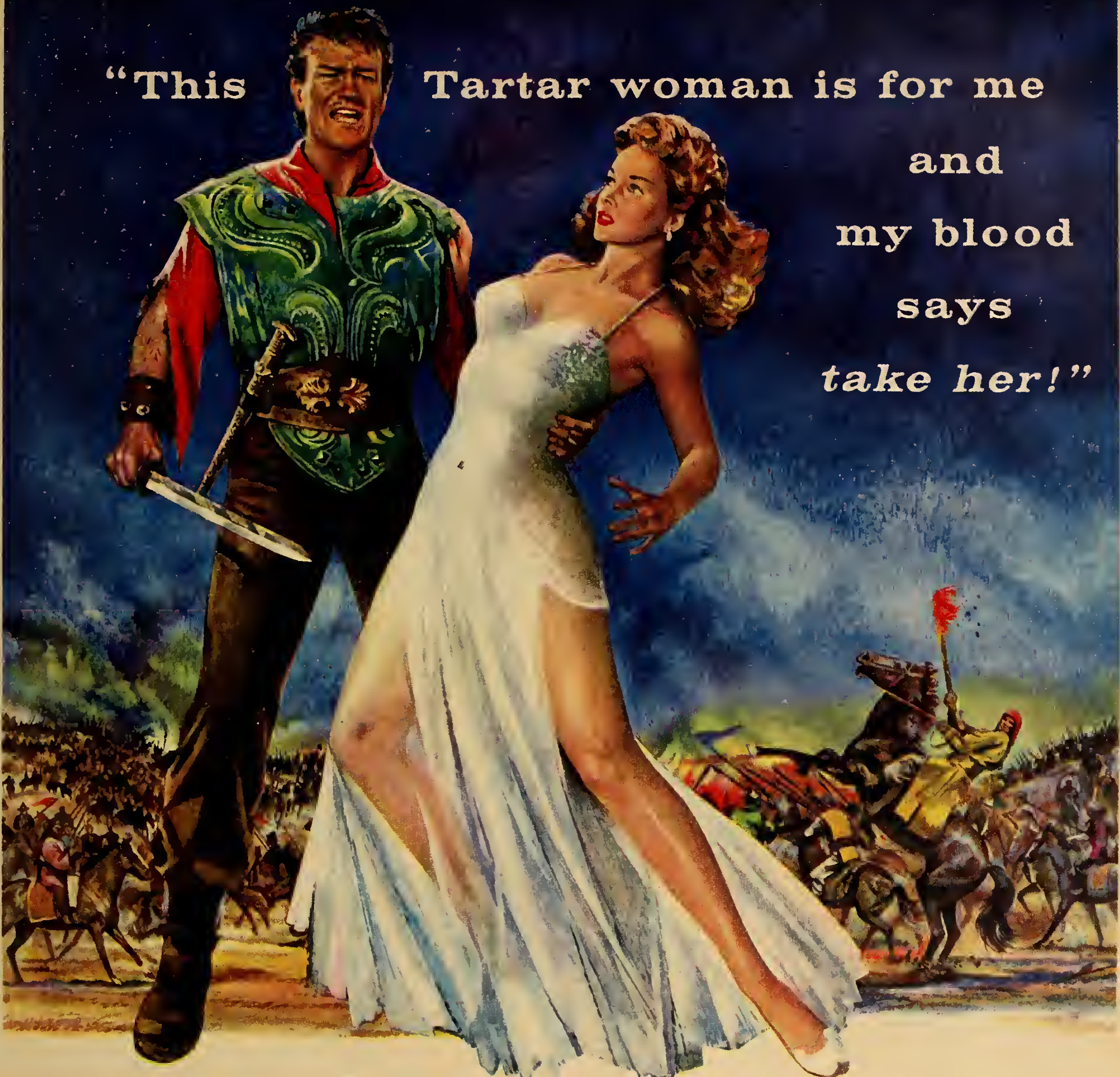
Mr. George Stevens:

When someone with all your responsibilities takes time out to sit down and write a story such as "A Tenderness Lost"—he must be a pretty wonderful man. It's funny about James Dean—he had only appeared in a few movies, but in our high school group—he was the favorite—all the way around. We read in Miss Hedda Hopper's column that someone may start a "memorial" in Jimmy's honor. We think it would be wonderful and we'll get our groups together—to have dances, and record hops to help raise money for it.

. . . "Jimmy's fans"

A great many of my friends and I have seen James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause.* We have also been following as many articles on him as possible and as yet we cannot recall one good one.

We were and still are fans of Marlon Brando but we must admit that James Dean's acting in *Rebel* out did any performance Brando has ever given and we think he should receive some kind of worthy mention or award for it. You ask what we would like to read about in MODERN SCREEN and now we would like to tell you. A large, truthful article on Jimmy


"This Tartar woman is for me
and
my blood
says
take her!"

At her feet, The Conqueror laid all the riches of Cathay...
and for a hundred years, their children ruled half the world!

HOWARD HUGHES presents

JOHN WAYNE · SUSAN HAYWARD

THE CONQUEROR

CINEMASCOPE
PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

RKO RADIO PICTURES

2 YEARS IN THE MAKING . . . AT A COST OF $6,000,000

co-starring
PEDRO ARMENDARIZ · with AGNES MOOREHEAD · THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN HOYT · WILLIAM CONRAD · TED de CORSIA
A DICK POWELL Production · Written by OSCAR MILLARD · Produced and Directed by DICK POWELL

CYD CHARISSE CONFIDES: if you can't lick 'em, join 'em

■ Slim-limbed Cyd Charisse, whose come-hither smile and flashing feet get her man in *It's Always Fair Weather,* has been living in a man's world since she was born. Her formula for survival and getting along with the critters is:

"Treat as any other pet. Three meals a day, plenty of affection, a loose leash—and do not disturb while eating."

Cyd was brought up with an older brother whose Amarillo, Texas "gang" included one girl—Cyd.

"They 'suffered' me only if I were willing to shag baseballs, ride bareback, and bait their fishing hooks. I had to be a 'good sport'." In her gracious, modern Hollywood home, Cyd's still the good sport in a man's world.

"Tony is gregarious. He loves people—all kinds," Cyd explains.

The two boys, Nicky and Tony, Jr., are just like their father. They share his interest in sports. A quiet Sunday with the Martins is spent either on a football field, baseball diamond, alongside a diving board or on the horsetrails in the nearby foothills. If it rains, there's the indoor ice rink.

That the Martin men could go without Cyd is as unthinkable to Cyd as it is to them.

"My idea of 'plenty of affection'," says Cyd, "is sharing and giving of one's self and time. And keeping a man happy is an every day job."

Miss Charisse, whose willow-like appearance catalogues her among Hollywood's most exciting personalities, belies her fragile and glamorous beauty by her knowledge and understanding of a man's world. Her most recent dancing partners are twelve ex-pugilists—with whom she does a hilarious dancing specialty titled "Baby, You Knock Me Out." They were amazed to find her completely at home in the world of fisticuffs.

"You see," Cyd says demurely, "my husband just loves boxing."

Dean and his picture on the cover of the magazine. Please do this if it is at all possible as we would appreciate it very much. We feel that Jimmy's death was not of his own doing but something he was almost driven to do. He was constantly criticized and ridiculed. Nothing he did was right. How could it be with hound-like reporters growling down his neck recording sarcastically every move he made?

. . . Miss Emerson

Thank you very much for the stories of Jimmy Dean. I truly enjoyed them. The pictures of him were wonderful. If you have any more pictures of him I wish you would publish them. No one will ever be able to act as Jimmy Dean did. I would enjoy another story of him.

. . . Madonna Mikosky

. . . I thought your article on James Dean was the best published since June. The main trouble is *no* one ever published a good picture suitable for framing. Why don't you *please* select the best pictures of James Dean and print them, or better still put out an entire mag on him. . . .

. . . Jo Angoth

I think the story you have in this month's MODERN SCREEN magazine titled "Jimmy Dean's appointment with death" and "This was my friend Jimmy Dean," is a great tribute, for a *great actor. I am deeply grieved by his death.*

. . . Mr. Roy R. Pine

THANKS TO MIKE CONNOLLY

I'd like to express my thanks and heartfelt gratitude to you and to Mike Connolly for the wonderful story he wrote about the late unforgettable James Dean. It made wonderful and memorable reading about a star who was one of the most colorful and intriguing stars ever to hit Hollywood. After all the nasty stories I've read about Jimmy, this one left a sweet taste in my heart and mind about him. Anyone who gave such magnificent performances on the screen such as he did couldn't have been as bad as they said he was. There may be carbon copies of Dean in the future but there will never be another Jimmy Dean.

. . . R. G.

. . . I feel that he would have been a friend to anyone whom he thought really wanted to be his friend. He was called wild by many people. How many young people his age, given the same opportunity, would have acted any differently? Most of our friends are about that age, and I don't believe they would have. . . .

. . . It has often been said that we should not wait too long to say good things about a person, I am only sorry that I, like so many others, have waited too late.

. . . Mrs. P. Kemp

. . . I only wish he could have known how much he was loved, in such a short time he had on earth. Could you please print another story about him, the people that worked with him, his friends and girls who dated him, I would appreciate this greatly. . . .

. . . Mrs. N. Parente

. . . Even though the great James Dean is dead, I still hope to see more pictures of him and read more stories about him. I believe he was a truly great actor and should get the Academy Award. . . .

. . . Nancy Cubel

I wish I didn't have to write this
But I know so well that I do
And Mr. Jimmy Dean
It's dedicated just for you. . . .

He has a place where people laugh
And won't call your antics crazy
A place where you can be yourself
And not be called odd, or lazy. . . .

So JIMMY DEAN good-bye
We'll miss you . . . honestly

. . . Marina Fasier

Dear Mr. Connolly:

I want to thank you for writing a true story about James Dean. . . . The one thing about James Dean that is unusual is that boys as well as girls respected him. That is very unusual as I said before. . . . Could you tell me of someone who would know the names of the records and artists in his record collection? I sure would appreciate it. . . .

. . . Darlene Peterson

May I please have a picture of Jimmy? Send me one please. . . .

. . . Delia Marlow

. . . I know I won't be seeing James Dean in magazines anymore. But couldn't you possibly have a feature on him now and then? And as a tribute to the greatest actor ever, couldn't you have him on the cover of your next issue, and a big long story on him? Believe me, I'm not the only one that feels this way about Jim Dean.

. . . Maryann Rigato

. . . Would MODERN SCREEN print the life story of James Dean for me and Jimmy's fans? A life story of Jimmy Dean with plenty of pictures? I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

. . . Miss Rita Costa

. . . I thought it would be a very good idea to put out a book, magazine, of the complete story of James Dean. Not only recent pictures and facts but a summary of his life in pictures and words. . . .

. . . Pinky Drosten

. . . Please put the one and only James Dean on one of your covers in the near future. It would be a wonderful gesture to a boy who in a few short months contributed greatly to a movie history and who has won a place in our hearts that no one but no one shall ever replace. At the same time it would also give us Dean fans a color photo we could frame and have for always. So please if it's at all possible give us a photo of our dear "Sweet Prince" of the blue, blue eyes and unforgettably sad face.

. . . Mrs. G. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We can't send individual photographs. We'd love to, but there are just too many requests so the next best thing we can offer is the portrait on page 66 for everyone to keep. We plan to publish other pictures and stories about Jimmy, his life, his scrapbooks—everything our reporters are able to collect for a memorial life story to be published later this year in* MODERN SCREEN. *Please watch for it.*

Right side washed with New Woodbury; left with another popular shampoo. (This photo of her hair is *unretouched.*) See the difference yourself!

Good Housekeeping Magazine's famous beauty clinic confirms this fact:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping's famous impartial beauty clinic. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer* — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than *half* as much as any other leading shampoo. Use Woodbury today. See the prettiest, liveliest curls — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do you've ever had. This result is guaranteed. Your money back otherwise.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

new
WOODBURY
SHAMPOO
NON-DRYING... leaves hair soft, lustrous. Lathers freely in hard or soft water. Rinses easily.

Prigent

1. In the arch of the Elbow Beach Surf Club —Terry Moore poses in Northlander's gay pullover, *Campus-Jac;* classic Bermuda shorts.*

Engstead

2. Ready-to-go, Piper Laurie accents her costume with pretty Grace Walker patent sandals, *Epic.* Samsonite luggage. Underwood portable.*

Engstead

3. Cyd Charisse in Catalina's colorful, floral beach swim costume with skirt. Her famous dancing feet in Honeydebs white flats, *Muriel.**

Prigent

4. New York-bound from Bermuda via Colonial Airlines after the M.S. fashion junket, actress-model Dorian Leigh. Coat, Lilli Ann.

Prigent

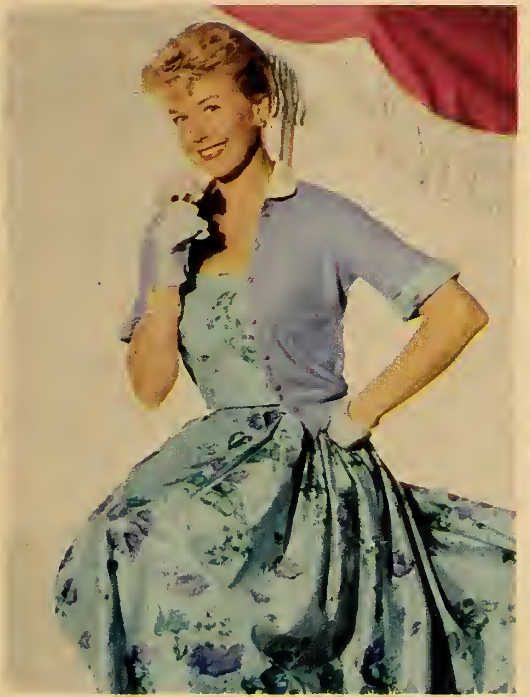
5. Smooth, easy silhouette by Maidenform—the very new *Concerto* for sweaters, blouses, suits, dresses.* More Secret Intrigue, page 76.

Prigent

NORTH AMERICAN
NAA
DOUGLAS
DC-6B

Beerman

6. All aboard for Bermuda—Terry Moore leaves Hollywood aboard North American. Coat, Kay McDowell; Crown luggage.



Engstead

7. Doris Day, designer for Little Miss English sportswear, poses in her very first costume. All her sweater designs of *Acrilan* by Chemstrand.*

Famous Elbow Beach Surf Club—destination of Modern Screen's Hollywood to New York to Bermuda fashion trek.

Prigent

MODERN SCREEN'S

FASHION STAR JUBILEE

TOWN • TRAVEL • VACATION

Simply mad—but so, so wonderful—the stuff that dreams are made of!
Modern Screen's dream—beautiful Bermuda, fabulous stars, exciting cities, glamorous clothes, swim wear and shoes. Make your dreams come true.

**Studio, picture credits and special fashion notes, page 84*

All gloves—Hansen

more ➤

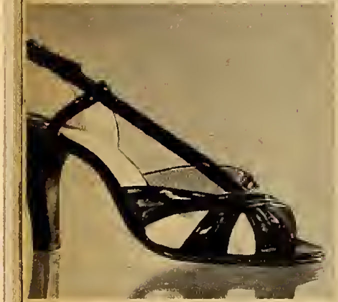
MODERN
SCREEN'S
FASHION
STAR
JUBILEE

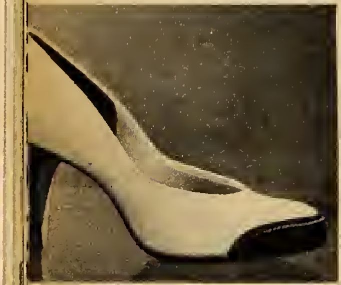
FOOTNOTES

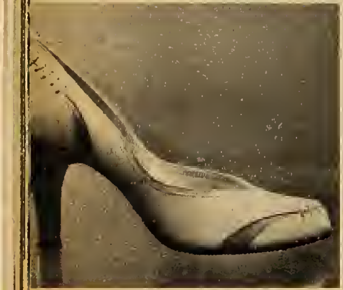
The Aquarium—Bermuda

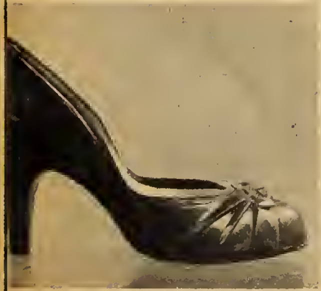
Famous Front Street

Stunning Jeannie Crain is among Hollywood's best dressed stars. Shoes are a hobby with her and should be with all fashion-conscious gals! Jeannie's all-occasion resort and spring shoe wardrobe is by Grace Walker (priced from $9 to $11. For dress-up she wears a stripling sandal (left) and a cut-out sling pump (right). Frocks, Suzy Perette. Jeannie is next in Universal-International's *Second Greatest Sex.*

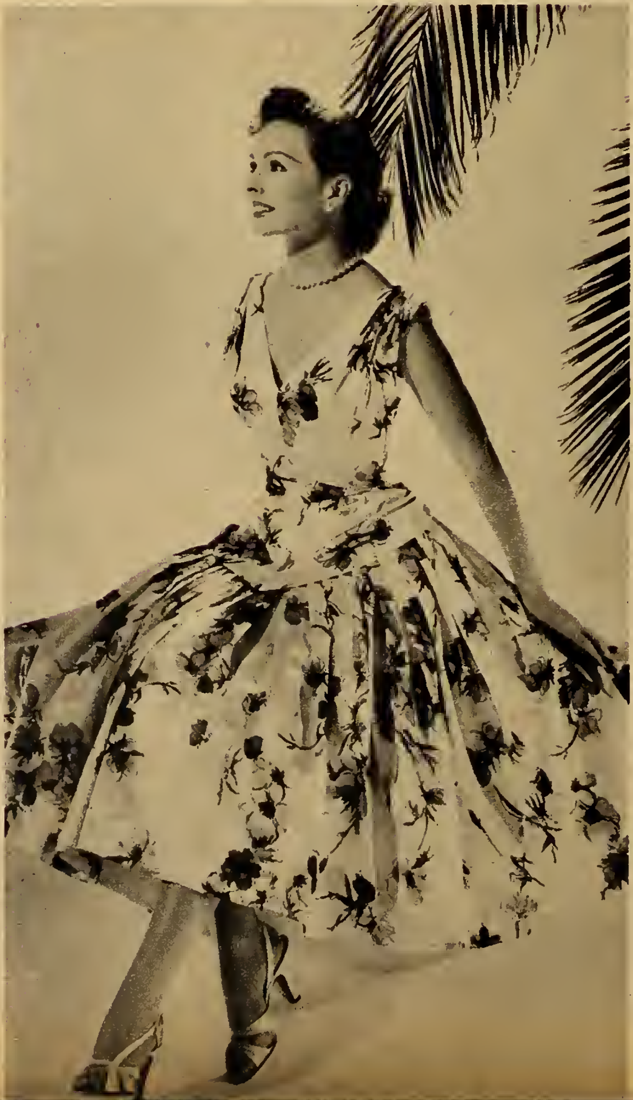


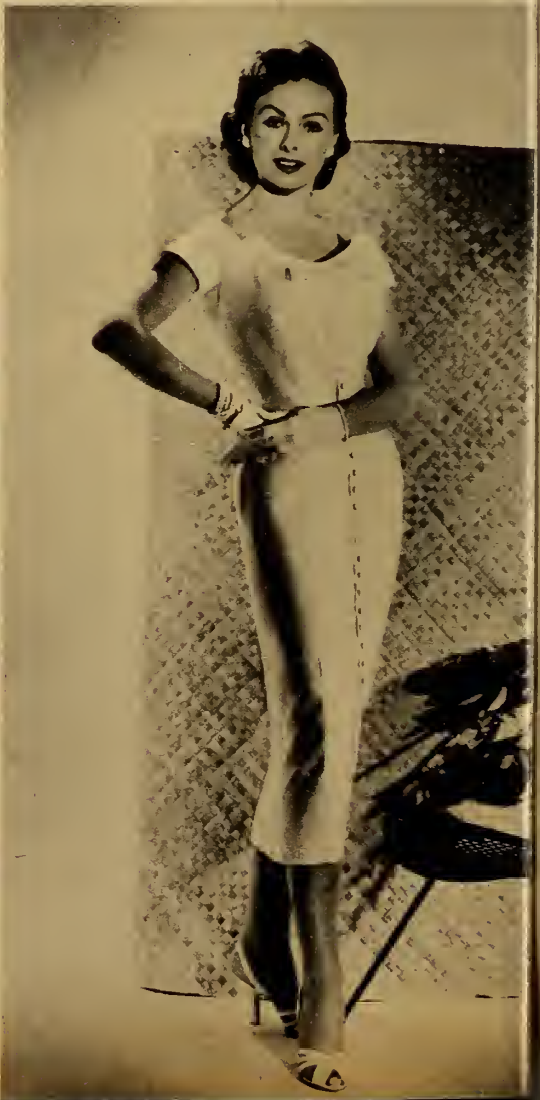






Top to bottom:
Cut-out patent stripling
Classic spectator pump
Dressy two-tone pump
Glamorized town pump

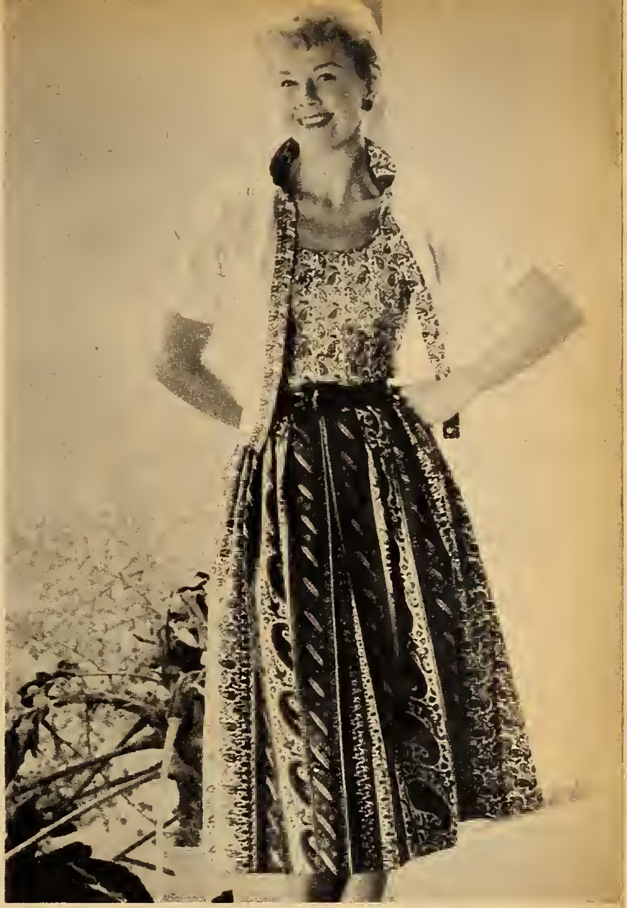




'N FUN CLOTHES

■ Doris Day is making fashion news as she turns sportswear designer for Little Miss English and we're proud to be the first to preview the Day creations. As this month's cover girl Doris models one of her personally-designed *Acrilan* sweaters which, like all of her separates, is stamped with the famous Day "American Girl" look. A career girl herself, Doris has concentrated on designing wardrobe combinations and separates at moderate prices ($6 and up per item). Each of her costumes will include an *Acrilan** sweater because Doris feels that sweaters are a year 'round fashion necessity. All of the clothes may be purchased separately or as complete costumes. Love Bug cover pins, Capri—$4 ea. (plus tax). Lord & Taylor, New York.

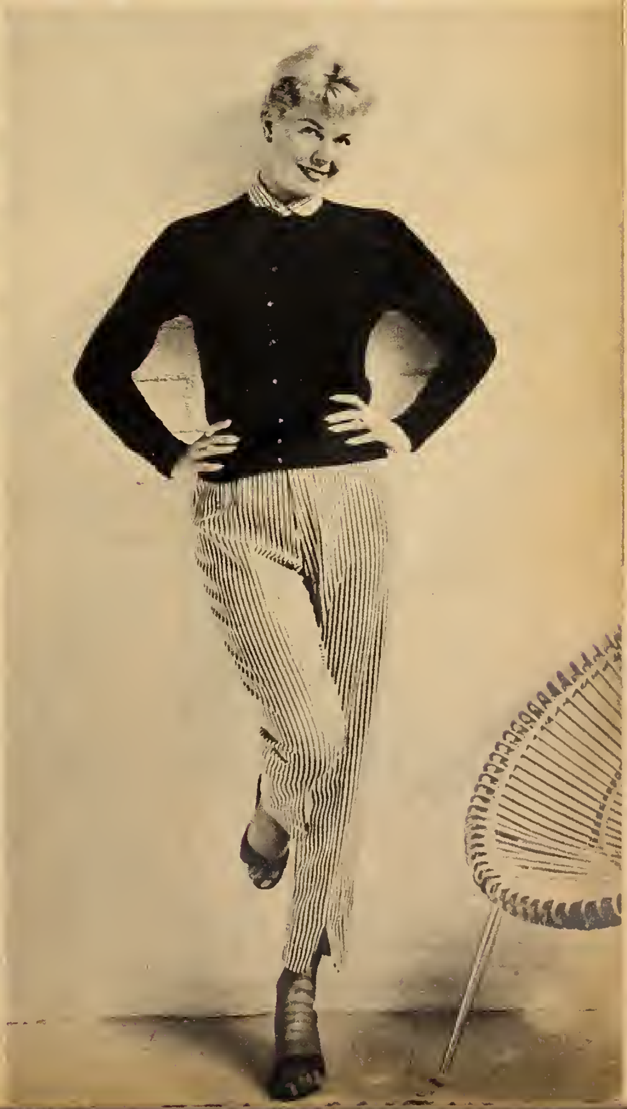
*Acrilan Acrylic *fiber by Chemstrand—this modern fiber washes and drys like magic, holds beauty, shape.*



Bermuda Lighthouse

A coral cove

Unique curio shop



Above right: Three-piece paisley print costume with *Acrilan* sweater (paisley print trim). Complete, about $20. Below right: Three-piece outfit—Chino pants, Bermuda shorts (not shown), *Acrilan* sweater. Complete, about $20.

Bermuda photographs—Prigent
Fashion photographs—Engstead
Store listings—page 84

More fashions on page 76

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION STAR JUBILEE

SECRET INTRIGUE

Wherever you go
Whatever you wear
You're fashion right
in a Maidenform bra

1. Concerto Tri-line: New—with the same curvesome lines as in "Concerto," page 72, plus straps that ease the shoulder pull. $2.50.

2. Intermezzo: Another brand new bra with alluring natural roundness for the look of youthful beauty. Lavish nylon lace cups. $2.50.

4. Pre-Lude Six-Way (padded): Designed to wear with all your clothes—just adjust the straps to your necklines. $3.95; regular, $3.

3. Pre-Lude Once-Over: The ultimate in figure beauty and femininity for dress-up. Delicate nylon lace and elastic. $12.50.

Photographed in Bermuda by Roger Prigent
Store listing—page 84

More fashions on page 78

THEY'RE HERE! Your Doris Day Acrilan Sweaters are at these fine stores:

Albany, Georgia	Blanche's
Allen Park, Michigan	Hartman's
Allentown, Pennsylvania	Daniel's
Alliance, Ohio	Gail's
Ambridge, Pennsylvania	Lee Shop
Ann Arbor, Michigan	Mayfair Shops
Asbury Park, New Jersey	Steinbach Co.
Baldwin, New York	Jackie Shop
Baltimore, Maryland	Hecht Company
Barberton, Ohio	Weiss
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania	Worths
Birmingham, Alabama	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Birmingham, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Bluefield, West Virginia	Estees
Blue Island, Illinois	Betty Herman Dress Shop
Braddock, Pennsylvania	Belle Shoppe
Buffalo, New York	William Hengerer
Burlington, Vermont	Magrams Fashion Shop
Carlisle, Pennsylvania	The Hub
Central Point, Ohio	Stately's Town & Country
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania	Worths
Chicago, Illinois	George & Sally Brown
Chicago, Illinois	Star Cloak
Cleveland, Ohio	Flo-Ann Shops
Columbus, Ohio	Stately's Town & Country
Connellsville, Pennsylvania	Davidson's
Dayton, Ohio	Eder Johnston
Dearborn, Michigan	Albert's
Detroit, Michigan	Crowley Milner
Duluth, Minnesota	Gross
Dunkirk, New York	Jaynes
East Liverpool, Ohio	Hoffrichters
Elizabeth, New Jersey	Levy Brothers
Elizabeth, New Jersey	Libby Shop
Enid, Oklahoma	The Fashion Shop
Escanaba, Michigan	Colenso's
Etna, Pennsylvania	Caplan's
Ferndale, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Frederick, Maryland	Gilberts
Freeport, Illinois	Hechts
Gary, Indiana	Shneider's
Glens Falls, New York	Erlanger's
Hanover, Pennsylvania	The Hub
Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.	Franklin Shops
Homestead, Pennsylvania	Bonnie Frocks
Hot Springs, Arkansas	Cecile Shop
Hutchinson, Kansas	Frank's
Idaho Falls, Idaho	Cinderella Shop
Iron Mountain, Michigan	Colenso's
Jacksonville, Florida	Suro's
Jacksonville, Florida	Susan Gayle
Kansas City, Missouri	Audrey's
Kewanee, Illinois	Lee's Smart Wear
Kittanning, Pennsylvania	Reisberg's Leader
Latrobe, Pennsylvania	Rose Style Shop
Lincoln Park, Michigan	Albert's
Lumberton, North Carolina	The Fashion Bar
Luzerne, Pennsylvania	Reeve's
Malone, New York	Mam'selle Shop
Marshalltown, Iowa	Hermans
Massapequa, New York	Eton's
Massena, New York	Mam'selle Shop
Middlesboro, Kentucky	Tamars Dept. Store
Monessen, Pennsylvania	Central Store
Monroe, Michigan	Mayfair Shops
Mount Clemens, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Newark, New Jersey	Hahne Company
New Castle, Pennsylvania	Speizer Shop
New Haven, Connecticut	Little Parlor Shop
New Kensington, Pennsylvania	Thelma's
New Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Daniels
New York City, New York	Macy's
Niagara Falls, New York	Kay's
Northland Center, Michigan	Albert's
Olean, New York	Jaynes
Painesville, Ohio	Daniels
Paterson, New Jersey	Meyer Brothers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Frank & Seder
Pittston, Pennsylvania	Nathan's
Ponca City, Oklahoma	Bernard's
Pontiac, Michigan	Bloomfields Fashion Shop
Pontiac, Michigan	Peggy's
Port Huron, Michigan	Arden's
Poughkeepsie, New York	Wallace
Richmond, Virginia	Thalheimers
Rochester, New York	Sibley, Lindsey, Kerr
Royal Oak, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Rutland, Vermont	The Fashion Shop
Salem, Ohio	Hansell's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Whipple's
Schenectady, New York	Wallace
Seymour, Indiana	The Gold Mine
Sharon, Pennsylvania	Speizer Shop
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania	Worths
Spokane, Washington	Lubins
Sterling, Illinois	Sterling Fashion Shop
Topeka, Kansas	Nightingales
Trenton, New Jersey	Yards
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Company
Waynesboro, Pennsylvania	Worths
Williamsport, Pennsylvania	Worths
Winston Salem, North Carolina	Lynn Shops
Ypsilanti, Michigan	Hartman's

Available in sizes 34-40 in green haze, beige, aqua tint, lilac, white, sand-pink, blue mist, vivid cherry at $5.98.

Little miss english

1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ow you
an wear sweaters
esigned by
Doris Day

00% Acrilan sweaters by Little Miss English

mous star steps into the role of stylist . . . and, to make the most of
alents, uses a fiber with talents of its own. Acrilan's luscious touch
perfect match for the lavish look of Doris Day's sweater. The beau-
lines she's designed will stay beautiful . . . because Acrilan washes
ectly, dries fast without shrinking or stretching (no blocking needed
!), and turns up fresh and sparkling time after time. Before you
another sweater, find out for yourself why Doris Day likes Acrilan
lic fiber. Catch the first showing of 100% Acrilan sweaters by
favorite star . . . at your favorite store now. *Doris Day will soon*
een in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"—a Paramount picture

ACRILAN
ACRYLIC FIBER BY CHEMSTRAND
®

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR STORE NEAREST YOU

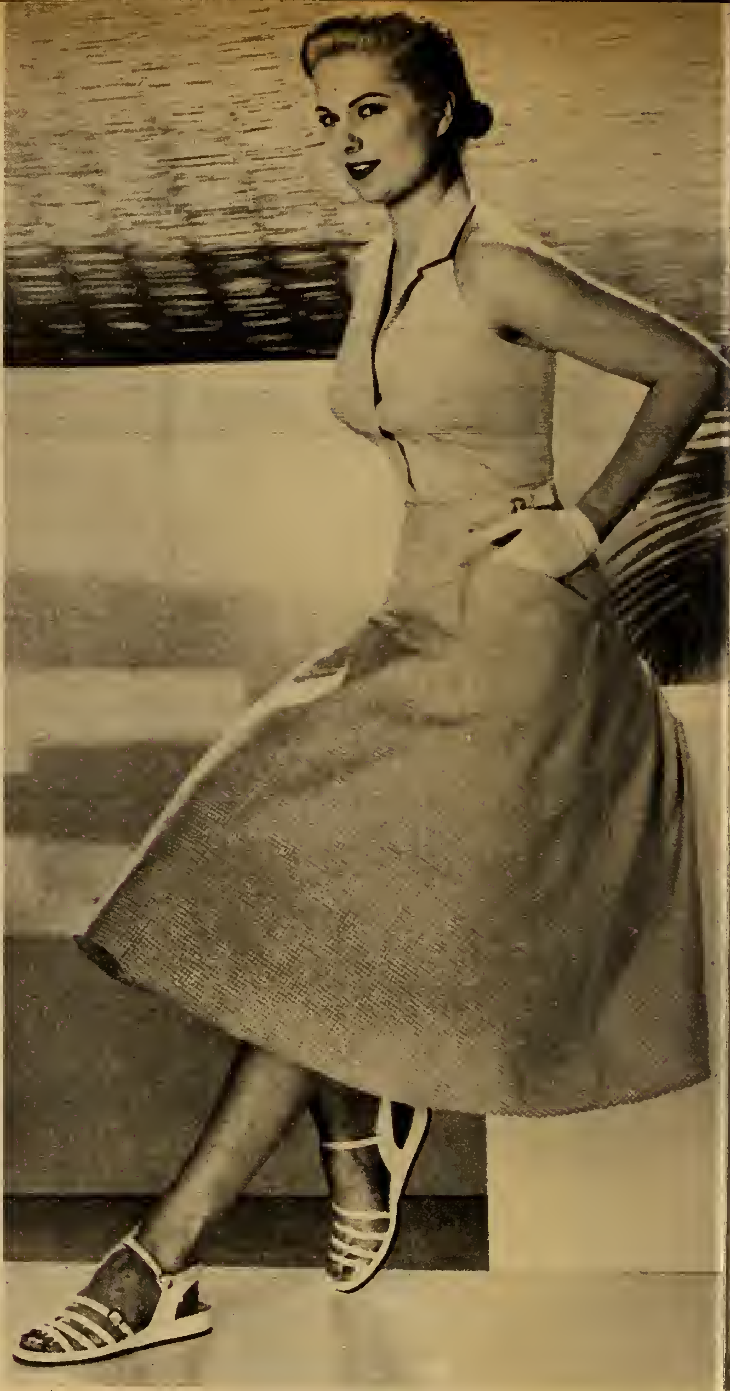
CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1 • PLANTS: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.

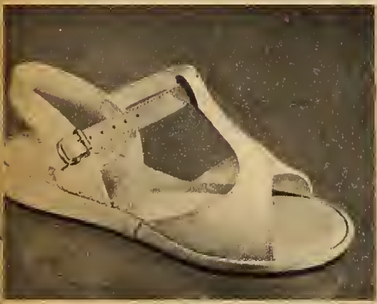
Dining room of The Elbow

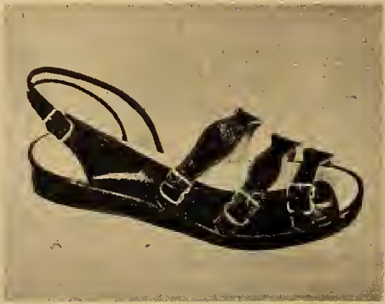
View from Front Street

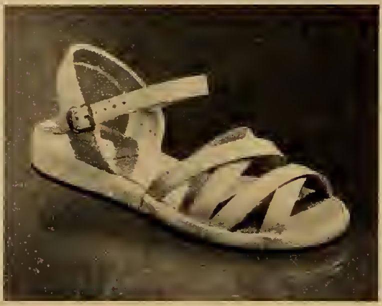
Flats are fun with casual clothes. Honeydebs makes "Flatties" that will delight your heart! Martha Hyer, dressed in White Stag's checked separates, poses in "Flattie" style "Billie"—see close-up below. These "Flatties"—note dainty wedge soles—are priced at $3.99 and $4.99 and are available in smooth leather in a rainbow of colors. Some styles come in patent leather.

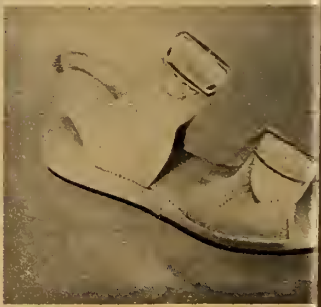
Top across:
Hildy—T-strap sandal with single, broad curved band
Frisco—three tiny side buckles for smart detail
Muriel—criss-crossed bands (see Cyd page 72)
Irene—two large buckles add a gleaming footnote
Bottom across:
Reba—new barefoot look, T-strap strippling
Sally—two broad bands, adjustable buckles
Marie—featherlight, open back, wee pancake heel
Billie—sandal, three dainty strippling bands

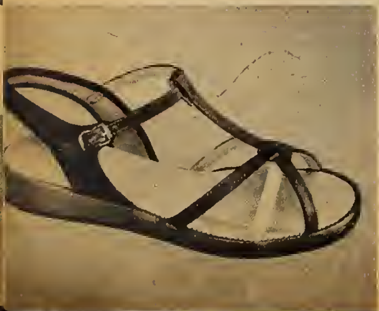


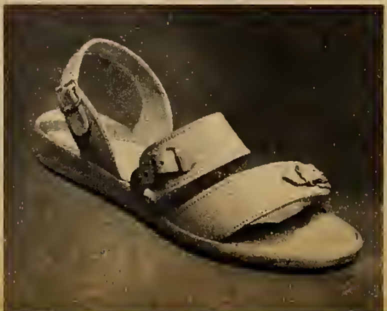


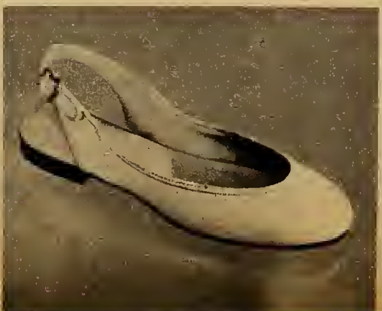


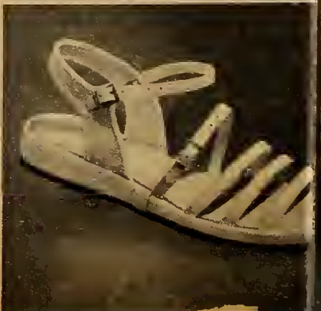








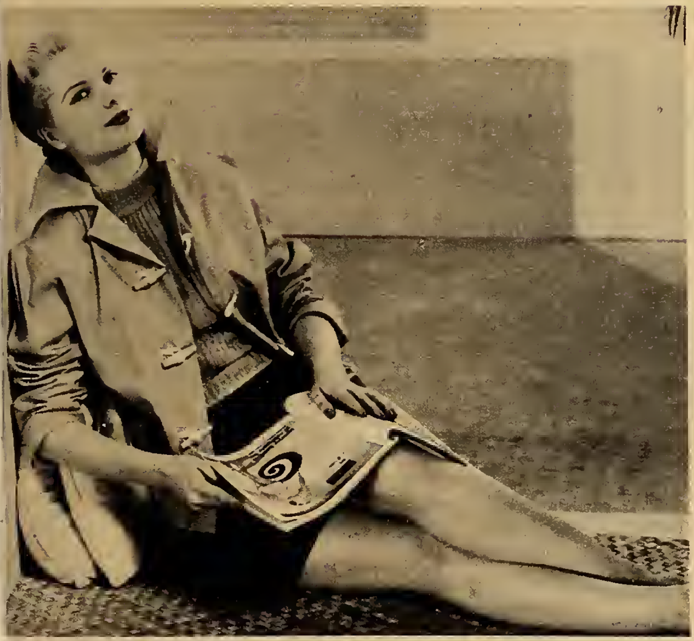


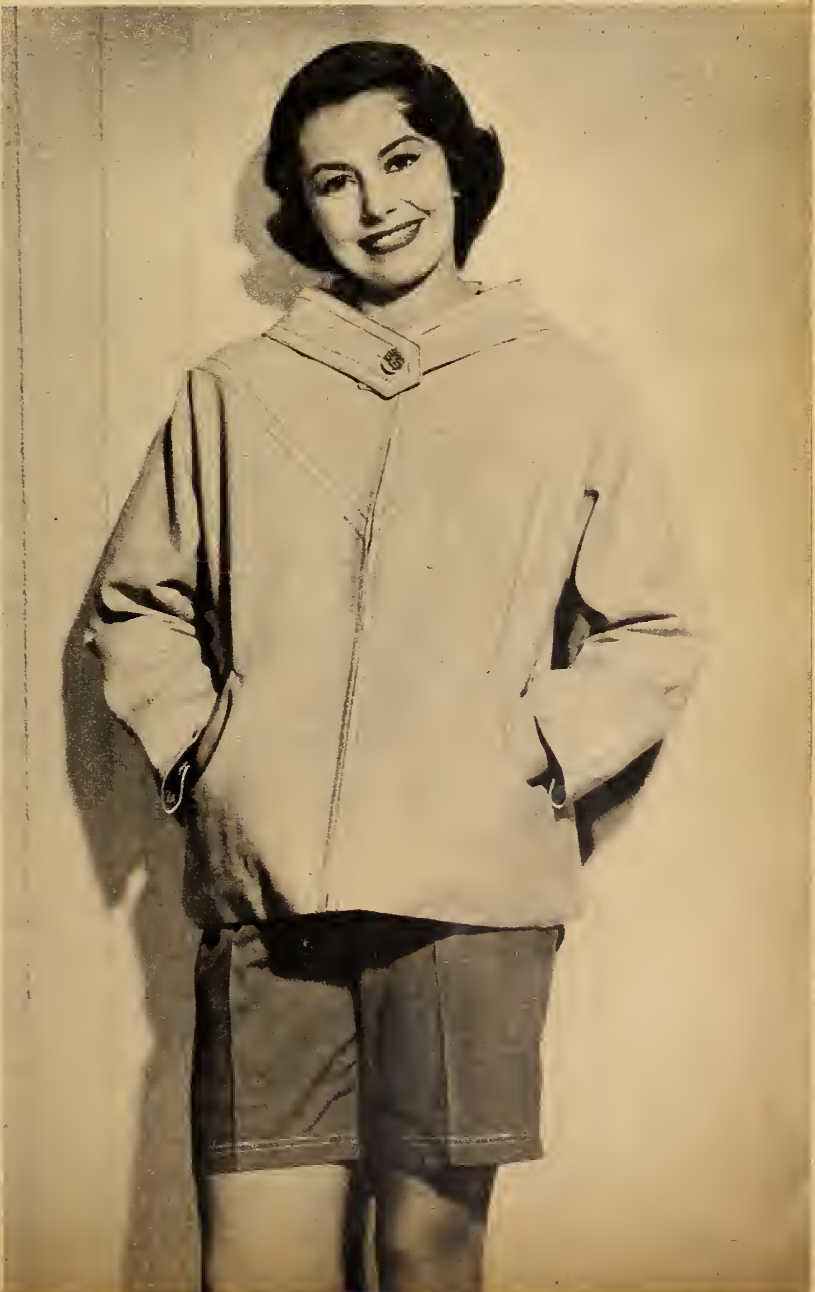


BE CASUAL 'N TAKE IT EASY

A little private beach

House of Parliament (in background)





Right: The "Bucket Coat" is the gay cover-up fashion news of the season! Here Cyd Charisse poses in this wonderful 11 oz. twill coat with Fullerset print lining. About $13. The Bermuda shorts are of poplin. About $5. Both by Northlander. Cyd is next in MGM's *Meet Me in Las Vegas.*
Above: Martha Hyer, one of the top ten new stars of 1956 chosen by Modern Screen readers, in Northlander's poplin unlined "Toggle" jacket with nautical wood buttons and cord fastening trim. Stitched poplin Bermuda shorts. Jacket, about $6; shorts, about $4. Martha is next in Universal-International's *Red Sundown.*

uda photographs—Prigent
on photographs—Engstead

Store listings—page 84

20th Century-Fox Star, Terry Moore appearing in RKO'S "Postmark For Danger"

TERRY MOORE . . . vacationing in Bermuda, wears a handsome Northlander batwing jacket of washable poplin. The smooth-flowing lines of the jacket are complimented by Northlander's well tailored, washable poplin Bermuda walkers. Jackets in ice blue, pink, white, navy, moss green and bronze are available at leading stores at about $6. Walkers in black, white, navy, charcoal, ice blue, bronze, pink and multi-colored stripes are available at about $4. This and many more Northlander "have-fun" combinations may be seen, too. Write For name of store nearest you.

NORTHLANDER®

NORTH SHORE OF DULUTH, DULUTH, MINNESOTA

meet muscles!

(Continued from page 37) Even stacked up against that beauty parade of stars Vicki stood out like a glowing vision with her smart black dress and suntanned shoulders. You could tell by the way Jeff's black eyes caressed her that night and the way he guarded her like a delicate doll (which she's certainly not) that the lady was something special to him.

I know him well enough to get personal. "Hey," I demanded, "is this serious?"

"You're darn tootin' it's serious!" said Jeff. "Meet Muscles!" So I met Vicki and I hoped it wasn't the last time. It wasn't. I saw them around a lot, looking very happy.

She wore his Sigma Chi pin—the first time it had been out since Jeff's SC days. Jeff didn't look at another girl—and he didn't miss a day with Vicki by his side or on his mind. And Bogey had cause to worry—Jeff did kick over drinking, swearing and his restless stag rambles around town. He cut down on his cigarettes and even shaved off his moustache. He jogged around the MGM lot in sweat clothes on a training kick, because Vicki's a physical education teacher. Her maw supervised his diet. Jeff's even sold his beloved boat and bought a new aquamarine Thunderbird to spin Vicki around. He took up her favorite sport, skiing—at the risk of life and limb. Nights they'd sit hand-in-hand like high school steadies in the movies or roam around Beverly Hills window-shopping the furniture stores. And each day when the lovesick lug got home from the studio he paced the floor of his Malibu house watching the clock for school to let out. Then Jeff would race the Thunderbird down to Louis Pasteur Junior High where his dream girl teaches. "Three o'clock," he used to sigh, "that's when I start to live!"

He told me then, "We're not rushing things—we want to be sure. But anything can happen—and I sure hope it does!"

It did all right. The night they had dinner at the Bogarts. As Jeff wheeled his Thunderbird out of Bogey's driveway and headed toward his girl's apartment in Santa Monica he turned to her and said, "I'm tired of always talking about getting married. Let's do it now."

By the time they had passed the corner of Sunset and Sepulveda they had decided to drive home to Vicki's folks to tell them they weren't going to wait any longer. Both Jeff and Vicki wanted her sister Helen Marsh to be matron of honor and she, conveniently enough, was in Las Vegas. It was no time of the night to wake up best man O. J. Rufullo, a Santa Monica businessman and Jeff's longtime friend, but the delighted Mr. Rufullo joined the party. By this time the Thunderbird was getting a little full for a 300-mile dash to the altar so they traded it for a new Pontiac convertible, piloted by Herman Hoffman who directed Jeff's last picture.

Jeff and Vicki and retinue left Santa Monica at three in the morning and seven hours later arrived at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. Dead tired, the four of them retired to separate rooms to catch up on some sleep. After a late lunch they gathered for the ceremony which was planned for five in the afternoon. Then Jeff remembered the ring! Slight delay while they combed the hotel gift shop for two plain gold bands. Jeff admitted to me that they planned to have them engraved when they returned to Hollywood but he wouldn't reveal the inscription. (Said it was nobody's business.) One more delay while they phoned Bogey and got his blessing. And then the knot was tied.

The Richards honeymooned at the Riviera for four days, caught the opening of Peter Lawford's new act, and then flew back to Jeff's oceanside cottage near Malibu Beach to set up housekeeping.

That's how they eloped but it wasn't as impulsive as it sounds. You see Jeff and Muscles knew each other pretty well. Even more important, they knew how much they needed each other even if Hollywood didn't. Frankly, about the last Hollywood male candidate for romance—let alone the prospect of old shoes and rice—was the lanky, brooding, antisocial stag whose only real passion seemed to be for the restless waves of the Pacific Ocean or the barren expanses of his pal Wally Wallace's lonely Cuyama ranch.

Jeff had been disillusioned and unhappy about romance before he met Muscles.

At that point, Jeff was bunking in his cramped boat because he couldn't afford anything else. He was driving an old De Soto. He didn't have a tux or even a telephone, and although his career was getting into high gear with *The Marauders,* you gathered that's about how Jeff Richards added up his private existence. And truth was, he needed a woman in his life and knew it. But he was skittery and scared —because he'd been hurt. "I'd give my back molars," he said in one unguarded moment, "to meet the right kind of girl and marry her. But what chance have I got for that now? I'm sunk!"

Well, that was a low spot and Jeff snapped out of it after he got busy—somewhat. That is, he moved away from the foggy boat berth to a one-room apartment out Malibu way, and got back to his perspective sailing a few races on Bogie's *Santana* to Ensenada and Todos Santos Island. Personal appearance trips plugging his latest picture *A Dog's Life* changed the scenery, too—at Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma and around. In Portland, Oregon, teenagers voted him their dreamboat and he presided at a big department store festival that got so riotous they had to lock the doors. In Detroit, too, he actually officiated as "Prince Charming" to crown the princesses at a charity ball. But Jeff added all that fluttery flattery up wisely for what it was—show business.

It wasn't because Jeff Richards is a woman hater—or ever has been. Only thing, it takes a special sort of girl to get him—because Jeff Richards is a special man.

He's no good as a butterfly boy. At parties he's like a bull in a china shop and at gay badinage he's a flop. He's a hulking, handsome, man's man—and his women have to measure up. Well, he didn't find many around the Hollywood studios who did. Or if they did, they didn't convince him. After his divorce from Shirley Sibre last July, Jeff celebrated his freedom with some of Hollywood's most attractive beauties, including Dorothy Malone, Anne Francis, Jarma Lewis and once—hold everything — Anita Ekberg. But such popular gals like plenty of dates and that just isn't Jeff's dish. When one-by-one they got married, engaged or tied up with someone else Jeff actually felt relieved. Even when Anita stood him up one date for a bigger score he didn't get sore. He wasn't that interested. "Nuts," he said once, "this dating around's no good. You just get started and then you have to get started all over again!" What Jeff was griping about was a sure symptom of what he craved. At thirty-one he'd done enough aimless chasing. He wanted a girl but not just a girl—something more right and permanent. But I don't think even Jeff Richards ever dreamed he'd find that at a Tiajuana bullfight.

He'll never know why he went to Mexico that week end. The bulls seemed as dispirited as he was, and he left the arena with a frown on his puss, shuffling along with the crowds and feeling lonesome.

In France Grace made her devotions at the Chapel of the Dominicans (left) which was decorated by the great French artist Matisse; later she visited Picasso's studio nearby and dabbled with his paints.

GRACE AND THE GREAT MASTERS

■ According to men who have dated her, the secret of Grace Kelly's off-screen popularity is her versatility. Grace is a well-bred, well-rounded girl who can converse intelligently on a variety of subjects. She is interested in more than men and movies.

For example, when she was in France several months ago, the newspapers made much of her romance with Jean-Pierre Aumont. What they never caught was the serious, quiet, academic and even religious side of Grace Kelly.

When she was young Grace was sent to Ravenhill Academy, a convent in Philadelphia. She was taught by nuns and developed a strong sense of meditation and devotion.

Grace revealed her religious heritage in France when she slipped away to the Chapel of the Dominicans in Vallauris. Here she said her prayers, made her devotions.

The Chapel of the Dominicans was decorated by the great French artist. Matisse. It's a modern church set in the heart of ancient France and when Grace left it, she remarked, "It's very beautiful. We have nothing like this in the States." Whereupon one of the chapel attendants asked her if she would like to visit the nearby studio where the great Picasso first worked in ceramics.

Grace said she would be delighted.

She was taken on a tour, shown the kilns and wheels, permitted to dabble with Picasso's paints. She had the most wonderful time. And she wasn't bothered by fans and autograph seekers.

When she returned to her hotel in Cannes, the always-present reporters closed in on her.

"You have been out with Jean-Pierre Aumont?" they asked.

Grace shook her lovely head. "Not at all," she said. "I've been discovering two other artists, Picasso and Matisse."

A THOUSAND PRIZES FOR YOU!

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about you, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. Just to make it more exciting, if yours is among the first 1000 questionnaires received, you will be sent one of the prizes listed below. Please check the gift you would like:

☐ The Dirty Shame (Dell novel) ☐ Hunger Mountain (Dell novel)
☐ Caravan To Xanadu (Dell novel)

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE JEFF RICHARDS:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JOAN COLLINS:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE BURT LANCASTER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE EVA MARIE SAINT:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE FRED MACMURRAY:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE WILLIAM CAMPBELL:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE SUSAN STRASBERG:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. Which male and female stars do you most want to read about? Please indicate your preferences below by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)__________ MALE (1)__________ FEMALE
(2)__________ MALE (2)__________ FEMALE
(3)__________ MALE (3)__________ FEMALE

15. To which movie magazine do you subscribe? __________

AGE . . . . . NAME . . . .
ADDRESS . . . . STREET
. . . . CITY & STATE

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN
Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Then he saw her—striding along in a sweater and skirt with a pert ponytail bobbing back of her blonde head. "How did she look?" Jeff answers, "Just healthy, pretty and real and fresh—like the outdoors itself. What did I think? I thought, 'There's someone mighty, mighty pretty that sure ought to be married!'"

So that's the first impertinent question he asked her. "Are you married?" Of course, he had to spring some kind of a warmup line first and today Vicki tells Jeff she never encountered a cornier one. "Uh—haven't we seen each other before?"

"No," she let him have it—but that wasn't technically the truth. Vicki Flaxman knew who Jeff Richards was even if he couldn't return the compliment. When he was making *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers,* she took an extra job in *Brigadoon* at MGM that summer after college just for kicks. They passed on the lot more than once and how he missed that Jeff can't figure—except that he had his troubles then. Vicki—well, she knew a good looking guy when she saw one. But she didn't tell Jeff that. All she told him in the Caeser Hotel lobby was, "You're very fresh," when he asked her that marriage question. But Richards couldn't look like a real wolf if he tried and after some mutual friends had wandered into the hotel for dinner after the bullfight and asked them to join the group for dinner, Vicki had to smile—give him her name and later her telephone number. Jeff ripped off a match cover and scribbled it down.

"And when she said, 'But you'll only lose that'—then," he grins today, "I knew she was interested!"

Well, Jeff didn't lose the scrap of paper. Not much. In fact, all the way home he kept repeating the name just so he wouldn't ball things up the first try. That was Sunday. Monday night he called for her and they drove out toward the Point, a beach bistro, to get acquainted. Jeff likes to think he got the upper hand fast. But Jeff's gal can match him in all the things he likes best—and even outdo him in some. The first time he took her surfing at the beach she left him in a wake of foam. When he took her next for tennis, she blasted a hole in his racket. When he tried volley ball she set him up and then spiked him. She's a Santa Monica girl who's been swimming like a mermaid both in California and Hawaii and playing every sport like a lovely Amazon almost since she could crawl. It's no wonder she took her degree in Physical Ed at UCLA and teaches the kids body building today. Already she's taught Jeff plenty about the sturdier feminine type that he never suspected. Vicki met every test he could come up with so far.

He took her sailing for the first time last November on his pal, Don Watson's boat when the water was cold and steely gray at Balboa, just to see what kind of a crew she'd make. Well, Vicki handled the 14-International like she owned the thing. After the race she reached over to tie up the boat and fell into the bay, clothes and all.

"And do you know what?" marvels Jeff. "She just laughed! So I jumped in after her and there we were in that crazy, cold water, with all our clothes on. After the dunking Vicki had to wear something, so Don's wife dug out some of her husband's old pants, a foul-weather jacket and a canvas hat. Even in that she was beautiful," sighs Jeff.

On the same trip they went water skiing out in the open ocean behind a Chris Craft—and maybe it was of unhappy memories of water skiing at Cypress Gardens that handicapped Jeff. Anyway, he got left in the wash again and couldn't talk Vicki into coming back to harbor until after dark. When they got back to Santa

Monica next day Jeff rode Vicki double on his bike to a park in the canyon where she showed him some tricks on the parallel bars. In fact, the only test Vicki's yet to pass is life at Wally's Cuyama ranch where there isn't any light, heat, running water or inside plumbing. She says she's not keen for horses but it wouldn't surprise Richards if Vicki wound up bulldogging steers.

In fact everything matched so perfectly that Jeff began to have his doubts. It was too good to be true. So after he'd courted Vicki for awhile he put his heart to the test and buzzed up to Mammoth Lakes, ostensibly to try out his new ski outfit and take a few lessons. Was this whirlwind romance blowing too fast, as it did the last time he met a pretty girl athlete in Florida—married fast and disastrously?

So, Vicki agreed to wait three days and then join him with some friends. They even made a pact—no contacts. "I won't call you," decreed Jeff, "and don't you call me. We'll have three days to think things over. Then we'll see how we both feel."

The only trouble was that before the three days were up Jeff knew the answer to the test. He found himself haunting the Tavern clerk begging "Any calls?" And clinking coins into the pay phone, then swearing at his weakness and cancelling them out. The three days added up only to agony, but not as acute as the day Vicki's friends arrived—without Vicki.

Jeff grabbed them with shaking hands. "Where's Vicki?"

"Oh, she decided not to come," they told him. "She thought since you didn't call, well, maybe you didn't want her. How's the snow?"

"The hell with the snow!" cried Jeff. "I'm going back to town!"

He was halfway out to the Thunderbird when she stepped from behind a post and Jeff didn't care who was looking. "Baby!" he gasped. "Am I glad to see you!" And they both knew the answer right then.

Everything was perfect then. There was nothing wrong with his MGM contract, where everyone from Dore Shary on down is a Jeff Richards rooter. Besides, Vickie had just about clinched her life-teaching certificate if it's ever needed. She's going to keep right on teaching for awhile anyway. Not that they'll need the dough. But Mrs. Richards has strong opinions on that score. Says she, "A schoolteacher can marry a star but she owes it to the kids of America to stay on the job. After all, the future of America lies in the hearts and minds of all the kids who are sitting in our classrooms."

There was really no reason for Jeff to stall. Jeff was homefolks at the Flaxmans; they liked him fine and vice versa. Their religions matched, a physician would kick them both out of his office for wasting his time, and thirty-one years to Vicki's twenty-four is the ideal spread. What's more, the girl could even cook.

Maybe it was that dinner party at the Bogarts that decided Jeff; he saw what his buddy had—a home, a wife, kids and the warmth of belonging.

And now as the salt spray whips Jeff Richards' picture window these chilly evenings and a string of jewels sparkle along Santa Monica Bay, Jeff and his Vicki talk beside a roaring driftwood fire. About the ranch he'd like in Arizona, dotted with whitefaced cattle, the Hawaii Vicki wants to show him and the Europe he wants to show her. The parts he'd like, the rambling ranch house they'd both like to build.

"We talk and we talk," grins Jeff. "Never seem to stop. Hope we don't talk ourselves out." But I don't think he's too worried about that or anything else. It's the best sign that here's something real for Jeff Richards at last. Not just another girl—the right girl. END

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Special fashion notes, etc. (pages 72, 73):

1. Terry Moore: Northlander's poplin *Campus-Jac*, about $6; striped poplin shorts, about $5. See Terry in RKO's *Postmark For Danger*.

2. Piper Laurie: Grace Walker's all-occasion black patent sandal, *Epic*. Grace Walker shoes are priced from $9 to $11. Other styles, page 74. Piper was last in U-I's *Ain't Misbehavin'*.

3. Cyd Charisse: Cotton swim costume by Catalina. About $25. Honeydeb's "Flattie," *Muriel*—see this and other shoe styles, page 78.

5. Maidenform's *Concerto* worn by Dorian Leigh: A new bra designed for a curvesome, fuller look. Fine cotton broadcloth, about $2. Accessories, Gift Shop, Elbow Beach Surf Club.

7. Little Miss English designed by Doris Day: three-piece costume—flowered chintz blouse, about $5; matching skirt, about $9; *Acrilan* fiber sweater with chintz fabric trim, about $7.

PROMOTIONAL STORES:

GRACE WALKER SHOES—Pp. 72, 74

Americus, Ga.—Jarrell's Shoe Store
Aurora, Ill.—Feltman Curme
Bloomington, Ind.—Smith's Shoe Store
Broadview, Ill.—Jay Allen Shoes
Burlington, Iowa—Snyder & Hertzler S.S.
Carrollton, Ga.—Webster's Shoe Store
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Goldblatt Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Leonard Shoes
Cicero, Ill.—Jay Allen Shoes
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Simonson's
Decatur, Ga.—Smith's
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
El Centro, Calif.—Valley Bootery
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.—Ross Shoes
Ft. Morgan, Colo.—Fort Morgan Shoe Store
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Grober's Shoe Store
Fulton, Ky.—Fry's Shoe Store
Grand Junction, Colo.—Outwest Bootery
Greeley, Colo.—Munsell Nue Wae Shoe Store
Hampton, Iowa—Jennings Dept. Store
Indianapolis, Ind.—Happy Foot Bootery
Indianapolis, Ind.—Martin's Bootery
Key West, Fla.—Appelrouth's Shoe Center
Kokomo, Ind.—Earl Shoe Co.
Lakewood, Calif.—Durand Shoes
Los Angeles, Calif.—Durand Shoes
Loveland, Colo.—Gentry Shoe Store
Monroe, La.—Keenes Shoe Store
Murphusboro, Ill.—B. & B. Shoe Stores
Naples, Fla.—Family Shoe Store
Nashville, Tenn.—Family Bootery
Oakland, Calif.—Stan's Shoe Outlet
Overland, Mo.—The Bootery
Payette, Idaho—Norvell's Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Riverside, Calif.—Mission Bootery
Rochester, Minn.—Lincoln Shoes
Ruston, La.—Drew's Shoe Store
San Bernardino, Calif.—Cole Shoes
South Bend, Ind.—Baldwin Shoe Co.
Springfield, Mo.—Heuer-Williams
Sterling, Ill.—Bachman Fashion Store
Swainsboro, Ga.—Roberts Shoes
Tampa, Fla.—Ritz Shoe Store
Texarkana, Ark.—Massey's Family Shoe Store
Torrance, Calif.—Torrance Bootery
Twin Falls, Idaho—Van Engclens, Inc.
Vinton, Iowa—Mahood's Shoe Store
Wauchula, Fla.—J. W. Earnest & Co.
West Frankfort, Ill.—B. & B. Shoe Store
Worthington, Minn.—The Walk Shop

HONEYDEBS SHOES—Pp. 72, 78

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil & Co.
Ambler. Pa.—Reagans Quality
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Benjamin & Mast
Augusta, Ga.—J. B. White
Boulder, Colo.—Pats Booterie
Bridgeport, Conn.—D. M. Read
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam-Meldrun-Anderson
Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldts
Cleveland, Ohio—Bailey Dept. Store
Detroit, Mich.—Zolkowess Dept. Store
Dover, Del.—Vogue Shoe
Edina, Minn.—Warren Shoes c/o Marvin Oreck
Forest Hills, L.I., N.Y.—Pedatorium
Gardena, Calif.—Ritchies Shoes
Greenley, Colo.—Randalls Shoes
Hampton, Va.—Oser Bros.
Houston, Texas—Wohl Shoe c/o Foleys
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayes
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. Block
Jackson, Miss.—Kennington
Martinsburg, W. Va.—Jacobs Quality
Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Boston Store
Montgomery, Ala.—Montgomery Fair
McKeesport, Pa.—Richards Shoes
McCook, Neb.—Pats Booterie
Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Diane Niagara Shoe
New Castle, Pa.—Leeds Fine Shoes
New Haven, Conn.—Ed. Malley Co.
Newark, N. J.—Bambergers
New York, N. Y.—Fastenbergs
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell
Ocala, Fla.—C. A. Nott & Co.
Oxnard, Calif.—Paramount Shoes
Panama City, Fla.—Schneiders
Peoria, Ill.—Block-Kuhl Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Philadelphia, Pa.—Rings
Pompton Lakes, N. Y.—Cancellation Shoe Bar
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's Dept. Store
San Francisco, Calif.—Hales Dept. Store
San Jose, Calif.—L. Hart & Son
Sarasota, Fla.—Nunn-Ducette
Seattle, Wash.—Western Group Div. Allied
Waukesha, Wis.—Biwers Shoes
Waycross, Ga.—Schrechers Bootery
West Point, Ga.—Quality Shoe
White Plains, N. Y.—Para Shoes
Woodbury, N. J.—Binus Brothers

LITTLE MISS ENGLISH SPORTSWEAR—Pp. 73, 75

Asbury Park, N. J.—Steinbach Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Loveman, Joseph, Loeb
Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer
Dayton, Ohio—Eder Johnston
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Elizabeth, N. J.—Levy Bros.
Hempstead, L. I.—Franklin Shop
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Newark, N. J.—Hahne Co.
Paterson, N. J.—Meyer Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Wallace Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimers
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsey, Curr
Schenectady, N. Y.—Wallace Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Yard's
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

NORTHLANDER JACKETS AND SHORTS—Pp. 72, 79

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Company
Battle Creek, Mich.—L. W. Robinson Co.
Bay City, Mich.—H. G. Wendland & Co.
Beloit, Wis.—E. L. Chester Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham and Straus
Calumet, Mich.—Vertin Bros. & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Armstrong's
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Company
Clinton, Iowa—John C. Van Allen
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse-Fashion Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—Demery's
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co.
Dubuque, Iowa—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth, Minn.—Duluth Glass Block
Duluth, Minn.—Maurice's
Duluth, Minn.—Oreck's
Flint, Mich.—Maas Bros.
Flint, Mich.—Smith-Bridgman & Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Wurzburg's
Hartford, Conn.— G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. D. Wasson & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—Jacobson Stores Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.—Gilmore's
Lansing, Mich.—Gilmore's
Lansing, Mich.—J. W. Knapp Co.
Madison, Wis.—Harry S. Manchester
Madison, Wis.—Yost's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Milwaukee, Wis.—Ed. Schuster & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Donaldson's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Maurice Rothschild's
New York City—Bloomingdale's
Peoria, Illinois—Block & Kuhl Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Albert J. Mansmann Co.
Pontiac, Mich.—Waite's
Port Huron, Mich.—J. B. Sperry Co.
Providence, R. I.—Sheppard Co.
Racine, Wis.—Zahn's
Saginaw, Mich.—Wiechmann's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium
St. Paul, Minn.—Field-Schlick
St. Paul, Minn.—Golden Rule
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Waterloo, Iowa—James Black Dry Goods
Wausau, Wis.—Winkelman's

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the heart has reasons

(*Continued from page 41*) managed to obtain her phone number, and after listening to busy signals for what felt like hours, and probably was, even managed to get her to answer. He also managed to get a date, somewhat to everyone's surprise.

Janet had a girl friend with her when she spoke to Tony. When she hung up she found her friend gazing at her quizzically. "That," said the friend, "did not sound like Arthur."

"It wasn't," Janet said. "It was one Bernie Schwartz, who keeps forgetting he's Tony Curtis."

"But you haven't been dating anyone but Arthur for ages."

"I know," Janet said thoughtfully. "That's why I'm going out with Tony. Time for a change."

Her friend surveyed her, shaking her head. "Sometimes I think you're off your rocker, baby," she said. "What's the matter with Arthur? He's a doll, he loves you, his parents love you. . . ."

"We're not in love," Jan replied. "And to tell you the truth, if we were I might not go through with it. I don't want to get involved, I don't want to get married, I don't even want to go steady. I've had it. It's going to be a good long time before I try getting married again. Maybe never.

"Now, Tony," Janet said, "he's perfectly safe. If I ever flip again it'll be some sane, older type."

And so, a year later, they were married.

What a year that was. Tony was totally unlike anyone Janet had ever known. He did things differently. Maybe because he didn't know his way around, maybe because he preferred to find his own ways. "Listen," he would tell Janet, "I really told the producer off today—"

"The producer?"

"That's right."

"How'd you get by the secretary?"

"Gave her the old one-two. Grinned my famous grin, recited a few lines from my latest epic, and there I was."

"You—er—told him off?"

"Well, I mean I didn't get nasty or anything. I more like *explained*, see?"

"Explained what?"

"Well, there's this kid in the picture, she's only about eighteen, and they keep turning the cameras away from her. Well, you know, it would be a real break for her just to get her face in, so I told him—"

"Did I ever tell you you're quite wonderful?"

And there was the time that Janet, nostalgic after a sad movie and a walk in the rain, told Tony about her first young romance, how desperately she did not want to move to another city when her parents left Merced, how she ran away and got married with such joy and fear, and instead of cracking wise, Tony took her hand and said, "I know. I was pretty mixed up when I was a kid." And added after a while, "I wish you could have known this guy who helped me a lot. Worked at a settlement house. Not that you were wild or anything, the way I was—but, you know, he was someone real to talk to."

And Janet found herself suddenly thinking, "I wish I had known *you* then, Tony. I could have talked to you."

But they were so different, two people from two separate worlds. Janet had a college education; Tony had meandered his way through high school. She introduced him to her friends, sophisticated, intellectual young people. Tony, she discovered, knew a surprising amount about music and art, and odd things like astronomy and running model trains. But by the end of the evening she always feared he was bored, sensed that he missed the hilarity and noise of his own friends.

He brought her into his circle. Almost the first people he met in Hollywood were Jerry Lewis and his wife. As long as she could Janet put off meeting them. "I won't have anything to say to them, Tony."

"You scared?"

"No, of course not. Well—yes."

"They'll love you."

"They'll think I'm a moron. I'm not funny the way they are."

"Then just sit and laugh. Anyway, I think you're pretty funny."

She took it as a compliment and went. Tony was right; they loved her. But then, she reminded herself, still breathless from kidding around, on the way home, a girl couldn't make a spectacle of herself all her life. It wasn't the way she did things.

Then she stopped cold. What did she mean, all her life? She wasn't considering spending all her life with Tony Curtis, was she? Time for a change—again.

So they had a long, serious talk.

"Tony, we've got to be sensible. You know how I feel about you, but where are we going?"

"Well, if you insist, I'll marry you."

"Now, stop that. And stop telling the reporters that. Look what you told someone the other day." She held up a magazine. "Quote: I'm really stuck on her. She's the first girl I've ever been in love with and I've really got it bad. Every time I look at her, I see her with my heart. Unquote. Now, why did you say that?"

"Couldn't help it. It's true."

"Well, start seeing me with your eyes. And don't call me so much."

That evening the phone rang. "Is Miss Leigh theah, please?"

"Tony—"

"Madame, this is Carrry Grant heah."

"Tony, I know it's you."

He broke down. "I was afraid you'd hang up."

She didn't hang up, but she did start going out with other men.

Tony went home and thought it over. But no matter which way he turned, it looked to him as though he wanted Janet. She had a date with someone else that night, so around midnight he sneaked over to her house, propped a note on the doorknob and retired behind a tree. When Janet and her date drove up he saw them walk to the door, watched Janet read the note, burst out laughing, say good night, still giggling, and shut the door behind her. The note had read, "Get rid of that guy and I'll call you in ten minutes."

After that there were notes almost every time she went out with someone else. When she found herself looking forward more to the notes than to the Other Men, she gave up.

What about the family?

Tony took her home to meet his folks. Mom and Pop and brother Bobbie were scared stiff. Tony Curtis was only Bernie, but Janet Leigh was a movie star. Janet didn't know what to expect. What she found was dinner in the kitchen, soup, roast chicken, stuffed cabbage. Every time she glanced at Tony to see if he was eating, she found his mother glancing at his father for the same reason. Their eyes met, and they were friends.

She asked him home to her folks. The doorbell rang and her mother came dashing upstairs. "He's here. And he's so *handsome!*" Downstairs she found Tony making polite conversation with her father and brushing mud from his shoes. "Your lawn's a little soggy."

"We just had it re-planted," Mr. Morrison said.

"Ooops," Tony said. "Sorry, Mr. Leigh!" Later, he apologized mournfully.

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"Darling, you were wonderful. I wouldn't want you to be any other way." And all of a sudden she knew it was true. He wasn't quite sane, and he wasn't older, and maybe he wasn't what she had had in mind—but he was what she had in heart, and that was more than enough.

Married to a telephone

They were married in Greenwich, Connecticut on June 4, 1951. Judge John Knox performed the ceremony and Janet announced herself for months thereafter as Jeanette Janet Morrison Leigh Schwartz Curtis. Mrs., that is. It was really an elopement, but a few people knew about it. Jerry Lewis came along to be best man, and break up the reception by proposing a toast to "Those wonderful, very charming, very happy young people—Shelley Winters and Scott Brady!" It was a good thing they had their laughs at the beginning, because the rest of the honeymoon they spent separately. The bridegroom went back to his publicity tour and the bride went home to Hollywood.

The separation was hard on them, but they were prepared for it. It wasn't until the groom came home and moved in that they found out just how difficult their marriage was going to be. Everyone heard about their problems. Common property. How Tony dropped his dirty shirts on the living-room floor and Janet picked them up. And the arguments.

Finances. It didn't distress them that Tony earned less than Janet at the beginning. He had no false pride, less false modesty. Someday, when he had been at it as long as his wife, he'd be earning as much, or more. Meantime they each put an equal amount in the family budget. But what they did with the money was a problem. Janet had a business manager. —her father. When Janet saw a sweater she wanted, she phoned Dad and said, "May I?" If he said no, she didn't. Tony was more likely to consult Janet than the business manager, and if she said no his conscience bothered him while he went out and bought it anyway. Most of the time it didn't matter too much, but sometimes it was painful. Like the time he bought Janet a fur coat and she took it back to the store and put the refund in their "family fund." Of course she was right. She didn't need the coat, and they did need the money—but it was a present, and in Tony's world, you didn't take back a present.

Friends. Janet tried hard on that bit. Tony liked a lot of people, a lot of noise. She felt a need for a rather more sedate set of social standards, but maybe she was getting stuffy. To make sure that she didn't freeze that way, Janet handed out keys to the house as though they had been pennies to the poor. Not only the Curtises lived there—everyone did. Tony and Janet would come home from the movies and find a marshmallow roast going on in their fireplace and a community sing around their piano. Tony seemed to thrive on it. He'd grab a marshmallow and join the choir while Janet cleaned ashtrays and wiped fingerprints off the walls. It was true—she did like housekeeping—but every now and then she found herself wondering: whose house?

So, knowing that they were different, they tried to cultivate tastes in common. Tony liked to play with cameras, Janet became a shutterbug. Janet liked cocktail parties; Tony taught himself to balance a highball and look as though he liked it. They were so careful of each other's likes and dislikes that sometimes entire evenings disappeared into a maze of "Well, I'd like to—if *you'd* like to." And finally neither of them knew what the other wanted in the first place.

And the good things

Still, they were happy. They made two movies together and after one love scene the director wiped his brow and remarked, "No one'll believe they're married." They did a fight scene and after spending the morning slapping Tony in rehearsal, Janet dashed to a refrigerator and produced a prune whip (his favorite) prepared in advance just so he'd know she didn't mean it. Every week they went for a long walk and talked things out. They battled violently over eating and sleeping habits and reached a compromise: Tony learned to drink milk instead of orange soda at least part of the time, and Janet in return forced herself to lie in bed late mornings, for badly needed extra sleep. Tony bought a TV set for the bedroom, in case she couldn't make it. "I guess you'll have no more time for me now," he said.

They knew tragedy, but instead of cracking them, it brought them closer together. In 1953 they expected a baby. Tony had to go to Honolulu on location, and Janet, committed to *Prince Valiant*, couldn't go along. Long before Tony got back Janet lost the baby. Three thousand miles away Tony sensed there was something wrong, and although it wasn't his night to phone, he called his wife. When Janet, who had gone through her ordeal without cracking, finally broke down and wept her heart out, her husband was on the phone, telling her it was all right, there'd be another baby, he was coming right home and the hell with the picture. "Don't do that," Janet sniffled. "They'll sue you or something, darling. I'll be all right—now." And she was.

The stubborn heart

It was that sort of love that told them they had to stay together, no matter how hard. But it *was* hard. Instead of getting better, some of their problems got worse. Tony got home and found Janet exhausted from the miscarriage, tense and underweight from nursing her beloved grandmother through her last illness and death, snappy and cross from the strain. He found himself yelling back at her, storming out of the room. But even then they knew they had to stay together.

Strangest piece of new talent so far is a Japanese who helter-skelter swallowed numbered ping-pong balls and brought them up in the proper numerical order.
Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

And they went on trying. Janet drank pints of whole cream every day on the theory that with added weight she would regain her equilibrium. Tony became irritable, depressed for hours, and Janet said bravely that that was no problem: when he had a mood she just avoided him until it was over. Worked perfectly, as long as they could bear whole evenings without speaking to each other. But no one believed the marriage would last another six months. The Curtises believed it would—but they couldn't have told you why. Reason was against it.

I'm not Napoleon

And then a friend of Tony's mentioned that he was seeing a psychiatrist. Why didn't Tony try analysis?

Tony went home and thought about it. Why not be analyzed? Well, because he wasn't crazy, was he? A psychiatrist was a head-shrinker and people who thought they were Napoleon went to him, not a perfectly normal guy who just happened to be having a few problems. Why be analyzed?

And all the while, he knew exactly why. Because more than he cared about anything else in the world, he cared about his marriage. Because his stubborn heart still wouldn't give up its sureness that he and Janet were right, that whatever was wrong could be corrected. Maybe, just maybe, the head-shrinker knew how.

And so he went. To his relief and amazement, he didn't have to lie down on a couch and babble for an hour. He sat in a chair and talked about what kind of a day he had had, and what had gotten him riled up, and what he had done about it. And without being told what to think, he found himself discovering that no one had meant to insult him, so there hadn't been any reason to get mad. And no one had meant to foul him up when he asked for something—he had just asked for two things at once. He found that Janet was not skeptical, but pleased and surprised—and more than willing to have a chat with the doctor herself. And he found that he, Tony, was dropping his shirts into the hamper instead of onto the floor.

Now that he was doing it for himself, Janet found that she was able to relax. If Tony left a record sitting on the rug she could be reasonably sure that sometime that evening he'd put it away instead of stepping on it. When she felt the urge to pick it up herself, she whistled or hummed or washed her hair, but she didn't pick it up. Tony looked at his wife, and saw that she was resting instead of washing ashtrays.

In an incredibly short time, both he and Janet began to assert themselves. When Tony gave up electric trains for astronomy, Janet didn't get herself a twin telescope. Tony stopped accompanying her to tea parties and both felt a surge of relief.

Will it happen?

In the middle of this winter they both received new assignments: Janet to Africa and England for *Safari*, Tony to Paris for *Trapeze*. It meant another separation. It meant that Tony would stop seeing the psychiatrist for a considerable length of time. It meant, in a way, a testing period for everything that had been happening.

They were waiting, both of them, for a sort of delayed action, a big change, an emergence of The New Tony Curtis, who was to make their marriage what it ought to be. A combining of all the little improvements into one big one. And while Janet was in Africa—it came.

Tony was able to tell a friend just before his wife got back, "There's been a big change in me. I don't know how Janet will react—but I'm sure she'll like it. Maybe she won't notice it right away. Maybe it doesn't show as much as it feels."

"Well, don't let it change you too much, huh? You're not going to settle down and never budge again?"

"Budge?" Tony shouted. "My wife is coming home tomorrow! I could fly!"

Janet noticed it. She saw the man she had married, not changed so she didn't know him, not a model of perfection, but her energetic, impulsive guy with a wide sentimental streak. Only now sure enough of himself to relax and do things her way from time to time without straining, a man with an arm to protect her and a heart to love her and a temper well under control, able to see his faults and try to correct them, to see hers and love her with them. A man to whom she could offer the biggest, best gift she had. "Tony, we're going to have a baby."

And still the same old Tony, who, when the first shock had passed, could grin at her and say, "What if he turns out like me and won't eat his spinach?"

"Let him turn out like you," Janet said. "And the heck with the spinach."

And that was the miracle their hearts made. END

(*Continued from page 46*) inherited this impulse. Last summer, Bill, then aged seven, dumfounded the waiter at Chasen's by casually ordering snails with garlic sauce. Thinking he hadn't heard right, the waiter went to boss man Dave Chasen himself, who hurried over to the table.

"What did you want, sonny?" asked the mighty Dave, bending over small Billy.

"Snails with garlic sauce," said Bill. "Or maybe you call them *escargots.*"

"I call them both," said Chasen. "But we don't have them."

Bill flashed him his really enchanting smile, sweet as honey. "My mistake," he said, generously. "I thought this was a French restaurant."

From across the table, brother Jimmy piped up. "Well, you must have Eggs Benedict?"

Amused, Chasen allowed as how they did, but these orders were no gag on either of the children's part. Dining out in fine restaurants from Rome to Fiji is an ordinary experience to them. They all do adore both snails and Eggs Benedict and even eat them frequently at home.

They acquired a taste for enchiladas and tortillas in Mexico and fettucini and lasagne in Italy. (The latter Burt makes magnificently.)

Burt is the steak cook at home, broiling filet mignons out of doors on an open charcoal grill, but Norma cooks most of the other foods. The children, all save baby Shigle, are politely asked around five o'clock every afternoon what they'd like to eat. Norma tells them what Mama and Daddy are going to eat and usually they go along with that plan—but if they choose to be different, that's okay, too.

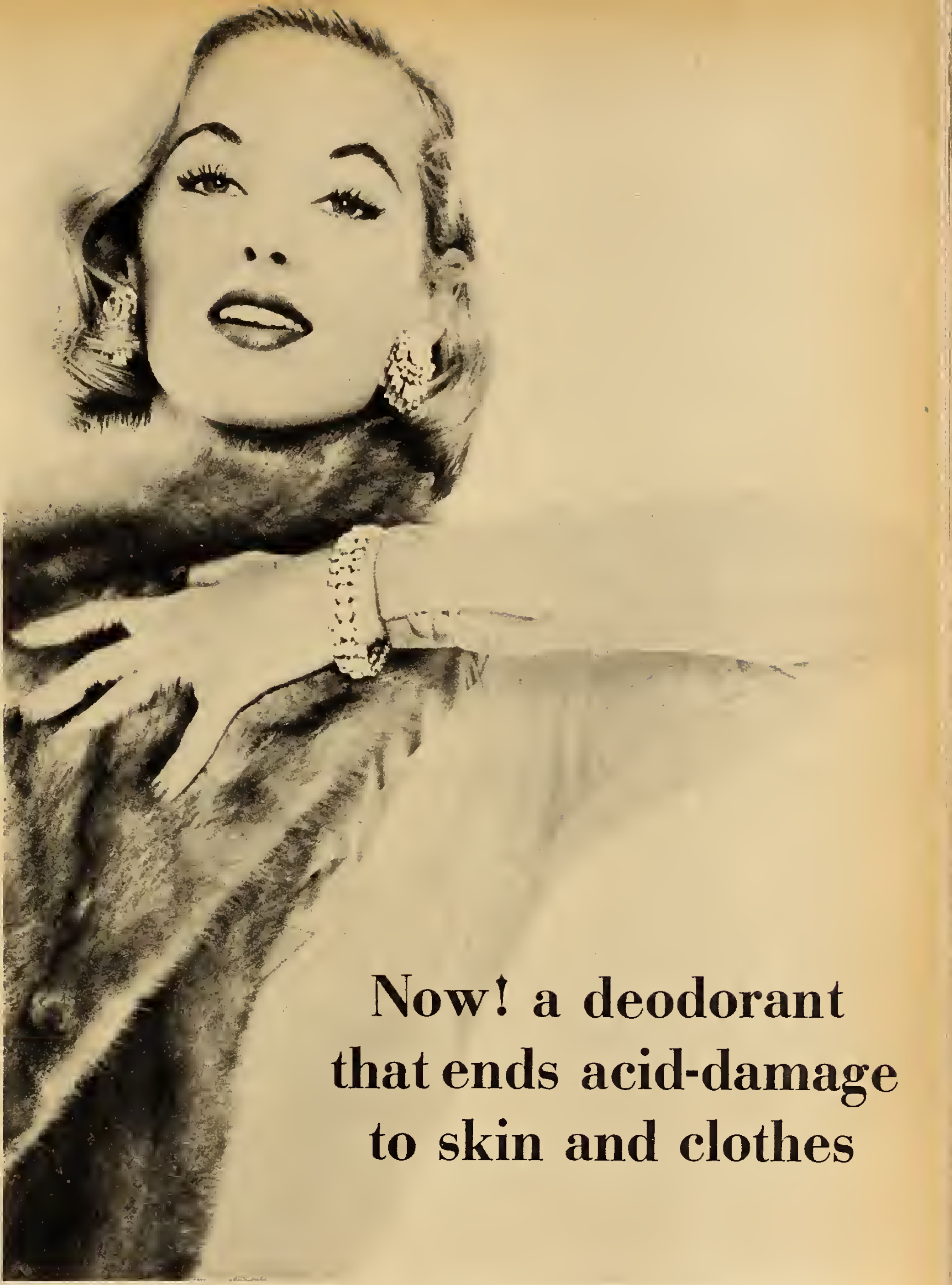
The kitchen cupboards are stocked with cake, muffin and pudding mixes. The switches that turn on the machines are too high for any of the children to reach, even with the most resolute climbing, so they have to ask one of the maids to help them there. But the actual making, baking and eating is up to the individual child and it's not unusual to see four individual desserts being evolved simultaneously. The icebox, where the ice cream lollipops are kept, is within reach of even four-year-old Joanna.

Unless there are guests, the family eats around a big, round table in the kitchen with Alberta or Adele, the maids, standing by to help with extra servings.

The 8-hour day

Burt's social conscience is such that he won't have a maid, a gardener, or anyone else work more than eight hours at a stretch. Alberta has been with them ever since Jimmy was born, Adele ever since Joanna, and they alternate, working eight to four and four to eight. The kids adore them both, knowing they can crawl up in Alberta's ample lap, to be rocked asleep, in the big old-fashioned rocking chair in the kitchen. But it's Adele they mind.

Except for going into the pool (swimming is their preferred sport) which they all started doing at age six months, they can play as they like anywhere any time. The pool was built behind high gates and is kept locked. They simply can't get into it except in the afternoon when either their mother or father is there with them. That's daily. But in the house they have their own playroom, complete with blackboards, radio, television, masses of toys and two exits, one of which goes into the kitchen and the other which opens out onto broad lawns. The five kids are kept busy with their outdoor playhouse, gym equipment, their recurrent batches of kittens and the dogs which they personally chose for a dollar each at the dog pound. The grounds



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are fenced off securely but at such a distance that the children are completely unaware of their protection and now that the boys are getting to the age where they like to have overnight guests there are usually two or three extra boys in their group.

There is only one form of Lancaster discipline—banishment. Since these junior Lancasters have never known loneliness this hurts. Even Grandpa Lancaster, who usually comes visiting every day and often ends by staying for long week ends, won't speak to any "banished" child. Everybody in the family knows the rule: you are not locked in your room but you can only come out again when you are prepared to behave. Almost always this means four kids against one, so temper tantrums just can't thrive in such an atmosphere and banishment usually lasts a hot five minutes.

Conversely, the reward for being supergood is the privilege of climbing into bed with Daddy and Mommy mornings. This often means seven inhabitants in the super king-sized parental bed. The hour is probably 6 a.m. and if there haven't been adult guests the night before, Daddy and Mommy have probably retired at 9 p.m., so they don't mind this dawn awakening.

Burt, wearing only a pajama top, doesn't get to sleep that early at night, although his wife usually does. Burt stretches out, pillows piled behind him, and reads and reads, until midnight or later. He particularly likes biographies of all sorts, collections of short stories, collections of plays. Just as he feels himself getting really drowsy, he piles downstairs to the kitchen, makes himself a huge "Dagwood" sandwich composed of virtually everything he finds in the icebox, drains off a pint of milk, and then goes back to bed, to sleep without turning over until dawn.

Saturday nights, almost without exception, there is a big bridge party at the Lancasters'. There are never less than eight players, sometimes as many as sixteen. Burt plays a sharp, clever game and he is fiercely competitive. He doesn't like people who "talk" bridge, stopping for gossip items between bids, and the Lancaster house rule is that you don't stop to eat dinner either. The food is served on a buffet table, kept hot in chafing dishes. You can eat it when you are dummy, or starve. The bar is at the end of the room. You can make your own drinks, too, when you are dummy. But don't hold up the game, and don't get in violent arguments with your partner—not if you expect to be asked back again.

The only Saturday nights when there is not a bridge party at the Lancasters' are the Saturday nights when they are at somebody else's house playing bridge. It's a real passion with both of them. Norma goes weekly to the Westwood bridge club for coaching, and Burt started also, sitting very quietly at the back of the room, listening with the greatest concentration to the lecture. Nevertheless, in a room of about a hundred people, when the play began, twenty or thirty women swarmed over him. The second time he attended the club, the same thing happened. So he had to abandon the lectures.

Women make him mad

Women do pursue him and nothing makes him more quickly angry. There was one particular glamour girl who insisted upon following him to his home, and coming in, uninvited. Burt fixed her by warmly invited her into the kitchen, and enlisting her help in loading up the washing machine and then making her fold the things as they came out of the dryer.

Then there was another doll who kept phoning him, asking why he didn't come over, anytime. He can be brutally direct, when angered, and he was all of that the night she called him around midnight with her persistent invitation.

"I'm in bed," he said. "My wife is here in bed beside me. I'll put her on to tell you just why I don't care about calling you."

Actually, his tendency to tell the exact truth at all times without thought of the cost, can often rock you. When he was on location making *The Kentuckian* I sent him some books to read. I thought I'd picked them out very carefully, according to his tastes. When he came back home, I asked him if he'd liked them.

"I didn't stop to read them," he said.

The same rigid reaction to truth was what made him say that he didn't think most directors were worth their salary. It wasn't the politic thing to say, but Burt believes it, so he said it. To prove his point he directed *The Kentuckian*. He got mixed notices for that and a considerable enmity around The Screen Director's Guild. Neither bothered him. When Sir Carol Reed began directing *Trapeze* for him in Paris, Burt was impressed with both Reed's intelligence and integrity. Because he was, he did exactly whatever Reed said without any hesitation whatsoever.

Similarly, when the Academy asked him to speak at the Forum they were having regarding *Marty* he flatly refused. "I had nothing to do with *Marty*," he said, "except I suggested Ernie Borgnine for it and our Hecht-Lancaster company made it. Just because it has turned out to be a success gives me no right to go around taking any sort of bows for it."

THE PRIZE: Benny Fields sent his shoes to a shoemaker in his neighborhood, and asked that they be re-soled. "Don't bother me," replied the shoemaker. "I'm busy studying opera."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Ten years have gone by now since I first met Burt, an ex-GI, come to Hollywood for Hal Wallis, and working on his first picture, *The Killers*. He had a chip on his shoulder then, broad as a bridge. Married, facing fatherhood, having only one suit to his name and no dough, he'd signed with Wallis because Hal had offered him the most money of all the producers who were after him, following one flop play on Broadway. Yet even with his first picture yet to be seen he was giving out with what was wrong with Hollywood, producers, pictures, directors, actors and the whole black, blasted world in general.

One thing he was most insistent about was that he would buy his freedom, as soon as he got a couple of pictures under his belt, and become his own producer. Nobody believed him, this upstart nobody. Mark Hellinger, to whom Wallis had loaned him for *The Killers*, said, "He'll be a star, but in a couple of years he'll be impossible as a human being."

Burt did become a star in that first picture, but he also became a wonderful, if complex, human being because he learned so much so fast. Now he is his own producer, with the Hecht-Lancaster Company among the most distinguished of the independent producers. He is wildly pursued by other producers for their top films. He's the father of five children. He's wealthy and famous, and Hal Wallis, whom he originally thought of as an enemy to conquer, has become one of his most respected friends.

Yet he still says exactly what he thinks when he thinks it, he is still passionate in the defense of his beliefs and he is truly temperamental in the best meaning of the word. He's changed a lot of opinions—and he's not ashamed to admit it. He finds life pretty wonderful today. He's a highbrow who loves symphonic music and a lowbrow who adores prize fights. He's a tremendous family man who, nevertheless, may completely forget about coming home to dinner three nights in a row while he works out some problem at the studio or in his Hecht-Lancaster office.

The outstanding quality about him is that ability to learn and to act accordingly. This is the characteristic you always have to allow for appraising Burt in any mood—and he has a thousand moods. If you think HBL (as his wife kiddingly calls him, meaning "handsome Burt Lancaster") is consistent about anything, you couldn't be more wrong.

When he knew Susie

When Burt first came to Hollywood he was very militant about keeping Norma, his children and his private life separate from his career. What trapped him into changing on that was his pride in his third child and first daughter, Susan. He simply couldn't resist talking about her and showing her off. He still can't, even though recently he's come to have a tremendous admiration and love of his two sons, also. But he's an absolute mush over Susie, and well she knows it. Like many another father, babies as babies don't register to him. It's only when they become young personalities that he responds to them.

It was a year ago, in Mexico, when Jimmy, now aged nine and a half, and Billy, just aged eight, began registering with him. When *Vera Cruz* was finished, he decided to drive them home, all alone, by car. They all had a ball, these three Lancaster men with no women to bother them. In fact, the trip was such a success, Burt took Jim and Bill with him, via ocean liner, when he headed for Paris and *Trapeze*. He's very aware, too, that Norma needs occasional holidays from caring for five kids under the age of ten, so in this case, she flew to Paris ten days after he left, bringing the little girls. The kids were weeks puzzling out how it was that Daddy and the boys, leaving home first, arrived in Paris last.

The first time he became quite aware of four-year-old Joanna was one night when he called her "Stubby," and she blazed back at him. He'd tagged her with this nickname, because while she is the real raving, tearing beauty of the family, with her golden hair and big, brown eyes, she is also the shortest and broadest, which he with his figure consciousness, would be bound to notice.

"You stop that," Joanna thundered at him, in imitation of his own tactics when he's annoyed. "I'm not Stubby. That's not my name."

He dropped on his knees beside her, so that their faces could be more nearly on a level. "What is your name then?" he asked.

"I'm Mrs. Mary Angry," the little girl said, sticking her jaw out belligerently, "and don't you ever forget it."

"I beg your pardon," said her father. "I sincerely beg your pardon." He sat back and watched her flounce from the room before he started laughing.

"Ye gods," he said, finally. "There's the one who surely will grow up to be an actress and I just saw my fate in her eyes. I can see her fifteen years from now, looking at me across the room and saying. 'Oh, Dad, stop being such a bore—always gassing on about the days when you were a movie star.' "

Nothing will surprise me less than if all the Lancaster kids become performers but two things HBL will never be—either a bore or retired. He's too much man for either of those roles. END

susan strasberg

(Continued from page 58) come in yet!' for the maids in the hotels. I'm not very good at languages, though I love them."

Her speech was pretty formal, but it wasn't phony at all. It came from reading a lot and growing up among adults, who treated her like a grown-up.

A woman who had known her in California came over and there was a flurry of greetings. (They had lived in California during the war years; Lee Strasberg was with 20th Century-Fox then.) "How is your dog, Suze?" the woman asked. "The nice little cocker spaniel." Susie's face fell. "Oh, he died," she said sadly. "First my brother got the measles and then the dog got sick. Johnny recovered, but the cocker spaniel just sort of faded away." Her expression changed and she smiled. "Then we got two *huge* sheep dogs. Named Ranger and Ryder—after Lone Ranger and Red Ryder. But we had to leave them. It's better to have a cat in New York; there's no room for a dog. And we tried having a pair of love birds but the female one pulled all the feathers out of the male's head, and the man from the pet shop said they'd kill each other if we didn't separate them. So I guess we'll go back to cats."

Then someone mentioned theatre, and Susie's face lit up like the Fourth of July. Her eyes—by the way, they're huge hazel eyes, and they just dominate her tiny face completely—sparkled and she was lost to everyone else in the room. They talked about one of the plays on Broadway then—I don't remember which one, but I do remember that what Susie said showed she knew her theatre from 'way back, and more—that she really cared. After that she only talked about one other thing—when someone mentioned a book everyone was reading then—*The Diary Of Anne Frank*. Susie said, "It would make such a beautiful play. Anne would be a great part—" and then she stopped.

I said, "And you could play Anne."

"Well," she said, "someday, maybe."

"Why not now? Anne was only twelve or so, and you're almost fifteen."

"I'm not doing anything till I'm fifteen," Susie said. "My father doesn't believe in child actors."

I felt as if I'd put my foot down on a sore spot. "Oh, well," I said, "at least you can take lessons."

Susie laughed. "No, I can't," she said. "Dad doesn't believe in kids taking acting lessons either. He figures there's no sense starting before you're a finished person. You just have to do it all over again when you're older, if there's anything left by then. And I agree with him. Besides," she added, "he doesn't say No to very much, you know. I think he's entitled to have his say on this."

The thing about Susie was that even then, she didn't talk like a kid. We became pretty friendly, and even double-dated a few times. Susie was a good date—she didn't insist on going dancing, and she certainly didn't want to drink, and you could feed her anything—except creamed spinach—and she'd be perfectly happy. She liked going to parties and she loved going to movies and she adored seeing a show, of course. Most of the boys she dated were kids from her neighborhood, or sons of friends of her family, and there wasn't an actor among them, somewhat to my surprise. Anyway, we always had a good time.

I visited her a couple of times at her apartment. The Strasbergs lived—they still do—in an old apartment building that takes up most of the block and is not very fancy, but very comfortable. They had eight

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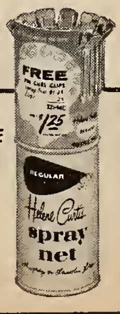

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rooms and as far as I could tell every room looked like a rare-book store. The walls were lined with books from the floor to the ceiling, paper-backs, foreign language books, every conceivable book on theatre. And wherever you looked there were more, stacked up on tables and chairs and sofas and the floor, so you had to move them aside to sit down. The furniture was old and comfortable and made more for sitting in than looking at. (Now I understand they're looking for a house on the East Side and they're going to have it all done by a decorator. I'm sure it will be very beautiful, but I hope that it isn't changed too much. It was the most wonderful apartment I've ever been in.)

Then I went back to college and spent my summers in other parts of the country. We planned to meet a few times during vacations, but we never did. I heard a lot about Susie, though. She turned fifteen and I imagine thirty seconds later she signed up for her first professional part. She did "The Duchess And the Smugs" on *Omnibus*, and "Romeo And Juliet" on another TV program, and then I heard that awhile back she had had a part in some off-Broadway show, playing a girl of the streets who ran errands for some kindhearted prostitutes! And then—movies!

Susie revisited

So when we finally did get together for that breakfast-lunch at Schrafft's, it was by way of a reunion. And I wanted to see what Susie was like—after these fantastic two years.

She was a few minutes late getting there. Susie is usually a little late—but just for personal appointments. For work she shows up on the dot. Anyway, after she told me her schedule I couldn't blame her for not getting up on time—even though her alarm rang at one in the afternoon. She had had an interview the afternoon before, and pictures with her costume for the Helen Hayes benefit show she was in, and then dashed to the theatre without any dinner, though that was nothing unusual. "Even when I have time, I don't eat before I go on," she said.

"On account of stage-fright?"

"No, because I can't play Anne on a full stomach. It takes so much energy and moving around. Some plays you can eat before, but not this one."

So she usually had dinner at midnight, after the show. Then, whenever she could, she went to a movie! "It's my only time to go these days. Only it's so hard to get anyone to go to the movies with you at midnight!"

"What do you do about boys?"

"Not much," she said. "I can go out week ends, but I can't go out during the week, I'm too tired."

"Don't you miss it?"

"Everyone wants to know that," Susie said. "No, I don't. Oh, sometimes people invite me to come up to the country or for a college dance—even people I don't know—since the play, but at least I know what I'm missing. I did all that last year."

She was wearing a blue wrap-around coat with a big collar and black leather shoes with a three-inch heel. She hardly wore any make-up and she had her hair tucked into a hood. What I could see of it, though, looked darker than the pale brown I remembered. "When did your hair change?" I asked.

Susie rolled her eyes up and tried to see it. "About two days ago," she said finally. "I put some stuff on it that was supposed to make it stay put, and instead it made it darker. Everyone backstage noticed it right away, but I don't suppose anyone else will. It photographs black, or red, or almost anything but what it is. I'm a chameleon. No, I don't mean chameleon—yes, I do. And I was a blonde baby."

"Anyway," I said, "you're looking good."

She giggled. "Have you seen *Picnic*? Well, wait till you do. I look horrible."

"They must have done quite a make-up job."

"No," she said blithely, "I didn't wear any make-up at all! Just a little to make me darker, for the cameras. I just pinned my hair back and wore blue jeans and shirts—and oh, the bathing suit I got for the swimming scene!" It seemed she bought the ugliest one she could find in all of Kansas, with malice-aforethought. "Well, they wouldn't let me wear a *pretty* one. So I figured if I couldn't have one like Kim Novak's, cut down to here—" her hand pointed in the vicinity of her navel—"I'd get something *really* hideous!"

She loved making the movie, just as she had loved making *Cobweb*. "It's hard work, and sometimes tedious, you do a thing over and over again—but when you've finally done it thirty times they pick out the best one, and that's it. On stage you have to use such a tremendous amount of energy every night for months. I'd love to make more movies."

Her mother went with her to Hollywood and they stayed at the Chateau Montmartre. I asked her if she met anyone of interest there and it turned out that everyone she met interested her. Oscar Levant, who was the funniest man she ever met, especially off-screen. Kim Novak, who was sweet, and John Kerr, who had the two cutest babies she ever saw. And Roz Russell. "She has so much *energy*. I wasn't under minor rulings in Kansas, so they could work me as much as they wanted, and I was so exhausted at the end of the day. But she was still ready to work. I had my birthday there, you know. My seventeenth birthday. I didn't tell anyone. But I was so lonely I sat up in my room and cried terribly. Then a cake came up—huge—from the hotel, and Bill Holden and Roz and Josh Logan and the producer came up. It was so nice."

Miss Monroe to you!

"What about Marilyn Monroe?" I said. That was the first time I ever saw Susan annoyed. She positively bridled. "*What* about Marilyn Monroe?" she demanded.

"Well," I said weakly, "do you like her?"

"*Miss* Monroe," Susie said, accenting the "Miss"—for dignity, I think—"is very nice. A very fine person. I'll tell you something about her. I first met her in Hollywood when she was making a picture called *There's No Business Like Show Business*. I was on the set of *Désirée*, watching, and they took me over to see Miss Monroe do a number. Afterwards we were introduced. Then we met again in New York, at a party, and the first thing she said to me was, 'You may not remember me, but we met in Hollywood—' and of course I had been planning to say exactly the same thing!"

It turned out that Marilyn had shared her room when she went out to Fire Island with Susan and her family last summer, and Susan thought she was very nice to live with. Also sensitive, and talented. She had only seen her once in the movies, in *How To Marry A Millionaire*, and she thought she was very good. Considering that her other favorites are Olivier and Brando and Leslie Howard and Garbo, Garland, Vivien Leigh and both Hepburns, that's putting her in good company.

I suppose about now is a good time to give you some background on Susie, where she was born, and that sort of thing. I got most of it from her, and the rest from her mother and friends.

She was born in Manhattan on May 22, 1938, and named Susan Elizabeth. The middle name was for Queen Elizabeth—the first. Lee Strasberg was studying Elizabethan drama at the time. Also, he thought she could use the middle name in case she didn't like her first one. That's the way the whole family operates—everyone gets a choice! I remember another funny story about her when she was little. Just before her brother was born—or rather, brought home in a basket, which is how Susie put it—her mother said to her, "Which would you rather have, a boy or a girl?" and Susie said, "What else is there?" And *that's* when she first became conscious of boys—in case a movie magazine ever wants to know!

Crush and crushed

Anyway, she grew up first in New York and then during the war, in California. She loved California, it was so beautiful, and she had her first crush there, on a little boy whose mother ran a florist shop. She doesn't remember if he was cute ("I *hope* he was; I wouldn't like to say anything against my taste!") but she does remember that she was hardly a femme fatale. She gave a birthday party and the boy didn't come. Susie was crushed and barely recovered from the blow until they moved to Stamford, Connecticut, at the end of the war. They stayed there a year, until they could get an apartment in Manhattan, and it was there that Susie began to date.

They moved back to New York and Susie found herself in eighth grade, as usual the tiniest girl in the class, if not in the school. She felt small, but not exactly inferior. Aside from wishing occasionally that she were taller, and more sophisticated, and a different type altogether, she hardly gave it a thought. Afternoons she dashed out of school with the other girls, produced orange lipstick from the five-and-ten (forbidden by the teacher, but not by her Mom and Dad) smeared it on, and spent the afternoon giggling with the girls. Evenings at home the house was filled with movie stars and Broadway actors and the most famous people in the world, and Susie liked them, too.

She had occasional problems to worry about—like whether or not to smoke. The other girls had no problem—their parents all said no, of course you can't smoke, so the kids went out with a wonderful behind-the-barn feeling and coughed themselves sick until they mastered the art. Susie asked if she could smoke, and her folks said, "Of course, dear, go right ahead." She was very disappointed. She went out to try it, coughed, choked, and figured it wasn't worth the bother. And I guess that's what the Strasbergs had in mind.

That's the way they're still bringing up Susie—letting her make up her own mind and relying on her to have good sense. I don't think she's ever let them down. That's why Lee let her decide about going on the stage when she was fifteen, and that's why he doesn't help her with her parts, just talks them over with her.

So what she's got, and what she's done, she's handled all by herself. I think that's pretty great for a seventeen-year-old girl. Everyone is saying she's going to be one of the best actresses in the country. I'll buy that. But even if she never sets foot on a stage again, I'd nominate her for one of the best kids I know, and one of the wisest. Even sitting in Schrafft's, watching her eat a horrible combination of lobster bisque and a hot. pastrami sandwich and cole slaw and hot chocolate, I figured her for pretty mature. Walking back to her apartment, we made plans to meet again soon. Only with her schedule and my job, we probably won't get to it for another year. I hope we make it sooner. But even if we don't, it'll be exciting to see what she's like when she's eighteen. Matter of fact, I wouldn't miss it for the world! **END**

we're old-fashioned

(Continued from page 54) It sounds a little frivolous—but the MacMurrays' home has played a large part in their romance. It was the first purchase they made together, the first purchase, in fact, after June agreed to marry Fred. Even the engagement ring took second place.

There was good reason for their hurry. For both June and Fred, love came not only as a joy but as an end to sorrow. Both lived in houses filled with memories of the past. Fred's memories, to be sure, were good ones only—his seventeen-year marriage to Lillian had been more than happy—it had been close to perfect, despite her illness. But every room in the house had been decorated by her, held souvenirs of their relationship. Her room, where for months at a time she had lain ill, had known pain. It was in that room that Fred had finally found release from the suffering he had known after her death, there that he had broken down and cried like a little boy until he could accept his loss. Neither Sue nor Rob, his adopted children, could remember another home—or a time when their mother had not been in it. Good memories, yes—but memories of an old life. Now he was starting a new one, and for this new life, he needed new surroundings. Lillian's home had been New England style, filled with heavy, wonderful antiques. "We'll do everything completely differently," Fred told June. "We'll get a modern house and fill it with crazy modern furniture—everything at angles, you know—"

Cary Grant went to the set of the George Gobel picture, where Not So Lonesome George was doing a scene with Mitzi Gaynor. Later, Mitzi said to Cary: "Gee, I can't wait to see *To Catch A Thief*. I hear your clothes are terrific." Grant smiled, and politely asked, "But what about Grace Kelly's clothes?" Mitzi replied, "But who's looking at her when you're on the screen?"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

"Nonsense!" June said, smiling. "You're a big man—you'd look ridiculous with all six-foot-three of you jutting out from one of those on-the-floor sofas. And the antiques are much too beautiful to sell. We'll find another house, and we'll hire a new couple so I can start with a home and help of my own, but that's as far as I want to go."

And for Junie, it was going quite a way—all of it out of darkness into light. Since her return from the convent she had been living with her mother and stepfather, good people who loved her and had welcomed her home, but who had troubles of their own. Their marriage was shaky then, and to June, who had known a broken marriage of her own, the sight of people she loved living in misery was heartbreaking. That home had memories, too, of John Duzik, the young doctor she had loved and had watched die.

So the day after Fred proposed, they purchased, in both their names, a Brentwood Colonial mansion. It cost them $139,500, and it was worth every penny.

A month before the wedding, Fred and the kids moved into the house. Under June's direction they arranged the furniture and organized the closets. Having gotten the house in order, the kids left for camp and Fred for Wyoming by way of Ojai, where he and June were married.

"It wasn't until we got back from a month of movie-making and honeymoon-

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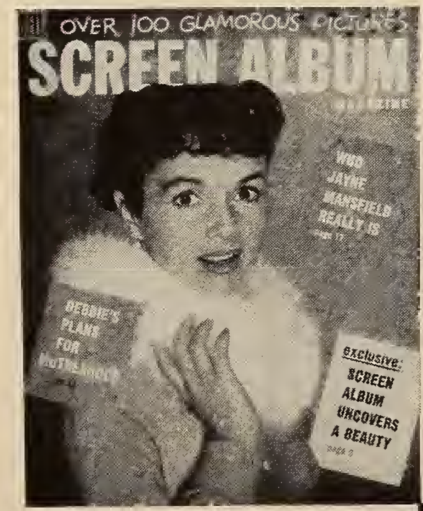
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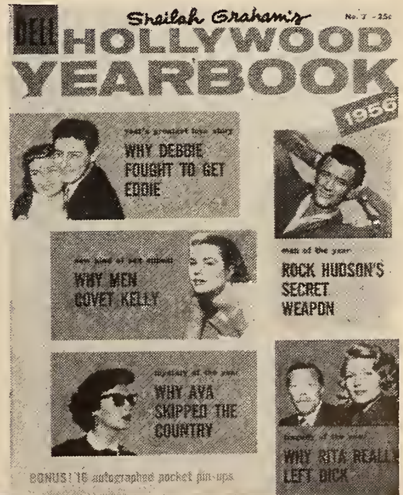
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ing in Wyoming that we really learned what a marvelous home we'd bought," June recalls with some obvious satisfaction.

"We didn't have to do a thing to it except add a dining table here, a breakfront there—and a pool. All the carpeting and wallpaper that came with the house suited us perfectly, so we left it alone. Our furniture looked right and so did Fred."

The largest and most used room in the house is the playroom. St. George Tucker and Nelson Eddy called it a music room, but June and Fred find that they use it as more of a family recreation room. They just naturally gravitate around the fireplace for a drink before dinner. When ten-year-old Rob comes in from football practice, he heads in this direction and plops down on the couch to talk over the day's events with June and Fred. His and Sue's friends are always welcome here for cokes, for the 16mm movies Fred often runs at home, and, when art-lovers come to admire Fred's framed water-color on the wall.

"It was getting so we weren't using the living room at all," says Fred with a straight face. "That's why June took up piano—to keep the room occupied."

"That's not true," laughs June. "I love the living room. It's so dignified and marvelous for a formal party. But it's true our family doesn't go in it much."

Beyond the living room there's a small, private den for reading and watching television. It's painted ox-blood red, which makes it seem very warm and cozy. Fred reads scripts here, alone with the hi-fi.

And still farther on is what is jokingly known as the "Fibber McGee" room. June and Fred are undecided whether to turn it into a guest bedroom or a changing room for the pool. Meanwhile, it's jammed with odds and ends of furniture, miscellaneous books and old records. Last Christmas Fred put up a sawhorse table in the room so that June could wrap and store packages in private confusion. He also went up to the attic and dug up his own version of a ribbon-holder. It consisted of an orange-crate base and two notched arms. On the arms he had suspended curtain rods for a holding spool of various colored ribbons. Which production caused his undignified bride to perch on tiptoe, kiss his chin and remark, "Now I know I've married the most talented man in Hollywood—Rube Goldberg!"

The MacMurray dining room remained unfinished for months after the rest of the house looked well-lived-in. They waited and waited until they could find the right table. It had to be large enough to fill the room. And Fred specifically wanted one with straight legs so that no matter where a guest sat he wouldn't get his feet tangled in the table base—a problem that Fred, with his long limbs, is always having.

It took them longer than usual to find a table because they were determined to look together and they could only search when Fred wasn't working. Finally they found just the right piece in a one-hundred-year-old Irish antique. It's just what Fred had in mind and it looks very well in company with a French sideboard and an English serving table.

Let's be modern?

Originally, when the subject of the kind of house they'd buy was discussed, June and Fred thought they wanted a one-story, four-bedroom place.

"But it seems that when you get four bedrooms strung out on one level, it takes days to round up the family," explains Fred. "So after looking at a few such ranch-type houses we changed our minds. We went back to the old-fashioned, two-story jobs."

Rob's very boyish bedroom is at one end of the second floor. Sue's comes next. Her interest is horses and ranching, so her room is tailored, but in a pretty pink. Then comes Fred's upstairs study. Luckily, this study was already decorated in forest green and touches of red, so his heavy oak desk and masculine chairs fit beautifully. The dressing room and bath adjoining this room are massive and designed to suit a meticulous man. And Fred is that. He takes pride in keeping his business matters and clothes in fantastically good order.

The master bedroom is blue (June has always had a blue bedroom) with a fireplace, a four poster bed, a couch and a coffee table. Over the fireplace hangs a painting by Corbelli of a dreamy young girl. June had admired the painting one night as she and Fred were strolling through the Biltmore Hotel lobby. It was part of a hotel exhibit by contemporary artists.

"I was immensely attracted to it," recalls June. "We stopped and had a look at it. By the next day I'd forgotten about it. And Fred never mentioned it again. But on Christmas morning I opened a surprise package from him and there was the young girl. I couldn't help it. I cried."

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Not counting the extra dividends like the attic, the basement and Fred's small studio, there are eleven rooms in the house. But it's these dividends that make it such a wonderful home for them. In the basement June can store the preserves, nuts and dried fruit that come from their ranch near San Francisco. Fred's workshop is there. He has a big collection of power tools and leather working equipment, all in continual use.

The attic is June's department. There she stores out-of-season clothes in large cedar-lined closets. She has neatly labeled shelves for extra and little-used sets of dishes. The rest of the spacious attic is a cheerful jumble of luggage, old lamps and porch furniture.

"I love an attic," says June happily. "Fred and I both come from the middle west, where a home isn't a home without a slightly disorganized attic. This one at our house is so big and airy that it's going to be perfect for Sis and Rob when they want to give slumber parties, the way Fred and I did when we were kids."

She beams, talking about the kids. In this close friendly house they have learned to know and love each other with real warmth. In the early days of their romance Fred worried about his children's reaction to a "new mother." He met June only a year after Lillian's death; would the children think him disloyal to her memory, he wondered, or would they realize that it was the happiness he had known with his first wife that gave him the hope of happiness again? He knew that—but they were so young, so lonely for their mother.

"Dad wouldn't be so silly!"

Everyone in Hollywood knew of Fred's deep love for them, and of his concern. When gossips hinted that he and June were about to elope, *had* eloped, had been married abroad, even the columnists sprang to his defense. "Fred would never marry without telling his children first," they insisted. But the rumors went on. And when Fred returned from South America, where he and June had been among a group of American stars at a film festival, he found his kids, whitefaced and anguished, waiting for him in the living room, a newspaper crumpled on the rug. He knew what was in it—headlines, saying that he and June were married. He saw no sense in asking them what was wrong. He said only, "You know that's not true—I wouldn't, without telling you beforehand," and to his immense relief the faces brightened, the eyes cleared, and Sue turned to Rob. "See?" she scolded, "I told you Dad wouldn't be so silly!"

June they liked from the start—it was only the idea that they might not know what was going on that scared them. So June spent much of her time with them, playing word games, going bowling with them, taking them places—but never intruding upon their precious hours with their father. Many evenings she dined with her sister while Fred ate with his children and joined her later. When Sue and Rob, not knowing what to call her, settled hesitantly on just plain "June," she was delighted. And when she and Fred were finally married, making their first phone call to his excited children—as their own blessing to the wedding, the kids greeted her with "Hi—Mom!" It reduced the bride to the happiest tears of her life. Later they went back to "June," which suits them all.

Located in age right between Fred and Sue, June has turned what could have been an awkward relationship into a perfect one. The kids come to her for fun, for advice, for sympathy and learning and tenderness. Discipline she leaves strictly to Fred. ("He's done so beautifully with them so far; why should I change things?") It was more than a desire to keep Fred's beautiful antiques that led her to use so much of Lillian's furniture in her new home—she knew that seeing the familiar objects would give the children the sense of security and safety they needed. The result is that Sue, attending a boarding and ranch school (she wants to manage her father's ranch eventually) looks forward to her vacations with glee, and Rob, an active lad of ten, displays toward June an attitude compounded half of affection and half of jealousy—she weighs more than he does, and stands taller, and he's a boy and she's a girl so he doesn't think that's fair. June never has to urge him to drink his milk—he's determined to outgrow her in short order.

You only to have to be in a room with them for a few minutes to be sure that their happiness is solid and deep-rooted. So deep-rooted that there arises the obvious question: What more could they ask for?

"Nothing certainly," answers Fred. "All we want is more of the same—being together as a family, doing things we all enjoy. Of course, June and I might do a little traveling. We've talked of motoring around Europe this summer. But maybe not. You see we're pretty self-satisfied. We think we have heaven right here behind a picket fence."

And they pretty much do. **END**

my sister shirley

(Continued from page 65) naturally and so honestly that you feel like the person you're portraying.

Now as I sang I saw Shirley's hazel eyes cloud slowly, and then the tears that made me happy rolled down her cheeks.

For the most surprising part of the story is that Shirley wasn't supposed to cry at all! Just listen to my song with a dreamy expression.

When I saw her tears I got that wonderful "go!" feeling. I forgot the cameras, the crew, everything.

And for the next few minutes I guess I sang better than I had in my whole life.

When we finished the assistant director said, "I didn't know you two girls knew each other."

Shirley and I answered in chorus, "We don't!"

After the test, Shirley knew from her own experience that I now faced four or five days of almost unbearable suspense waiting to hear 20th's decision.

And just before we parted that day she said, "I wish you all the luck in the world, Barbara, but try to forget this audition if you can. Let me be the one to remember it." It was a wonderful thing for her to say.

Then one morning the phone rang and my agent said, "Hello, Carrie." Then I was so happy I cried. But I don't think I would have made it without Shirley.

A short time later the studio told me that I should prepare for a location trip to Maine for the outdoor scenes.

Frick and Frack

And I learned Shirley and I would share a little cottage 20th had rented.

Shirley left before I did, since she had a concert to give in New York. I arrived in Maine late in the afternoon of the day Shirley was scheduled to fly up.

Somehow I didn't want the best bed, the best chest of drawers, the sunny end of the room. Somehow I wanted everything to be perfect for her when she came.

Well, she got to the cottage late that night. She was exhausted after a very hectic two days. We talked for a few minutes, and all of a sudden she was asleep.

We got up at 5:30 a.m. and it was just as if we had been roommates for years instead of one night. For the first time in my life I didn't worry about forgetting to put the cap back on the toothpaste. Shirley never cares, although she always replaces it.

As the days went by we became closer. We studied our scripts at night and got to bed early. On week ends we just naturally had dates together.

And of course the most deliriously happiest discovery of all—we could wear each other's clothes! Right down to the shoes!

We stayed together so much during those months that the location crew began calling us "Frick and Frack." We never could decide who was who.

But one thing I did decide. Fate had allowed me to become a friend of the nicest girl I'll ever know in my life. I can only try to begin to tell you how much I like and respect her.

I remember once I saw a picture of her in a fashion magazine long before I met her. And I said to myself, "What a lovely, young, uncomplicated face." I felt that it would be a nice thing to know that girl.

She had (and still has) the look of a bride on her wedding day. That's what makes her so attractive. She just radiates.

I've heard people say that Shirley is too shy for Hollywood. It isn't shyness at all. Just good manners. If she hasn't anything to say, unlike some, she keeps silent.

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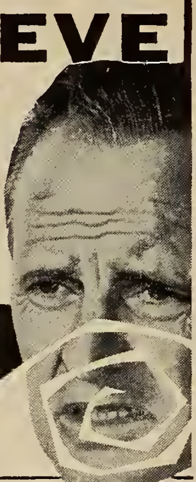

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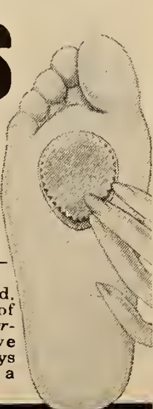

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That's why I know her so well now. Her moods! I always knew in a flash when she was unhappy. Later I'd ask what was bothering her. She'd say, "Oh, Barbie, I was awful today. How can the studio have confidence in me anymore? I'll never be good enough."

Then we'd talk it over and later after we'd seen the rushes of the scenes she thought were bad, she'd cheer up.

A lot of people wanted to know, "How can you two singers, in a fiercely competitive profession, get along so well?"

The answer is easy. We don't compete. And I think we have substituted something else for the natural feeling of rivalry. That is understanding.

On dates we go out with men we both like and they've got to like us. "Like me, like my sister," that's our motto. And we trust each other, too. You can't chum around with a girl like Shirley for very long without learning that she knows what she's doing.

One night Shirl and I were going to a movie. The theatre was a long way off and we decided to drive. But on the way to the car Shirl said, "Give me the keys, Barbie."

I said, "Oh, are you going to drive?" Let's face it, driving is *not* one of my girl friend's stellar accomplishments.

I had been doing all the driving. I'm the type. I have to be at the wheel, except of course when I'm with a fellow.

Shirl looked at me with mock surprise. "Why, of course, Barbie, you know I can drive."

I gave her the keys. After we got into the car, Shirley sat for about two minutes studying the dashboard and the steering wheel. I didn't say anything. Then Shirley said, "I think I understand it now."

Then she said, racing the motor, "Here we go!" We went all right—backwards! By now I was as nervous as a fox with four cubs in a forest fire.

But not Shirley. "Whoops!" she said. "Wrong way." This in a calm voice that was maddening.

We finally got the car going. By "going" I mean bucking and rocking like a wild steer. But Shirley kept that ladylike calm despite the fact that other drivers must have thought our car was being operated by a mambo addict.

Somehow Shirley made it, but when we got out of the car Shirley said, "You know, Barbie, I had the funny feeling all the way over that there was something you wanted to say to me."

I gave her a big, surprised look. "Who? Me? Oh, no, Shirl. Not me, Shirl."

Then I saw the twinkle in her eye and we both started to laugh. We were still giggling about it all the way through the first feature.

Sam and us

I had thought about inviting Shirley to live with me after we finished *Carousel* but I wasn't sure she'd accept. The night before we left Maine I suggested it.

She said she'd love it.

Our apartment isn't anything special. It's in the heart of Hollywood. From the outside it looks like a lot of others.

Inside we have a large bedroom with two beds and two dressers. The kitchen is small, but "cookable."

We have a hi-fi set and records by the stacks. Classical, semi-classical and popular. Shirley loves music. "There must be something good in any human being who will use music to tell the world what is in his heart," says Shirley.

When we're at home we sing, dance, read, throw pillows, (they're aqua and yellow) or just stretch out on the floor (covered with a dark brown carpeting).

We have a big white mask ornament on one wall and everybody calls him "Sam."

The first thing after every party we say to each other, "Who's going to investigate Sam?"

You see Sam has holes where his eyes and mouth are. Sometimes Sam is full of olive pits. Quite often we find behind his stern, sour face, such things as pennies, crumpled straws, little notes addressed to one of us, paper clips, rubber bands, and peanuts. We love Sam.

People who have seen Shirley and me in the rough cuts of *Carousel* always say (after first raving about Shirley's beautiful performance): "You two act like you have been close friends since childhood. Where did you get the I've-known-you-all-my-life feeling? It seems to be more than acting."

It *is* more than acting.

We seem to share the same thoughts. Take the case of the robes.

For the first few weeks in our apartment, we just lounged about in pajamas. One day I had the afternoon off and went shopping. Without any reason at all I bought a short satin lounging robe. It was pink, my favorite color, and was cut extra full.

That night when Shirley got home she had a package under her arm.

She said, "Barbie, I don't know why I bought this. I'll never use it. But for some reason I just had to have it."

She opened the box and there was a lounging robe exactly like mine. To make it even more surprising it was pink, and Shirley's favorite color is green. And she had made the purchase at exactly the same time that I had made mine.

Someone to trust

When you have somebody to confide in, someone you are not afraid will think you foolish, you have a blessing. And Shirley is the one person to whom I can pour out my heart. Without her I would be very lonely indeed.

Shirley doesn't want to become a glamour girl. She rarely goes to night clubs, but loves the movies. She dates frequently, but not too often with the same boy except for Johnny Anderson, one of Hollywood's promising assistant producers. But there isn't anything serious between them.

Almost all of our time is spent working or studying. Shirley is charged with a clean kind of ambition which she once explained to me. I've never forgotten it.

"Barbie," she said, "there's only one way to get out of life the things you want the most. Work for them and think about them."

The night of the big Hollywood première of *Oklahoma!* was about the only time I've ever seen Shirley nervous. This was what she had studied and worked for since she was a child. You'd think she would be completely enveloped in the wonder and excitement of it all. But not our Shirley.

The last thing she said to me as we stepped out of the car before the theatre, blazing with lights and the cheering fans, was, "Barbie, please don't leave me for an instant. I'll just die." When we finally got seated inside the theatre Shirley grabbed my hand and said, "Barbie, I don't think I can ever do that again."

But the big day in Shirley's life will be more important than any première. That will be her wedding day. She isn't in love now and I suspect it will be a long time before she does give her heart to the man of her choice.

Shirley had one unhappy experience with love, or what she thought was love, when she was in her teens. Now she is doubly cautious. Her romantic inclinations since, have been nothing more than casual infatuations with a few fellows.

Shirley believes that every woman born must satisfy a basic need, the desire for a husband and children. But Shirley knows that nature does not make provision for careers.

I remember one night we were lying in bed, talking.

Shirley said: "You know, Barbie, if we want to get married and be happy and still have our careers we've got to be careful. I've practically dedicated my life to becoming a singer and once in a while I feel as though I'm being overpowered by it all. "I love my work but I know I'll never be happy until I marry the man I love and have a family. I've got to become a better singer, a better actress, a good wife, a good mother. Oh, I've got so much to learn. Gosh, Barbie, how will I ever get smart enough to do all those things?"

I think Shirl is smart enough now.

Knowing Shirley Jones and loving her as much as I do has taught me many things. Patience, understanding and the pure joy of sharing.

I'm so happy I made her cry. **END**

miss saint goes west

(*Continued from page 48*) wife clasping the world in her arms.

"It was hard to leave the baby when I was making *That Certain Feeling* at Paramount," Eva said as she played with the chubby child on her lap. "But then I managed to bring him down to the dressing room quite often."

She put Darrell down on the floor and gave him a toy to play with. "Of course, we're both crazy about him," she added. Like a proud mother, she promptly produced a raft of pictures that the proud father had taken. "Our lives center around the baby so much that I sometimes think it would be wise for us to have another.

"However, I try not to make a big thing of motherhood. Out here in Hollywood I've noticed so many of the women run to a pediatrician with their babies every five minutes. I take Darrell when he needs his shots and things like that, but otherwise I grab Dr. Spock's book off the shelf and try to apply a little common sense. It stands to reason that if the mother fusses and gets nervous, the baby will, too."

Darrell, Eva explained, is a name she and Jeff found in a book. "We were looking for something that couldn't be shortened down into a nickname."

Do it yourself

Whereas most stars have full staffs of servants, Eva prefers to take care of her home, her husband and her son all by herself. "Back in our New York apartment I always did the housework and all the cooking," she added. "But when I started making the picture here I had to give this up. I wasn't getting home from the studio until 7 p.m. and that was a little late to start rustling up a dinner, especially when I'm married to a man who's ready to eat the minute he gets home from the studio at 6:30 p.m.

"So we hired a maid, and that was a story in itself. The agency sent this woman up and she really looked the part. She was quite fancy, serving dinner in a tricky uniform with a little starched white cap and apron. The outfit was fine, but the food was terrible. I lost five pounds that week and Jeff simply gave up eating. So we decided to give up the maid. Then I managed to find a woman whose cooking tasted more like mine."

And then it happened. While Eva was talking, the baby crawled across the floor to the low marble coffee table which stood before the fireplace. Suddenly he reached up, grabbed the top of it and pulled himself to his feet. His mother was as proud and excited as if they had just handed her another Oscar.

"That's the first time he ever stood up by himself," she said, regarding Darrell with something akin to awe. "You know, I had a definite feeling when I was dressing him this morning that somehow this was going to be a special day. Now I know I was right."

The interview was forgotten for a moment. Eva might have been alone in the room as she hugged her baby to her and half whispered, "This is a red letter day, young man. Wait until your father hears."

But before the young man could take his full bow for his performance, the door bell rang. Two husky men informed Eva they were there to pick up the furniture.

Eva leaped up, probably to prevent being dumped on the floor.

"We're renting this place furnished," Eva explained as one of the men carried out the big chair in which she had been sitting. "The sun faded all the furniture by the window and the landlord is having it recovered. So I guess I'll be sitting on the floor for a spell."

Speak softly Saint

She plunked herself down next to Darrell. She was about to continue the conversation when she noticed the men had passed up the ottoman that matched one of the chairs. Somewhat timidly, she pointed this out to them.

"I ain't got no order to pick up that ottoman," one of them replied.

"But wouldn't it be easier to take it now rather than come all the way back up here for it later? Because it will have to be matched to the chairs," Eva said.

The fellow turned and looked down at the girl sitting cross-legged on the floor. If anybody had told him he was talking to a $100,000-a-picture star he'd have probably laughed in his face. With her blonde hair tumbling down around her shoulders and no make-up other than a smidgin of lipstick, Eva looked more like the neighborhood baby sitter.

"Lady," the man repeated, his voice heavy with exasperation. "I've only got an order for the chairs. I can't help it if your ottoman doesn't match. And I ain't going to worry about it. All I know is I can't pick any more furniture up."

Eva didn't argue the point. She smiled sweetly and shrugged slightly.

"Now that Jeff has signed to direct pictures at MGM, we're thinking of buying or building a place here," Eva continued, when peace was restored. "But I worked so hard fixing up our apartment in Greenwich Village that I'd sort of like to have a little breather before starting the whole process over again out here."

At the suggestion that they were making enough money to turn the whole problem over to a competent decorator, Eva threw up her hands in horror.

"Never," she cried. "That would take all the joy out of it for us. Jeff and I had such fun planning and shopping for things for the apartment. We used to spend whole Saturdays just looking at furniture and when we'd finally buy a certain piece it would be a big day."

Both Eva and Jeff have simple tastes. Despite the fact that her services per picture now carry a $100,000 price tag, the Haydens aren't planning on living it up in great style. True, the home they've rented in the hills overlooking Hollywood could hardly be called a shack. But compared to most stars' diggings, it's very modest.

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Nor do Eva and Jeff fling dough around in other ways. "We don't go out much because Jeff prefers eating at home," Eva said. "In the several months we've been in Hollywood we've yet to walk into Ciro's or the Mocambo. We're just not interested in that kind of life. We'd rather visit with a few friends."

Unlike most women, Eva has no desire for a mink coat. "I just don't happen to like the feeling of furs on me, though I admire them on other women. So I won't be spending any money that way. I think my feelings date back to the time my father bought me one of those heavy mouton coats. I got caught in the rain in it and it weighed a ton. Also, it smelled something awful from then on, but I had to keep wearing it. I guess that cured me.

How to be shy in Hollywood

"Another thing I don't care for is a large party, and you get invited to so many of them out here," Eva added. "If there are more than ten people I never have a good time. I just go sit in a corner until it's time to go home."

Maybe it is this behavior that has led some Hollywoodites to label Miss Saint either an intellectual snob or a painfully shy creature. Though she is still rather reserved, especially when she's around people she doesn't know well, she's not the shy girl she was when she sought the help of a psychoanalyst. That was before her marriage in 1951.

"I was so timid that groups of more than six frightened me," she once explained. Eva visited the analyst five times a week for two years. She now says it helped her become a better actress.

"My emotional state was affecting my work and something had to be done," she said. "My visits made me a new woman and enabled me to mature as an actress."

Eva has no complaints about her current status. "I've reached that wonderful place in the career of an actress where I can do what I like," she says. "I can play the parts I want and turn down the ones I dislike. I decided on the comedy, *That Certain Feeling*, because I thought it would be a good change of pace for me after *Waterfront*. Of course I'm interested in money for security reasons but I'm determined not to sacrifice my artistic freedom for it. I want to do what I please and go where I please."

But at first it looked as though Hollywood would definitely *not* please Miss Saint. When Eva arrived at Paramount studios last October to make *That Certain Feeling* with the effervescent Bob Hope she didn't exactly do nip-ups over the idea of being interviewed by a small army of Hollywood scribes. This was her first time on a filmland soundstage, *Waterfront* having been filmed entirely in the east.

She wasn't prepared for the noise, the confusion, the horseplay and the packs of set-side visitors that go hand and glove with a Bob Hope production. "When we made *Waterfront* Kazan wouldn't allow any outsiders on the set and everything was very serious," she explained. "So working with Hope was a strange experience. The set was a madhouse. I never saw so many people on the sidelines. I didn't like it. It made me nervous the first few days but then I got used to it. One day I looked up to find the whole Notre Dame football team had dropped in to watch. If that had happened the first day I'd probably have gone running back to New York."

But she wouldn't have. Not without Jeff. Eva readily admits that her handsome, dark-haired husband has a lot to do with the what and the where. "We'll live wherever Jeff's work takes him. He's the important one in this family. When I came out to make the picture with Hope I didn't plan on staying here because Jeff's TV directing would keep him in New York. But now he's been signed at MGM so we'll dig in and stay for a spell."

It's no secret that Mrs. Hayden thinks Mr. Hayden is the greatest guy in the world. When asked to explain why, she looked at the unique hasp-shaped gold wedding band for several minutes before answering. Finally she spoke.

"I'll tell you what I love about him—he's kind and sensitive and good. He's talented and intelligent. I'm being objective when I say he's really a brilliant director. And Jeff has a wonderful sense of humor."

When it comes to a sense of humor, Eva is well supplied herself. She pointed out her brand new white Ford station wagon in the garage. "I'm taking driving lessons," she said. "Of course I was a typical woman when it came to picking the car out. Jeff and I went down to the auto show and I got behind the wheel of every model. I wasn't checking the mechanical features, understand. I'd ask Jeff, 'How do I look in this one?'" Eva laughed. "The station wagon went best with my pony tail."

No Grace Kelly!

In her film with Hope Eva sports a much fancier hair-do. And she doesn't wear any old sweatshirts. Paramount has given her a real glamour treatment, including a sensational Edith Head wardrobe. Eva was thrilled with the clothes and the coiffure but not with the comments that had her looking like Grace Kelly. "It's not true," she insists. "I wish they wouldn't harp on that."

Edith Head, who's close to both girls, agrees with Eva. "It's ridiculous for people to compare them," she snaps. "Why, Eva couldn't be less like Grace. They're both blondes and they're both girls and there the resemblance stops. They have entirely different personalities. Eva, by the way, has a divine sense of humor."

Eva Marie is a trusting soul. She has the unusual ability to trust completely those with whom she works, from technicians to directors. As a result, they very rarely let her down. They admire her not only for her talent, but her deep respect for her profession and because she is an absolute perfectionist about it.

According to those who know her, she hates to talk about herself and doesn't make friends easily. She doesn't seem to want them. She cares little for movie stardom, though she's a cinch to become one of our biggest stars. She makes her own terms and insists upon them only when she is sure of her grounds. She is definite and firm about decisions affecting her as an actress, but she isn't to be labeled defiant or difficult. She refuses to sacrifice her artistic freedom for a movie career—but she's more than willing to listen and learn from those whose opinions she respects.

She's overcome the timidity that plagued her in high school, but she's still reserved. On screen she'll play any kind of woman; off screen she has no desire to charm people *en masse*. She'll settle for charming just two—her husband and her son. She wants Hollywood to accept her and respond to her as an actress, but she has still some reservations about accepting, and responding to Hollywood. But in all probability the two of them, Hollywood and Eva Marie, will end up getting along fine.

In the words of Edith Head: "I'll make you a prediction. Hollywood may change its opinion of Eva Marie Saint, but Eva Marie isn't going to change from what she is—and that's good!" **END**

(Continued from page 55) put his foot down, that was the end of it.

As children do, they realized that love surrounded them, that they formed the core of their parents' world. Unconsciously they absorbed the atmosphere created for them. Because Dad was protective of Mom, so were the boys. If he was head of the house, she was its queen, cherished by all her males. The family relationship became for Bill a standard of reference, a kind of ideal by which to measure other human relationships. Even with his brother he never fought. "Partly," he explains, "because Bob refused to argue. He'd just laugh and stick his nose in a book. But heaven help anyone who picked on either of us. That's when we lined up solid against all comers."

Love didn't preclude discipline. Discipline, indeed, was a necessary part of love, and rules were made to be kept. Until he was twelve, Bill had to be in bed by nine. Feeling his oats, this grew to be a sore point with him. One evening he skipped dinner, announcing that he wasn't hungry and would eat later. What he failed to announce was that big plans were afoot—something to do with filching watermelons off a wagon. The campaign was still a-plotting when Dad's faraway whistle reached his ears. At least, it sounded far away, which was Bill's mistake. "Well," he grumbled, "there's the watchdog again," and glanced up to find the watchdog right behind him, digesting the tribute.

Junior got a head start. Up the stairs he raced and crawled under his bed. Dad fished him out with the broom. "I've got news for you. You're going to bed without dinner." That was all—except for a look in his eyes that desolated Bill. Having hurt his father, having lost face with his gang, having damaged his own self-respect, he cried himself to sleep and woke at one, startled to find Dad sitting on the edge of the bed. The look in his eyes was gone, replaced by a smile. "Feel better, son? So do I. And about that watchdog business, I guess you're right. Just try to understand that it's my job as your pop to help keep you out of trouble till you're old enough to stay out of trouble yourself. Now you come in the kitchen. I fixed a little supper for you."

Let the girls be smart

High school was a ball. Who needed Latin and who gave a hang about grades? An articulate joe with a mind of his own, Bill preferred the exhilaration of verbal skirmish with his teachers to a string of A's. Let girls be smart, guys were supposed to be dumb. All except Bob, a brilliant student who won from the Board of Education its Citizenship Award as the boy most likely to succeed. While Bob read a book a day, Bill covered the social front. Dancing contests were his meat and girls his avocation. No special girl, just girls in the round. They impressed him at an early age. "I must have been two."

Applause impressed him, too. As president of the dramatic club, he wangled himself leads in the school plays, and tasted the first heady sweets of acclaim. Steamed up, he'd elaborate at home on what fun it must be to act for a living. The Campbells didn't believe in pouring cold water. Neither did they believe in encouraging the impossible. "Let him talk," they figured.

In '43, just before he turned seventeen, these matters became academic. He'd persuaded his folks to let him enlist in the Navy and the day of departure for Great Lakes, Illinois, had come. For young Bill, the horrors of war held vague reality. Rather, the air seemed charged with adventure, with the promise of new experience, almost with a sense of holiday—and he couldn't wait to be off. To save emotional wear and tear, Dad was driving him to Newark's Penn Station alone. On the living-room table lay a lonely little package—toothbrush and paste, shaving stuff, writing paper and a five dollar bill, tied together by Mom. Bill made like a restive horse at the starting gate and Mom kept saying, "Relax, you've got an hour yet."

And then goodbye

At last it was time. He picked up the little package and went over to kiss Mom goodbye. But within that brief step, an utter revolution took place in Bill. With a shock of blinding clarity, he realized suddenly how his mother felt, how much of her life would go through that door with him. Suddenly he saw war as his mother saw it, and the finality of this family break. Anguish knifed through him, driving the blood from his head, melting his bones, seeming to shatter his heart into little bits. "I want to stay home," he thought wildly. They clung to each other. As he broke away and rushed down to his father's Chevvy, it was as if the world's solid floor had dropped from under him.

For a while Dad remained his stoical self. But the farther they drove, the more talkative he grew. Not only talkative, but repetitive, the burden of his theme being, "Don't forget to write to your old lady." And, five seconds later: "For my part, I don't need any letters. Women are different. You *should* write to your mother." Nearing the station, he hit another pitch. "Let me drive you to New York." Bill, however, was close to breakdown. His nerves shrank from prolonging the agony. So, for the twenty-minute trip to Manhattan, Dad dumped twenty magazines into his lap. As long as he lives, one image will stay with Bill Campbell—the image of that pillar of strength, his father, all 210 pounds of him, standing on the platform of the Hudson Tube, calling through quivering lips to his first-born: "Write, write, write."

He served for three years and four months, mostly on a mine-sweeper in the Pacific. He emerged an adult.

The sheer joy of reunion marked his first month at home. Yet under the joy lay turmoil over his future. What to do now? How to take care of himself in civilian life?

The seed of decision must have been lying fallow. For one day his feet took him to South Side High and up to Miss Waugh's sanctum to talk things over. Miss Waugh, who'd been his dramatic coach, supplied the crucial shove. "I always thought you'd be good in the theatre."

Our next scene shows us the Campbells in a huddle, with Bill unpacking his heart, and the others listening. In the end, all eyes turned to Dad. "I don't know much about the theatre," he said slowly. "It seems to me an insecure way of life. But if you want to give it a whirl, Bill, I'll back you. On one condition. After you've been at it a while, I'd like to see you act. Even though you are my son, I can be objective. I'll expect the same objectivity from you. If you show promise, okay. If not, you quit. Is that agreeable?"

Under those terms he enrolled at the American Theatre Wing for ex-GIs, and six months later played the role of Larry Renault—the drunk who commits suicide—in a student production of *Dinner At Eight.* Out in the audience sat Dad, who didn't know much about acting but whose uncompromising honesty would tell him whether the fellow up there was a phony. The show over, a jittery Bill watched the

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dressing-room door, aware that no punches would be pulled. But Dad walked in smiling and proffered his hand. "I'll back you all the way."

Two years of productive study. Weary months of job-hunting which led to nothing more productive than heartache. Deal or no deal, Bill hated the fact that he wasn't paying his way. In part, the GI Bill covered expenses, but Dad covered more of them. Except for his family's faith, which never wavered, he couldn't have stuck it out.

One day an agent called. Would he take a small part on tour with *The Man Who Came To Dinner,* paying him ninety-two dollars a week? At almost the same moment, a blow fell. Mom, they discovered, needed a major operation. "I'm staying right here," said Bill.

"You're *going,*" said Mom, and refused to enter the hospital till after he'd left.

Dad's wire reached him in Boston: "Operation successful. Mother resting well. Everything fine." Jubilant on one hand, Bill now began worrying over the financial end. Unwilling to trespass on his father's proud independence, he wrote Mom privately. "I can send you most of my salary now. Dad needn't know."

Her answering letter was tender, reassuring and firm. "Your father's taken care of me for twenty-three years. Believe me, Bill, he's not going to stop now."

Nut with cards

The road tour took him to Los Angeles. After the first night's performance he found two cards on his dressing-room table—one from 20th-Fox, one from Warner Brothers. Being a Broadway-dedicated boy, his impulse was to treat them as a joke. "You're nuts!" screamed his more knowledgeable companions. "You're the only one who got any cards. Hike yourself up there!"

At 20th his interview started with a bang and ended with a bleat. The talent scout who heard him read called the man higher up. The man higher up called five or six other guys. Fizzing on all cylinders, they handed him into a limousine and drove him to the casting director's office. The casting director shook hands as the telephone rang, talked into it for ten minutes, hung up and eyed Bill absently. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Campbell. Come back anytime you're in town."

Then why bother with Warners? "Because you must," urged his colleagues. "Only this time take an agent along." So green was Bill that he didn't even know his agency had a Hollywood office. But agent or none, the trek to Burbank was a gesture, a barren form. Nothing would come of it. To his amazement, a test came of it. And, thirty days later, an option exercised at more money than he knew existed. Hardly had he grasped the news, which reached him in Vancouver, before he was on the phone, calling Newark. Hearing about Hollywood, Mom couldn't believe her ears. Hearing about the dough, neither could Dad.

Like others before him, Bill learned the painful way that Hollywood's a roller coaster, swinging you high, dropping you low. Despite good notices in two pictures, Warners dusted him off. MGM picked him up for a free-lance job in *The People Vs. O'Hara.* Which proved manna from heaven for more reasons than one. It removed from his lips the sour taste of defeat. It kept him in movies, which he'd grown to love. It gave him work in a Spencer Tracy film and fourteen pages of solid dialogue with the star, for whom his respect bordered on reverence.

Bill memorized those lines till he could have said them counter-clockwise, and spent the first week ducking behind flats when Tracy appeared, too shy to risk an encounter with his hero. On the day of their big scene, they were still strangers. Bill played a witness, whose testimony Lawyer Tracy was trying to break. As he seated himself in the chair, his mind went blank. Reaching wildly for the first line, it eluded him. Panic set in.

But when Tracy fed him the cue, wonders of wonders, out popped the right line. His nerves steadied. And, as the scene progressed, a strange thing happened. He began to feel that this man who looked him straight in the eye was helping him by contending with him. Each was determined to make that scene his own, each struggled for it every inch of the way, neither giving nor asking quarter.

The final word was said. Followed by a hush. Followed by a thunder of sound as every member of the crew, every one of the 150 extras rose to his feet and broke into applause. Coming out of his trance, Bill saw that Pat O'Brien and John Hodiak were applauding, too. That, unbelievably, so was Tracy the Great. To have his life, he couldn't have stirred just then. Motionless, he watched the big man walk toward him. "You little so-and-so," said Tracy with deliberation. "Are you under contract here?"

"No sir," gulped Bill.

"Would you like to be?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, by tonight you will be."

And he was.

Which constituted the high point for a while. TV shook the industry, curtailed output, made competition rough and, among plenty of others, affected Bill. At MGM he drew roles that failed to further his career and at length they dropped him. But Bill was no longer scared. He knew the score now. Experience had taught him confidence. He'd gained stature with insiders, as evidenced by Bill Wellman, who tapped him for *The High And The Mighty.* There he made his mark on the public. "How about that Campbell?" people began asking. Kirk Douglas asked the same question of U-I. "I want him for my sidekick in *Man Without A Star.*" Though the studio didn't own him then, they co-starred him, while Columbia gave him top billing in *Cell 2455.* A personal appearance tour, covering both pictures, crystallized his soaring popularity. He's under contract now to Universal, where he's finished *Backlash* with Dick Widmark and *No Power On Earth.* He's signed to do one a year for Wayne-Fellows. Other plans are brewing, which include his family.

Meantime, on her first trip to the coast, Bill had the fun of wining and dining Mom at all the glamour spots she'd read about. But Hollywood's charms couldn't keep her from pining for Dad. She cut her stay short to go back to him.

Love and Susie

Meantime there was also a special girl. Her name was Judith Immoor. She'd come to a housewarming thrown by Bill, John Agar and Danny Arnold when they lived together in the Valley. What struck him right off were her eyes—big and deep and brown—and her unselfconscious friendliness of manner. He spent the evening making excuses to talk to her and learned that she was Susan Morrow's sister. "Once," she smiled, "you were supposed to have a date with Susan. Would you like her phone number?"

"I met you first," said Bill. "I'd rather have yours."

She was only sixteen, which he didn't discover till later. It startled him less than it might have, for she owned a maturity beyond her years. Because of her youth, however, her parents decreed that Bill couldn't date her more than once a week. This seemed to him at first a great arrangement, leaving him plenty of freedom for other activities. But suddenly other activities lost their savor. Come nightfall, Bill would find himself driving toward Judy's, parking across the street, watching the upper floor till her light went on. Then he'd sneak over and, one ear to the ground, toss pebbles up at her window. For many and many an hour did his latter-day Juliet lean on the sill while they whispered sweet nothings.

As the family grew to know Bill, as they recognized that this was love in earnest, they relaxed the rules, stipulating only that Judy must be eighteen before the two married. She turned eighteen in 1952, and wedding plans went forward. It was Judy with her lovely warmth who fixed the date. "Let's make it October 25th. Your mother's birthday."

His folks came out a month ahead of time. Bob, lately discharged from the Army, served as Bill's best man. He could have used a couple of Bobs that day. For not till he stood in the little ante room off the altar of St. Ambrose Church, did the enormity of what he was doing strike home. His eyes glazed, he clutched at his brother's arm. "What would happen," he asked hoarsely, "if I just disappeared?"

Except through a haze dimly, he can't remember the service. He can't remember walking up the church aisle. But out on the sunlit steps, with people greeting them, the numbness began to lift. He looked at his bride, and a strange sensation pierced him, swift and poignant. All at once he realized that this living creature was his, to care for through all the joys and trials of life, as Dad had cared for Mom. He was Judy's protector now, they belonged to each other as his mother and father belonged, and what gift could be sweeter?

Brother, brother and sister-in-law

With Scaramouche, who looks like a poodle though he's really a member of the family, Judy and Bill keep house in a charming apartment while they hunt for a lot on which to build. He's quit dropping his socks on the floor but continues to make a wreck of the bathroom. She's a telephone bug. Her chatter keeps him from hearing the fights on TV. For Christmas he's threatened her with a walkie-talkie phone. These idiosyncracies notwithstanding, they're happy as larks.

Bob has a little place of his own, and thereby hangs another tale. After the wedding, he never went back. Abetted by Bill and Judy, he decided to try his hand at writing. And this time it was brother who backed brother. With success.

For Bob, two lean years ended when he sold a TV show to Loretta Young and finished a movie called *The Alison Brothers.* Ever since *Man Without A Star,* Kirk Douglas had been on the lookout for a second property he could do with Campbell. Bill sent him his brother's script. Next day Kirk called. "I want it—and I want you to play in it with me." Bill, still the extrovert, bubbled over. Bob, still the introvert, was pleased but calm.

Since then he's sold two major scripts to Universal. Which brings the story full circle. For the Campbell brothers, actor and writer, are about to form their own production company, with William Campbell, Sr. as president.

Next March Dad retires from civil service. Shortly thereafter the Campbells will be together again. In the word's truest sense, they've always been together. That's the luck of Bill Campbell, born with something better than a silver spoon in his mouth—born to two people who gave him a heritage of strength through the simple and often unsung qualities of goodness, loyalty and selfless love. END

good, bad — or indifferent?

(*Continued from page 45*) of her life more accurately—two girls on only one Joan.

When Joan arrived in Hollywood from England a year ago last November, appropriately in a swirl of fog, she brought, along with her five bags and a citation as Britain's outstanding juvenile delinquent —on screen. Off, in the opinion of at least one London critic, "Joan couldn't start a fire in a powder factory." Others observed that in person she looked like a girl who had snitched too much of her mama's make-up and needed a good scrubbing.

Yet, because she stripped down to a Cleopatra type girdle and bra (and she has what *that* took) and played the murderous Nefertite in *Land Of The Pharaohs* with devastating skill, Joan had almost everyone in Hollywood convinced before she arrived that she was dangerous. When she followed up in Hollywood doing the same with an Elizabethan vamp in *The Virgin Queen* the deal was cinched: Collins was a real sultry killer.

Miss Nesbit objects

As a result, even Evelyn Nesbit reacted violently when Joan was first picked to play her. Seventy now, and somewhat sentimental about her past, Miss Nesbit was inclined to remember herself as a spiritual type, caught in a web of tragedy. Although paid $50,000 to release her saga for filming she still felt she had a right to comment on who played Evelyn. And she certainly didn't like the idea of letting it go to the little British sexpot she'd been hearing about.

So there were remarks—to producers, directors and publicity men around Fox, with the result that a meeting was arranged. What happened? Miss Nesbit capitulated pronto. She couldn't believe her eyes. "Why, she's a darling, sweet young lady!" she exclaimed.

Now, Joan Collins is no Elsie Dinsmore, any more than was Evelyn Nesbit. She is unconventional, independent and inclined to call a spade a spade. She is also more than somewhat bohemian, which is only natural, since she's been in show business from the age of fourteen, as her parents and grandparents were before her. But she certainly does not go about "exuding sinful allure."

Joan has dwelled modestly in two different small and inexpensive furnished apartments, with emergency billetings at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She's bought a Ford convertible which stalled on a hill the other day, where she was rescued by college boys who had no idea who she was, and didn't even ask for her telephone number. She's also acquired a mink coat which caused quite a splash back home.

But as for spicy headlines—the pickin's have been very slim. While hopefully waiting for Joan Collins to warm up, gossip columnists have been forced down to such pallid items as the facts; she likes to play volley ball and poker with the Gene Kellys, trots Cloris Leachman's two kiddies occasionally around the block, likes hot dogs and malts and hates to cook breakfast. Outside of getting chased by an unidentified masher in a drug store when she first arrived, and once pumping $40 in quarters from a Las Vegas slot machine. the most scandalous public display Joan has figured in occurred at the première of *Guys And Dolls*.

The zipper broke on her tight, white satin gown as she was dressing to go and a girl friend sewed her in with a strip of chiffon. Joan found *Guys And Dolls* very funny and each time she laughed a stitch broke loose. On leaving, when she bent over to get in the car, the whole repair job gave way, revealing the real Collins—or at least her bare back. Later at Mocambo she had to sit steaming in her fur coat, afraid to shuck it and dance. But that could have happened to your Sister Sue.

She dates them all

To that rare première (crowds make her nervous) Joan was escorted by Arthur Loew, Jr., who has pursued them all from Debbie Reynolds to Eartha Kitt. She dates him rather steadily, as she did Sid Chaplin before him, for a whole year, in fact, after she met him in Rome. Sid gave her a topaz ring and invited Joan to his dad's place in Vevey, Switzerland, last Christmas, where she romped in the snow with Charlie, Ona and all the little Chaplins. Today, it's Arthur who takes her regularly to dine, often with his mother.

These long-term steady Hollywood attachments, one properly following the other, are the only escorts Joan has acquired. She has refused even the usual young star publicity dates with unattached stags, a fact which London's *Daily Sketch* recently found sensational enough to headline in half-inch streamers—"JOAN COLLINS SNUBS HOLLYWOOD LOVE STUNTS!" There have been plenty of others who tried, of course—and you can't blame them for that.

"I guess," one finally wailed bitterly, "she's one of those European sophisticates and thinks I'm too young!"

"Tell him he's half right," Joan said when she heard about that. "I'm no sophisticate. But I *don't* like young men."

She proved that when she was nineteen years old by marrying a man twelve years her senior. It was a failure.

Joan separated from Maxwell Reed on her twenty-first birthday in London, before she went to Rome, before she met Sid Chaplin, before she came to Hollywood. Last summer—after Joan clicked in her first American films—Max Reed came to Hollywood. At that time Mr. Reed spoke mostly about how much he still loved Joan and how he hoped for a reconciliation. Joan had no comment on his comments, saw him once, talked to him on the phone another time or two. Since then it's all been between lawyers. If you ask her about any possible reconciliation today she snorts, "Absolutely *not*—and there never will be!"

At this writing Max Reed is still in Hollywood. Joan has instructions from her lawyer not to discuss her marriage. She doesn't. But what she has said about her matrimonial plans betrays confusion. Before Max arrived in Hollywood Joan announced that her forthcoming trip back to England would be for the purpose of settling matters once and for all and getting a divorce, delayed she explained, by Britain's three-year cool-off law. But back home, with the three years up, she did nothing of the sort.

"I intend to seek a California divorce," Joan told reporters, "as soon as it can be arranged. I intend to sue on grounds of mental cruelty—a sort of formality in

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California. The trouble is," she pondered, "I'm not sure if a California divorce is recognized in this country. I don't really want to take out American citizenship." The best guess is that some important money matters need ironing out before Joan and her husband can come to terms. But no California plea has been filed.

When Joan told the London press she didn't plan to become an American citizen, she meant what she said. She's a Briton. Her heart belongs to England, but her career's over here. Joan stuck in Hollywood only six weeks on her first try, then flew back home. She made her second trip to England before her first year was out, taking along a complete Davy Crockett outfit for her nine-year-old brother, Billy, and some American-made pretties for her eighteen-year-old sister, Jackie. But her mother immediately accused, "You've picked up a frightful American accent, my dear!"

Now, for some Englishmen the Revolutionary War has never really ended. When Joan alighted in London she sometimes found herself "our Joan," just escaped from a horde of vulgar barbarians who have been trying to brainwash her out of her reason and of the Queen's rights.

However, in New York on the way over, Joan had certainly said the right things that American reporters wanted to hear—even though the rush of interviews and good-will stunts was so rough that she got to most of the Broadway plays, which she really wanted to see, at the second act. She also zoomed to the top of the Empire State and other prides of the city and turned on a new stretch of lights up in the Bronx which, to her surprise, went on before she could touch the switch. She told everyone she adored America.

Joan's real feelings about the U.S.A. versus England are probably mixed, like so many other things in her life. Right now she's going through the red tape of quizzes, exams, birth certificates, et al, to secure her U. S. resident alien papers, which should make life a little easier here. Not long ago, still a non-resident alien and coming back across the border from Mexico, she courted a jam. She got out of it by explaining her accent as "Boston" to the custom official. But she worried for days afterwards if she'd wind up in jail.

All these mixups may explain why Joan says, "I never believe anything I read about myself. If I did I wouldn't know who I was." But anyone could be confused.

On one hand Joan has an inbred British reticence which makes it agonizing for her to talk about herself to strangers. "Why are you so blasé on an interview?" asked one of the first reporters who quizzed her.

"I'm not blasé," she replied honestly. "But I don't *know* you." This side of her she even carries to the extreme of being personally unable to reply to most fan letters. "How can I write to people when I haven't met them?" she puzzles.

Golf anyone?

But on the other hand, paradoxically, Joan often blurts out some beautiful bloopers by saying what comes into her mind. Not long ago she was photographed for a golf layout when a Los Angeles sports writer happened to be on the course. "Do you enjoy golf, Miss Collins?"

"Oh, no," answered Joan blandly even as she posed with the clubs. "I think it's a frightfully dull game!" He had a field day with that.

Last Christmas, she was browsing for gifts in a certain Beverly Hills shop. "Isn't this where Liberace got that dreadful sheared beaver coat?" Joan asked.

"S-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!" he shut her up. At the next counter was the smiling pianist in person. Joan wound up buying a white beaver coat for herself, and is crazy about it!

Wherever she is, Joan likes nice things. She spends much of her four-figure-a-week salary on jewelry and custom-made clothes from both Hollywood and Paris' best couturiers. When she steps out to dine at LaRue or Chasen's with Arthur Loew she's an expensively dressed, carefully groomed screen star. That too, however, is strictly professional. Left to herself around home, she seldom bothers with anything besides crazy pants and a blouse. She puts on her own make-up and does her own hair sometimes to the consternation of Fox glamour experts. They've bawled her out more than once for snipping her locks disastrously, trying out this and that effect. After one recent experiment she was even told, "You don't look a bit glamorous!" That wasn't true at all, but it goes to show how different Joan can be when she's on exhibition and when she's not. Despite her mother's dismay at her accent when she arrived in London she did begrudge one tribute to Hollywood's influence on her daughter. "At least," she allowed, "you look neater!"

This Bohemian casualness off camera is a hangover from a number of rebellious streaks which have been evidenced in Joan Collins ever since she got booted out of boarding school at twelve for smoking cigarettes.

However, none of the contradictions in Joan Collins' life, large or small, seems likely to upset her greatly. Nature equipped her with a head that's not only pretty but also pretty cool. The only thing she confesses that "makes me pop my wig" is sitting around idle, another odd and frustrating situation she has run into, considering the fact that she's been a hit since *Land Of The Pharaohs*, but has made only two pictures in almost two years since. Ranked Number Two in the recent COMPO Audience Awards for new stars and among MODERN SCREEN's 1955 Top Ten, Joan hasn't worked since August, when *Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* wound up. But that's being corrected right now in *The Opposite Sex* at MGM, a musical remake of *The Women*. Joan plays Joan Crawford's old part of Crystal—which figures to release at least one other career frustration she frets about.

"I'm sick of being a passionate page out of the dear, dead past," states Joan. "I'm a modern girl and thank goodness I'm playing one for a change."

This up-to-date break could banish one of the minor unrealities of Joan Collins' life. But plenty of major ones remain. Some she can obviously work out and some seem destined to haunt her for keeps. Right now Joan just gives a philosophical shrug about those.

"Whatever happens will happen," she believes. "Long range plans? I haven't any. I didn't plan to come to Hollywood, but here I am. I've never planned anything in my life—and look at all that's happened to me. I'll go on living from day to day—that's what makes it interesting. I'm an actress. When they kick me out of here I'll go somewhere else and make pictures—Italy or back home—or I'll go on the stage. Wherever I go I'll do what I feel like doing. And," she adds a little wistfully, "I'll try to enjoy myself."

It doesn't look as if anyone in Hollywood is even faintly considering applying the boot to Joan Collins at this point. She has a seven-year contract at Fox, where Big Boss Skouras' high estimate of her goes right on down the line.

And as for enjoying herself—well—Joan seems to find ways and means in her own inimitable fashion to eke out more than a measure of contentment from her life, private and professional. At least the party of the first part isn't complaining. END

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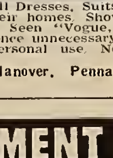

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rock and the house mouse

(*Continued from page 50*) managed it. When they asked if they could put her on camera she nearly flipped. 'Oh, no! I'll die!' And to me, 'Don't let them do that to me. Do we have to?' She gets very nervous in the public eye, doesn't like to toot her own horn. It's been like that ever since our first date, at the Mocambo. When photographers wanted to take pictures you'd have thought her hair would stand on end, but I noticed that when the flashbulbs started popping, the little woman hammed it up pretty well. It's her sense of humor that gets her through it.

ME: Do you realize that you've just told me more about Phyllis than in all the interviews put together before you were married? All I ever could find out was that she sang in a choir back in Minnesota and that she had confused eyelashes.

ROCK: (*laughing*) Well, it's different now.

ME: Could I interview Phyllis some time, about you? (*A logical suggestion for a reporter.*)

ROCK: (*shaking his head as if he were trying to remove it*) Nope. She's going to stay at home and be a house mouse.

ME: House-mouse, old fashioned wife, stay home with the kiddies. Or is this a dodge?

ROCK: Dodge?

ME: Like your getting married without telling a soul—and after all those times you said you wouldn't do it till you were thirty—and then eloping!

ROCK: Well, that was the only way to get the kind of wedding I wanted. Though I think Phyllis would have liked to have a big wedding, with the dime in her shoe and the whole bit. And I think she would have if she had married any other guy. But she had the bad luck to pick me, and she understood an elopement was the only way.

ME: Were you nervous? The minister told me you were like the proverbial cucumber.

ROCK: That's because he didn't know me. I was falling apart, and Phyllis—I was sure she was going to faint. (*He looks protective*) She's very sensitive.

ME: Did you ever take care of that traffic ticket you got for speeding on the way up to Santa Barbara?

ROCK: (*stiffening*) Twenty-seven bucks that cost me!

ME: What were you doing—dropping your rockets on the populace?

(*A studio waiter enters, bearing a hamburger. Pause, while Rock spoons sour cream onto it, I retch, he eats. Exit waiter.*)

ROCK: (*between mouthfuls*) My driver's license had expired. (*He speaks with the righteous air of one to whom this does not happen often.*)

ME: How about your wedding gift to Phyllis? Did you get the car?

ROCK: (*beaming*) Black, with red leather upholstery. A Ford—she doesn't like to drive big cars—and it was all wrapped up in red ribbon. I opened the garage door and there it was, and Phyllis hollered her head off. (*The last vestiges of the meal disappear*) I gave her a poodle puppy for her birthday. She named him Demi, for demitasse. I blindfolded her and brought him in and when she saw him she laughed and cried and almost scared the pup to death. It's a great life at home now. I keep rushing around trying to shove a newspaper under the dog at the right time. There was the mink stole I gave her, too, but the surprise of it was spoiled because somebody printed it in their column before I could get it home.

ME: (*stroking my old black coat*) How does Phyllis react to mink?

ROCK: (*his eyes reach the size of saucers and he stiffens as though he's been stabbed*) She likes it.

ME: How was she about flying, to Florida and then Jamaica, I mean?

ROCK: Fine. She used to be a stewardess, you know.

ME: (*sneering*) How would *I* know? You never told me anything. I wouldn't know if she'd been a pearl diver.

ROCK: (*he enjoys this*) Well, she likes to fly. But she had to explain it to me, of course. Wing load and torque and stress and the whole bit. Phyllis is very positive. She makes statements about anything and everything, and that's that! (*He bangs the table with his fist*) But I'm no slouch myself. Both of us are authorities on everything, whether or not we know what we're talking about. Neither one of us can say "I don't know."

ME: (*shutting my eyes and leaning back*) Tell me about Jamaica. Speak to me of the tropics.

ROCK: Sunshine, all week. Coffee and fresh pineapple for breakfast, brought to the bungalow by a waiter. More sun, lunch, more sun, dinner—

ME: (*mesmerized*) More sun . . .

ROCK: At night?

ME: (*waking up, hopefully*) Did anything unusual happen?

ROCK: (*giving his all*) I was bitten by ants.

ME: (*still hoping*) What about Phyllis and water? I understand she's only just learning to swim.

ROCK: With flippers she's great. With flippers she goes like a shot—right next to the edge. I tried to get her to go skin diving with me. There are the most wonderful reefs down there, beautifully clear water with no danger of sharks, only brightly colored small fish. But she wouldn't go with me. She sat and watched. You might call her a beached bride.

ME: More, more.

ROCK: Well, we met some people. George Axelrod and his wife. He wrote *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* We hit it off just fine, had dinner together a few times, almost froze ourselves to death going to a party they gave in New York when we got back.

ME: No heat?

ROCK: No clothes. We only had summer stuff with us from the honeymoon and it was freezing in New York. Finally we got to a store and bought coats so we could get around a little. Saw some plays, but we couldn't stay long enough for either of us. Phyllis never even got to look up some friends she wanted to see. But we were glad to get back here, too.

ME: Does Phyllis like your house?

ROCK: Well, she does—but not well enough to live in. We haven't any bureaus yet, and Phyllis would give her eye teeth for some drawer space. Two closets are filled with my shirts, and we've had to jam our clothes, everything, into closets.

ME: If Phyllis is going to be a house mouse, tell me how she's stacking up after one month.

ROCK: (*the iron curtain descends; he wants his privacy. Slowly*) She's the right kind of housekeeper. She doesn't snatch ashtrays out from under your nose before you've finished a cigarette. And she's a good cook. I keep telling her that and she always hedges and says, "Well, what I do I do well enough, I suppose, but I don't know how to cook very many things." But don't pay any attention to that, she's only being positive again. She's a damned good cook and hostess.

ME: (*remembering his wonderful stone fireplace*) Do you have a fire going all the time?

ROCK: (*nodding happily*) And music, too.

ME: (*knowing Phyllis is a short-hair*

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who likes her records soft and popular) And the music gets turned down?

ROCK: *(laughing mournfully)* It does. Particularly when friends are there.

ME: And what about sour cream?

ROCK: *(the gourmet)* She used to make a face at it, but she's learning how good it can be with lots of things. I suppose you could say Phyllis is getting a new outlook on food. *(He pauses)*

ME: Don't stop. Tell Aunt Jane your troubles.

ROCK: Haven't got any.

ME: Oh, now, tell Auntie. Is she always late, say?

ROCK: Well, uh, no. Matter of fact, she gets dressed too fast and has to sit around waiting for me.

ME: Well, maybe she leaves her bobby pins all over the bathroom?

ROCK: Not exactly. The only trouble is I get the bathroom all steamed up taking showers and then when Phyllis wants to put her make-up on she can't go in till the steam has gone—because of her hair-do.

ME: I see. Perhaps she's always trying to drag you to night clubs when you're worn out and want to relax with your pipe and slippers?

ROCK: Phyllis? She fades early in the evening and gets up like a robin at the crack of dawn. Me, I'm all for giving life a belt way into the small hours, and sleeping until noon. Another thing *(he warms to his subject)*, this girl throws my denims away just when they're broken in. She likes everything new and shiny, and I like things old and interesting. I wonder how she's going to react to Europe when I take her there next summer?

ME: You know something? I think this marriage will last. You don't seem too desperately unhappy.

ROCK: You know something? When we went to the Audience Awards shindig, it was as though I was in another world. People would congratulate me on the marriage and I'd say, "The same to you," without thinking. And then when Grace Kelly came back to the table next to ours after presenting an award to someone else, I thought it was time I came down to earth and joined the crowd, so I leaned over and congratulated her. And when Phyllis began to laugh I thought she'd lost her mind; then she cleared it up for me. "What are you congratulating Grace Kelly for? She didn't win an award—she *gave* one!" I said, *slightly* embarrassed, "I'll be all right. Just give me time."

ME: Speaking of time, I suppose you and Phyllis will want children?

ROCK: *(spreading his arms wide)* Dozens of 'em!

ME: And what happens to that two-bedroom house, even assuming you'll have drawer space by that time?

ROCK: *(sadly)* We'll have to sell it. *(brightly)* But I'd rather have the kids than the house.

ME: *(remembering the time)* You have to be getting back to the set about now, don't you?

ROCK: *(rising to his fantastic height and nodding)* But have you got a story? I always worry about you.

ME: *(grimly)* I worry about you, too, but today is a red letter day. You talked, son, you really talked. I got six whole pages of notes, when I needed only twelve. If you're not careful, you'll be getting the reputation of a blabbermouth.

ROCK: *(pleased at doing a goodness)* Aw—*(He exits, leaving me, the sailfish, the Irish setter. As he leaves the sun goes down, the stage darkens, and the curtains descend.)* **END**

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eddie and debbie

(Continued from page 43) One friend who's known Eddie for years, explains it.

"Yes, Eddie's changed. But I think 'developed' is a better word. I don't know if I can put it right, but it's like the old slogan, something new has been added.

"Before he met Debbie, Eddie appeared to be two-dimensional in character. He was a young bachelor, good looking, a smart dresser. That was his first dimension. It appealed to your eye.

"Then he acquired personal success. Millions of women were attracted to him. They all wanted to spring the trap on him. He was, frankly, fair game. Nature planned it that way.

"And there was a sort of boyish, untampered-with naivete about him that appealed to everyone. He was personable, well-mannered and something of a dreamer. I've heard people say he was irresponsible. That wasn't ever true. But it was an impression you got if you didn't know him. The truth was he just didn't *have* any responsibilities. He couldn't help reflecting a devil-may-care attitude. He thought he had everything he'd ever want. This was his second dimension. It appealed to your fancy.

"Then he met Debbie.

"When that happened Eddie's third dimension began to develop. He was about to find his maturity and the prospect of change scared him a little.

"People who knew Debbie knew that when she finally found the right man she'd let everyone know, and she did. Debbie had very carefully avoided giving her heart to a man. And because she is an intelligent girl she knew deep down inside that once she was in love with a man it would be complete, absolute. There'll never be anything half-way about Debbie. Well, she took one look at this Fisher boy and pulled out all the stops.

"They say this is the very thing that frightened Eddie. The certainty with which Debbie loved him. Basically Eddie is a very modest guy. He never could figure out why people made such a fuss over him, especially girls."

For a long time Eddie felt, even admitted to friends, that he didn't think he was deserving of Debbie's affection.

"Suppose," Eddie said once, "suppose I do something to make her unhappy. Can you imagine what would go on inside of me if I ever made her cry? Look at her face. It's too pretty to be touched by worry. Maybe I should fall out of love with her. I've a feeling she deserves more than I can ever give her. I don't know."

It was that not knowing that made the real trouble in their courtship. Debbie did know. She would have cut the world in half with her bare hands to make it with Eddie. She knew that despite the most formidable of adversities she and Eddie could find happiness together.

But Eddie? He wasn't sure. And it's a tribute to his modesty that he wasn't.

There was another thing, too. Eddie liked the taste of freedom. He thought marriage might end the happiness he and Debbie experienced as a boy and a girl.

THE REPLACEMENT: When Henry Morgan was notified by the producers that Martin Gabel would replace him in the new play, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* he sighed: "I don't know if Success Will Spoil Rock Hunter—but I guess Henry Morgan would."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Even if he did decide to ask Debbie to marry him, the decision itself was loaded with new problems. Debbie's career on the coast, his career in the east. And their differences in religion? Subordinated then, to be sure, but would they rise to assert themselves later?

Most of Eddie's friends at that time were men. Some of them older and, they thought, wiser. The principal overtone of their advice was that Eddie's career would nose dive if he married Debbie.

And to Eddie it seemed there was justification for such counsel. He was, he had to admit, the only really successful young singer in the country.

"This," his friends assured him, "is because you're not a man-with-a-wife."

But there was something growing inside Eddie Fisher. Call it the natural development of personality. Call it the spark of determination fanned to a bright flame by a beautiful, vivacious young girl who loved him and needed him.

Call it the realization that he was wanted ardently.

To Eddie there was something good and wonderful in a girl who was ready to entrust her life and happiness to him.

This is the knowledge that gave Eddie Fisher faith. And Eddie found that if he could find faith in Debbie, he could find it in himself, in his fans, in his career, in the future.

That's when Eddie became three dimensional. He had now rounded himself out to be a man.

Strangely enough it was not Debbie who first discovered Eddie's new strength.

It was Debbie's mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds.

"Debbie was in Korea," said Mrs. Reynolds. "She had gone on the trip to entertain the troops and to give Eddie time to think. The June wedding was off. Everyone knew that. I was sorry for my daughter and Eddie, but I never did think the situation was as hopeless as most people did. The public, and I can't blame them, thought it was over between Mary Frances and Eddie.

"Then one afternoon Eddie walked in the door to our home in Burbank. I had to fight to keep the tears back. Eddie didn't say anything. He just came over and put his arms around me.

"Then he stood back and looked at me and said, 'Let me see you smile, Mom, a nice big one. Don't you know I'm going to be your son-in-law?'

"I guess I only smiled faintly. He saw there was doubt in my mind.

"Then he took me by the shoulders and looked me straight in the eye.

"'Mrs. Reynolds,' he said, 'don't you pay any attention to what anyone says. Debbie and I are going to get married. I can't say when, but I know that I love her more than anything in the world. Trust me—'

"From that moment on," says Mrs. Reynolds, "I knew Eddie would be my son-in-law. And now I'm proud of them both."

One close girl friend of Debbie's recalls, with a chuckle, the change in Eddie's behavior with Debbie.

"In the old days when Deb would visit Eddie at the TV studio she'd greet him in front of the cast and the crew with a big kiss, smack on the lips. Once when she did it one of the crew laughed.

"Eddie turned baby pink and with a half-smile stepped back from Debbie and went on with the rehearsal.

"Later I asked Debbie if she didn't think she was being too demonstrative.

"She replied, with a twinkle in her eye, 'Ah-ha! I just can't help it. And anyhow, you wait and see. Some one of these days he's going to kiss back and then I'll never let go!'

"Now? Well, you just never would believe that Eddie was ever the bashful suitor. He still doesn't act out his love for Debbie in public, but he never misses a chance to put his arm around her, either."

During their courtship, Debbie was often accused of "trying to get into Eddie's act." There was particular emphasis on her "upstaging" of Eddie during his performance at the London Palladium early last year.

"Shortly after that," explains a more understanding acquaintance of Eddie's, "you would often find Ed away in some corner thinking so hard you could hear the wheels click. We thought he had become moody because of the confusion created by the mixed-up publicity on his romance with Debbie. Later we discovered it wasn't that at all.

"He was worried about only one aspect of the marriage. He didn't think he was good enough for Debbie. He just loved her so much he was afraid to risk causing her unhappiness. He was afraid the newspapers would make a three-ring circus of the marriage. And remember, Ed hadn't given marriage a thought until he met Debbie. Knowing Eddie is knowing the true meaning of humility.

"He admits that he just can't believe in his success.

"This young man had a rough and tough childhood. He grew up on the poverty-paved streets of South Philadelphia and learned to face the hard facts of life before he was ten. He didn't dare dream of anything better than that.

"When he was first acclaimed as a new singer at Grossinger's he thought it was a fluke. He expected to be back among the brown bricks and push carts within the week.

"Now just when he began to feel that he had a chance to last as a professional singer he met Debbie. Well, you know Debbie. Let her get within ten feet of any young man and her personality just overpowers him. Debbie can't help it. She radiates like a piece of pure uranium.

"We kidded Ed once about getting a Geiger counter so he could tell when she was near him. He laughed, patted his chest and said 'I don't need one. My heart clicks faster and louder!'"

Eddie was just embarrassed

And this is the same guy who looked embarrassed when Debbie kissed him in public. He wasn't embarrassed. He was just bashful.

Since then Eddie has made up his mind. He's going to make Debbie happy. He'll work as hard at that as he does at his TV show. But no matter what you think you know about Eddie, keep this in mind. Debbie saw Eddie, the man, before any of us did. That's because she loves him."

When Eddie appeared with Debbie on the Ford Television Spectacular recently some observers felt that Eddie needed his wife to carry him for the ninety minutes.

The surprise came when Eddie startled the critics with a sensational solo performance. (And afterwards announced his fifteen-year, million-a-year contract with NBC.) His future seems more than assured.

Debbie's appearance was brief. Yet they went so well together that forty-eight hours later RKO studios, victorious in some wild competitive bidding for the couple's services, committed millions to the Fishers' first picture together: *Every Mother Should Be Married.*

With this announcement Debbie's long-wished-for dream has come true. She and Eddie will work together in a movie.

"Now it should be clear why Debbie wanted to appear with Eddie every chance she got even before they were married," explains one of Deb's close friends. Debbie knows Hollywood. Eddie knows television.

On the day of the TV show you could feel that they were meshing their professional gears to help each other.

Debbie, for instance, is accustomed to working with one camera. In television, performers work with as many as five at once. Debbie had a little trouble at first. A red light on each camera indicated which one to face. She found it difficult to anticipate which red light would go on next.

She watched Eddie for a while. He's a whiz at it, of course. He didn't miss a shot.

Debbie walked up to him and said, with a big sigh, "Eddie, my husband, you are a genius." Eddie laughed and explained that the trick was to turn to the camera that wasn't rolling.

Debbie had a few tricks

In the dance sequences however, Debbie came into her own. Dancing is new to Eddie, but Debbie bounced around like a young lamb in green pastures and showed Eddie some of her tricks of the trade.

It was married teamwork of the happiest kind.

Debbie had been working all week at MGM on *The Catered Affair.* Eddie had been working his once-a-week show and the spectacular besides. They were both tired. But they were both happy. And they're both troupers.

Here in Hollywood Eddie is finding new and influential friends who feel that he can look forward to a long career similar to that of Sinatra and Crosby.

A few weeks ago Debbie and Eddie took a fast two days off as guests of movie-maker Mike Todd at the exclusive Racquet Club in Palm Springs.

Although it was now months since their marriage they acted like a couple of kids on a honeymoon. They dined and danced together, shopped for Christmas gifts and wound up buying a piggy bank with long eyelashes.

"And you know what piggy banks are for," they told Todd.

Ask Debbie and Eddie what their next big project is and they'll give you a big smile, with just enough blush to indicate they mean it, and tell you, "There's plenty of room in our house, and our hearts, for babies. Lots of 'em."

Eddie wants a boy. He dreams and plans for a son like most young husbands. Debbie? "Ah-ha! I just want a baby that's mine—I mean, ours." **END**

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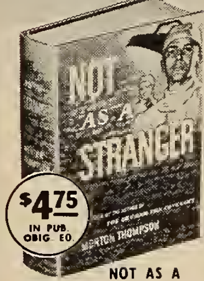
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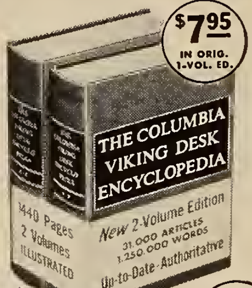
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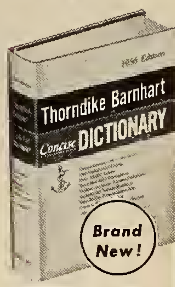
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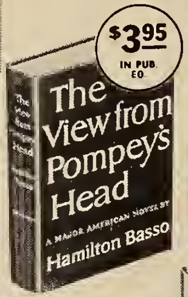
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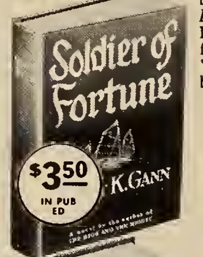
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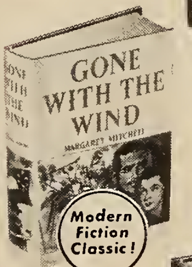
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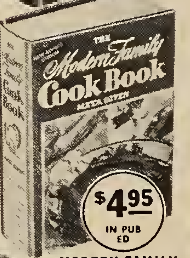
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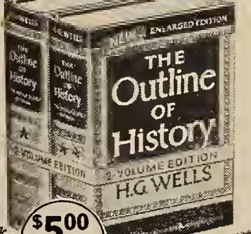
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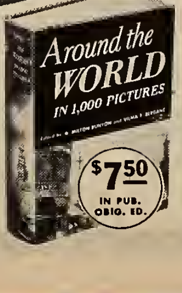
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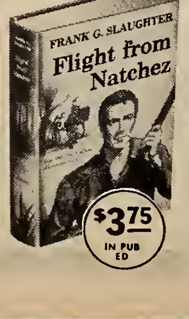
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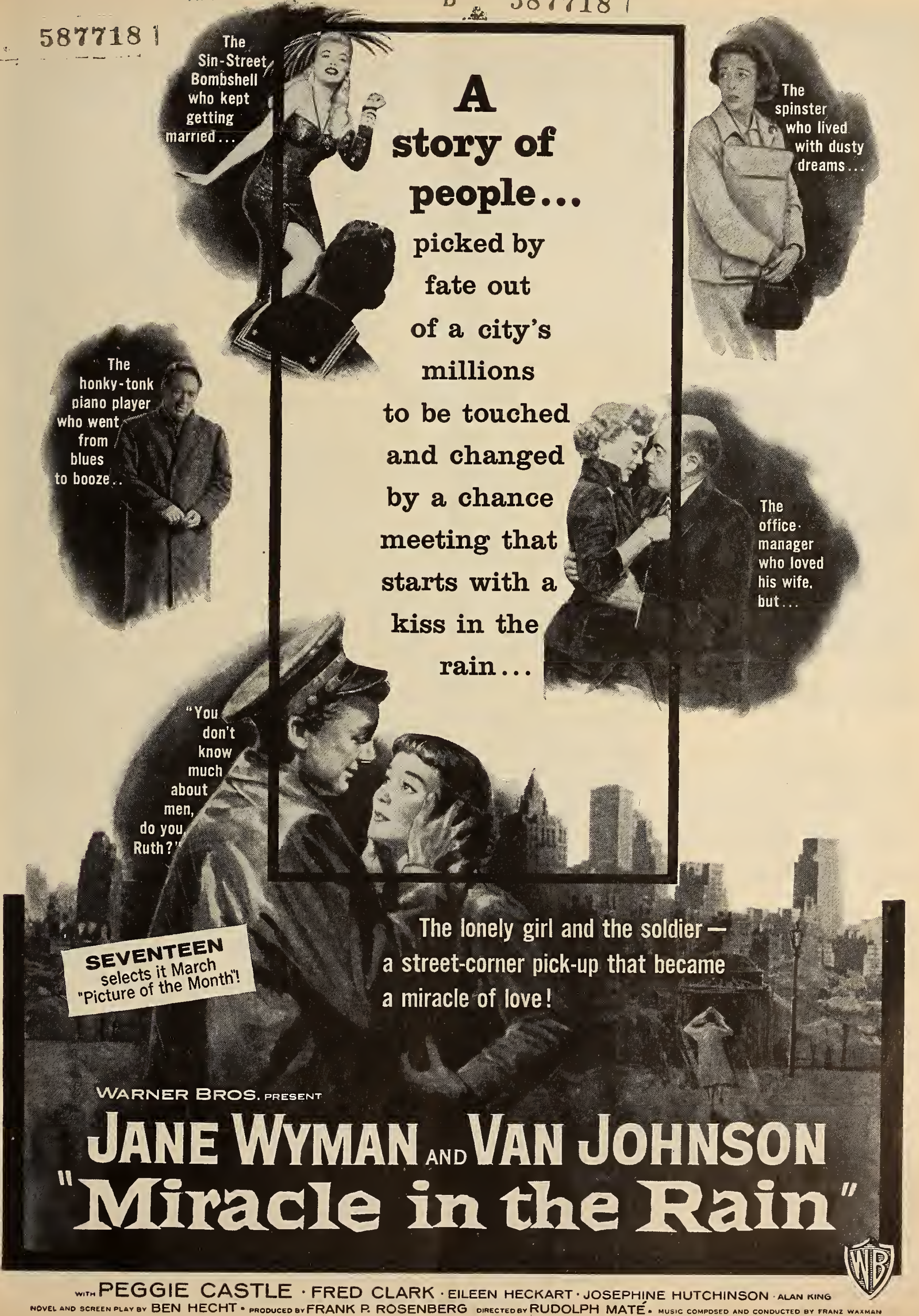

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The honky-tonk piano player who went from blues to booze . .

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Grace Kelly by Howell Conant of Topix Photos. Grace can soon be seen in MGM's *The Swan* and *High Society*. Other photographers' credits on page 88.

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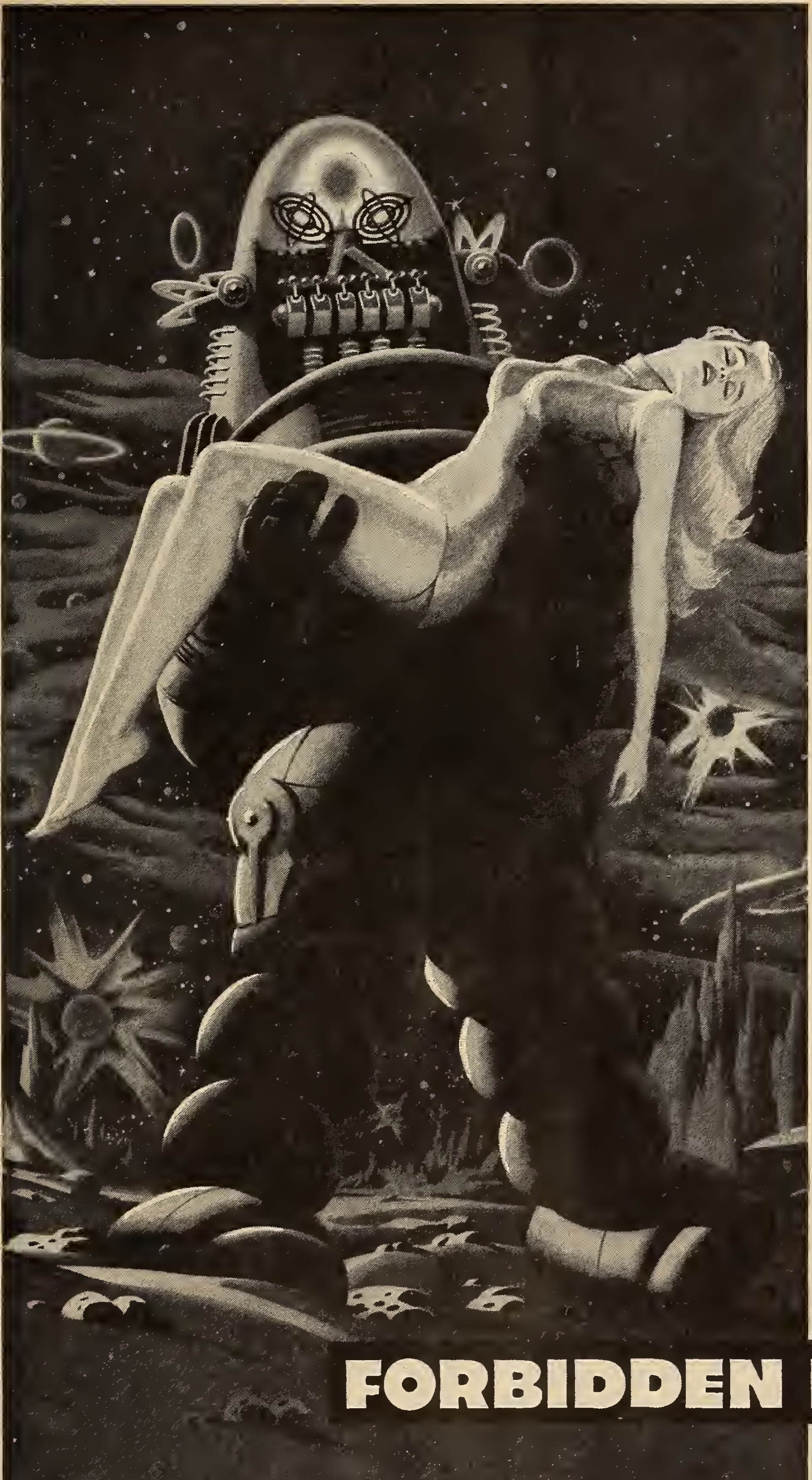

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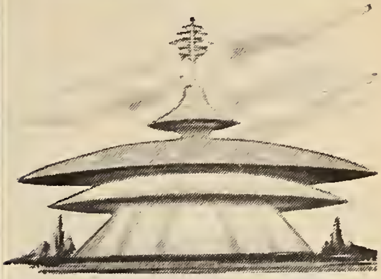

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Gary Crosby is too big for his britches?—E.E., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. *He's pretty self-confident.*

Q. Does Van Johnson consult Marlene Dietrich for all the major decisions in his career? —C.L.D., AKRON, OHIO

A. *Dietrich is an amateur astrologist whom Johnson consults for career advice on an astrological basis.*

Q. I understand that Bob Mitchum was involved in a gunfight in Mexico but that it was hushed up. Is this true? —D.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Mitchum was a passenger in a car involved in a minor accident, nothing more.*

Q. Is Audrey Hepburn about to make a picture for MGM? —D.H., N.Y.C.

A. *Yes, negotiations are quietly underway.*

Q. Before she married Gregory Peck, wasn't Veronique Passani an old flame of Trevor Howard's? —V.G., PARIS, FRANCE

A. *Just an acquaintance.*

Q. Recently I heard this statement: "The only director who has ever directed Burt Lancaster is Carol Reed." What does it mean? —H.T., TORONTO, CAN.

A. *Iron-willed Burt Lancaster has long had the reputation of directing himself in every picture.*

Q. Can you tell me why Vic Damone and Pier Angeli named their son Perry? —S.K., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *For crooner Perry Como whom Damone has long admired.*

Q. Is it true that Jeff Chandler has gone Hollywood?—F.B., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *He is not as cooperative any more.*

Q. Esther Williams' last picture at MGM, *Jupiter's Darling,* cost $3,000,000 and will return less than half that amount. Is that why Esther is no longer at MGM? —V.C., CORNWALL, N.Y.

A. *A contributory reason.*

Q. Can you tell me why Kim Novak is being rushed into one movie after another? —S.R., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A. *The studio thinks she has a wonderful future.*

Q. Why is it we never see any pictures of Robert Taylor and his family? —T.G., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. *Taylor will not pose with them.*

Q. Is it true about Frank Sinatra and Vic Mature's ex-wife, Dorothy? —G.D., PASADENA, CAL.

A. *They're friends.*

Q. Everyone says Kim Novak is great in *Picnic,* but isn't it true no one wanted her for the part to begin with? —C.L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Doubts were raised in many quarters as to her dramatic ability.*

Q. I've been told that in real life Dean Martin is much funnier than Jerry Lewis. What is the truth? —S.A., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *Martin comes up with funnier lines, Lewis with funnier faces.*

Q. Jennifer Jones recently won an audience popularity contest. I haven't read anything about her and her family in years. What goes? —C.E.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. *Miss Jones scrupulously avoids home-life publicity.*

Q. Is Dick Egan girl-crazy? —F.T., HONOLULU, HAWAII

A. *He enjoys playing the field.*

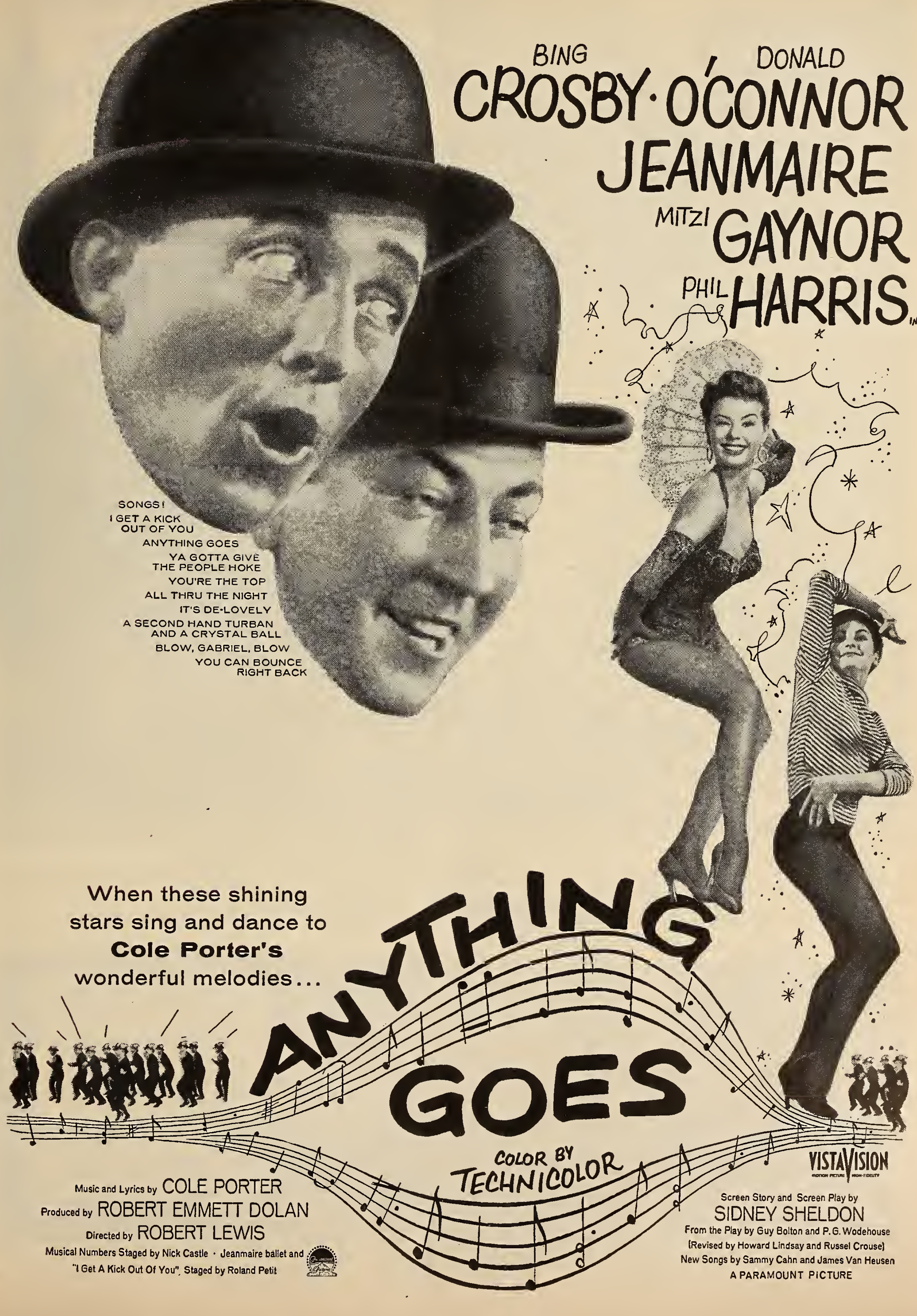
Q. I read that Ingrid Bergman is coming back to Hollywood to make a picture. When will this happen? —E.H., GENEVA, N.Y.

A. *Miss Bergman will make a picture,* Anastasia, *in Europe for 20th Century-Fox this Spring.*

Q. Can you tell me what happened to Bobby Driscoll, the child star of *Treasure Island?* —K.G., SEA GIRT, N.J.

A. *Reputedly working in a parking lot in Hollywood.*

(Continued on page 10)



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A SECOND HAND TURBAN AND A CRYSTAL BALL
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TONY CURTIS:
sweater boy in paris

Tony has discovered a new design for living!

■ Clark Gable made the turtleneck sweater famous; now Tony Curtis, sometimes referred to as the Teenager's Clark Gable, has gone him one better. One day *he* had the inspiration of having a turtleneck sweater made of suede.

Now, around the studio when he's not in costume, Tony is a real casual cat, in a comfortable pair of clean denims or jeans. But for the right occasion, nobody gets more sartorial than Tony—who goes in a big way for things like ruffled evening shirts.

So Tony descended with his inspiration for a suede turtleneck on the little Universal City tailor who has his shop about two blocks from Universal-International Studio. The tailor, surprised, shrugged his shoulders, said, "Okay," and made two.

After that, Tony tossed the sweater jobs into the back of a closet. Deep in the back. He couldn't face what he'd have to go through with certain cronies, and gagsters, around the studio like, say, Jeff Chandler, Rock Hudson and producer Aaron Rosenberg.

But packing for Paris to make *Trapeze*, with Burt Lancaster, Tony came upon the sweaters. He thought, "Well—it's Paris. Why not?" So one morning he put on one of the suedes and sashayed into the Cirque d'Hiver, the famous Winter Circus, for the day's shooting. He didn't shrink self-consciously; he walked as if making quite certain that chip stayed on his shoulder.

Sure enough, the first thing that happened was big, grinning Burt Lancaster demanding, "Where'd you get the threads?"

"What," demanded Tony, "is it to you?" making clear he wanted no levity.

"Why," said Burt to him meekly, "I think it's the most. I want one just like it."

Instead of ribs, Tony kept getting pleas—to divulge the source. A Paris photog snapped a picture of Tony in the sweater. The Paris men's shops began to get requests from customers who, picture in hand, wanted to look like Tony Curtis. One tailoring outfit contacted Tony about manufacturing the item. Tony said, "*Porquoi non?*" meaning "What have I got to lose?"—and the firm was in business.

But Tony is not an ungrateful type guy. To supervise the operation, he arranged for the French concern to bring over the little tailor from Universal City.

So, as things stand now, pretty soon there'll be suede turtleneck sweaters, for men, emanating from Paris—not from that usual font of men's fashions, London.

Well, if Janet Leigh can go in the dress business, Tony can go in the clothes business, too. Tony's wife really goes—but he manages to keep up with her. When it comes to panicking Paris with a turtleneck, he's even a step ahead of her.

And as he said to the man, *Porquoi non?*

—by Helen Gould

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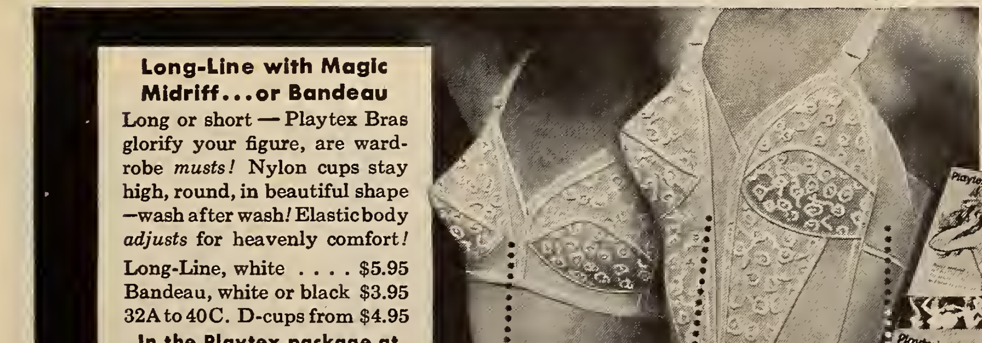

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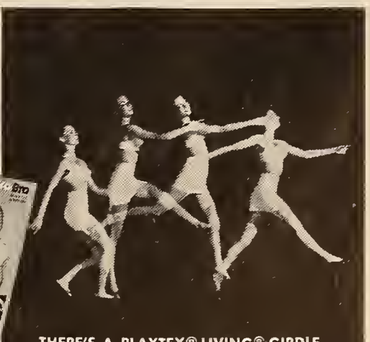

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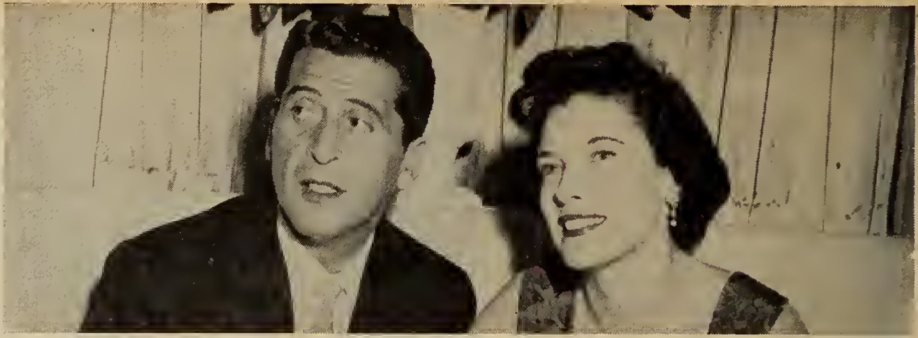
The Monroe isn't chic . . . Arthur and his ocelot . . . Bankhead versus Brando

TV TALK


The long-awaited wedding of Hal March and Candy Toxton took place in Las Vegas.

Audrey Hepburn may have lost weight, but it isn't because she's worried or sick or unhappy. The reason's simple: She's back taking dancing lessons again. She started her career as a dancer, you know, and she's once more working very hard at it—a lesson a day, in fact . . .You'd expect the very sophisticated **Noel Coward** to live in a grand hotel when visiting New York—or perhaps stay with old friends in their chic apartments. Not at all. He checks into a big commercial hotel—the same one **Jimmy Durante** makes his New York headquarters—right smack in the middle of noisy Times Square. He has always stayed there, and has become great friends with some of the help over the years. He doesn't even get a good-looking suite. He takes an old, small, dark two-room suite, and often doesn't let the chambermaid tidy up the bedroom or make the bed because he wants things where he left them . . . The **Jackie Coopers** and the **Jeffrey Haydens (Eva Marie Saint)** are great friends . . . Famous producer **Fred Coe** will probably join the ever-increasing list of TV workers who are switching to moving picture work . . . As you know, **Marilyn Monroe** does not doll herself up except when she's making a public appearance. She often greets people at her apartment dressed in old slacks, no shoes, and—the biggest surprise of all—a big shapeless sweater that's about as flattering as a T-shirt. Her apartment, by the way, is rather small. It's in a big building on New York's fancy Sutton Place, and it contains a living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. It still has a sparsely-furnished air about it as though she'd just moved in. The living room is particularly small, with only one window. You walk down three steps to enter it, and the first thing to catch your eye is a pair of very large wood lamps that are gilded in a dull gold tone; they have huge shades, and are so big that they don't need tables to perch on. They sit on the floor. The color scheme is beige, brown and rust. The rug and some of the chairs are beige, and the rust is used in silk curtains that completely cover one entire wall. She's used a mixture of styles: Some chairs are French provincial while her wood pieces—tables and a chest—are shiny, blond and very modern. The couch is dark brown. On either side of the fireplace are bookshelves—*and* the books look as though they'd been read, all of them . . . Remember the colored nylons that were the rage about ten years ago? **Nancy Berg** is one of the few women to wear them now. Her black hose are almost as dark as her black dresses. Some of her earrings are so long that they almost hit her shoulders . . . You've heard about how hard some performers work, but we think maybe **Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong** beats them all. He's been known to show up for a dental appointment and, while waiting for the dentist to call him, go to the men's room. There he falls sound asleep! His dentist learned long ago where to find him, and calmly goes out and wakes him up. We figure that any man who can conk out just before facing a drill is *tired* . . . **Arthur Kennedy** lives in Connecticut with his wife and two children—and two huge cats, one dog, two sheep and an ocelot. The ocelot is not exactly tame—in fact, he's a pretty mean ocelot—but so far he hasn't snapped at anyone seriously, so the Kennedys keep him in the television room and just hope he doesn't escape again. He did once, and the whole family crept around the countryside whispering "Kitty, here, kitty." They were afraid to tell anyone it was an ocelot for fear of scaring them to death. It turned out the big cat was more afraid than the people would have been. He found his way back home by himself and dashed back to his TV room, where he's stayed happily ever since . . . **Tallulah Bankhead** told her friends that she was more excited about appearing in *A Streetcar Named Desire* than she ever had been about any play in her whole career. She was not sorry that **Marlon Brando** was not playing opposite her, however. La Bankhead does not have the high opinion of Brando's acting technique that many people do . . . **Orson Welles** has certainly been charming on television since his return to this country from his long sojourn in Europe. He's acted like a man full of nothing but sweetness and light and equanimity toward all. But don't think for one instant that he has changed his mind about granting interviews to people he doesn't like. Mr. Welles is a man who can hold a grudge. If a magazine or newspaper made him mad fifteen years ago by something they printed about him, he is still mad. And he absolutely refuses to see any representative—no matter how big the publication or how big and nice a story it wants to do on him now . . . **Gene Tierney** not only has a definite flair for interior decoration—a flair that has made her Connecticut home one of the show places of the state—but also designs fabrics for furniture and clothes. On top of that, she recently took up painting, mainly canvases of flowers, and is already much better than most amateurs . . . **Sonja Henie's** life is still punctuated with those explosions she's so famous for. In one week she managed to fan two flare-ups, one when she insisted on inviting only her friends to her party for the press and another when she failed to show up for a benefit performance she'd promised to attend. She may have had her good reasons, of course, but both actions sure added to her reputation for being "difficult." . . . **Linda Darnell** was very upset when her marriage to brewing tycoon Philip Liebmann broke up. She went into complete hiding for several days, staying where no one would have dreamed of finding her, with some old friends who would have protected her if anyone had tracked her down. . . **Betty Furness** is looking so pretty these days, it's enough to make you think she's falling in love. She may look attractive and efficient when she's spieling for Westinghouse appliances on *Studio One,* but when she's gadding around town in the evenings, she looks all fluffy pink and white—absolutely starry-eyed . . . We bet we know one reason it's been announced that **Mary Martin** is not going to do *Peter Pan* again. We bet Mary wants to let her hair grow. First it was short for all that time she was playing Nellie Forbush in *South Pacific,* and no sooner had she started to let it grow than she had to clip it off again to play Peter. . . . Lots of people have been jealous of photographer **Milton Greene** ever since he took over managing **Marilyn Monroe's** career. Others have just been plain mad at him for something else. Now that he's such an extra-important photographer, he can request his models to come to his Connecticut studio to pose. There are stars who would rather have their pictures snapped by a non-manager photographer in New York City instead of having to trek back and forth to the country.

Peggy King's marital problems haven't gotten her down yet—the gal's trying to remain cheerful. Her latest success was at the Mocambo.

TV's loveliest saleslady, Betty Furness, and Hollywood's eligible bachelor, Cesar Romero, have fun at New York's popular Harwyn Club.

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THE INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 4)

Q. Can you reveal Richard Widmark's salary in two pictures: *Backlash* and *Run For The Sun?*
—J.G., URBANA, ILL.

A. *In* Backlash, *Widmark gets 50% of the profits; in* Run For The Sun *$200,000 and 20% of the profits.*

Q. Hasn't Ava Gardner been visiting Dominguin, the bull-fighter, in quiet, out-of-the-way places near Madrid?
—D.C., BARCELONA, SPAIN

A. *Dominguin has been bull-fighting in South America, is now happily married.*

Q. Will Red Skelton ever make movies again? —S.A., VINCENNES, IND.

A. *He hopes to make one this year.*

Q. Was Dick Haymes really responsible for keeping Orson Welles from co-starring with his ex-wife Rita Hayworth?
—D.F., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Haymes told Columbia Studio officials that Rita would not approve of Welles, for* Joseph And His Brethren.

Q. Is Anita Ekberg well liked in Sweden? —A.V., DULUTH, MINN.

A. *No.*

Q. Is the feud between Marilyn Monroe and Darryl Zanuck over?
—M.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *There was never a personal feud between these two, just contractual difficulties.*

Q. Does Hedda Hopper really hate José Ferrer? I've heard this in Hollywood a thousand times.
—V.C., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

A. *She is not one of his ardent admirers.*

Q. Is it on the level that Eddie Fisher has been fighting with his RKO bosses?
—C.S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Eddie does not like the title,* Every Mother Should Be Married, *the picture he is scheduled to make with wife Debbie Reynolds.*

Q. Has Frank Sinatra been quietly dating his first wife? Does second wife Ava Gardner keep a picture of Frank in her dressing room?
—F.K., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Yes on both counts.*

Q. How much does it cost Mickey Rooney in alimony, child support and unsuccessful marriages?
—H.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Approximately $1,500 a month.*

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

Bob & Rosemarie: Another bachelor is gone, girls!

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Marriage of the month
Personal to Lauren Bacall
Jerry Lewis, boy cowpoke
Golden Nugget Ball
Doris and June give a party

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

You don't usually see Gene Autry with the Roy Rogers—but that's him congratulating them on their Spelvin Award for doing 4,000 benefits!

Ava Gardner (very sedately dressed, I must say!) met Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in London. That's British star Jack Hawkins the Duke is talking to, and to Ava's right, Diana Dors and Steve Cochran. Ava looks happy; life in Spain agrees with her!

On her first day on High Society *what do you think Grace's present was? A can of nuts each for her and Frankie—and they passed them around.*

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MONTH:
Bob Stack and Rosemarie Bowe

Girls, *now* we've lost Robert Stack, practically the last of the eligible bachelors and certainly the most ardent hold-out. Many people thought Bob would never marry. But on January 24, he married his sweetheart of the past two years, Rosemarie Bowe.

Although the wedding took place in the Lutheran Church with flowers and lighted candles and Rosemarie wearing the traditional veil, only the families were in attendance. Bob's brother, Jim Stack, was best man, and Mrs. Jim (Wanda Hendrix) was matron of honor.

From the church, the happy pair dashed to the airport and a plane to Honolulu.

The marriage came as a particular surprise because just a few weeks previous, Bob and Rosemarie had had a quarrel. During the time they were parted, 'tis said that Mortimer Hall (Ruth Roman's ex) fell for Rosemarie like a ton of bricks. They dated many times.

Maybe it was this "danger" from the outside that made Bob realize that he better speak up fast. Anyway, on his birthday they celebrated their "kiss and make-up" dinner at Ciro's—and ten days later they were married on the second anniversary of their first date.

With Stack now a Benedict—we're losing our bachelor supply rapidly. Rock Hudson married Phyllis Gates, Eddie Fisher made Debbie Reynolds his Missus, writer Bill Morrow and cafe socialite Johnny Meyer went out of circulation, and soon we're losing Donald O'Connor to Gloria Noble and George Nader to Dani Crayne.

Rosemarie wore white satin brocade.

Terry Moore's date, Eugene McGrath, told me Terry was only kidding for Gary Crosby—but I say she's trying to out-do Jerry Lewis!

My girl Judy has put on weight again, but the fans don't care. They cheered the marquee down when she arrived at the Golden Arm *première.*

Poor Pier and Vic! All that trouble when Pier was pregnant and now she's broken her ankle just before she was to start her new pic.

THE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH is that if it weren't for the easy-going, good-humored disposition of her fiancé, Prince Rainier III, there would have been a serious break between Grace Kelly and her whole family.

Grace, who loathes personalities, was aghast when distant relatives from Ireland predicted (in near headlines) that she should have many children as she comes from a "fertile" clan.

Her famous uncle, playwright George Kelly, was on record as being no more interested in her engagement to the Prince of Monaco than he was in her winning an Academy award, adding, "She hasn't half the talent of her older sister, anyway."

Even Mama Kelly wasn't exactly a Kelly blushing unseen, or unheard.

Only Papa, the publicized former bricklayer—now a millionaire, seemed to have kept his mouth closed.

3000 miles away in Hollywood, getting ready to start *High Society* with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, Her Grace was beginning to seethe! That's putting it mildly!

And who comes along to pour oil on the troubled waters? No one but her Prince, who was in Florida at the time, fulfilling engagements he had made previous to his engagement to Grace.

My private spy reports that the Prince put in long distance calls to Princess Kelly daily (and nightly), laughing her out of her pique and telling her it didn't matter in the least as far as he is concerned. His whole attitude was an amused shrug of the shoulders.

The more I hear about this very nice young man the better I like him. He's turning out to be a Prince in more than a title. And my bet is that Grace is finding this out, too!

Of course, Bing and Frankie are having the time of their lives with their about-to-be-royal co-star. The first day Grace drove up to the rehearsal stage in her old Chevvy, Bing—arrayed in livery (which he'd borrowed from the MGM wardrobe department) stepped out, took her car and parked it—all deadpan.

Frank drops a curtsy every time she walks past him. When he and Bing discuss her they always refer to Grace in the third person. "The Princess is very light on her hoofs this morning," quoth Frankie, following a dance rehearsal.

"Verily," replied Bing, "and her pipes were very fine in our song."

RAMBLING AROUND PALM Springs: The Jack Bennys' New Year's eve party had more stars in attendance than there were in the skies twinkling over the popular desert resort. The night was so mild and there was such a profusion of flowers inside the gay living room and a-bloom in the patio, you'd never have guessed it was mid-winter.

New Year's is always a sentimental holiday for the Bennys and Gracie Allen and George Burns. For twenty-five consecutive years these four fast friends have been together as the old year rings out and the new year rings in. Of course, there are always many wisecracks—particularly between Jack and George about who is the "youngest"—but there's always a feeling of deep sentiment and affection between the Bennys and the Burnses that, unfortunately, is too rare in this business called show business.

Rev. Attwood held the double-ring ceremony.

Bob's mother wore a black suit, mink cape.

Wandra Hendrix wore her own wedding gown.

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

Personal to LAUREN BACALL

and others of the "Holmby Hills Rat Pack"

■ Perhaps it was because your interview about how you and Bogey and Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland and Sid Luft and several others have banded together in a "cute" little group called THE HOLMBY HILLS RAT PACK, broke on an unfortunate day that the whole thing seems so unamusing to me.

The very newspaper edition that carried your quotes, Baby, on your gang and how you are all having sweaters made up with rats on the back, was filled with a tragic story about a juvenile gang war in Los Angeles. Several teen-age boys were stabbed. Eleven of them were arrested and turned over to juvenile authorities.

So I am sure you can see my point, that it was a little shocking to turn over a few pages and read your facetious comments about your "adult delinquent" gang—even if it is all in fun.

I am fully aware that you and your good pals meet only for social events or gay week-end expeditions to Sinatra's house in Palm Springs or to Las Vegas. It would all be very funny if it weren't for that fact that so many teen agers take everything done by movie stars with dead seriousness.

And, believe me, there is *nothing funny* about juvenile gangs!

If you and the other Rat Packers want to keep on with your harmless gag, it's all right. But I wouldn't give out any more publicity on it as something "cute" or "funny."

You and Bogey and Frank and Judy and Sid are big kids now for such nonsense.

My escort, Jimmy McHugh, and I arrived a bit on the late side as we had been to another party with popular singer Patti Page and Charlie O'Curran (sooooo in love, these two). Charlie, who is Betty Hutton's ex, will be Patti's next husband, or a lot of people miss their guess.

But to get back to the Bennys. We arrived in time to see Danny Kaye at the piano in great form, Frank Sinatra, the William Goetzes, Claudette Colbert, Lucille Ball, Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart and others.

All in all, Palm Springs is having a big season.

Cutest sight around the Tamarisk Golf Course is Doris Day, in black sweater and tight pink pants, taking golf lessons with a tall, freckled-faced young fella of thirteen, named Terry—who just happens to be her son. Marty Melcher, who knows how to play golf, just heckles 'em.

It might be a fashion tip to you girls that pink is the favored color of the glamour girls this season. Patti Page's entire desert wardrobe was in pink, everything from shorts to chiffon cocktail gowns to pink-and-white striped sports dresses and shirts.

Some other sights I saw around the Springs: Irene Hervey looking sad and pensive after Allan Jones' second unexpected walk-out. As Irene puts it, "We seem to be perfectly happy, at least I am. And then he suddenly just says he's leaving—and that's it!"

And then there's Frank Sinatra, arrayed in Mexican apron and sombrero (with a green feather stuck out of the top for no reason at all) grilling blueberry flapjacks in his patio for 2 p.m. "breakfast" for the David Nivens, Humphrey Bogarts and William Goetzes.

Hopalong Cassidy (otherwise known as Bill Boyd) attracting not a whit more attention in his all-white Western get-up than any other cowboy in this town of cowboys.

Cute "Mousey" Powell (Mrs. William) driving round in a big new car equipped with a record player (the car, not Mousey).

And, surrounding everything—there is the unchanging majesty of the purple and gold mountains which completely rim this favored playground of constantly changing celebrities.

1956 GOT OFF TO SUCH a slam-bang start with Hollywood news stories breaking right and left every day (all headline events, too) that it practically made a basket-case out of your girl reporter—that's me.

Within the first fifteen days of January the following earth-shaking events took place:

Grace Kelly became engaged to His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III of Monaco, the biggest and most publicized Hollywood love story since her un-Serene ex-Highness Rita Hayworth became engaged to and married Prince Aly Khan.

The betting now is that before Grace marries her Prince their story will have even wider coverage than that of Rita and Aly, because they are having an even longer engagement and there's even more time for reams and reams of material to be written.

Then, Marilyn Monroe made up her long standing feud with 20th Century-Fox at least to the point of signing with them to star in *Bus Stop*, plus four more pictures in the next four years, *plus* the right to make movies for herself on the outside, *plus* her TV rights, *plus* stage rights, plus, plus, *plus*.

When Ah makes a Western movie, Ah lives mah part. Ah looks it, walks it, Ah even aches it—drat mah saddle sores!

An' no lily-livered gun-slinger gets the draw on Killer Lewis. Ah does a fast twirl with mah trusty Colt, and—oops!

But Ah'm so good with mah guns it ain't hardly fair. So Ah takes 'em with fists and a li'l judo. *Then* Ah shoots 'em!

JERRY LEWIS HAS certainly gone Western for *Pardners*, his new movie with Dean Martin. It's so good to see these two in high spirits again—as these riotous pictures of Jerry clowning off screen show. They've been having so much fun together that there hasn't been a bit of tension between them at any time during the filming, to everyone's great joy—and relief!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

We had to go all the way to Palm Springs for the Golden Nugget Ball—but it was worth it just for the costumes!

Jimmy McHugh and I (I came as a Grande Dame!) had fun with Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer.

Eva Gabor wore part of her fabulous jewelry collection—and glittered!

And Rhonda Fleming danced with her Dr. Lew all night at the affair in the Tennis Club.

The Golden Nugget Ball for the Jimmy McHugh Charities was the gayest night of the Palm Springs' season. I might say it was a gala week end, for the festivities started on Friday and went through Sunday.

First, there was the Marusia Fashion Show at the beautiful Tennis Club, during which we all got a fascinating peek at the summer fashions. In the same room Saturday night, high style was forgotten as everyone got dolled up in costume.

Rhonda Fleming, her titian-red hair in braids, won the first prize for the "most beautiful" costume. She was an Indian maid (with the shortest skirt an Indian belle ever saw), feathers in her hair and a large gold nugget worn around her neck.

Eva Gabor was another beauty attracting much attention although she wore no costume. Her evening gown was a lovely creation.

Dana Wynter came as a cute cowgirl and, of course, she danced every dance with popular legal light Greg Bautzer. The big brown-eyed Dana makes no secret of being very much in love with this attractive gentleman.

Bonita Granville (Mrs. Jack Wrather) looked so pretty with a big ten-gallon hat on her head.

Mostly there were socialites in attendance from both Los Angeles and Palm Springs—and there was an unusual amount of enthusiasm for this event because all proceeds went to the Desert Hospital, the only hospital in Palm Springs.

When Dodo Day and June Allyson got together to give a barbecue you'd have thought

"Just what I need on a warm day," said Dodo—"a cold barbecue!" "Hands off," ordered June. "We're serving hot dogs—not lady fingers!"

"I am a girl of many talents," Doris said. "If asked to entertain, I'm ready." "Very good," June said, "but I didn't know you'd act for peanuts!"

Just previous to all of the above doings, Gregory Peck slipped away and quietly married his French newspaperwoman sweetheart, Veronique Passani, on New Year's eve.

Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger take this busy time to tell the world they're expecting their first baby in the summer. Ditto Yvonne De Carlo and Robert Morgan. Ditto Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer, who expect their second during the summer months.

Not to be left out of things, Donald O'Connor admitted to me via telephone from Las Vegas that he's marrying Gloria Noble.

Business-wise, Rita Hayworth and Columbia Studio *failed* to come to terms and la Rita took off for Paris, where she is expected to marry Ramond Hakim, the new man in her life, who (like all the other men in her life) influences every move she makes.

Henry Fonda and his wife of five years, Susan Blanchard, came to a parting of the ways, which is sad because of their child.

Farley Granger and Janice Rule ended their engagement of three months with no word of explanation. Speaking of these two, whatever it was that parted them, it left both very bitter. Farl is quoted as saying he hopes he never sees Janice again. (I didn't print this statement; it appeared in a New York column. But it certainly doesn't sound like Farley, who is always a gentleman, to me.) Anyway, Janice seems just as bitter. I doubt if we'll ever know the truth.

As I look back on these early milestones of 1956, remembering all the reams and reams of "copy" I have written about each event, plus the fact that at this writing there are eleven months more to go in the year, I wonder why some of you kids write me about how to become a columnist.

My advice is to take up something easy—like digging sixteen tons!

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: It was like the good old days of informal Hollywood parties, when the guests furnished most of the entertainment, at the hilltop home of composer Jimmy Van Heusen, the night Dorothy and John Haskell "borrowed" the house for a cocktail-buffet.

Not that *I* stayed this long, but the singing and dancing was going on until 6 a.m. the following morning!

The first guests to arrive were Bing Crosby and his steady, Kathy Grant. Kathy was very conservatively dressed (the way Bing prefers) in a simple black dress with a single-strand pearl necklace and earrings.

It's been a long time since anyone has heard Bing sing at a public gathering, but he got such a kick out of Morty Jacobs' hot trio, really jivin' it up in the playroom, that he joined in with a few ditties early in the evening.

The honeymooning Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher dropped in briefly on their way to Marge and Gower Champion's opening the same night at the Cocoanut Grove. Debbie was wearing that shirred fur coat of violent red which is her favorite wrap. I get a kick out of these two famous kids. When they saw Bing, they were as enthusiastic as a couple of fans.

But things didn't really start jumping until after dinner when Nat "King" Cole and his Maria, Patti Page and Charlie O'Curran, and of all people—Barbara Stanwyck, who so seldom goes out socially, started a floor show.

First, we all listened to Nat's perfectly wonderful recording of Jimmy McHugh's newest songs (written for the Broadway show, *Strip For Action*), sung as only the King can sing, "Too Young To Go Steady," "Love Me As Though There Were No Tomorrow," "Dance Crazy" and "I Found Out About Love And I Like It."

Listening to himself sing may have given Nat the idea to turn loose in person, because he took over at the piano and played and sang for hours.

Soon he was joined by Patti Page who perched herself on the piano stool with Nat as they sang duet after duet. And Merle Oberon sighed, "Oh, if only someone had a tape-recorder here." It was a session for the swing addicts to swoon over!

Then, with Patti and Nat still singing, Barbara Stanwyck and Charlie O'Curran (the choreographer and ex-husband of Betty Hutton) took over as a dance team. You expect Charlie to do some high stepping—but Barbara was a sensation as his partner.

When I asked her how she learned to dance like that, she laughed, "Are you kidding, or have you forgotten that I used to be a chorus girl?"

Susan Hayward couldn't get over Barbara's dancing. "If I can sing in pictures," she said referring to her warbling in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, "Barbara certainly should dance—and let her fans see another side of her talent."

Susan's gown attracted much attention. Most of the girls wore cocktail dresses, but

they were a couple of giggly teen agers—and you should have seen the men stare!

"Time to get dressed," June advised. "All I'm putting on," Doris said, "is a catcher's mask. I've heard about your husband's tossed salads!"

"You ever seen those two before?" asked Dick Powell. "Never," said Marty Melcher, clutching his drink. "And I trust I never will again!"

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

the letter box

"I would like to know why you write so much about Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher? Your typewriter seems stuck in the rut of their names, always Debbie this —or Eddie that. Come on, Louella, let's hear something about George Nader, Jane Powell, Rock Hudson, that wonderful Rossano Brazzi and/or George Gobel," *blasts* CONSTANCE MILES, CLEVELAND. *Wow, Connie. Debbie and Eddie are in the news because they are popular young stars just married. I have written much about the other stars you mention whenever they are in the news.*

The mail is really explosive this month. RAMONA LARASO, STATEN ISLAND, *has this tender message:* "Tell Sharon Jones of White Plains—to dry up! Marlon Brando is the greatest actor in the world and *she* is the only person in the world tired of reading about him!" *Girls, girls!*

VERA ROSENSTEIN, BROOKLYN, *writes:* "What's behind the very short engagement of Janice Rule and Farley Granger?" *I don't know, Vera. I hear Janice is really bitter about it. But she won't discuss her troubles with Farley. I can't agree with you, however, that it was a publicity stunt. Neither Janice nor Farley would go for that.*

LORETTA HOMALY, TRENTON, N. J., *says,* "Eva Marie Saint is the loveliest of the new stars. She doesn't have to depend on cheesecake poses to put her over. I predict right now that her career will be as long and as dignified and as important as Irene Dunne's, that other 'true lady' before her."

A/2C HAROLD "RUSTY" WALTERS, DOVER, DELAWARE, *wants to say how much he and many of his fellow airmen enjoyed* MODERN SCREEN'S *anniversary issue and the "Good News" department of that issue.* "What a kick it was to see those wonderful old pictures of Jean Harlow, Garbo, Clara Bow. I'm only twenty-two years old—but your comments brought back many happy memories."

This is a picture I like: the real Lillian Roth and the screen Lillian—Susan Hayward, of course—together at the I'll Cry *première.*

More separations for Liz and Mike now that he's doing so many English films. Whenever she can leave the kids, Liz joins him overseas.

Now, here's a nosey pair! That "blonde" (it's a wig!) is Lauren Bacall made up as a ghost and trying to scare Rock Hudson. (She didn't.)

And this nosey couple, who weren't trying to scare anyone, are Natalie Wood and Perry Lopez together at the Anything Goes *preem.*

Susan was in a long, flowing beige chiffon gown, very decolletté. She looked every inch the movie star, even in the way she held her hand out for the many admiring males to kiss.

As John Bentley, the handsome young leading man from England, now under contract to U-I put it, "This reminds me of the Hollywood parties I used to read about years ago —before Hollywood stars began to remember they had to get up at six o'clock in the morning." So he remained until six!

DEBORAH KERR AND STEWART Granger (both English, by the way) could put on a whale of a debate on the topic, "Should Married People Be Separated?"

Stewart is really burning over the way movie assignments are keeping him and Jean Simmons apart. "It's a terrible thing for a man to be 7000 miles away when he learns that he and his wife are expecting their first baby," he shouts. "I fly home as soon as I can get to Hollywood from London—and what happens? I arrive Sunday night and the following Monday morning, Jean flies out to Reno, Nevada, on location for *Hilda Crane.* If we didn't love one another so much, this would be a dangerous strain on our marriage."

On the other hand, Deborah told me when I interviewed her for a Sunday feature in my home, "No two people have been separated more often during a marriage than Tony (Bartley) and I. A great part of Tony's work in television keeps him in England much of the time. For the past two years my time has been divided between Broadway, where I appeared on the stage in *Tea And Sympathy*, and Hollywood where I've made two films, *The Proud And Profane* and *The King And I.*

"But, in our case, absence has really made our hearts grow fonder. We both look forward with such eagerness to the times when we will be reunited. Far from believing that separations in distance—not in heart—are bad for a marriage, we believe they are a good thing. When married people are frequently apart—that ancient enemy of matrimony, boredom, can never creep in."

There you have two points of view. Whose side are you on?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Congratulations, Louella, on the wonderful tribute paid you on the March 8 *Climax* show (CBS TV) when they dramatized your autobiography The Louella Parsons Story!

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COOP'S NO COWPOKE

He may wear jeans but he rides the Bel-Air range in a Mercedes-Benz

■ Gary Cooper lit his cigarette, then touched the match to his tongue, a fire prevention trick he learned as a cowboy in Montana. Some people watching him unconsciously nodded their approval. It was "just what Gary Cooper would do." But when he pulled out a silver-plated cigarette holder, their jaws dropped.

They just weren't prepared for the fact that there's as much sophistication as sagebrush about Coop, because they mixed up his movie parts with his off-screen personality. They've pictured him as a citizen who prefers a ceiling of open sky to the spinning chandelier of a night club, a saddle to a lounge chair.

It's true Coop loves horses, but he doesn't own one. He does his "riding" in a $12,000 Mercedes-Benz. His vocabulary is much more extensive than "yup" and "nope"; he can order a meal in English, French and German without once consulting a language guide. One of his closest friends is Ernest Hemingway. They've hunted, worked and laughed together. A master at the spoken and printed word, Hemingway once described Cooper as a spellbinding story-teller. It's true that Gary loves the outdoors, even owns and operates a tractor. Still, that's no ranch he's plowing, only an acre of backyard in swank Bel-Air.

The other day when a sightseeing bus made its daily tour past the Coopers' ultra-modern, one-story home, there was a disappointed rumble as the tourists tried to peer through the massive foliage that fences the property. Just as it passed the driveway, the bus listed to the right. All the passengers crowded to the windows, for there was Gary, complete with blue jeans, inspecting the eight rows of corn growing east of his driveway.

He might have stepped right out of his latest Allied Artists film, *The Friendly Persuasion*, he looked so Western. But you'd search his house in vain before you found a ten-gallon hat or a guitar in the place. Coop's house boasts sliding glass walls, a tree growing in the front room and a rock garden with its own private waterfall. His wardrobe closet is filled with Alpine hats, Hawaiian sports shirts and thonged saddles. Plus blue jeans which fit big Coop like paper on the wall.

The fact is, Coop's as much cosmopolitan as cowpoke. He's a pro on the dance floor, a pioneer sports car enthusiast and has been a bongo drummer for years. The latter is his favorite form of relaxation. When he starts slapping one of his eight drums, it may be a prairie tune, but you can bet he's jazzed it up in a rock-and-roll rhythm.—**by Reba and Bonnie Churchill**

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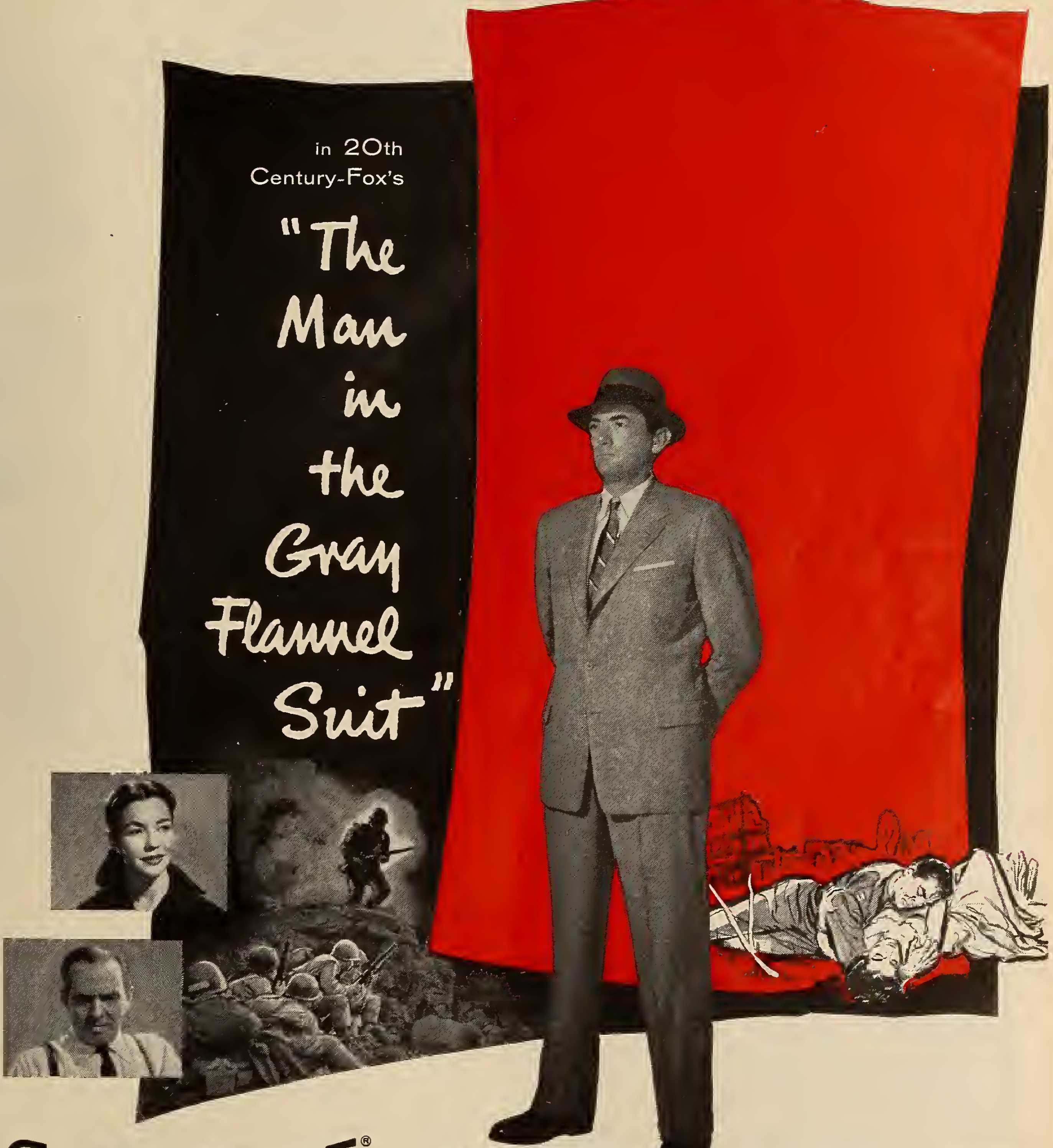

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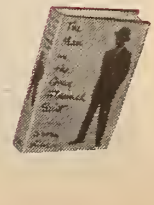

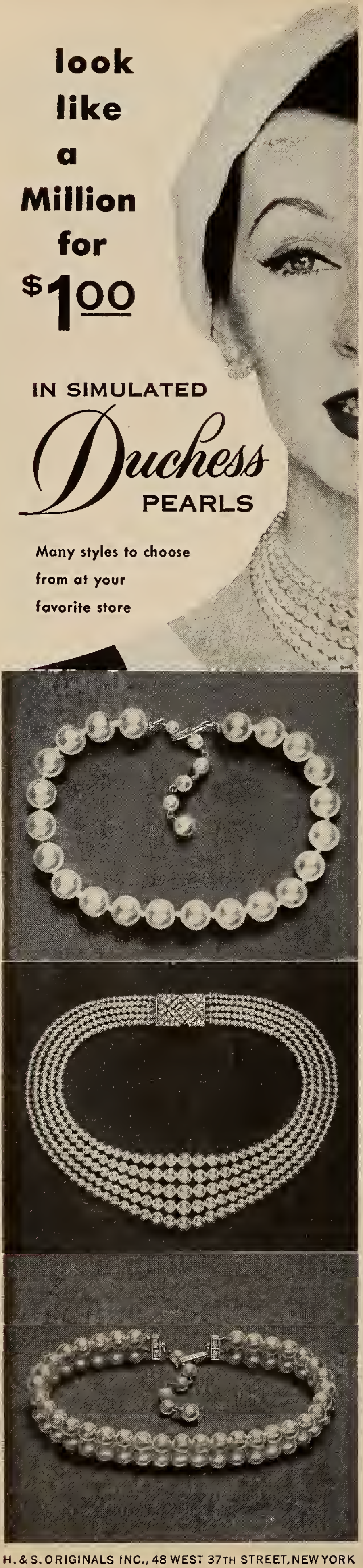

H. & S. ORIGINALS INC., 48 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD

It Happened One Night, Columbia's new musical co-starring June Allyson and Jack Lemmon, is perhaps one of the most hilariously funny chases ever to happen in a motion picture. The distance covered is from Coronado, California to Houston, Texas: and you'll see June and Jack in a Greyhound bus, a jalopy, motels, bus depots, trudging on foot, across farmlands, creeks and highways. Someone on the set quipped that the title should be changed to *Around The Southwest In 80 Days.* June is supposed to be stung by a bee when Jack totes her across a stream. A real bumble bee secured for the part would not react on cue, but insisted on really stinging June when let loose. Special effects solved the problem by creating a bee out of lead and celluloid, then covering it with cotton. Who supplied the bee's buzz? None other than director-producer Dick Powell, a former famous crooner. For people who save flubs: During a scene with Jack Lemmon, whose screen name is Peter, June suddenly started calling him Richard. The cameras were rolling, and when everybody broke out laughing, June was the most puzzled girl in the world. No one laughed harder than director Richard Powell, June's husband. "Remember, darling?" he said. "Peter's the guy you're in love with here. I'm only the guy you love at home." Jack Lemmon insists his baby son Christopher, seventeen months old and just learning to talk, speaks Finnish! He thinks the kid must have picked it up from the nursemaid who is a Finn. June says, "For a girl playing an heiress to cattle and oil millions, I certainly have a skimpy wardrobe. Half of the picture I'm in one suit, and this winds up in a mess when Jack drops me in a stream. Most of the other half I'm in a pair of Jack's pajamas, which are about five sizes too big for me and have to be rolled up at the sleeves and pants legs. Why I even have to wear a scarecrow suit while I wait for my other suit to dry out. Only once do I really get glamorous. It's the final wedding scene, and I'm wearing a breathtaking creation by world famous designer Jean Louis." Pride Harmon is Hollywood's latest eccentric. Dick Powell signed him for a part in the picture. He's a nature food addict, eating daily a twelve-pound mixture of oats, molasses and sugar beet pulp. You might think that his size (he weighs 1500 pounds), is a lot of bull. If you did, you'd be right. Pride is an Angus bull. Edgar Bergen, visiting the set, saw June wear her raggedy scarecrow costume, and wisecracked, "Pictures ain't payin' what they used to!" There are six song numbers in the film. All were written by the famed composing team of Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul. Numbers include the theme song, "It Happened One Night," "Howdy," "Thumbin' A Ride," "Temporarily Mine," "Whatchamacallit," and "Old Reporters Never Die." This last is sung by the Mello-men as their in-person debut in motion pictures; ironically enough, they had to sing off-key and off-beat, so they would sound like a group of roistering reporters, rather than professional singers. Tony Martinez, a rhumba band leader, who just concluded an orchestra engagement in Las Vegas, will lay down his baton long enough to play a gas station attendant in this film. He's the boy Jack trades his hat to for some fuel to keep his jalopy going.

Meet Me In Las Vegas promises to out-musical all other musicals. MGM producer Joe Pasternak, not content with just signing Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Liliane Montevecchi (Parisian ballerina seen in *The Glass Slipper* and *Moonfleet*), Agnes Moorehead, Jim Backus (the cartoon voice of Mr. Magoo as well as radio, TV, etc.) and Paul Henreid, also signed Marc Wilder, who danced for eighteen months with *Kismet*, as Cyd's dancing partner for the "Sleeping Beauty Ballet" number. You'd think by this time there was enough talent for a musical. Well, Joe then signed up Jerry Colonna, Jimmy Durante, Marlene Dietrich, Pier Angeli, Sammy Davis, Jr., Lena Horne, Frankie Laine, Vic Damone, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre, Debbie Reynolds, Frank Sinatra, Mitsuoko Sawamura, and the Slate Brothers for guest appearances. This should be enough, you'd think by now, but Joe also secured two of Europe's top stage and musical comedy stars, Oscar Karlweis and Lili Darvas, as well as Cara Williams, Betty Lynn, and George Chakiris. The least this musical can do is to win the Academy Award as the film with more outstanding musical-personalities than any other in 1956. Only the Bank of America can hold a note longer than Jerry Colonna. Jerry amazed Dan and Cyd when he held a high note for seventy-two seconds. Time yourself and see the difference. (*Continued on page 24*)

Actual photo of Barbara Brown, Forest Hills, N. Y. Left side washed with Woodbury; right with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory proves:

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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 22*) Cyd Charisse and principals in the "Sleeping Beauty Ballet" will, for the first time, wear modern dress—the men in everything from evening clothes to Bermuda shorts. I'm thinking that all it would take to make it really modern would be to write a special song for the production called "Rock Around Tschaikowsky." Did you know that girls who dance professionally are not the best of ballroom partners? Authority for this surprise statement comes from Cyd Charisse. After the first few takes with Dan Dailey, they were dancing together for the first time, Cyd apologized, saying, "I've noticed that any girl who is accustomed to dancing alone has the tendency to lead when dancing with a man. And that's not good. The man should do the leading." Dailey agreed, adding that he has danced socially with many of Hollywood's top feminine dancers. "They all move right in," chuckled Dailey, "and lead me around!" Sammy Davis, Jr. will sing "Frankie And Johnny" (new lyrics by Sammy Cahn). Frankie Laine will vocalize "Hell Hath No Fury." Lena Horne will sing "If You Can Dream" and "You Got Looks." Dan Dailey and Cyd Charisse will make with "The Gal With The Yaller Shoes," "My Lucky Charm" and "It's Fun To Be In Love." Cara Williams sings "I Refuse To Rock And Roll." Mitsuko Sawamura, sensational teen-age Japanese discovery, makes her Hollywood bow with the Japanese tune "Hitori Botchi Jaya Touma-Kanai," also teaming with Dailey for "My Lucky Charm."

Mario Lanza, on the set with Joan Fontaine (they're making *Serenade* for Warner Brothers, co-starring Sarita Montiel and Vincent Price) explained his current feelings. "I've got a lot of lost time to make up for. Now that I'm back at work again, I don't want to relax. I hate to take time out to sleep. I don't sit down because I want to be part of everything that is going on around me. I've been away from this all too long. Now I want to enjoy every minute of picture making." Of the complex litigations and other involvements that affected his picture career. Lanza says, "That's all water over the dam. Let the lawyers and accountants figure out what happened. That's their business. As for me, I just want to sing." Mario really sings in this one. Sixteen numbers from operas and two new songs that may well develop into pop tunes. They're called "My Destiny" and "Serenade." Orchestra leader Ray Sinatra, cousin of Frank, has been working with Lanza at rehearsals. Says Ray, "I worked with Lanza for years, and he never has been in better voice or in better physical condition. I've seen Mario and his trainer Terry Robinson go through a rough program of exercises, boxing, and roadwork which have paid off. Mario will blast the chandeliers right off the ceiling." Ray Sinatra has been heard on the Old Gold, Lucky Strike and Coca-Cola shows. He met Lanza for the first time on the Coke show, and they have been great friends since. Joan Fontaine tells a cute one about herself and her first motion picture. It was RKO's *The Man Who Found Himself*. She was home one night in Hollywood when a friend phoned to report that a theatre in nearby Glendale was displaying her name in lights on its marquee. Joan hopped into a car with her mother and Olivia De Havilland, her sister, and the three of them made the trip to the Los Angeles suburb in almost nothing flat. As they bore down on the movie house, they read this sign: JOHN PAYNE AND JUNE FOUNTAIN in THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF.

The telephone bell *is* a musical instrument. So says Billy Kantor, property master and chief telephone-bell-ringer on Columbia's *Over-Exposed*, starring Cleo Moore. Says Billy, "For more than twenty years I've set the pitch for various on-the-set telephones and because of this I'm constantly being consulted by directors. In terms of harmonics a telephone bell produces a musical note which can be varied so as to have hundreds of different effects upon the auditory nerves and which can immeasurably help the dramatic strength of the sequence being filmed. There's an 'impatient' ring! A series of short high-pitched notes which reflect an irritable impatience on the part of the one who is making the call. There's a 'telegram' ring, a 'suspense' ring, and a 'musical' ring which I always use when a girl is waiting for a phone call from her loved one. I have the most fun, though, with the ring that stops a second before the party picks up the phone. I call this one the 'disappointed' ring." . . . In order to be a "flatfoot," you can't really have them. When Robert Bice's flat feet failed his test for the police force in Detroit, he went West. Now in Hollywood, Robert, who plays a "flatfoot" in *Over-Exposed*, always gets the call whenever producers need an actor to portray a policeman. Cleo Moore revealed a startling piece of information. She's looking for a light-heavyweight boxer to manage. Says Cleo, "I'll always have a warm spot for boxing, since I was discovered by a talent scout while attending boxing matches at the Hollywood Legion Stadium." We asked Cleo what she will wear in this film. Said Cleo, "I have four luscious evening gowns, eight street dresses, a couple of cocktail suits, and best of all, four nightgowns that will make all women throw away their pajamas. I have one evening gown that is black lace on nude-colored fabric as well as a blue-and-green sequinned form-fitting gown, extremely revealing. I also have a 22-carat gold jersey bathing suit." Now we all know where *Over-Exposed* really got its name.

MGM's *Tribute To A Bad Man* stars James Cagney and introduces Irene Papas, a Greek actress of stage and screen. This is Irene's debut in a Hollywood-produced movie, the first under her long-term contract with MGM. It took the studio just three days after her screen test to sign her up real tight. The Greek star will use her low contralto voice professionally for the first time in this film, when she sings a traditional Greek tune, "Paodre Voun." The James Cagney String Quartet is providing entertainment for the company on location near Montrose, Colorado. Cagney, Don Dubbins, James Griffith and assistant cameraman Ted Voightlander, all guitar players, have been staging nightly musical sessions. In the film Cagney sings "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" and "Rough Wrangler." A pair of silver spurs, engraved with the sentiments of the citizens of Montrose, were presented by the Board of Commerce just minutes before the train left for the Coast. I'd like to tell a little-known story about James Cagney. Just twenty-six years ago Jimmy lined up with thirty other young hopefuls in the office of a playwright to audition for a role in a Broadway play. No one was given a chance to read—Cagney was called into the playwright's office and given the part. How did he get it? Cagney had been standing in view of the playwright through the semi-open door. After the play began the run, in which Cagney was spotted for pictures, the playwright told him, "You looked (*Continued on page 26*)

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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 24) and acted like the fresh mutt we needed." The play was *Maggie The Magnificent*, and the playwright was the famous George Kelly, uncle of Grace Kelly.

When Allison Hayes strolled onto the set of Warners' *The Steel Jungle*, starring Perry Lopez, Beverly Garland and Walter Abel, production almost came to a halt. She wore a black and pink pair of Bikini pedal pushers and a sweater. In the film Allison attempts to lure Lopez away from his wife, and she nearly succeeds, via flashing eyebrows and neat hip-flips. The title she won in an Eastern beauty contest, "Miss Forget-Me-Not," will not be forgotten. A studio visitor on the set, seeing Beverly Garland, who plays an expectant mother in the film, get a liberal slugging, tapped director Walter Doniger on the shoulder and asked, "Aren't you afraid that you'll hurt the young lady in the condition she's in?" Doniger, playing it straight, answered, "That's okay, sir. We have permission from the union." Allison Hayes was told by the director, "Now when you're being interrogated at the police station, you sit in this chair. Don't look at the chair—just sit down into it. If you miss the chair, we can always shoot the scene again." And you think it's easy to be an actress!

When Rory Calhoun first met his wife Lita Baron in 1948 she had her own orchestra at the Mocambo. Lita had never in her life ridden a horse or fired a shotgun. "Now," says Rory proudly, "we own one ranch in California and are about to buy another in Nevada, and you'd think Lita was born to the saddle. She rides, shoots and roughs it." As a matter of fact, Rory admits, his wife has become such an expert with a bow and arrow that she came close to outdoing him on their last hunting trip in Arizona. "The hunting party consisted of Howard Hill, the country's top professional archer; Guy Madison, who is a top amateur, Lita and me," Rory relates, "and I'll give you three guesses as to who bagged the first deer. My little wife." Lita is currently appearing in her first film opposite her husband in Universal-International's *Red Sundown*, in which Rory co-stars with Martha Hyer and Dean Jagger. Terry Gilkyson, noted folk singer, composed and recorded the title song for the picture.

What screen writer could match the dramatic elements in the true life story of Renate Mannhardt? Renate will play the part of Leah in Warners' *The River Changes*. A few years ago Renate Mannhardt was scrubbing floors for a living and glad to get the work. Today, she is known as the Marilyn Monroe of Germany. Back when she was a teen ager, Renate was a member of the German Olympic Skiing Team. Her fame as an athlete and her beauty then won her important roles in films. She was happily sitting on the top of the world. Then World War II broke out, and the demise of the German film industry suddenly changed her fortunes. Miss Mannhardt's husband was killed, and she struggled for herself and her baby. At the time the Americans occupied Germany, she was almost starving to death in a tiny room in Munich. She applied for work with the American Military Government, and not having any Nazi affiliations, clearance was granted. The job she gratefully accepted was washing dishes and scrubbing floors in a mess hall. Later she was promoted to supervisor of maids and scrubwomen. When activity resumed in German motion pictures, Renate was able to put mops and pails aside and become a top star renowned for her portrayal of voluptuous women. In this film she plays a hard-working farmer's wife.

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SUSAN HAYWARD singing songs from *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. A terrific album of Susan's first efforts at commercial singing. Recorded directly from the sound track of MGM's film presenting the life of Lillian Roth. Susan sings as though she has been recording for years. Songs in the album are standards that Lillian Roth made famous. You'll like it. MGM Album X1180.

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MOTION PICTURE THEMES by DAVID ROSE. David Rose and his orchestra, great as always, deliver Dave's top arrangements of Hollywood movie themes. Four songs from the following films: *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*, *Summertime*, *The Glass Slipper*, *LaStrada*. MGM Album X1204.

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Harry Downie—WICC—Bridgeport, Conn.

"My favorite 'Music From Hollywood' is Sinatra doing 'The Tender Trap.' This movie title tune has a fine beat, smart lyrics—and how can you beat Sinatra?"

Chuck Wilson—WBVP—Beaver Falls, Pa.

"My favorite is 'The Trouble With Harry.' The infectious excitement of the Jack Pleis arrangement flips me."

Bill Cullen—"PULSE"—WRCA—New York, N. Y.

"My choice is Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons' recording of 'A Woman In Love,' from the sound track of *Guys And Dolls*. The singing voices of these talented personalities were a pleasure to hear."

John Woods—WTAG—Worcester, Mass.

"I pick 'Rose Tattoo' from the film of the same name. Alex North's music goes beyond being a background. It has a distinct personality that is agreeable and inviting."

Doctor develops home treatment that rinses away blackheads in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman

A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw flabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade. . . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissued off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean —really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores, that leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer — feels fresher and more *alive!*

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week— or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream, Queen Helen Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent.* The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off" After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment

Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue — and without squeezing or digging!

1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream.* This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.

2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque.* As the absorbing agent, *Argilla,* in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.

3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent*—a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.

QUEEN HELENE
ASTRINGENT
QUEEN HELENE
Medicated
MINT MASQUE
QUEEN HELENE
Whipped
CLEANSING CREAM

all these items

3.98

Plus tax

Enough for 33 Treatments

Economical Size

5.95

Plus tax

Enough for 66 Treatments

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranted *or your money will be refunded.*

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141 5th AVE., N. Y. 10. (LABORATORIES ESTABLISHED 1930)

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Please rush me by return mail my complete Queen Helene 3-Way Skin Treatment, including: **1. Laboratory Developed Cleansing Cream. 2. Medicated Mask Cream. 3. Astringent.**

I will pay postman low introductory price, plus postage and handling. If I don't see definite improvement in my skin after just one 15-minute treatment—if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion within 10 days for my money back.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (Check Size Desired)

☐ **$3.98** size (Plus Fed. tax). Enough for 33 home treatments at less than 13c a treatment.

☐ **$5.95** economical professional size (Plus Fed. tax). Enough for 66 home treatments for one person —enough for 33 home treatments for 2 persons, at less than 9c a treatment. (You save $2.01.)

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ADDRESS..

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In Canada add 25c for handling and send to
60 Front St. West, Toronto—Same Price—No Tax

Special New Tablet Relieves Monthly Cramps for 3 out of 4 in Tests!

Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

If you dread those "difficult days" each month, listen! Science has developed a special new tablet to relieve pain, cramps, and tense feelings of monthly periods! It contains a unique *combination* of medicines—including blood-building iron. Thus offers *more relief* than plain aspirin!

No Pain Even on First Day!

In doctors' tests painful distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn't suffer even on the *first* day! They also escaped much of the jitters and tension so common as you approach that trying time of month.

So don't suffer needlessly. Ask for "Lydia Pinkham Tablets" at drug stores today. No prescription needed. See if Pinkham's tablets don't help you feel worlds better—both before and during your period!

CORNS?

GET QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN—AND MORE

NOW GET RID OF THE CORN—FAST

New BLUE-JAY Plastic Corn Plasters with wonder drug PHENYLIUM® relieve pain almost instantly—and get rid of your corn, too.

New drug gets to the bottom of your corn, helps loosen it so you can lift it out. BLUE-JAY plasters are now plastic—stay on when you bathe, fit like your skin. Regular or Ladies size. Callus plasters, too. Look for new package.

New PLASTIC
CORN PLASTERS
BLUE JAY
Quick Relief
Get rid of your corn FAST!

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Come Next Spring
Red Sundown

FOR SPECTACLE
The Conqueror
Richard III
The Sea Shall Not Have Them

FOR LAUGHS
Cash On Delivery
The Lieutenant Wore Skirts
Anything Goes
Forever Darling

FOR DRAMA
World In My Corner

***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** The Conqueror *(John Wayne) had half the world in arms and the other half in flames—while he battled alone for the one woman (Susan Hayward) he couldn't have!*

* THE CONQUEROR

Mongols vs. Tartars

■ They say that behind every great man stands a woman, but never was there one so wild and fiery as Bortai (Susan Hayward). This was a girl of elemental passion, but then, we are back in the days when men were Mongols (unless they were so unfortunate as to be Tartars) and the mightiest Mongol of them all was Tremujin (John Wayne), later and better known as Ghengis Khan, empire ruler. Well, when he was just a little lad on the Gobi Desert, his dad was demolished by Susan's dad, Tartar king Kumlek. And now here's a pretty fix. Tremujin wants Bortai for his wife. This does not sit well among the Mongols, or among the Tartars, for that matter. It does not even sit well on Bortai who is a proud forerunner of those feminists who'll look any man in the eye—and possibly spit. She hates the arrogant Tremujin who has swooped down and stolen her right out of a Mongol camp, but tell me who can resist such daring in the end? But before the end there is plenty of blood spilling and crafty *shamans* are predicting total war and there's quite a bit of double dealing among those jackals and rabbits. All because Tremujin was smitten by the smouldering eyes of Bortai. You'll love that scenery and spectacle of an uninhibited age reproduced in all its savage glory. With Pedro Armendariz, Agnes Moorehead. CinemaScope—RKO.

WORLD IN MY CORNER

a fighter and a femme

■ Audie Murphy, boy of the slums, would like the whole world in his corner so he can punch it in the jaw. Retired fight manager John McIntire recognizes this as the drive that makes for champions and takes Audie in hand. McIntire works on the huge Long Island estate of millionaire Jeff Morrow and his idealistic daughter Barbara Rush. Barbara falls for Audie, but warns him that if he stays around Pop's house much longer Pop will corrupt him. (Morrow's already turned his wife into an alcoholic and treats Barbara like a possession: she wants to be independent and a writer.) I weep for you, says Audie to Barbara, but *I* should only have a swimming pool in which to drown my sorrows. Audie's grateful when Morrow accepts him as his daughter's suitor, but Barbara knows better. In no time Morrow has persuaded Audie to turn in his principles for cash. It's those principles that made Barbara love him in the first place. It's a nice little story.—U.I.

ANYTHING GOES

a million-dollar musical

■ Remember "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "You're The Tops," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow"? They're Cole Porter tunes that were introduced on Broadway a long time ago. Here are those (and other) songs again, sung by Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanmaire, who do not stop at singing in this polished and delightful musical. Crosby's a big Broadway name ending a successful run and looking for a girl to introduce in a new revue. He's just found a co-star—Donald O'Connor, TV's latest rage. The boys head for a vacation in Europe. Bing finds Mitzi Gaynor in a London club and signs her. O'Connor discovers Jeanmaire in a French cabaret and signs *her*. Simultaneously. All four of them and Mitzi's Pop (a furtive but jovial character played by Phil Harris) head for home on a luxury liner. Now, one of those girls has to go! Which one? "Jeanmaire," says Bing, until he falls for her. "Mitzi," says O'Connor, until he strolls her once around the deck. It's a problem, but not (*Continued on page 30*)

Adjustable, Life-Size Dress Form Made to Fit Your Figure

Formerly $5.98 NOW ONLY **$3.98**

Why I Am Able to Offer You My Ann Baldwin Dress Form at This Low, Low Price

A famous dressmaker once said that sewing without a dress form is like trying to drive a car with your eyes shut. But old-fashioned dress dummies have many drawbacks. They were too bulky—many were not adjustable—all required stooping and bending. But now, thanks to this remarkable new material, I have been able to create a lightweight, adjustable dress form that does everything expected from a much more expensive dress form. And, thanks to the overwhelming demand, I've been able to use new mass-production methods that have brought my costs way down. And I am passing these savings on to you. My Ann Baldwin Dress Form—made to your own exact measurements—is yours, not for the original $5.98, but the new low price of only $3.98 on this amazing money-back guarantee. Try my Dress Form in your own home for 30 days. If it doesn't slash your sewing time in half—if, no matter how little sewing experience you have, it doesn't give you much better fitting clothes the very first time you pick up a needle—if it doesn't pay for itself the very first time you use it, return it for your full money back. NOW ONLY $3.98.

AT LAST! GAIN OR LOSE UP TO 15 POUNDS AND KEEP YOUR CLOTHES FITTING PERFECTLY WITH NEW LIGHTWEIGHT DRESS FORM

After trying hundreds of different models, Ann Baldwin, one of Hollywood's top designers tested a remarkable, lightweight material which weighs but a few ounces, yet which is break resistant, chip resistant, crack resistant. From this amazing material, Ann Baldwin created a dress form completely different from any other ever made. A full, life-size dress form that is so flexible—you can actually gain or lose as much as 15 pounds—yet adjust it quickly to fit your exact measurements. A dress form so light and handy you can fit your dress, pin it, baste it—and do it all without once getting up from your chair. A dress form that shows you exactly what your blouse, skirt or dress will look like before you even begin to sew—a dress form that practically guarantees a good fit every time . . . yet costs you less than 1/7th the price of bulky old-fashioned dress dummies.

HOW THE ANN BALDWIN DRESS FORM TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF SEWING AND STOPS YOU FROM MAKING MISTAKES

Simply fit your garment on the dress form and scientifically placed sewing guides instantly show you whether it is perfectly centered or not—giving you a nicely-tailored garment at the very first fitting. Pin your patterns right on your Dress Form and see at a glance what your dress will look like ON YOU when finished. Never again will you have to waste 3 or 4 hours fitting on your dress. Never again will you have to rip out seams because you couldn't get your skirt to hang properly. Now alter, design and remodel all your own clothes on a dress form that is made to fit your figure to a "T". Don't delay! Mail in for your Ann Baldwin Dress Form Today!

SEND NO MONEY

Try the Ann Baldwin Dress Form at Our Risk

Try the Ann Baldwin Dress Form in your own home without a penny's risk or obligation . . . simply mail no-risk coupon below. When dress form arrives, pay postman only $3.98 plus postage. Use the Ann Baldwin Dress Form for the next 30 days. If not 100% satisfied—if your Ann Baldwin Dress Form doesn't pay for itself on the very first alteration you make—return for full refund. Rush NO-RISK coupon at right complete with your measurements—bust, waist and hips to:

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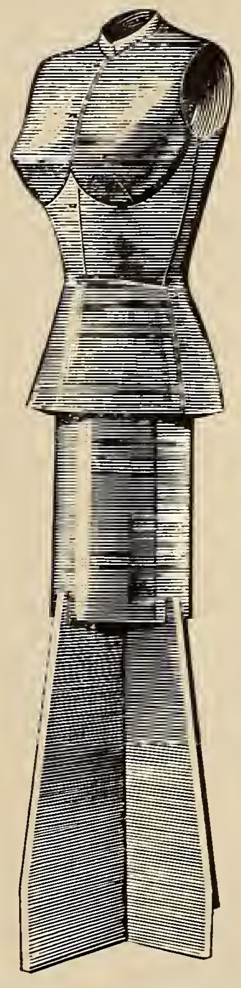
Box 485, New York 46, N. Y.



Magazines, Sewing Editors agree that "Ann Boldwin Dress Form is the most revolutionory Sewing Development in years."

LOOK

LOOK MAGAZINE
"Look For" column
"For women who make their own clothes. Look for a new diet-conscious dress dummy that can be adjusted to lose or gain weight with the dressmaker."

VOGUE

VOGUE Pattern Book
"This Form can be adjusted to conform exactly to your measurements."

American

AMERICAN MAGAZINE
"Now They've Done It"
"For easier home sewing, - life-size dress form is made of felt coverage, pliable sections you can put together and take apart in minutes and store in a drawer when not in use."

McCall's

McCALL'S Pattern Book
"Easy dressmaking for you with the Ann Baldwin Dress Form."

Five Exclusive Features

TO MAKE HOME SEWING EASIER, MORE PROFESSIONAL-LOOKING!

ONLY DRESS FORM YOU CAN USE IN SECTIONS—DO ALL YOUR PINNING, ALTERING, HEMMING WHILE SITTING DOWN!

Weighs only 2 lbs.

FOLDS AWAY OUT OF SIGHT WHEN NOT IN USE.

When your dress is finished take your Ann Baldwin Dress Form apart—fold it up—and hide it away in your bureau.

REDUCE OR GAIN AND KEEP YOUR CLOTHES FITTING PERFECTLY.

Your Ann Baldwin Dress Form adjusts to your own personal measurements no matter how much weight you gain or lose within your size range. You get a perfect fit every time.

EVER TRY TO SLIP A ONE-PIECE DRESS OVER AN OLD-FASHIONED DUMMY?

You have to open the seams—put the dress on the dummy—resew the seams. Your Ann Baldwin Dress Form is so flexible you can merely bend the shoulders and slip the dress on or off. Shoulders snap back into shape instantly.

SCIENTIFICALLY PLACED SEWING GUIDES KEEP DRESSES PERFECTLY CENTERED.

Pin your dress patterns right on your Ann Baldwin Form—fit them to size and do all your basting and hand stitching without once removing your garment from the dummy.

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Please rush me Ann Baldwin's new adjustable, lightweight dress form in my exact measurements for a 30-day No-Risk Trial. When my dress form arrives, I will pay postman only $3.98 plus postage. If I am not completely satisfied I will return it for my full purchase price refund, no questions asked. My measurements are:

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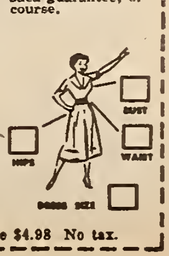

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Like second nature!

THE PANTIE GIRDLE* LEGS CAN'T FEEL

The sum total's some change! Legs completely free in Gossard's up-shaping and elastic net edging. Your figure smooth as a breeze. And it's all done with Gossard's inside-outside quality. See soon?

**U.S. Patent #174054*

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Gossard
youthful Line of Beauty

#810 boneless pull-on of tissue-light elastic net. Satin elastic panel. Petite-S-M-L in White, $7.95. S-M-L in Pink, $7.95; in Black, $8.50.

Flair uplift #2821, all sheer nylon elastic, has exclusive contour straps, embroidered nylon marquisette top decor. White. A, B, C cups. $3.95

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. CANAL ST., CHICAGO 6 • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas • Toronto

movie previews

(*Continued from page 28*)

too worldshaking. The mood's romantic and so are most of the songs (more by Cole Porter and a couple by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen). There's some wonderful dancing, too. VistaVision—Para.

COME NEXT SPRING

homespun and heartwarming

■ You hardly see pictures like this any more. It's a kind of folktale that recalls a whole era in American history and reaffirms the importance of human dignity, neighborliness, hard work and family solidarity. After eight years of bumming around Steve Cochran comes back to the farm country of Arkansas to look up his wife (Ann Sheridan). She does not leap for joy at the sight of him. He deserted her, his mute daughter (Sherry Jackson) and the son (Richard Eyer) he hadn't even known was born. Ann runs the farm with a self-sufficiency that does not quite mask her bitterness and Cochran knows it'll take a while to prove he's given up drinking and deserting. Not only Ann, but the whole town is skeptical—including bully Sonny Tufts who's been wooing Ann. Cochran's redemption is slow but sure —such crises as a tornado and his daughter's disappearance into dangerous hill country add drama and a heartwarming climax to this completely satisfying film. With Walter Brennan, Rad Fulton, Harry Shannon. Trucolor—Republic.

THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS

the "Itch" man returns

■ With his years and his waistline adding up, TV writer Tom Ewell wonders how he ever managed to keep his beautiful young wife (Sheree North) so obviously blissful. Once he was a hero (in World War II) but when a later-day hero (Rick Jason) hovers into sight, Ewell feels old, ugly and jealous. To prove her undying love Sheree joins the WAF's. (Ewell is about to be recalled into the Air Force and she wants an assignment on his staff.) But hubby doesn't pass his physical. Instead he follows Sheree (and Jason) to Hawaii and sets up housekeeping on the base. The rest of this farce is a madly concerted effort on Ewell's part to get Sheree out of the service by proving she's nuts—hears bugles in her sleep, stores whiskey in perfume bottles, carries polka dot eggs in her handbag, etc.

Needless to say, he only casts doubt on his own sanity and nearly wrecks his marriage. Sometimes he is hilarious. With Rita Moreno, Les Tremayne. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM

a tribute to heroes

▪ If the suffering and the heroism of our last big war has faded in your memory here's a British film that ought to shake you up a little. It's a tribute to the Air/Sea Rescue launches that patrolled the sea in the 1940's looking for survivors shot out of planes. Four such men are bobbing in the North Sea shortly after this movie opens. One of them (Michael Redgrave) is a VIP carrying a briefcase that is even more important than his life. With him are flyers Dirk Bogarde, Jack Watling and Bonar Colleano. The action shifts from them to the rescue launch skippered by Anthony Steel, his sergeant, Nigel Patrick, and a crew who have problems of their own. Meanwhile the four survivors float helplessly in a small rubber dinghy, freezing, despairing and drawing even closer to Occupied territory. It's an absorbing drama despite its slight sense of impersonality. You'll like it.—U.A.

RICHARD III

brilliant spectacle

▪ Shakespeare's spectacular melodrama is brought to nearly impeccable life in this movie produced and directed by Laurence Olivier who also plays the title role. After the coronation of Edward IV (Cedric Hardwicke) peace threatens to settle over England. Edward's brother Richard—deformed, bitter, clever and evil—decides that life will be pretty boring unless he stirs up some action. Without much ado he starts scheming for the throne. There are, of course, a few people he had to get out of the way, i.e., the king (who obligingly dies in bed), brother Clarence, the late King's two young sons, Hastings (Alec Clunes) whom Richard finds unreasonably loyal to Edward and his heirs; he must also ruin the Queen's reputation, liquidate her favored relatives (or at least disarm them) and otherwise tidy up his path to the throne. In an amazingly short time Richard, with the aid of loyal Buckingham (Ralph Richardson)—whom he later executes, accomplishes every murder he's planned and must only be "persuaded" by the people to accept the crown. However, his bloody ways impel Henry Tudor (Stanley Baker) to gather forces in Britanny for an invasion after which he hopes to become king. Tudor's decision is supported by many other powerful nobles who rally their armies. Richard meets them all at the Battle of Boswort Field. This is a brilliant, colorful, action-packed, beautifully performed film. Among the cast are Claire Bloom (Richard's unhappy, short-lived bride); John Gielgud (Clarence). VistaVision. Technicolor—Lopert Films. (*Continued on next page*)

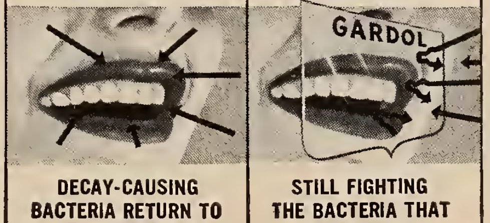
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste*?

It's GARDOL! And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with just one brushing!

Morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!

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Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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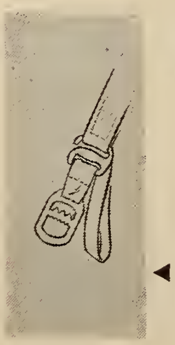

Not a chance of a mischance during "those days," if you wear this trim, slim pantie! There's a moisture-proof Softex panel for protection, plus built-in fasteners... both pin-tabs and pinless (see left). Just remove one or the other! Acetate tricot, in white; small, medium, large, extra-large. $1.98.

◀ Pin-tabs *and* pinless fasteners...take your pick!

Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

K ® Kleinert's

movie previews *(Continued)*

FOREVER DARLING

Lucy and Desi face life

■ When the spark goes out of marriage, who's to blame? Never mind that. The problem is to start another fire, and for this purpose there is James Mason. Unfortunately, he is not in the flesh; he comes floating in and out of Lucille Ball's life like a vision from another world, which he is. He is her guardian angel, and a walking marriage manual. Lucille begins to take a vital interest in husband Desi's work—he invents pest killers—and goes on a field trip with him. Do you know all the things that can go wrong on a field trip? Well, a barrelful, and it's a long time before Lucille gets to the bottom of that barrel. With Louis Calhern. MGM.

RED SUNDOWN

west with Rory Calhoun

■ It's 1880 in Texas and, mister, that is dangerous, for law-and-order is just an idle dream of Sheriff Dean Jagger. But along comes Rory Calhoun, a gunfighter who is determined to go straight. Says you, says Martha Hyer (Jagger's daughter), in no time ruthless Robert Middleton will buy you off so that he can string up his fences all over Texas. Well, Martha Hyer is wrong. Middleton can't buy him, and the gunfighter Middleton hires (played by Grant Williams) can't kill him. However Williams is quite capable of killing other people and there is a great deal of trouble for Calhoun before he disappears into the sundown once more. Technicolor—U.I.

DISC JOCKEY DERBY WINNERS

First Contest (Academy Award Songs)

FIRST PRIZE:

RCA Victor HI-FI Phonograph

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Bryan, Texas
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CAROLYN COBB
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EVELYN M. WEBSTER
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MARY LDU SYVERSON
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BONNE McCDRMICK
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HARRY R. MILLER
Manitowoc, Wisc.
RHODA GRACE
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MARY ELLEN MATTHEWS
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WILLIAM T. CULPEPPER
Atlanta, Ga.
MILDRED RIGSBY
Rome, Ga.
BARBARA BACKUS
Detroit 36, Mich.

SUE HALLENBECK
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JOAN ELLIDTT
Columbus, Ohio
CATHERINE FLEMING
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STANLEY JENSEN
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MRS. W. L. SCOTT, JR.
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JOANNE LAWSON
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GLORIA MDNIE
New Orleans 24, La.
AUDREY GUPTILL
Worcester, Mass.
TESS LA RDCQUE
Denver, Col.
ADA GAVIN
Albuquerque, N. Mex.
GLDRIA A. ROBINSON
East Cleveland 12, Ohio
NORMA PEARCE
Richmond 20, Va.
MRS. DAN H. KNOWLES
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Springfield Heights, Ill.
GARY BOETTNER
Elizabeth, Ill.
CURTIS WRIGHT
Dallas 6, Texas
BARBARA HOLY
Dallas 27, Texas
ANNETTE RICHARDSON
New Castle, Texas
SHIRLEY J. MAZUR
Amsterdam, N. Y.
MRS. M. FORMIKELL
Oneida Castle, N. Y.
MARY BREITENSTEIN
Schenectady, N. Y.
JOAN C. TAYLOR
Waterloo, Iowa
MRS. LEROY CRAMER, JR.
Clinton, Iowa

GERI ARMINGTON
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.
KAREN DENNING
Winter Park, Fla.
CARMA GDDDWIN
Drlando, Fla.
A/2C THOMAS P. REED
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CECILE BERKHAN
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Manistee, Mich.
ROBERT C. SOLTMAN, JR.
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PATTI JO ATKINSON
Detroit 13, Mich.
MARGARET HALL
Boonville, Ind.
JUSTINE VENEZIA
Indianapolis, Ind.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY (U.I.): Steve Allen plays the King of Swing in this pleasant, terrifically musical biography. Donna Reed is the girl in Goodman's love-life; Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton contribute in person.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL (Warners): The true, stirring story of the General who fought for an Air Force. Gary Cooper, Rod Steiger—and exciting courtroom scenes.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (U.A.): Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak, Eleanor Parker star in the terrifying story of a drug addict.

GUYS AND DOLLS (MGM): Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine in the Technicolor version of the famous Broadway musical based on Damon Runyon stories.

PICNIC (Col.): Another prize-winning Broadway play translated into a fine movie. Kim Novak as the pretty sister, Susan Strasberg as the smart sister, Bill Holden as the untamed, lonely boy who loves Kim, are splendid, and as the unmarried schoolteacher making her last desperate attempt at love, Rosalind Russell is Oscar material.

THE COURT JESTER (Para.): This one has Danny Kaye in CinemaScope and if you want to know more, there's also a zany, riotous plot involving an effort to restore a baby prince to the throne.

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TDBY CARDAMON
Des Moines, Iowa
KATHY THEISEN
St. Paul, Minn.
BARBARA BRABOWSKI
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BARBARA TAUSCH
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KATHY ROLLER
Ventnor, N. J.
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DONNA PERRY
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Now—easy to be a **BLONDE AGAIN!**

Light and Bright
HAIR LOTION
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Simpler than setting your hair! Now a drab blonde can be a true *natural-looking* blonde again—and so easily! Just color-treat your hair to Light and Bright—the gentle do-it-yourself brightener.

No messy mixing, no clock-watching. For Light and Bright gives you "color control." Heightens hair color gradually—makes your hair as bright or as light as you wish! Doesn't fade or wash out. Your golden look *lasts*.

And thanks to its special conditioner, Light and Bright leaves your hair shining-soft. *Contains no ammonia.*

Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only $1.50 plus tax.

LIGHT and BRIGHT

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Huskies®

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. . . the softest, lightest shoe you've ever worn—styled in the Italian manner—but all-American in its wrap-around moccasin design. Yours in pretty two-tone pastels.

At your favorite shoe store, or write:
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REDDY De Luxe SAFE-T-LOX BABY PINS

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DeLuxe SAFE-T-LOX © TRADE MARK

DIAPER PINS with plastic animal heads

4 for 39¢

New! Cute! SAFE! Reddy #3 pins with "sculptured" *hand-decorated* duck or bear heads — by the makers of the famous Reddy Diaper Pin. Both have the exclusive SAFE-T-LOX® feature that guards against accidental opening. Strong plastic heads — sharp, rustproof stainless steel wire with guarded coil.

At department stores and infants' shops.

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Please send: ...... cards REDDY DELUXE DIAPER PINS (39¢ each)

	Pink*	Blue	Yellow	Ivory
Duck				
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*Colors cannot be mixed on single card

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

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Kim says: "ALWAYS LOOK AT THE OTHER PERSON"

■ Kim Novak entered the banquet room, and it was as though someone had yelled, "Fire!" Every head swiveled to the doorway.

Seemingly oblivious to the stares, she stood poised and assured. Then she carefully picked her way among the crowded tables to her seat. Her iridescent green dress shimmered as she walked. The stares continued. Although the gown was chin high in front, it was slashed to the waist in the back. It looked as if she had it on backwards and fit as if glued in place. Kim took a short breath, and then slipped into her chair.

Her entrance not only commanded attention, but won her the dubbing of "No-back Novak."

It's evident Kim believes first impressions are lasting, so what's wrong in draping that initial gander with a bit of glamour? Sure, she'd gather a crowd in corduroys and sneakers, but fortunately for important occasions, she prefers clinging jersey and hugtight designs to the "little boy" look.

Her arrivals are usually attention-getters, like the first time she walked into agent Louis Shurr's office. She looked like a slice of hazy blue spotlight. Lavender is her lucky color, and she wasn't taking any chances on this initial interview. She walked in bathed in the color from toe to head, lavender shoes, dress, gloves and scarf. "I even pinned a bunch of violets to my purse," she recalled. Her hair, which had been rinsed with a little laundry bluing in the water, completed the misty picture.

Thanks to her dramatic training, Kim has learned that first impressions depend as much on what you're thinking as what you're wearing.

A few years ago, Kim would look at a roomful of people and disappear faster than sugar in hot tea. It was drama coach Benno Schneider who provided the cure to self-consciousness.

He advised: "Look at the other person, don't let him look at you. When you walk into an executive's office, be busy studying him and you won't be thinking so much about yourself."

On an important interview, Schneider told Kim to put this into practice. "I'll ask questions later," he smiled. It wasn't a joke, for the next day he inquired, "What color suit did the director have on, were his shoes shined, did he need a haircut?"

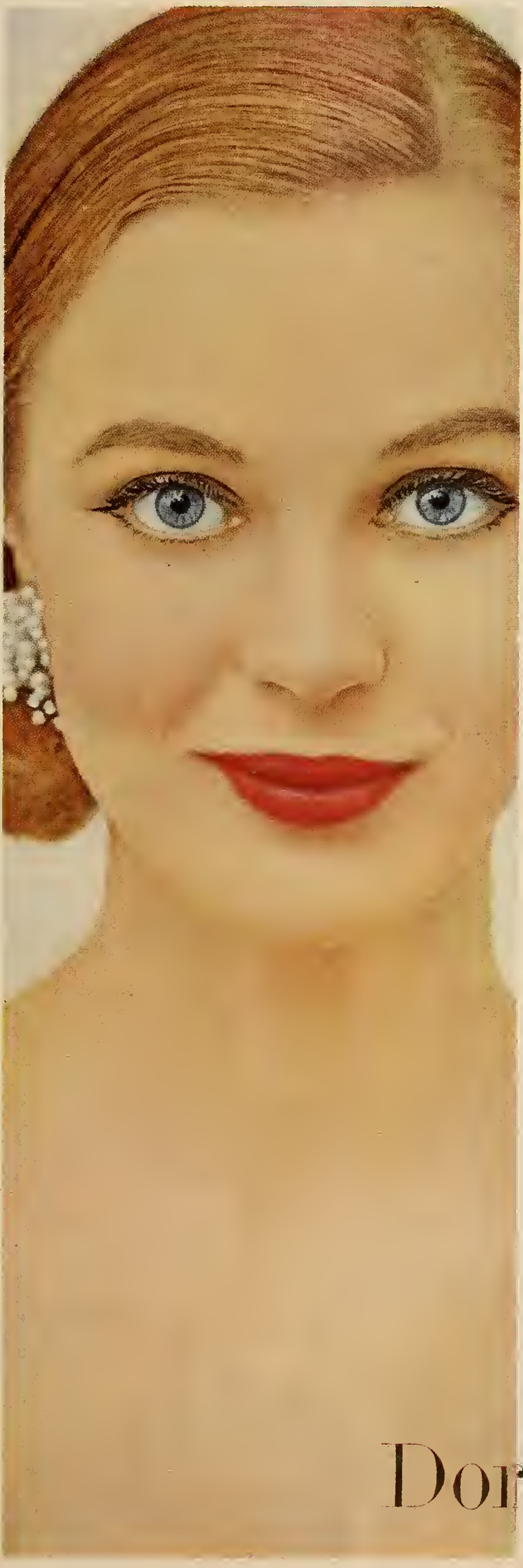
Now Kim can walk into a crowded room with the poise of royalty: She just picks out someone or something to center her gaze on, and is oblivious to the chorus of stares.

"When I'm at an important event or actually doing a dramatic scene like in *The Eddy Duchin Story*, I'm seldom nervous. It's usually after it's all over that I begin to worry. Then, I get so tense, I can't sleep."

At times like these Kim has another remedy. She skips rope until she's relaxed. "Of course, I have to be careful not to disturb the person who lives downstairs," she assured, "so I skip on tiptoe."

Seems Kim hasn't met her new neighbor yet, and why take chances? After all, that first impression is the most lasting.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



So beautiful it sets you
completely apart...
this thin, sheer essence
of petals and pearls

Sheer Velvet Film

In seconds, Sheer Velvet liquid foundation gives your complexion exquisite all-day color. Just dot a few precious drops at forehead, chin, and cheeks...blend over entire face...and you're a flawless beauty! Though light as mist, Sheer Velvet Film vanishes tiny lines completely, discreetly ...never changes color...leaves skin softer, dewy-fresh, with or without powder. In 5 perfect shades, $1.25.

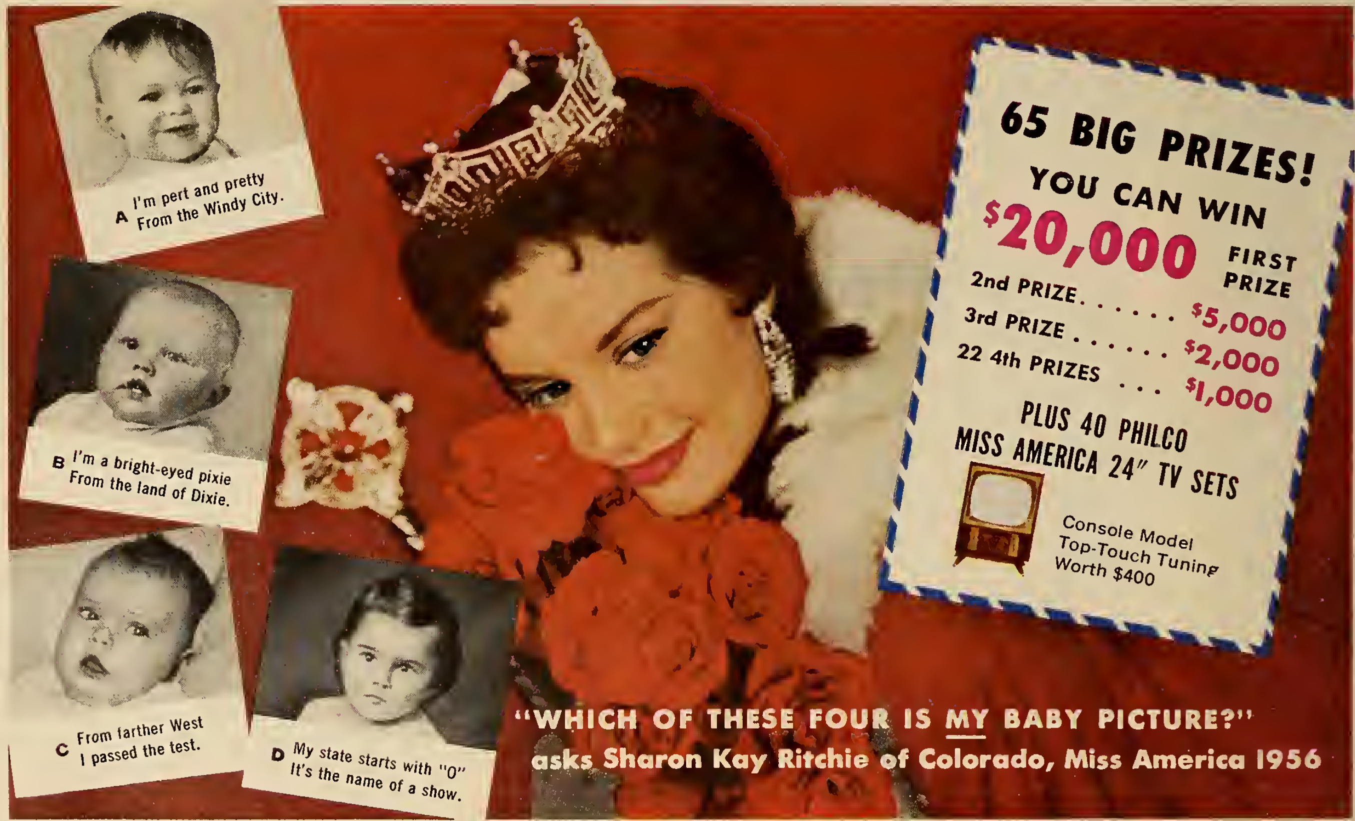
Sheer Velvet Face Powder, $1.00.
Sheer Velvet Compact (powder-plus-foundation) for instant, velvety flattery, $1.25.

For beauty the modern way...

Dorothy Gray

Which Baby is Miss America?

PICK HER PICTURE IN CAMAY'S $65,000 CONTEST



A I'm pert and pretty
From the Windy City.

B I'm a bright-eyed pixie
From the land of Dixie.

C From farther West
I passed the test.

D My state starts with "O"
It's the name of a show.

65 BIG PRIZES!
YOU CAN WIN
$20,000 FIRST PRIZE

2nd PRIZE	$5,000
3rd PRIZE	$2,000
22 4th PRIZES	$1,000

PLUS 40 PHILCO MISS AMERICA 24" TV SETS

Console Model
Top-Touch Tuning
Worth $400

"WHICH OF THESE FOUR IS MY BABY PICTURE?"
asks Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado, Miss America 1956

Here's all you do!

1. On the Official Entry Blank, just identify the baby above who became Miss America 1956. (The other 3 pictures are of runners-up in the Miss America Pageant. The hints refer to the state or city each one represented.)

2. Then, simply complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ."

It's easy to win $20,000

because you'll discover so many nice things to say about cold cream Camay! You'll love its luxurious lather, exclusive perfume, satiny-smooth feel. And once you've used Camay for your complexion care and beauty bath, you'll find even *more* compliments for Camay's skin-pampering mildness! Then in your own words, finish the contest sentence.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Check which of the above 4 pictures you think is Miss America as a baby.

2. In 25 additional words or less, complete this sentence: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ." Use the Official Entry Blank in this advertisement or write on one side of a sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address plainly.

3. Mail to: Camay, Dept. C, Box 75, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers (or facsimiles), any size. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, April 27 and received by midnight, May 11, 1956.

4. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may enter, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

5. Entries will be judged on correct identification of Miss America's baby picture, and on the originality, sincerity and aptness of thought in completing the contest sentence. Judges' decisions final. Except for incidental help from families and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional or compensated help. Only one prize to a person. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong, unqualifiedly, to Procter & Gamble.

6. Prizes will be:

1st Prize	$20,000
2nd Prize	$5,000
3rd Prize	$2,000
22 4th Prizes	$1,000 each
Next 40 Prizes	Philco Miss America 24" TV sets

7. All prize winners will be notified by mail. List of winners available on request—approximately 2 months after close of contest.

USE THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

Check the letter here which refers to Miss America's baby picture above: ☐ A ☐ B ☐ C ☐ D

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . .

MAIL TO: Camay, Dept. C, Box 75,
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Name____________________
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address____________________
City____________________
Zone______State____________

With each entry enclose 3 wrappers from any size Camay

New! contains COLD CREAM
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
the "Beauty-Bath" size

Enter Today

CONTEST CLOSES
April 27, 1956

THERE'S FINE
COLD CREAM
IN
CAMAY

AN OPEN LETTER TO GRACE KELLY

Dear Grace:

There have been some harsh words between you and MODERN SCREEN in the last few months. Without dredging up the unpleasant past, we'd like to say very simply—we were wrong. Totally wrong. We thought you were headed for disaster; and that we might suggest a detour. Instead we find that without making a single compromise, you've found your happiness in a fairy-tale love that we'd never believe—if it had happened to anyone else.

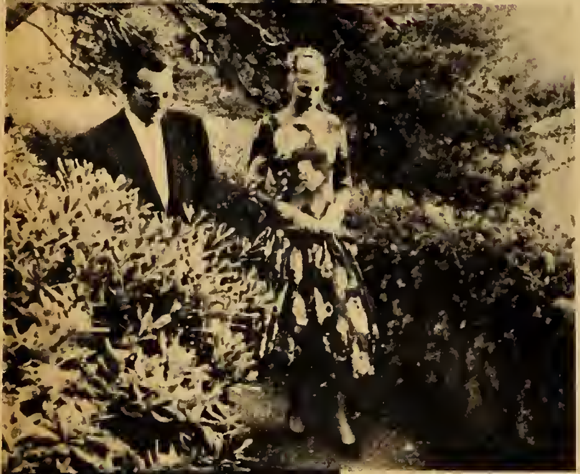
But it happened to you, Grace—and if it seems to be too beautiful to be real—well, that's only because you, our lovely, serene lady, are the one for whom dreams are made. And if it seems to have happened so fast—a summer meeting, a smile and then a love—well, isn't that the way it always happens in the books about Princes in shining armor and Princesses with shining, golden hair? We are not past the age of romance.

We have a little wedding gift for you, Grace. On the following pages we have collected a special portfolio—the stories of your storybook romance in pictures and eye-witness reports.

The first is the story of the beginning, by your very good friend, Elsa Maxwell, who was there. After that there's a report that might amuse you—it certainly did us—of what was going on on the *other* side of that closed door the day you and your Prince followed each other in and out of that apartment. "Reporter X" was there, too, though you didn't know him. And the last article is by a charming lady you will meet very soon, the Comtesse de Morelos. Like you, she is an American woman who married into the French-Monogasque peerage, and she has consented to tell us—and you—what lies ahead when you marry.

We hope that you will find these stories and the pictures amusing, informative—perhaps a collection to treasure. They come to you with our best wishes, Princess Grace—with our love and our prayers for your continued happiness.

Charles D. Saxon
Editor



Elsa Maxwell introduced Grace to Jean-Pierre Aumont who accompanied her last summer to Monaco for her private audience with Prince Rainier. Kelly-Aumont romance accounted for Grace's delayed reaction to the Prince, although she confessed to Elsa at the time that the Prince had a marvelous way with tigers: They loved to embrace him!

Grace Kelly and the Prince

Grace's long-time friend Elsa had a hunch that Grace had found the right man.

Elsa Maxwell says

I SAW IT COMING!

■ Last New Year's Day, vacationing in Florida and seeking to make amends for the fact that although I was on the committee of The Monte Carlo Ball, I wouldn't be there, I wired Mrs. Lytle Hull, the ball's president, to this effect: *Invite Miss Grace Kelly, 988 Fifth Avenue, to be your guest with Prince Rainier. Very important. Elsa.*

Four days later the Palace of Monaco and the Kellys of Philadelphia announced the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier engagement. And everywhere people cried, "I don't believe it!" "They will never marry!" In the first case they have been proved wrong. I believe they also will be proved wrong in the second case.

You saw the pictures of Grace and Prince Rainier at the ball, in the royal box, hung with Monaco's Royal Standard and looped with great curtains. Behind these curtains, more than once, Grace and her Prince, their hands clasped, forgot the world in each others' eyes.

Grace looked more like a Princess and acted more like a Princess than most European Princesses.

"Always," Mrs. Lytle Hull told me, "I shall remember the instinctive way in which she took a place slightly deferential to him, never losing one whit of dignity thereby, attaining greater dignity in fact."

When Grace and Prince Rainier were leaving the Waldorf that night they said to Mrs. Hull, "Let us know when the next ball is to be. We'll come, wherever we are."

Then, unwilling to be separated although the hour was late, they went off to a little supper club where they danced the rest of the night away.

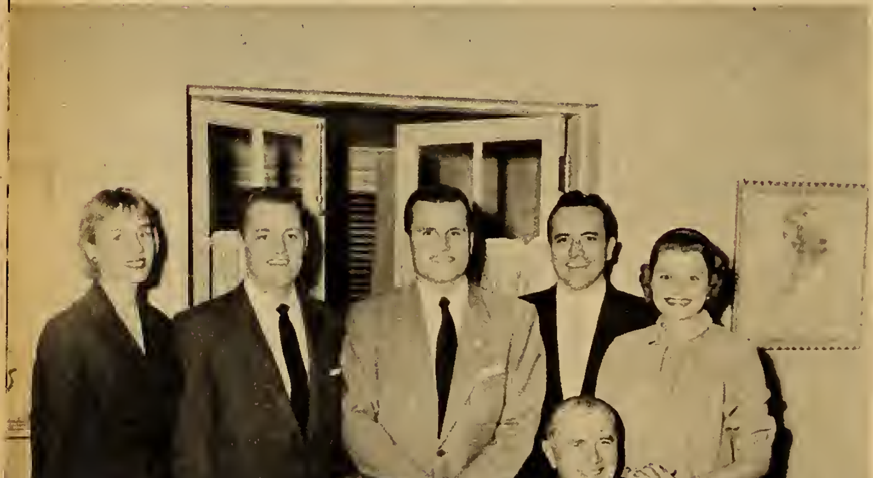
Nobody had any advance information on the announcement, not even Grace's best friends. But I can say I saw it coming. I had a hunch. And my hunch, like most hunches, I suspect, was born of a combination of facts and observations.

And now, incidentally, another hunch. I think Grace will marry Prince Rainier in Monaco. With her sense of fitness I do not think she would ask him to be married elsewhere than in his principality. I know that she will be a wonderful princess in more than appearance, learn to be equal to the Prince's family and diplomatic problems and prove herself one of the most effective ambassadors we ever have had in Europe.

Why do I say I had a hunch about the couple's interest in each other? Here are the facts that (*Continued on page 90*)

Focus of Friday engagement party was Grace's diamond-and-ruby ring (Monaco's colors). Kellys announced Grace would bring no dowry.

Quoted as saying, "Here I am, a bricklayer's wife—and my daughter's marrying a Prince," Mrs. Kelly looked like a proper Philadelphia matron as she charmed press, posed for traditional mother-looks-at-ring news picture.



Prince and in-laws gathered for picture on the big announcement day. Front row, left to right: Prince, Grace, her parents, older sister. Back row: sister-in-law, brother-in-law, brother Jack, brother-in-law; younger sister.

Father Tucker, who arranged for Grace and the Prince to meet again in the U.S. and who advised the Kellys of the Prince's intentions, congratulated his royal communicant.

Reporters and photographers (among them "Reporter X") descended on Kellys' Philadelphia mansion to scoop each other on the biggest star story of this or any other year.

Grace Kelly and the Prince

"Reporter X" confides:

MY THREE FRANTIC DAYS WITH GRACE

■ Covering a royal romance is strictly not my dish of tea. But when my editor got the word on Grace and her Prince he roared, "Follow that girl!" and I did. For three days—in New York, Philadelphia and back to New York—Kelly was my beat. It got so I could even spell Monagasque backwards. I filed thousands of words on January 6th, 7th, 8th—those three days that shook the world and Hollywood. Just for the record, here's what really happened, from one who never left Grace's side during the most important days of her life. Here it is exactly as I logged it in my notebook on the most glamorous assignment of my life. (I must confess I cribbed the first entry from Jack O'Brian, who scooped us all.)

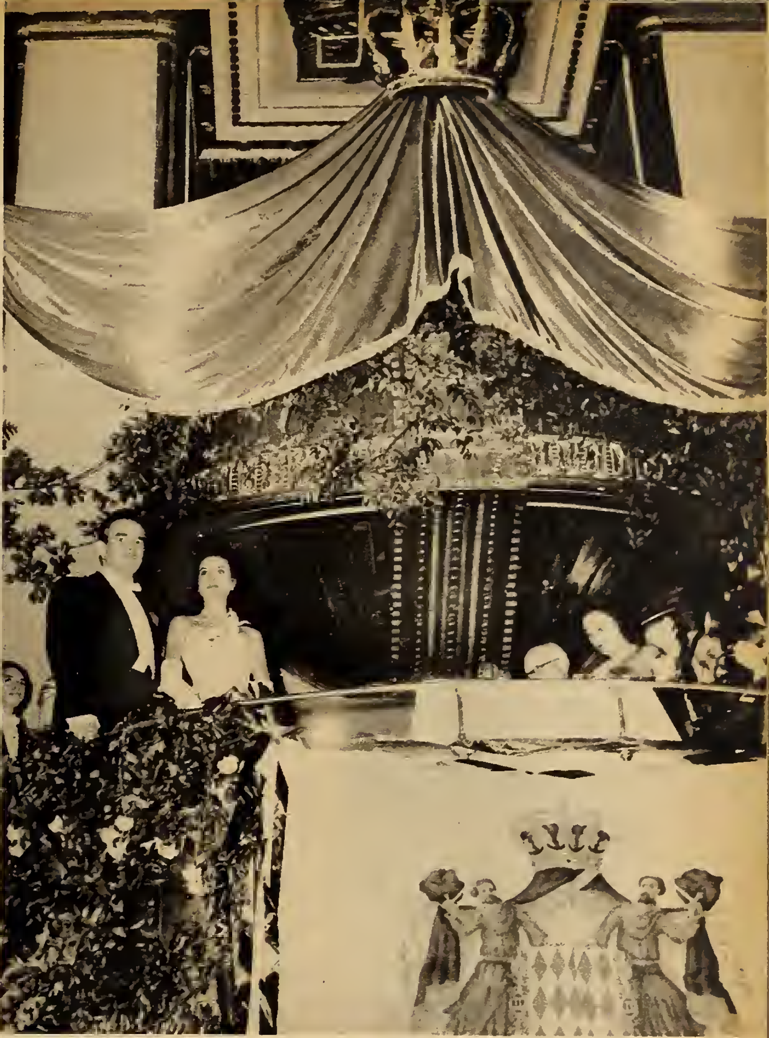
JANUARY 6th—FRIDAY

2:30 A.M. New York *Journal American* columnist Jack O'Brian is sitting in the Cub Room at the Stork Club when he spots Grace and His Serene Highness in a gay gathering of six at a comfy corner table. Jack, a crackerjack columnist and reporter, remembers Grace's visit to the Prince's palace last year and he knows the Prince has come to America to seek a wife. Putting one and one together, columnist O'Brian comes up with a story. All he needs is confirmation.

Jack knows Grace from her television acting days in New York before she went on to Hollywood triumphs and the Academy Award for 1954. Had Grace and the Prince been without the others, the columnist would have gone over to their table and popped the question. But with the others present, Jack decides to send a note. He writes: "Dear Grace, I understand you will announce your engagement on Thursday or Friday." At the bottom of the paper O'Brian puts two little boxes labeled "Yes" and "No," and adds the request, "Answer one, please."

(*Continued on page 99*)

"REPORTER X" who followed Grace during her first week end as an engaged girl works for a leading New York daily paper and must remain strictly anonymous.



Saturday's society ball brought out New York's 400 to gape at Grace and Prince, who opened the affair, nibbled candied violets in the privacy of their box and on the stroke of midnight drew winners for the door prizes. As they left the ball an unidentified woman bussed the Prince and Grace snapped, "Wipe that lipstick off your face." Next day all was forgiven as the royal couple strolled happily down Fifth Avenue on their way to lunch.

Brenda Helser, the Comtèsse de Morelos tells

WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE TO BE "LA PRINCESSE GRACIA PATRIZIA"

Grace tried Monaco's palace on for size last summer when she visited the Prince for Paris Match *story.*

■ Grace Kelly is the first American girl to become consort of a ruler of anything more important than a coconut isle. Many coconut islands are larger, by far, than the Principauté de Monaco, but no other country can claim so much civilization per square inch. Of Monaco's 20,000 residents, most of whom would *like* to be, only 2,200 *are* princely subjects. Becoming Monagasque is harder than becoming American, for which birth in The United States is sufficient qualification. A child born in Monaco of foreign parents can become Monagasque only if he spends at least ten years in the Principality. Already Grace's future nationality has caused one squabble. My husband, the Comte de Morelos, host of a recent Paris dinner party, remarked casually, "Of course, she'll be giving up her American citizenship." "She'll probably be forced to," I said sadly, "but no one will really blame her." "Blame her!" echoed Vicomte Mantout. "You Americans are truly amazing!" Mantout may be prejudiced, for he was abruptly divorced in Nevada last month by his American wife. "And you exaggerate," said the host exchanging looks with his countrymen. "The girl is marrying a reigning prince and you quibble!" Neither of the (*Continued on page 68*)

Prince showed Grace his glamorous kingdom, less than half the size of New York's Central Park.

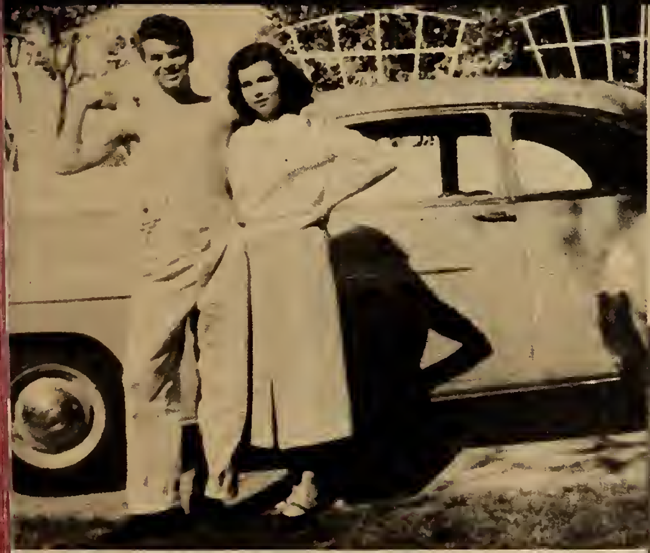
When Prince Rainier announced his engagement Monaco's store windows displayed Grace's picture.

Palace contains 200 rooms, commands a spectacular view of the Mediterranean (where rides the royal yacht) and Monte Carlo which produces royal revenue. The palace is staffed with 100 servants for Grace to direct and a 69-man "army" to guard her.

Formal portrait of Miss Grace Kelly and His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco

Animals I was always crazy for.
Met that deer on a camping trip.
Then at fourteen I was an actor.
Played a poet who got drowned
in the third act. Almost did, too.

"I know why," Venetia told him. "You're saying goodbye to your boyhood — and taking a wife!"



Pretty, huh? (The girl, Smartie, not me!)
No, I won't tell you her name. The lady
on the right is your Mom-in-law;
I was a sailor for a bit part in a movie.

Jean Simmons is expecting—but she's not getting sentimental. Why, she didn't even tell a soul—hardly!

"IT'S JUST OUR SECRET"

(yours and 85 other people)

by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Expectant motherhood is bringing Jean Simmons new ideas; she won't be running off to live the rest of her life in foreign places, she has a yearning to try her hand as a cook at last, and she may give up driving.

It was only a matter of days after she learned that she was going to have a baby that she realized there were going to be some changes (no pun intended) in the life of the Grangers. Someone asked her about the buy-a-house-in-Spain idea long talked about by Jimmy (her husband, Stewart Granger).

"Spain!" she cried, as if in disbelief. "Oh, we've changed our minds, Jimmy and I, about that. We were going once, yes. And we were going to buy a farm in Kenya, South Africa. And then there was Switzerland—so centrally located in Europe, Jimmy pointed out, between the movie studios in England and Italy. And not long ago we were talking about getting a home in Connecticut. But that's all over with, now that the baby is on the way. We realize, as imminent parents—and don't spell that eminent, please!—that we are terribly happy right here in California!"

"Right here," specifically, no longer means their old home atop a Beverly Hills mountain, but a new house, a bigger place with tiled swimming pool, set against the wooded, rolling slopes of Bel Air. And "we" not only includes Jean and Jimmy, but his two children by a former marriage, Jamie, who is eleven, and Lindsay, who is ten; both now living with their father permanently.

Jean looks happy these days, and talks happy. In fact she can hardly stop talking about what's going to happen to her, even though she entreats all visitors not to. "Please, let's not get sentimental and sickening about it!" is her usual request. Yet it turns out that, like all newly expectant mothers, she can't talk about much else. One of the typical stories told about her (*Continued on page* 72)

SIDNEY SKOLSKY'S OSCAR PREDICTIONS

I'm sitting at my typewriter, long before the Oscar returns are in, picking my winners. It's a game you'll have fun playing, too, so why not match your choices against mine. It won't be long before we know.

BEST ACTRESS: ANNA MAGNANI

I think the temper of the times and the trend in Hollywood toward imported stars favors Magnani. Of course it'll be a two-filly race between Magnani and Hayward.

BEST ACTOR: JAMES CAGNEY

He should get it for *Love Me Or Leave Me* but Ernest Borgnine will give him competition and so will James Dean. The Academy might just announce that their choice is Dean.

Sidney Skolsky tells some surprising tales about Hollywood's

THE TRUTH ABOUT OSCAR

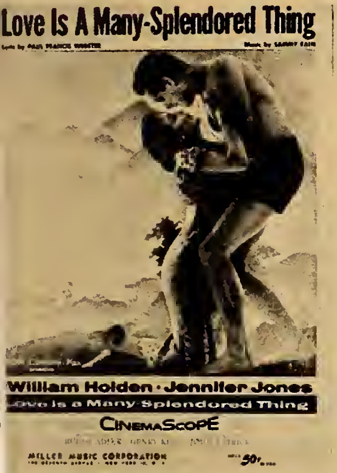
■ Oscar is the most important man in Hollywood. Some 2,600 people will fill the Pantages Theatre one evening this March, and over 50,000,000 people across the country will tune in their TV sets, to see him. I'm a pushover for Oscar, I must admit, because I named him. This statement of fact always produces denials from two otherwise charming ladies.

Bette Davis explained in print recently how *she* came to name the Academy Award statuette "Oscar." She had just won him for *Dangerous* in 1935, and as Bette writes, "About the same time I finally wheedled out of my husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., the tenaciously guarded secret of his middle name. It was 'Oscar.' To tease him, I began to call my statuette

BEST PICTURE: MARTY

This is the big one. And yet I don't think a big-screen picture will win. I think that, for the third year in a row, a standard size, black-and-white film will win. I pick *Marty*.

ERLOIN 59
WING BEE


Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing
William Holden · Jennifer Jones
Love is a Many-Splendored Thing
CinemaScope
MILLER MUSIC CORPORATION
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BEST SONG: LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING

No doubt about it in my mind, Oscar will be singing this lovely ballad. Of course Jennifer Jones and Bill Holden did much to push this one to the top but it deserves to win.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: JACK LEMMON

I think this boy has had many good workouts and is due to cop the title. His job in *Mister Roberts* was clocked fast by the boys who know. And I say that he's the one who should have it.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: JO VAN FLEET

She's new but I don't think her supporting performances in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* or *East Of Eden* can be ignored. My money's on Jo Van Fleet, a gal who can really act.

leading citizen, and he has every right to. After all, Sidney's the guy who named him Oscar!

'Oscar.' Soon, 'Oscar' was adopted by the Industry—and that's how the Academy Award statuettes got their name."

The other lovely lady is Margaret Herrick, executive director of the Academy. Margaret says she named it after her uncle, Oscar Pierce, "A Texas wheat farmer of dignity, austerity and commanding authority." Margaret is vague on the date when gold statuette and uncle merged into Oscar.

I feel awkward disputing the conflicting statements of two ladies, but I remember clearly that I named Oscar. I swear on a stack of Oscars my story is true. I had been transferred by the New York *Daily News* to Hollywood. Covering my first Academy Awards banquet and still regarding myself as a Broadwayite, I thought Hollywood was taking their awards too seriously. In particular, I couldn't tolerate speaker after speaker referring to the Award as "the gold statuette." It continued for hours: "The gold statuette for the best performance by an actress to Katharine Hepburn for *Morning* (*Continued on page 80*)

Where did she find that picture? I thought I'd burned it!

Brother Ben

My sister wrote this story—she meant well—but please read my notes

Who says she's in her right mind???

■ Nobody in their right mind would admit such a thing, but I must confess the first time I saw my brother, when he and mother came home from the hospital, I dashed upstairs to the bathroom and devoted the next half hour to losing my breakfast. It wasn't revulsion, you understand (or so I keep telling myself)—it was only that my two-year-old nerves couldn't stand the excitement.

And how old are you, sis?

My nerves are now twenty-four-years old, and in the interim they have been alternately frazzled and calmed by brother Ben. First in Hartford, then on Long Island, and right now the two of us are sharing an apartment near Hollywood. Or perhaps I should say that Ben has invited me to stay with him while I am on the west coast.

WHAT?

That's better!

This arrangement has its advantages (besides being brother and sister, we're friends—we like each other), but it has its drawbacks, too. You might say that Ben is not the world's neatest housekeeper. When he met me at the airport last March he told me about the chocolate sponge pie he'd baked for me. From Mother's recipe, and my favorite dessert. "And I've got the apartment neat as a pin for you," he bragged.

True!

Isn't that sweet of him, I thought, but the door wasn't all the way open before I could see a mountain of papers on top of the cupboard near the entrance. And the glasses on the sink, among other things. It was a Sunday, and that afternoon when I asked if we could have a Sunday paper, you know what he said? "Oh, no, a Sunday paper would get the place all messed up."

neatly stacked!

WELL

Training!

Ben's birth rounded out the Cooper family, and there were no more additions. I've often thought it a lucky fact for my parents, as he and I were quite enough for any two strong, normal people to have crashing about the house. There was the trench dug in the garden for war games, the dog, nine cats, the skunk and the horse, and even when we were asleep we didn't let up. We both talked in our sleep, often socked each other, and sometimes I added to the fray by strolling around the property completely asleep, guided only by Providence. One night when Mother and Ben returned home after a performance of *Life With Father*, Ben spotted me hanging over the banister at the top of the stairs, just like Raggedy Ann. He was ten at the time, and I must say my brother had considerable presence of mind, even then. Instead of yelling and waking me and giving Mother a heart attack, he just ran quietly up the stairs and took my hand and led me off to my room.

I did

what a sweet doll

Gentleman Ben?

that's what you call "Life with Sister"

But then Ben always was a little older, and had more sense, than people gave him credit for. On Hallowee'n when I was twelve I had a party, and inasmuch as I was at the post-office age, we played post office. The kids went into the hall closet to kiss, and after about an hour I found out that Ben had been hiding behind the coats to see what he could see. I called Dad

Nothing as I look back

This is Ben talking: According to my sister I'm hard to wake up and I mess up the bathroom! Nonsense! She's just over-sensitive.

and me

by Bunny Cooper

or you'll get everything fouled up—Ben C.

for help, and he hauled Ben off to his room. But being Dad, he wasn't really teed off.

"Well, did you learn anything?" he asked Ben.

"Oh heck," said Ben, "you're born knowing about that stuff."

BIG DEAL!

Anyway, we grew up, ~~and it's a wonder.~~ Ben had to add to the natural chaos by becoming an actor when he was eight, and that in itself is enough for parents to handle. ~~Nobody in~~ our family had ever been in any form of show business, and Dad was a designing engineer and hoping Ben would like to be one, too, and then a friend of the family's told Mother they were auditioning for the part of the youngest son in *Life With Father*. And Mother, who had been a nurse, and whose only connection with curtains had been those between the beds in wards, decided it would be a lark to take Ben into New York and see what an audition was like. There was such a mob backstage that she would have left, but her dander was ruffled by the other mothers there, who thought it was pretty funny that a woman had a boy in tow who'd never been in a play before. When somebody announced ~~later that Master Ben~~ Cooper was to play Harlan, Mother almost flipped, she was that surprised.

For me too!

they did real well too!

I would have too!

I had to open my BIG mouth

SHE'S surprised!!

This is Bunny talking. Ben's a gem around the house—always ready to help with the dishes—by distracting my attention from the nasty job!

And then Ben was such a success, and liked it so well, Mother and Dad went along with it. They've always been like that. As long as something was right for us, ~~if we wanted to do it, that~~ was all right with them. Just the same, it must have been a worry, having a youngster on Broadway. I remember when Ben left the play after three years, ~~he was playing baseball one~~ day outside the house. He connected with a ball and sent it through a neighbor's window, and Dad gave him a proper bawling out—but later that evening he grinned at Mother and said, "Wasn't that great?" ~~I guess~~ he felt no son was a real boy until he'd poked out somebody's window with a baseball, and Ben hadn't had much time for that sort of thing.

CHECK ✓

Only three?

He never told ME that!

GOOD THING

After the play Ben was swamped with radio and TV work, which made him a real show business pro at an early age. I can honestly say that our parents did a wonderful job in keeping Ben's head down to normal size. Dad used to tell him: "People expect you to be fresh and stuck-up just because you're an actor. So be yourself, but be careful." Ben didn't get any special privileges either. He got twenty-five cents a week for spending money, the same as the other kids. And even though he attended school at St. Luke's Parochial only in the afternoons (because he slept late after being a junior night owl), he always came out with grades among the highest in the class.

A Princely sum!

What else!

As I said, he had a lot of horse sense, maybe from working with older people so much. When he was about twelve we were having one of our evening talks with our parents before we went to bed, and Ben said something about feeling sorry for the neighborhood kids.

(Continued on page 97)

You remember everything!

You kidding?

WHAT A TITLE!

This is both of us: We're at our best at parties. Each of us is always ready to disappear if the other meets someone interesting!

"Pier has the spark; I don't," Marisa used to say. "For me everything comes slowly—the hard way." But that was when she lived in Pier's house, dated Pier's cast-offs—before glory touched Marisa Pavan

by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

THE DARK ONE, THE QUIET ONE...

■ It was no wonder that Marisa was the one who stayed home with the baby. Pier was a swan—no mistake—but Marisa was an ugly duckling. Pier's hair curled in delightful ringlets around her oval face. Marisa's was straight as piano wires, squared off around her bonier features with bangs and a Dutch bob. Her complexion was an ordinary olive, not the alabaster tint which Italians prize so highly, the kind Pier had. Pier was graceful and daintily sculptured; Marisa was chubby. Pier prattled with a musical lilt; her own voice was low and husky. Nobody ever called her "Bambola," which means "doll," as they did Pier. They said Marisa was a tomboy.

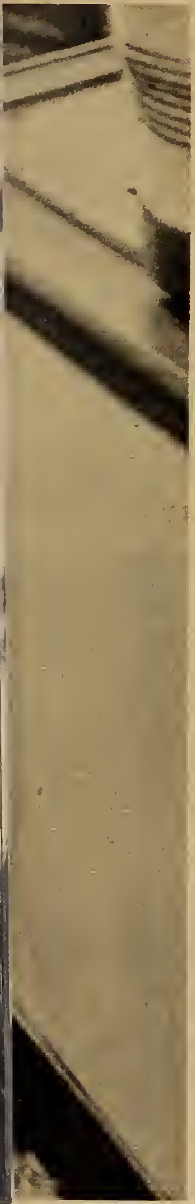
Marisa was never her daddy's pet, as Pier was. She couldn't bring herself to cuddle coquettishly up on his lap and tease him into whatever she wanted. She sensed his masculine disappointment that she wasn't a charmer. Her mother tried to make up for the lost affection. "Annarella"—little Annie—was Luigi Pierangeli's favorite. Marisa (a quick way to say Maria Luisa) became Mama's girl.

But if their difference posed this subtle family division, the twins themselves were cemented by a strong bond in the face of every rivalry their strange lives have given them. Perhaps the fact that they were not alike in any respect and didn't pretend to be, warded off clashes of real rivalry. As Pier puts it, "Marisa's all inside—I'm all outside." Understanding that, they (*Continued on page 70*)

MAMA GOES A-HUNTING

Photo by London Express

"If Vic had his way," Pier sighs, "the poor baby would wear only a diaper. He thinks it is manly for Perry's chest to show!" If Pier had her *way, though, her son would wear frills ("They are so pretty!"), so the Damones have compromised on simple knitted baby clothes—with* tops *and* bottoms.



Unlike sister Marisa, Pier Angeli doesn't travel alone.

When she went to London to make a movie she took her husband and son along

■ Cats go to London to look at the queen. Movie stars, on the other hand, go to London to look at a cat. Possibly that's a slight exaggeration, but for a while, it seemed that way, at least within a hundred feet of Pier Angeli. For Pier was out a-hunting, her eyes sparkling, her hair (grown back to its usual below-the-shoulder length) streaming, her quick hands reaching eagerly for anything and everything that might possibly delight her small son with the large name, Perry Rocco Luigi Damone. In her wake traveled a haggard friend, rescuing music boxes, replacing boxing gloves on the shelf, keeping up a constant uneasy mutter of, "No, Pier, he already has six . . . No, Pier, he's five years too young for that . . . No, Pier, he'll only smash it!" To all of which Pier's indignant treble would retort, "But he is very clever for his age. Very careful. Very—mature! And," the voice would grow soft amidst the bustle of the London stores, "so very lonely for his mama when I am working."

"Now, Pier. Vic's there. The nurse is there. And for that matter, *you're* there. Why, the way you dash home from the studio you'd think the poor kid was breathing his last!"

"Bite your tongue to say such a thing!" Pier ordered. Then her eyelids lowered. "But, I will tell you, it is not safe in that apartment. I do not sleep easy ever since we were robbed. Those thieves, in December they stole all my jewelry. That was awful, but jewelry one can live without. But suppose they come back when my baby is there?" (*Continued on next page*)

PIER ANGELI *continued*

"Now, Pier, they're not coming back. The police . . ."

But Pier wasn't listening. Now those dark eyes were peering toward the back of the store, the white brow was creased in thought, and suddenly the tiny figure was dashing between counters, snatching at a furry body and returning breathless. What a cat!

"Look," cried Pier. "A watch-cat. A friend for Perry. Is he sweet?"

The cat squirmed wildly. "Yes," the friend said. "Very sweet, Pier. But they won't let you keep a cat in the apartment. And Perry will love him so much he'll pull his tail off. If the cat doesn't scratch his eyes out first."

"My Perry? My cat? Never. They will play like brothers. They will love each other—quietly, without pulling."

"*Dear* Pier, I never heard that Vic was mad about cats."

The long lashes drooped. "That is true," said Pier. Slowly she walked back to the pet department. Then the sparkle returned. When she got back to her friend, she had traded the cat in for another of his breed—but this one was stuffed, and created of a highly improbable orange fur.

"The resemblance is very close," said Pier. "And he will not object if Perry should, sometime, pull his tail a little—or even his ears." She drew herself up proudly. "Such a *vigorous* baby he is," said Pier Angeli. **END**

When she can be torn away from Perry, Pier works hard on Port Afrique, *which has a highly international flavor. Pier, an Italian, plays a Spanish singer in the American movie—being filmed in England!*

Jimmy Stewart:

I ALWAYS MISS THE KIDS

Shooting movies on a round-the-world schedule leaves family man Jim little time for anything but memories

by **STEVE CRONIN**

■ Jimmy Stewart, his long legs dangling over the arm of an easy chair, sat in Room 144 of the conservative Ritz Hotel in Paris. He ran his hand through his blond hair, hair that's been dyed for his latest picture, *The Spirit Of St. Louis,* and sighed, "I sure miss the kids."

Wife Gloria bent over and kissed Jim on the forehead.

"You should," she cracked. "You've hardly seen them all year."

Jim reached up and pulled Gloria down on his lap. "When this picture's finished," he suggested, "let's stay home for a while."

Gloria Stewart shook her lovely head in the gesture of a mother goodnaturedly reproving a wayward child. "Okay," she agreed. "We'll stay a long time . . . three minutes, anyway."

Later she described "the fantastic travel kick we've been on."

Gloria explained how travel had transformed "Jim and me, a couple of homebodies, into a pair of globe-trotters. We get home from Africa or Japan (*Continued on page 74*)

LORI NELSON'S PROBLEM: always a date—never a best girl

by JANE WILKIE

■ There is a dear old lady living in North Hollywood, and once a year she belts around the country visiting her many relatives. On these annual jaunts she enjoys the train and bus rides as much as the actual visits, for these give her opportunity to spread the word about her granddaughter, who is a movie star in Hollywood. Often the people who sit next to her have heard of Lori Nelson, a circumstance which warms the old lady's heart, but if not, they are given a dissertation, replete with life history and movies made, and sometimes even receive photographs.

Her grandmother is Lori's pride and despair; pride because Lori is so fond of the old dear, and her despair because every time Lori responds to Grandma Thompson's request for photographs (assertedly to be put into a scrapbook), she knows quite well they will be passed out to strangers on the next (*Continued on page 87*)

Tab Hunter, Lori's most frequent and constant date since she's been in movies, announces frequently that she's his "ideal girl," but so far he's made no move to settle down, dates almost every starlet in town. Dick Clayton, right, is Lori's agent and Tab's best friend—when he takes Lori out, as he does frequently, they talk business, not romance, go to photographer-filled night spots or premières.

Far left. Frequently out with a crowd, Lori and Tab chauffeur Adele August, Bud Pennell, Jeanette Miller. Bob Kenaston, left, admires Lori's excellent taste in clothes, the poise that makes her a perfect date for a sophisticated night-club evening; Hugh O'Brian (the taller clown on the right) goes for the sense of humor that takes Lori from the sublime to the ridiculous without missing a beat, baggy pants, paint and all—but is too concerned with his career to think of love.

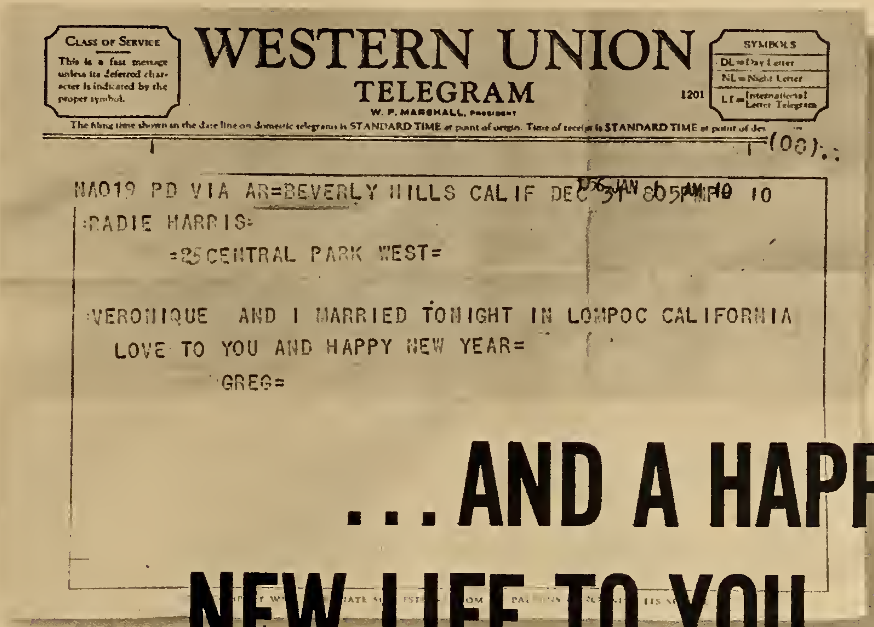
Bob Wagner, opposite, is just a good friend; Lori got to know him when he dated her close pal Debbie Reynolds. Wayne Mallory, right, is Guy Madison's brother and an up-and-coming star, but in no position to marry; Laurence Harvey, far right, divides his time between the U. S. and England so Lori sees him only sporadically, continues her succession of dates—but no romances.

■ *"Veronica and I married tonight in Lompoc, California. Love to you and Happy New Year. Greg."*

It was typical of Greg Peck's thoughtfulness to have wired me this happy news before it was released to the general press. It was also typical of his "colossal dignity" (as John Huston so aptly described Greg's basic quality ofter working with him in *Moby Dick*) that no press or photographers were present at the ceremony. There was none of the Hollywood hoop-la customary when such a famous and popular movie hero takes a bride—even if it isn't his first. Not even Greg's personal press agent was tipped off as to when and where the wedding would take place! Before Greg and Veronique quietly slipped away to Channing Peake's ranch in the Santa Inez Valley, forty-five miles north of Santa Barbara, where Greg has leased a flourishing cattle ranch, he handed his super press agent Arthur Jacobs a sealed envelope. "Please don't open this until you hear from me," Greg instructed.

After the ceremony, performed by Judge Arden Jensen of Santa Barbara, had taken place in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Peake, their four children and Greg's mother and stepfather, Greg called Arthur, who wasted no time ripping open the envelope. Greg had written him all the vital information about the wedding, and enclosed a few pictures of himself and Veronique taken three days previous, so that the press could be serviced even though no photographers covered the actual ceremony.

Because Greg was still filming *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*, there was only time for a three-day honeymoon over the New Year holiday, which they spent at the ranch they both love. Even their closest friends weren't let in on the secret. Dorothy and Ray Massey, who had expected to spend New Year's with them, received a wire from Greg, saying that for good and personal reasons, he was going away for the week end, but he



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NA019 PD VIA AR=BEVERLY HILLS CALIF DEC 31 805P 1956 JAN 1 AM 10 10
:RADIE HARRIS:
=25 CENTRAL PARK WEST=

:VERONIQUE AND I MARRIED TONIGHT IN LOMPOC CALIFORNIA
LOVE TO YOU AND HAPPY NEW YEAR=
GREG=

. . . AND A HAPPY NEW LIFE TO YOU, VERONIQUE AND GREG

"If you keep our secret until the marriage, I promise you the first story." That's what Greg told his good friend Radie, and this was the telegram that gave us the go-ahead

by Radie Harris

would see them as soon as he got back. Needless to say, Dorothy and Ray weren't too surprised when three nights later, they dined with Mr. and *Mrs.* Greg Peck!

Unfortunately, being 3,000 miles away, I couldn't join in the celebration, so I phoned to congratulate them and also to ask them some questions of my own. Naturally, the first one the female in me wanted to know was what Veronique had worn as her bridal gown. She came to the phone and told me—"A Balenciaga dark blue ensemble of Italian silk and a white tulle hat with a perky white flower in front." From Greg, I wanted to know whether they were staying on in the Pacific Palisades home he had occupied as a bachelor this past year, or whether they were buying a larger house? "We are not going to buy yet," was Greg's answer. "But Veronique is out every day looking for a house to rent—nothing grand, but comfortable and large enough for us and the three boys, who will spend their summers with us. No, we are not planning a belated honeymoon. We are happy just to have our roots here in California. Remember, I was away from home for three years, and it is good to be back again. Veronique has fallen in love with my native California, too. As soon as I finish *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*, I hope to start another picture right away for my own company Melville Productions—that is, if I can find the right script. I am still looking. So is Veronique. She has the advantage of being able to read several languages, so if I don't find something in English, we are hoping she may run across a foreign play or novel that might lend itself to translation."

Veronique has other advantages that make her qualify as an ideal wife for Greg, the most important being her wonderful relationship with his sons. To help establish this relationship Veronique came to Hollywood last May. Greg wanted Jonathan, Steven and Carey Paul to get to know Veronique as a (*Continued on page* 92)

Bewildered French sailors found Jane, in a bright red wig, reading the Bible. 30 seconds later she was dancing like mad and passing refreshments!

Husband Robert Waterfield, big and quiet, is the only person Jane doesn't order around—or use her extensive vocabulary of four-letter words on, either.

Ma had no trouble when Jane was a tot. But in her teens Jane ran with "a bunch of hellions" and Ma had to adopt them all to get Daughter home!

■ Jane Russell was quoting the Bible—as usual. This time she was doing so in the course of a speech for the benefit of WAIF. It was quite an extensive quote and it wound the talk up nicely. "That's from Deuteronomy," Jane said, smiling. "Any questions?"

A hand went up in the front row and a woman rose. "This isn't exactly a question," she said. "It's a correction. That quote was from Judges."

"No," Jane said firmly, "it was from Deuteronomy."

"Judges."

"Deuteronomy," said Jane. The smile grew set, slightly ominous.

"Judges, Miss Russell. I've taught Sunday School for twenty years and I—"

"I don't give a d--- what you've been doing," boomed the saintly Miss Russell. "That's Deuteronomy and that's that!"

She was right, too.

Afterwards, repenting backstage, she muttered, "Well, that's Old Jane for you—biggest mouth in town." Then she brightened. "At least," she said, "now maybe they'll stop calling me a female Billy Graham!"

Ever since it got out—with a bang—that Jane, offstage, lives it up in chapel more than anywhere else, misunderstood Miss Russell has found herself billed as the holy, homey, wholesome, housebroken type, spreading sweetness, light, Bibles and charity with a gentle hand. That wasn't enough—she had to go and adopt an English baby, then organize a red-tape-cutting society for women who wished to go and do likewise. "Ever since," she mourns, "they don't call (*Continued on page* 95)

Jane Russell:

I WASN'T MEANT TO BE A SAINT

First they called her a sexpot and now they call her holier-than-anyone! But if this story doesn't end that legend—nothing ever will!

by SUSAN WENDER

HESTON & SON

Chuck fought fatherhood for ten

■ Outside and far below them the tugs whistled dolefully in New York's ice-clogged East River. The Charlton Hestons were at breakfast in their Tudor City apartment; as they plowed into their scrambled eggs they could look out on a terrace studded with crisp brown privet and boxed plants huddling against winter.

"But I don't like it," Chuck said. "You know what we agreed—that after Fray was born we wouldn't be separated."

"All right," Lydia told him, "but that's the way it has to be."

Chuck reared his six-foot-four, lanky frame up from the table and, carrying his coffee cup, moved toward

photos by Jacques Lowe

"I don't want to be one of those fathers who hides behind the newspapers," says Chuck. "I want my share of responsibility." This from a guy who'd never diapered a baby until he took a course in the care and feeding of infants. Being Heston he got an "A!"

years—till he fell in love with Pablum, diapers and little boys named Fray

by PHILIP CHAPMAN

the window. His breath frosted the glass as he argued against the move.

Lydia was mild but firm. "The baby shouldn't spend the next two weeks changing climates four times. You know what the doctor said. He's crashingly healthy and that's the way he's going to stay. Right?"

"Right. But a whole week in Florida, away from the two of you . . ."

"We'll join you in New Orleans the day your Circus show is over," Lydia said. "For Pete's sake, darling, during ten years of marriage I was never able to pin you down for more than a few weeks at a time. Now you blow your stack about a week's separation. What's come over you?"

He turned from the window, grinning sheepishly. "I guess I'm making like a father. Okay, I'll see you and Fray in New Orleans in a week. I'll phone you every evening—"

"Oh, brother!" said Lydia, but her eyes were a little misty and she was smiling. "That'll be the day. Not that I'm not enchanted with the whole idea. But give me a little time to get used to it. It's like—like finding a new husband."

"Humph," snorted Chuck indignantly, and took her in his arms and bussed her soundly. "Recognize the old husband?"

I had not seen Chuck in over a year when I drove from Miami to Sarasota for a chat with him. We'd talked on the long distance phone, and he invited me over so cordially that I threw a suitcase into the luggage compartment, gassed up, and took off. I wanted to see for myself what Chuck meant when he said his baby had changed his life. I had confessed that the Hestons, especially Chuck had always puzzled me.

Chuck had never made any bones about the fact that he didn't want children just yet. There was too much to do, too many places to go. A child would mean having to settle down in one place, maybe give up good opportunities. They'd talked it all out, and although

(*Continued on page 74*)

grace kelly: by the countess

(Continued from page 43) Frenchmen understood that to an American, losing American citizenship is an utterly horrifying thought even when compensation runs as high as it will to Grace Kelly. But as an American she seems doomed, for Americans aren't permitted to accept titles, much less be crowned. Grace will have to submit to a coronation immediately or soon after her wedding. Uncrowned, Monaco cannot use her; crowned, America will not want her. It would seem that every silver sky has a cloudy lining.

The Comte Jean de Lagausie and his brother, the Marquis de Pontejac, were also at the table. Having been born in their father's summer chateau in France both are French, but their mother is Monagasque and they are Monagasque at heart. According to them, Monaco feels itself extremely lucky to be getting Grace, as though she were honoring them, instead of the other way around. They say she's proved herself more fit to be consort and eventually Princess-Mother than any previously suggested born-to-it princess. Just the same, they seem to feel that Prince Rainier had her right where he wanted her from the very beginning. Outside Monaco, the contrary is implied.

Probably Grace Patricia Kelly will become soon Altesse Sérénissime la Princess Gracia Patrizia. Otherwise, "Princess Grace" pronounced in French and translated from it, sounds incongruously like "Fat Princess." As Princess of Monaco she will need a coat of arms. These will be affixed to the windows of shops honored with her regular trade and her official princely warrant. There will be stamps issued bearing her profile, an angle hitherto unseen on movie magazine covers. Almost certainly the long-planned, new boulevard along Monaco's harbor will be named in her honor. Her linen, leather and silver will be embroidered and marked with closed crowns. Last and definitely least, her subsequent pictures ought to include the credit line: "Grace Kelly by courtesy of Rainier III."

Call her "Madame"

Serene Highnesses are not entitled to be addressed "Monseigneur," as are Royal Highnesses. According to the book, an S.A.S. must settle for the address "Prince." However, loyal Monagasques are shocked at the very idea. To them Prince Rainier is "Monseigneur," the feminine equivalent of which is "Madame," or "Ma'am," in English. While calling Grace "Madame" will do her the greatest honor, she may also be properly addressed as "Princesse," "Altesse," or "Highness" in English.

Grace herself will have to study European protocol as well as languages. On many questions European etiquette books are diametrically opposed to American. The better one's manners in America, the bigger one's errors in Europe. For instance: An American gentleman sees an American lady to her door; he must not leave her at the curb. Insisting to be seen to one's door in Europe is to issue an invitation one is sure to regret five minutes later. Furthermore, Emily Post says: "A lady *never* takes off her glove to shake hands." Over here the offered hand must *never* be covered! This originates in the fact that a married lady expects her hand to be kissed and no man should be asked to kiss a glove. Because unmarried, nonroyal ladies do not have their hands kissed, it would be surprising to see Prince Rainier kiss Grace's hand in public until after he has married her (or someone else does.)

Of course, as first lady of the land, whatever Grace does will have to be accepted by her husband's subjects—and followed. But Grace will want to know the proper etiquette to save misunderstandings on both sides. Should she be guided by Emily Post she risks being horrified at every turn and equally distressing the good people of Monaco. When Emily Post, by the by, was asked for an explanation of the differences, she replied: "I wrote my book for Americans. My advice is to follow that old saying 'When in Rome do as the Romans do.'"

Obviously, the Romans wouldn't wish the wedding to be held in Philadelphia. Rainier would never heartlessly deprive his people of the moment for which they've prayed in their churches. A more irrevocable fact is that regal weddings are always held in the country of the one who sits or shall sit on the throne. For example: A few years ago Princess Josephine-Charlotte, sister of King Baudouin of The Belgians, traveled to smaller Luxemburg to be married to Prince Jean who will, of course, reign there one day as Grand Duke.

Furthermore, such a necessarily *fabulous* affair would place an impossible burden on the Kellys who, for all their ease, have never been really social and who are not organized to handle great pomp. As leading Democrats in Republican Philadelphia they've allowed themselves to be snubbed by The Social Register, that incredible institution with its incomprehensible criterion for inclusion. However, over here it is thought that Grace is frightfully posh. The morning the engagement news reached Paris a friend telephoned and wailed, "This is awful! When Rainier has a wife as elegant as Grace Kelly we'll never again be able to ask him to our little flat." Rainier has many friends who live as unostentatiously as do Grace's family. She and her own retinue are considerably more chic, however. Oddly enough, this marriage, instead of transporting her farther from her family, will carry her right back to the nest. Hitherto she seemed to prefer playboys and their world.

EASTER SEALS
1956
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Portrait of the Prince

The Prince is more her family's style. He's a man's man; the sort other men like. The things the Kellys will like more and more about him having nothing to do with his being a prince. Actually, and on at least two occasions, Grace's father has displayed utter contempt for thrones. Rainier is a plain man; like the Kelly men, he has simple tastes. Perhaps he will be stern but he will be a devoted husband. Like the two Jack Kellys, Rainier feels unwell unless his lungs are bursting with fresh air. With many common interests The Prince and his sculling champion in-laws will be close friends most certainly.

The Shah was discouraged

The first time Mr. Kelly showed something less than awed respect for a crown was when he sent his sweaty rowing cap to King George V to show him how he felt about being tossed out of the Henley Regatta "because he works with his hands." The next time was when he discouraged The Shah of Persia's attentions to Grace. That was before she was a star and before The Shah found Soroya. It is believed he would have liked to court the Kelly's middle daughter but his religion, among other things, was against him. You can be sure that Big Jack Kelly was not impressed by Monaco's little crown and took a good look at what is under it. When displeased his handsome face freezes to stone—a trait his son and his future son-in-law very definitely share with him. It's a frightening experience, but one Grace must be used to by now.

For all the similarities it may be some time before Grace realizes she's run full circle. Daily, until after the christening of her first son, her life's excitement will increase and then, suddenly, her duty done, matters will settle down to standard Monaco pace. That's a calm she can't possibly imagine at this point. Perhaps she'll be disappointed, annoyed, or only surprised but, ultimately, as the wife of the sort of man she understands best, Grace is bound to be a happy, contented and relaxed princess. But after Monaco has its princess the place will surely not be dull. Comte de Lagausie has always maintained, "As a bachelor The Prince must live quietly but after his marriage there will be gaiety in The Palace again."

Of the four Kelly children, Grace is most like her father. She has his temperment, fine slim bones, and supreme elegance. Most definitely Mr. Kelly is not "rough and tough," as reported by Lord Beaverbrook's London Daily Express. Rather, he is so "comme il faut" he seems an actor cast in the role of a royal father-in-law. Nor could Mrs. Kelly have spoken this quote from the same paper, "Just imagine, here I am the wife of a former bricklayer, and my daughter's going to marry a prince." After two generations of one honor after another the Kellys, one and all, are pretty blasé about them. Grace's sister-in-law, the former Mary Freeman of Washington, looks very like her in appearance, but is sweet and gentle, while Grace is lofty and icy. There isn't a member of the house of Kelly who will not add lustre to the bride's side of the church (except that, in Europe, wedding guests aren't split down the aisle, groom's on one side, bride's on the other). Without this fine family, Grace could never have become a star. Although they were never "keen" about her career, the Kellys were always behind her, giving her the confidence and background that are her trademark. Above all, Prince Rainier III would never have asked for Grace's hand had her family not been all they are. The home life of the Prince has not been all he would like, and he looks to his bride to make up for it. Rainier's choice of Grace and Princess Margaret's rejection of Townsend brings new glory to high places and final extinction to the old view that titles are somehow unwholesome. First news of the engagement was banner-headlined across the front pages of *France-Soir* in Paris. Down at the lower left hand corner, in a box about an inch square, was a story about the probability of Prince Aly Khan's announcing his engagement to the mannequin Bettina. It's a nice comment on today's relative values. END

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2-4-56

marisa pavan

(Continued from page 54) loved each other dearly and still do. Then as now, however, they were militant individualists. And the term "twin" drew fire from Marisa's eyes.

If the differences between them were distressing, fancied similarities were worse.

The one thing Marisa is still quick to correct today is the impression that she and Pier are biological peas from a pod. "We are not *identical* twins, only fraternal twins," Marisa points out. "We are sisters, but two completely separate persons."

Nevertheless, from their birth (in Cagliari on the Island of Sardinia twenty-four years ago come June 19, appropriately under the sign of Gemini, the Heavenly twins), until they were eleven, the illusion was outwardly fostered, even enforced by the Pierangeli parents. Enrica dressed her daughters exactly alike. They shared the same room, received identical gifts on birthdays and from *Babbo Natale*, the Italian Santa.

By the time both turned thirteen, though, and began adolescence, the deception was abandoned. "Strangers never even took us for sisters," remembers Marisa, "let alone twins."

Marisa herself figured they were of two different worlds, she and her fairy-sister. Even when they sneaked off, guiltily, to an adult Hollywood movie (knowing they'd be punished when their father found out) it was always Pier whom Marisa could picture as the heroine of the film. She, Marisa, the dark one, the quiet one, was not for such glory.

She became something of a bookworm. Pier had already abandoned academic education—after struggles and poor marks, even with Marisa helping on the homework. Already she had switched to art school, taking singing lessons and dancing. Marisa herself was buried in Latin, Greek, Science and mathematics, busily preparing for entrance to the University of Rome.

The bad joke

Marisa doesn't remember the slightest twinge of jealousy when Pier suddenly became the Cinderella girl of Italian movies. "I was happy for Pier," she says without resentment. "It seemed perfectly right for her—she was so sparkling and beautiful. But when people said, 'How about you, too?' I was aghast. For me such suggestions were only bad jokes."

Once the bad joke came perilously close to a nightmare. On that afternoon in Italy, Marisa, a sixteen-year-old girl, with rebellious brown eyes and streaming black tresses, fled for dear life around and around a wishing well at Ostia, near Rome. At her heels pounded a movie producer, his director and assorted assistants.

As her pursuers closed the gap on the midget racetrack she screamed, "No! No! I tell you I don't *want* to!" When they caught up with her and literally pushed her up before a camera she made the most frightful faces she could manage, crossed her eyes, stuck out her tongue—and ruined the film. Only then did her amazed though well-wishing captors believe that Maria Luisa Pierangeli meant what she said: She didn't want to be an actress.

So when Pier and her mother flew to Hollywood to finish *Teresa*, it seemed perfectly natural for Marisa to stay home and take care of her baby sister, Patrizia. When Patrizia's nursemaid didn't work out, Marisa, on her own initiative, fired her and hired another. She was still only sixteen and her father had died shortly before. There was no one to help her in that serious responsibility except for Uncle Peppino.

When they returned, Enrica asked, "Didn't you miss us?"

"No," Marisa replied frankly. "For once I have had the chance to manage my own affairs." Her mother burst into tears.

Pier came back to Rome with an MGM contract. That meant transplanting the Pierangelis to Hollywood at once. Pier couldn't wait and her mother, too, was impatient for opportunity in the New World. But for Marisa the move meant total wreckage of all her hopes and plans.

She was yanked out of school at midterm in January. All the work she had put in for her University exam and the next summer went for nothing. She left her girl friends in Rome—and there was a boy, too, named Franco.

In New York's Plaza Hotel, on the way, Marisa stared forlornly out the window at the first snow she had ever seen. For two weeks, while Pier whirled gaily about Manhattan, Marisa practically refused to leave her room.

"All I could think of was, 'What am I doing here? Where am I headed?" recalls Marisa. "Everything in my future seemed obscured in a fog."

Then seventeen, Marisa was simply a satellite to Pier's rising star. "I felt," Marisa says, "like a useless bump on a log."

For a long time her most important function was to accompany Pier on dates. It wasn't proper—in Enrica Pierangeli's upper class Italian code—for her teen-age daughters to go out unchaperoned.

Almost every boy Marisa has teamed up with went out with Pier first at one time or another—Richard Egan, Arthur Loew, Jr. and Vic Damone, who's Pier's husband today, among others. As one suitor put it, "Dating the Pierangeli girls was a grab bag. You never knew which one you'd draw—but actually you didn't care."

On the set of *The Square Jungle*, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine, Paul Kelly and other members of the cast have invented a new game which they now play between scenes. It consists of thinking up "famous last words" that history doesn't record, such as Gen. Custer's.

Curtis supplied this one: Gen. Custer to his lieutenant, "Did you ever see so darned many Indians?"

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

Because Marisa was never the mouse she figured herself. In her more sultry way she was quite as attractive as Pier was. And to her mother's credit, she saw to it that whenever Pier got a new dress or bauble, Marisa got one, too. But it was still Pier's earnings that bought them. It had to be. The Pierangelis were well off in Italy. But the money was frozen there.

Yet, as frustratingly tied as she was to Pier's Hollywood life, Marisa stubbornly nursed a blind spot to the obvious way out of her dilemma. The complex stemmed straight back to her anti-twin fixation. If Pier was a Hollywood star, obviously that gilded fate wasn't for Marisa.

It's a minor miracle that such a complex individualist ever let her guard down to Hollywood opportunity.

The miracle man in the case was a family acquaintance of Italian descent named Cubby Broccoli, an agent then. Sometimes, dropping by the house on his rounds, he'd take lonesome Marisa along for a spin and a look at the other studios. Usually she had nothing better to do. One day they dropped by the office of Sol Siegel, a Fox producer, who was preparing *What Price Glory?* He asked Marisa what she did and she told him, "Nothing."

"Oh, come," Siegel prodded. "Everyone can do something. Can you sing?" Only some little French songs she had learned in Italy, said Marisa. Well then, how about singing one? Marisa likes to sing. She sang "Je Suis Seule Ce Soir." ("I'm Alone Tonight.") She had no idea she was being considered for a part in a movie. When she finished there was an awful silence. "I've done something wrong?"

He shook his head and assured her she had done something surprisingly right—and that he knew director John Ford would like to hire her for the part of a French girl. Mister Ford would be right in. When he came he silenced the protests that were already pouring out of Marisa in halting English. John Ford is a wise and persuasive man.

"So I did it," says Marisa simply. "And I discovered I liked it. I had been wrong, you see, but I had to find that out for myself." But before long Marisa was more mixed up than ever.

After that bit she signed a contract at Fox and took the name Pavan, which means "sad song." It was appropriate. She didn't work again for over a year; then she was dropped. "I almost lost all faith in myself."

The man who tried to give it back to her was the same John Ford. Marisa tracked him down one day and confronted him desperately. "I have no one else to come to," she began. "You say I am a sensitive girl and might someday be a good actress. But do you really believe this? Please—tell me as a father would his daughter: Should I go on or stop right now?"

"Don't let anybody stop you," said Ford. "Not even yourself."

Her lowest spot arrived during that frustrating idleness. By the end of the year Marisa was so upset and nervous that her mother feared for her health. The best therapy seemed to be a vacation in Rome to break Marisa away from Pier's orbit.

For a while Marisa thought she never wanted to see Hollywood again. Rome was beautiful, her old friends were real. She even went out with a boy alone for the first time in her life. But disenchantment set in the minute she brushed up against what she had come home to forget. Joe Mankiewicz, in Rome preparing *The Barefoot Contessa*, talked to her tentatively about the title role. He finally gave it to Ava Gardner, of course, but he gave Marisa something more valuable.

"I have great faith in you," he said. "But you must have faith in yourself. You are the kind who can do only things you believe in. Never try anything second-rate." That was something Marisa could understand.

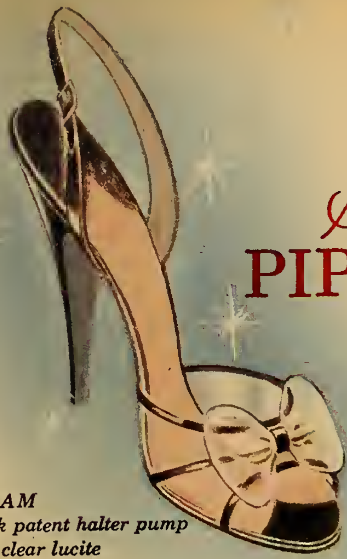
Back in Hollywood she tackled her goal with the bulldog drive that had brought her "A's" in algebra: A college course in English to iron out the accent that still lingered. Dramatic lessons. Dancing instruction. Singing. And endless dissections of plays. One was Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo*. On screen she tried herself out with a blind girl role in *Down Three Dark Streets*, gained confidence as an Indian girl with Alan Ladd in *Drumbeat*. A year ago last summer Marisa was ready.

"I can't believe you're a Pierangeli"

The minute she heard that Hal Wallis had bought *The Rose Tattoo* Marisa called her agent, Paul Kohner. "You have to do something about this," she told him. "I want to play Rosa." It was the first time she had ever asked for anything.

"So does every other girl in Hollywood," he replied realistically, "including your sister—and they're interested in her." But this time Marisa didn't scare.

She starved off ten pounds, twisted her straight hair into braids and strapped her chest flat. She slipped into a drab, short-skirted dress over bare feet, wiped off all



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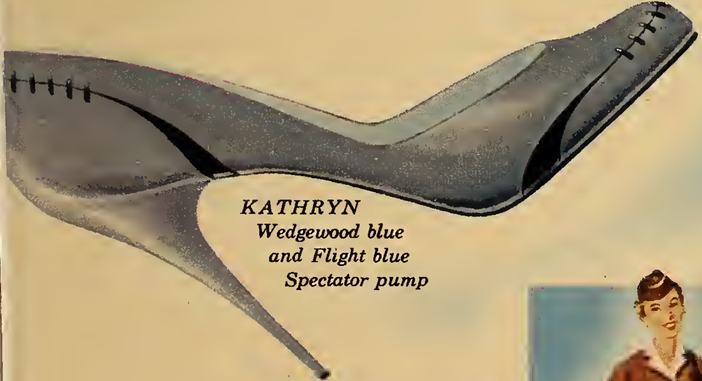

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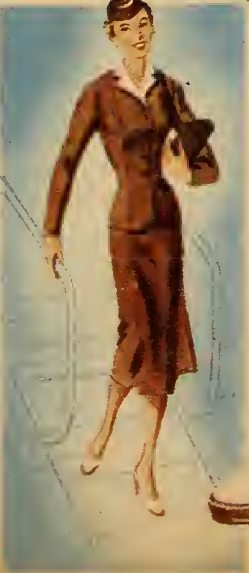

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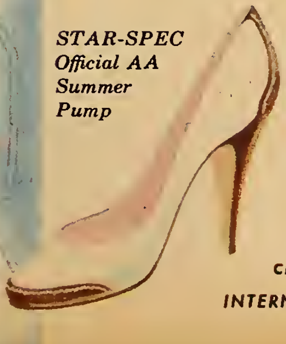

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Mann finished the test for the sixteen-year-old Italian gamin he wanted, he said, "I can't believe you're twenty-two—or that your real name's Pierangeli."

But scoring the Oscar-caliber hit that she did in *The Rose Tattoo* wasn't any breeze for Marisa. Nothing she does is a breeze. Acting for her is still no lark, as it is for Pier. It's hard slugging, complicated by painful self-criticism and a shy reserve that's a hangover from girlhood.

It was during this crucial job and *Diane,* only two months later, that Pier married Vic Damone, became pregnant and suffered the plane accident that broke her pelvis. Working or not, for eight weeks Marisa flew back and forth to Pier's side at the Palm Springs hospital. After that Pier moved back home with Vic to await the precarious arrival of Baby Perry. For five months more Marisa came home nights to a household that was crowded, anxious and tense. She may have gone through an added emotional strain, as some think, having the boy she was once undeniably fond of, living under the same roof with her, but married to her sister.

But if anything disturbed Marisa, she certainly didn't show it. Throughout the

acted like what she had become—a star.

Sharks and dignity

When Marisa arrived in Key West on location she arrived with her own maid. Caught several times in the middle of hassles between Magnani and Virginia Grey as handy interpreter, Marisa kept her dignity and poise. She not only refused to pose for cheesecake but turned down riding on a Pasadena Rose Parade float pinning a rose tattoo on Burt Lancaster's chest. "It is not dignified," said Marisa icily. And when she went to the premières the fans who asked her for autographs got a challenge, "Do you know who I am?" If they said, "Marisa Pavan," they got one. But if they said, "Pier Angeli's sister," they didn't.

None of this is any indication that Marisa is taking her sudden success big—just seriously. Nor does it mean that she has drifted away from her family. Marisa still lives with her mother and Patrizia, although not in the same house. That has been sold and Marisa has bought one of her own, up above Sunset Strip. She goes out and stays out as long as she likes, sips a Martini and puffs a cigarette when she

Healy sports car wherever she pleases—often over to Pier and Vic's Bel-Air house, where she's Perry Rocco's godmother as well as his proud aunt. It's her own life now.

Right now that life is almost ninety-nine per cent career, and according to Marisa it will be for some time to come. "One thing at a time," she says. "Of course I want to marry, but first I will have to fall in love. Yes, I have been in love twice—once in Italy and once over here." But you get a Mona Lisa smile when you ask her who.

The man Marisa sees most often is twenty-four-year-old actor Perry Lopez, whom she calls "my very close friend," next to him Producer Alan Pakula and sometimes Tom Tryon, of the Hal Wallis stable. But none are steadies.

Meanwhile Marisa rubs a tiny Oriental god on the tummy each morning to keep her luck, if you can call it that. He's the god of Happiness, which is apropos.

Because no one really needs to tell Marisa Pavan something she must have figured out for herself by now: At long last the Pierangeli family has two Heavenly Twins. But if you should happen to say that word—maybe you'd better smile. **END**

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it's just our secret

(Continued from page 49) in Hollywood evolves about this. It seems the whole town knew Jean was to be a mother as soon as she did practically, and Jean was astonished.

"However was it found out?" she kept asking. "I can't understand it!"

Then one morning at 20th Century-Fox Studios, sitting about on the set of *Hilda Crane* (her latest picture, in which she stars opposite Jean-Pierre Aumont and Guy Madison), an assistant director volunteered to do some deductive reasoning to find out how the secret became public information.

"Now, to begin with," he asked, "did you tell anyone about it yourself after you found out?"

"Yes," was her reply.

"Now we're getting somewhere," he said. "Can you remember exactly who you told?"

Whereupon Jean named no less than twenty people whom she had managed to tell by the end of the very first day she knew!

Included among these were Jamie and Lindsay (who screamed with delight and promptly knocked her down and jumped on her, she reported), Elizabeth Taylor, Cary Grant and his wife Betsy Drake, Bert Allenberg (who is Jean's agent) and his wife Mildred, and Charles LeMaire, costume head at the studio.

As it turned out, just about the only people Jean didn't tell about the baby were the columnists. One writer asked her why she didn't let her know and thus give her a scoop.

"It just didn't occur to me that it was the kind of news item anyone might be interested in," replied Jean. And the columnist groaned and gave up.

Amazingly, Jean wasn't pretending—she is like that. Lots of people still remember that when she first came to Hollywood to work in pictures she brought along her autograph book, hoping she might get signatures from a few of the stars!

"I'll go mad!"

Jean learned of her impending motherhood during a hectic period when she and Jimmy's children were between houses, so to speak. Having already moved out of their old place because the new owners were due to arrive, they decided to take hotel rooms in Palm Springs until their new place was ready. But quarters were necessary for only Jean and the two children—Jimmy was summoned to England for retakes in *Bhowani Junction,* his co-starring picture with Ava Gardner.

Jean was enjoying the sunshine at Palm Springs (Hollywood was smoggy almost every day) when she was notified to report to 20th for *Hilda Crane.* Since she didn't want to leave the children alone, and since Palm Springs is 165 miles from Beverly Hills, this meant she would have to commute 330 miles a day if she wanted to stay in the desert. With a difficult part to learn there was no choice but to move back to town.

One morning Jean told her secretary-companion, Vivian Walker, that if one more thing happened she would go mad. That afternoon it happened. She went to her doctor and discovered she was going to be a mother. She didn't go mad at all. According to all reports, she went supremely content.

In fact, when Vivian teased her, "Not annoyed?" Jean had to laugh. "I'm delighted," she came back. "You can't say things are dull with the Grangers."

She promptly sent a cable to Jimmy in London. Just how she worded the message was something she couldn't remember even on the very next day. "Something about 'You are on your way to become a father, sir!'" An hour later Jimmy was on the trans-Atlantic telephone.

They had an exciting conversation, and about this Jean can remember everything but will tell nothing.

"I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl, just so it's healthy and happy," she keeps replying when asked if she has done any thinking about the baby. Her own state of health, generally good, has continued that way, and the prognosis for a happy and undisturbed pregnancy seems fine.

Come out of the kitchen

Beginning with their residence in their new Bel Air home there was a new cook in the Granger household. Jimmy, who has always done it before because it is one of his hobbies and he is good at it, is retiring from the kitchen now that meals are needed not only for Jean and himself, but for the children as well, who must be fed and in bed by the time he would ordinarily get around to starting dinner.

So a cook has been hired. But the news is that she won't be alone in the kitchen, for Jean has decided to begin working over a hot range. "I'll begin with preparing the baby's Pablum and work up from that. Perhaps in a year or so I'll be able to serve a heated egg to someone!"

A great deal of animal life, past and present, was part and parcel of the Granger belongings when everything was moved to the new place. Very much alive are Jean's three dogs, Old Beau and Young Bess, who are both French poodles, and Shih-Tu, who is a Tibetan spaniel. They are going to get houseroom in the new place all right, but at the last report there was a good chance that Jimmy's hunting gallery—a collection of trophies, elegant tusks, rhino horns and the like, picked up on his African safaris—might not.

"It just doesn't seem to go with the new house," was Jean's verdict a week or so before moving in. But Jimmy may get his collection on the walls yet; Jean admitted that a formal meeting on the subject would probably take place before a definite decision was made.

She's too absentminded

Jean is planning to give up driving a car because she thinks she is too absentminded at times to be good at it. She was driving home from the studio late at night some months ago when she stopped for a red light. As she sat there she suddenly realized that she had no recollection at all of how she had reached the point where she was waiting for the light; what route she had taken or how she had driven it. Everything she had done had been done without mental recall or consciousness of deed. She decided it might be a good idea to turn over driving to someone who does it totally awake.

Of all the rest of the changes in order for Jean and her Jimmy one is most strongly indicated.

Up till now both have remained British subjects. But since the baby will be an American ("He'll be born right in Beverly Hills," says Mother-to-be) the chances are good that his parents will now take steps to become citizens as well. **END**

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heston and son

(*Continued from page 67*) Lydia disagreed with Chuck about a lot of things—his normally sloppy dress in public, for instance, and his monumental intolerance of people who did not live up to his measure —but she went along with him in this case.

Chuck, big and lanky and furiously intent about his future, fought shy of family ties. Although he and Lydia were clearly very deeply in love, their marriage operated almost as a business deal. Lydia, apparently, was content to have it so. At least, she didn't complain.

Chuck himself confessed to me once, "We don't see much of each other." As success came to him, they were together even less. Chuck was headed for the top, and nothing was going to stop him. If marriage stood in his way, then his marriage would just have to suffer.

The time eventually came when Lydia had to evaluate her love and need for this sensitive, often moody, always vital man. I don't think she ever hesitated for long. If she had to stand on her own two feet, spend months of loneliness, share him with the work that obsessed him, then that she could do—with humor and without complaint.

But Lydia knew surely that a time would come, someday, and she could wait. When it came it would be wonderful. Chuck had always said he believed that a man should work at being a father. And she did wait, with incredible patience, for ten years.

Meanwhile they rented the big apartment in Tudor City, and bought the 1,388-acre place in St. Helen, Michigan, and finally, as Chuck's Hollywood commitments multiplied, they added the modern apartment in the La Brea Towers on the Coast. They saw less of each other than ever. Lydia was doing *The Seven Year Itch* and Chuck was here, there, everywhere, doing TV shows, rehearsing, making personal appearances, going clear to Egypt for months on the location for DeMille's *The Ten Commandments.*

How will he take it?

Last year Lydia took stock of things. Chuck was thirty-one, now, and a full-fledged star, one of the brightest in both movies and television. The money was pouring in. His goal was reached.

And so one day she phoned him in Hollywood from her New York dressing room and told him that she'd been to her doctor and had some tests made, and, well —this was it. She tried to keep her voice light and casual, perhaps not quite certain how he would take the news. His roar of delighted pleasure almost knocked the phone from her hand, and from then on she knew things would be all right.

A Daddy-type man

I registered at the Sarasota Terrace, because that was where Chuck was staying. Families of tourists just love it, frequently bring along three or four children and stay a week or two. These lovable little tykes have a habit of waking at dawn and occupying the time until breakfast with games in the hallways.

Later that evening, when I caught Chuck at dinner in the roof restaurant of the hotel, I asked him about the kids. He laughed. "As a matter of fact, the first day we were here the agency fellows, five of them, took one look at the set-up, went into a huddle, and rented a house down on the beach—a big house with a pool. Naturally they thought I was in on the deal, too, and they flipped when I said I'd keep my room here."

"I admit I'm surprised myself," I said.

"But why should I move? I don't want to roust around half the night. I'm an old married man with a family. And I don't mind the kids in the hallways, or their coming around at breakfast for autographs. I *like* kids. Besides, I've had almost a year of listening to Fray bellowing —the lungs on that boy!"

When Chuck had told me, earlier, that Fray had changed his life, he really meant it! And the change started even before Fray was born.

He was buying cribs and layettes and catchers' mitts (he was sure it would be a boy) while Lydia was still reading her sophisticated lines in *Seven Year Itch.* Rooms in the Hollywood and New York apartments were being redecorated as nurseries while Lydia was still getting used to morning sickness. And while she was just beginning to read Dr. Spock, Chuck was taking a Red Cross course on the care and feeding of babies!

"Lydia almost fell off her perch when I told her I'd passed the course with an A," Chuck grinned. "Why not? A good actor learns how to do what he's told to do. She said she thought we could afford a nurse, and I asked what would happen if the nurse should get sick or break her leg, and Lydia wanted to know what the heck I thought *she'd* be doing then.

"It's kind of hard to explain, but I wanted to help feed and change and bathe the kid from the beginning. I don't want to be one of those fathers who comes in from work, says 'Hi' to his boy, and then takes off for the golf course or hides behind the evening paper. I want my share of the responsibility."

He finished the last of a monstrous steak —he eats like a field hand—and went on.

By the time he finished I knew as much about Fraser Clarke Heston, aged one year, as I would if I'd lived with him since his birth: How he first learned to crawl, what makes him cry and what makes him laugh, his feeding habits—the works.

Child actor

I know all about how well he played his part as the infant Moses in the DeMille epic, how he wailed on cue; and I have a complete description of his favorite toys. I know a lot more about Chuck and Lydia Heston, too.

"This word 'responsibility,'" Chuck said. "That's the important thing. Parents aren't just people who are there to provide a home and necessities for a child. They represent a kid's whole world, and if they don't realize that, they're sunk. That's why Lydia is taking at least two or three years off to do nothing but care for him, why I'm rearranging my schedules and plans, and why we're going to raise Fray out in the country, on the St. Helen place.

"There, at least, he'll spend the first few years of his life free of restrictions and danger. As a child he'll be close to trees and animals and water and snow and good clean dirt. None of those New York sidewalks for him. There'll be time enough later on to introduce him to the ugliness of life, when he's better able to adjust to it."

The last thing he said before I left was, "I've got me a fine son. I only hope that some day he can use the adjective about his old man." **END**

I always miss the kids

(*Continued from page 59*) one day," she pointed out. "You know, unpack, get the clothes in the closets, play with the children. Then a day later wandering Jim barges in from the studio. 'Get some things packed. We're leaving for Paris.'

"I don't argue. Let's face it, if a husband wants to take you with him on location, you'd be a goon not to go. Suppose Jim were like other actors. Leave the wife at home. Then I'd worry. This way I'm having a ball.

"Only the other evening I was trying to figure out where Jim and I have been these past twelve months, months in which he's worked like a dog. He'll never stop working, you know. I don't know anyone who loves the picture business more.

"We've been so many places . . . let me see. Last year we started out in France with the Kirk Johnsons; they're a wonderful couple. Jim said we'd better hire a car. So we did and took the grand tour. Rome, Florence, Milan, Lake Como, all those places, places none of us had ever been before. We had a wonderful time, but every now and again that faraway look would come into Jim's eyes, and I knew he was wondering about the kids."

The Stewarts were married in 1949 when Jim was forty-one. They have four children. The two boys are from Gloria's previous marriage—Mike is nine and Ronnie is eleven—but the twin girls, Judy and Kelly, four, are Jim's and Gloria's. Gloria admits proudly: "The way he carries on with them, you'd think that he was the world's only father of twins. He takes them to Sunday School, tells them stories, horseplays. Jim is a perfect father.

"Ronnie and Mike are in the Davy Crockett stage right now, and Jim's joined them in building a fort in the backyard. They go through that whole shooting-up routine.

"For a while, the boys thought Randolph Scott was the greatest guy in movies. But slowly they're veering toward Jim, and I must say his approach with them is absolutely perfect. He establishes the perfect level. He'll sit with them hour after hour working on a ship or plane model, having the finest time. That's why he misses them so much.

"I remember early this year when we took off for the Far East to promote *Rear Window*. Wherever we landed, Manila, Hong Kong, Tokyo, there was always one thought in Jim's mind, 'What can we bring back for the kids?' Finally, I said to him, 'Don't worry, they'll be happy with pretty nearly anything. That is, if you've got any room left in your bag.'"

Jimmy Stewart is a well-known camera bug. He owns one of practically every camera in existence, and in the Far East he bought dozens of camera lenses. It took a lot of persuading but Gloria talked him into having a couple of suits made in Hong Kong.

Stewart rarely buys new clothes. "I have a sports jacket" or "I already have a suit" is his stock protest. "But this time," he recalls, "I listened to Gloria and wandered into this shop and had a couple of suits made. White linen. When they came I showed 'em to Gloria and told her I thought they were the cat's whiskers. Know her answer? 'They were, when that particular expression was popular.'"

On the way home from the Orient, Jimmy and Gloria stopped in Honolulu and rented a house for three weeks. Then back to Hollywood where Jim did *Man From Laramie*. This called for location work in Texas!

When *Laramie* was finished, *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was ready to start. Director Alfred Hitchcock insisted upon shooting many of the scenes in Morocco took off for Marrakesh in the North African desert, and while it was exciting and picturesque, Gloria got so homesick eventually that she flew back to the children without Jimmy.

"Poor Jim, he had to continue to London for additional shooting."

In London he, too, was homesick. On a rare day off he would stroll through the London zoo, feed the animals, and comment on how much fun "the kids would have over here." He spoke about Marrakesh and how "one night Gloria and I went to some Arab's house and sat on the floor and ate with our fingers."

Jim returned to Hollywood in July for more shooting on *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and he spent every evening at home with the children. But these weren't many. Because he was talked into returning to Texas to promote *Laramie* and a day after he got back, Gloria took the children up to a ranch in Elco, Nevada.

Not many people know this but three years ago Jimmy, in partnership with the Johnsons, bought a tremendous cattle ranch not too far from Bing Crosby's ranch.

Jim runs 3,000 head of cattle and more than anything else he likes the quiet, peaceful life of the range. But to date he's had no time for this.

Gloria steps in

Gloria, in fact, has been making a home for him in hotels throughout the world. And were it not for this tall, pleasant, absolutely selfless girl, Jim would find the going lonely and difficult.

With Gloria at his side, however, he seems much younger than his forty-six. She has the faculty of making him smile, turning him into an outgoing person.

In Paris, for example, Jim was dead tired during the shooting of *The Spirit Of St. Louis*. He had been given no time off between pictures, no time in which to catch his breath. The scene in which Lindbergh lands at Le Bourget was a tough one to shoot. It was shot at night, and when it was finished, Stewart ached all over.

The following day a series of interviews was arranged. To relieve some of the pressure, Gloria agreed to sit in for Jimmy. The French described her as *"trés charmante."*

"Actually," she says, "I was suffering from dysentery, but in a kind of frantic way I told them all I knew about Jim."

This is how Gloria might have summed up her husband. Jim is a modest, retiring, hard-worker who is regarded in America as "the ideal husband." He makes a top living, at least $350,000 a year. He attends church. He has never been involved in any scandal. He is devoted to his wife, children, work and parents. He is homespun and speaks in a flat Pennsylvania drawl. He lives in a thirty-eight-year-old house covered with ivy. He nurses old hats, wears old suits, plays golf but usually loses to his wife. He doesn't throw money around. When the twins were small he never minded wheeling them in their carriage.

As Gloria explained these simple, salient facts to the French newsmen, one of them said, "Pardon me, Madame, but isn't that sort of life a little dull?"

Gloria smiled tolerantly.

"I know," she admitted, "that many people think Jim is unromantic. But to me he is the most romantic man in the world. I also think, if I may say this, that he is one of the best-loved actors in America.

"All I will add is that just living with Jim makes me a better person."

A Frenchman whistled. "Your Jimmy must be a very great lover."

Gloria Stewart lowered her eyes. "Just a very good man," she said simply. "And a very good man is hard to find." **END**

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Lingerie photographs, Roger Prigent

1

2

1. Corselette of black nylon lace over pink by Hollywood-Maxwell—a must in every bride's undie wardrobe for dress-up, $12.50. Nylon peignoir by Eye-ful.

2. Left: Dainty pink and green embroidery on nylon sheer. The pantie girdle has power net sides, satin elastic back. About $11. Bias cup bra. About $4. Ruffled slippers—Gustave. Right: Nylon Alençon-type lace bra, bias cup—$3.95. Power net girdle, dip-front waistband, elastic front panel—$5.95. Wedgies, Honeybugs; Duchess pearls; nylon stockings, Cameo; lush petticoat, Movie Star Slips. And wonderful surprise for every bridesmaid—*Bright Secret*—the new perfume and companion cologne by Tussy.

3. Top bridal fashion tip—be sure and have the smooth rounded contour look with all your trousseau clothes. Pretty show-off, high-style bra by Playtex of cotton broadcloth, sure answer—for fabulous fit. Jewelry by Trifari.

They said "I do" in '55

Olivia DeHavilland

Julie Adams

Sheree North

← Both by Warner's

By Playtex

Debbie Reynolds

Mamie Van Doren

Trousseau Treasures

For gals:
Planning to be married
Hope to be married
Are married

MORE →

Trousseau Treasures

1

2

3

Whose next in '56?

Terry Moore

Grace Kelly

1. A toast to brides—love and happiness always! Embroidered nylon marquisette bra lined with nylon marquisette. White or black $3.50. By Formaid. Peignoir by Eye-ful.

2. Her dream—she caught the bride's bouquet in her famous Maidenform *Pre-Lude, Six-Way* padded broadcloth bra. White only. $3.95. Rolls Royce courtesy Inskip, N. Y. LaunderLeather gloves by Daniel Hayes.

3. A bride's summer trousseau—complete with Stardust's cotton lingerie. Swing-strap, fagot-stitched cotton bra, $1. No-iron cotton petticoat with contrast trim, $1.98. Both, white only.

4. Beautiful and dainty—Lovable's *Ringlet*, stitched cotton and *dacron* bra. White. $1.50. Henryson's ruffled parasol, gay for bridesmaids.

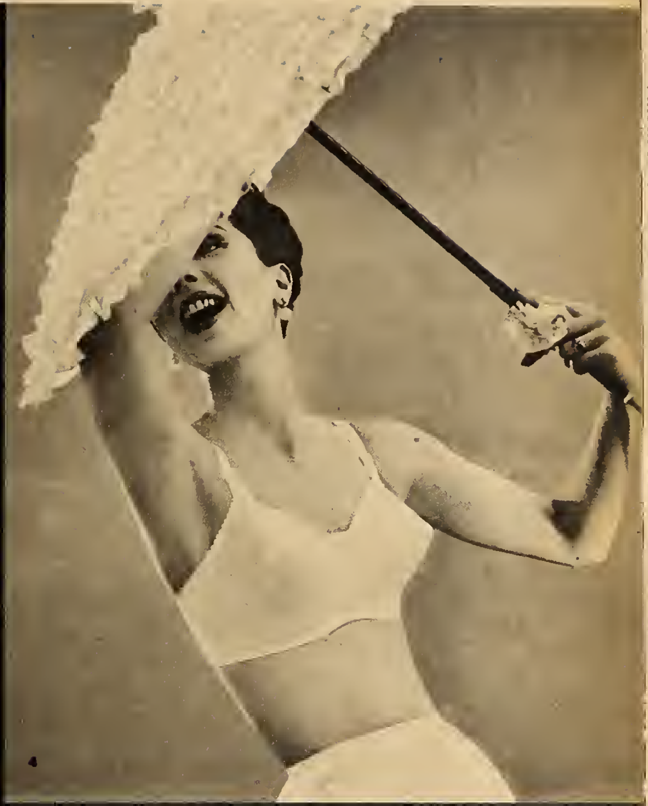
5. Hollywood-Maxwell's shining satin and lace *Renoir* set—just lush for every gal. Bra, $6.95. Figure-controlling garter belt, $5. The nylon *tricot* bouffant petticoat by Eye-ful.

Pearl earrings by Duchess

Kim Novak

Debra Paget

Lori Nelson



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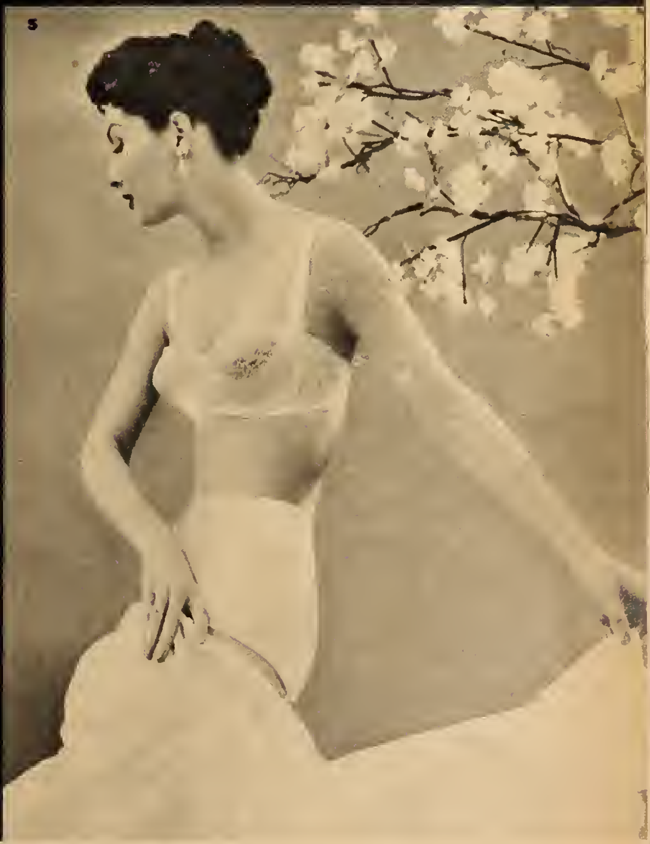

5

Lingerie photographs, Roger Prigent

the truth about oscar

(*Continued from page 51*) *Glory.* The gold statuette for the best performance by an actor to Charles Laughton for *Henry VIII.* The gold statuette for the best motion picture to *Cavalcade.*"

After the Awards, I rushed to Western Union to file my story. I decided to give the readers as little of "gold statuette" as possible. I tried to think of a comedy name, in a hurry. A name that would remove some of the pompousness from the entire affair. I remembered a pit orchestra leader named Oscar. The vaudevillians got laughs when they'd call him Oscar. I'd do it. But I better be a little careful; poking fun at Hollywood's most important event my first time at bat. I covered myself by writing that "to the profession these statues are called Oscars." They weren't going to catch me with my gold statuette down.

The date on this byline story is March 16, 1934. Bette got her Award for her performance in 1935, but didn't receive it until the banquet held in March, 1936.

If anyone can produce a clipping in which the gold statuette is called Oscar before the year 1934, I'll deliver Marlon Brando to her personally.

Everyone in our town, even the kiddies, knows when it's Academy Award time. Jack Palance, two-time Oscar nominee, was conversing with his four-year-old daughter Holly, who wanted to know if her father had ever won an Oscar. Palance replied, "No." The youngster looked at him sternly and said, "You'd better get one Daddy. Every other kid's pop in school has one."

During the Oscar voting period you'd think a national political campaign was taking place. Studios apply all the pressure they can gracefully. But every performer, from starlet to star, knows that Oscar can't be bought for love or money. This adds considerably to Oscar's prestige. Hollywood is accustomed to believing everything has a price tag. The studios buy special campaign advertisements in the trade papers to push their stars. Most contestants, from actors to songwriters, hire press agents for a special get-me-the-Oscar campaign. There is the word-of-mouth campaign, never halting and often vicious enough to dissolve friendships of long standing. Last year during the heat of battle, Brando was shocked. He told me, "Everyone talks like you'll go to jail if you don't win."

Oscar doubles his cost

Oscar was designed on a tablecloth at an early meeting of the Academy when Cedric Gibbons, MGM art director, sketched a knight standing on a reel of film and holding a two-edged sword. A Los Angeles sculptor, George Stanley, later fashioned Oscar from Gibbons' original sketch, to stand ten inches and weigh

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Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of the Open Letter
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of the Elsa Maxwell story
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of the Countess story
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of the Reporter X story
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JEAN SIMMONS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I READ:
☐ all of the Oscar story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE BEN COOPER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE MARISA PAVAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE JAMES STEWART:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE LORI NELSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE GREGORY PECK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE JANE RUSSELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE CHARLTON HESTON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) ____________ MALE (1) ____________ FEMALE
(2) ____________ MALE (2) ____________ FEMALE
(3) ____________ MALE (3) ____________ FEMALE

14. To which movie magazines do you subscribe? ____________

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seven pounds. The only change has been a minor streamlining of the base. Another change: The original Oscar cost $30, and he now costs $60 to manufacture.

The first person to win an Academy Award was Janet Gaynor. Toward the end of a long evening banquet at the Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel, on May 16, 1929, the President of the Academy, Douglas Fairbanks, called tiny Janet Gaynor to the speaker's table and bestowed upon her the award for her performance in *Seventh Heaven*. Other winners that eventful evening included Emil Jennings, voted best actor and two directors, Frank Borzage and Lewis Milestone. The best movie of the year was *Wings*. Thirteen awards were distributed in all. Janet Gaynor began her acceptance speech, "I am deeply honored . . ." She established a style, distinguished by surprise and tears, adopted by winners for many years.

Don't be surprised, but this first Academy Awards dinner was a flop. Hollywood gave it little attention. The local newspapers gave it polite coverage. Now the Oscar Derby is covered by five newsreels, seventy-five photographers, and more than 500 correspondents with detailed accounts going to countries throughout the world. At the first Academy Awards banquet, a special Oscar was given to Charles Chaplin for his "versatility and genius in writing, acting, directing and producing *The Circus*." I am told this Oscar is with Charlie Chaplin in Switzerland.

Most Hollywood historians believe that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, began with this 1929 banquet. The truth is that the Academy was created two years previous—and chiefly for political and economic reasons.

Neither art nor science

From an unexpected source, I learned that one night in January, 1927, a group of important movie people dined at the Santa Monica beach house of the very important Louis B. Mayer. Nothing much happened until Mayer started to speak. All the ills of the world, Mayer told them, were the result of misunderstanding. L. B. hadn't done anything about correcting Hollywood's misunderstanding because everyone would say, "Aha! I wonder what Mayer has up his sleeve now?" After a dramatic pause, L. B. disclosed his idea—the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. There was no mention of the Awards of Merit. These were to be inadvertently invented two years later. Mayer's Academy was planned to solve Hollywood's immediate troubles—chiefly—labor unions.

And so, the Academy, which today presents the industry's own awards to the Industry's most deserving, was born to keep unions out of the movies.

The Academy flourished, and for a while even its anti-union plan worked. Being an Academy member meant you were a success, that you belonged to the top social set. Your membership (by invitation) cost $100. Today, membership costs you $36, and technically, it's still by invitation. Two members recommend you. Now there are approximately 1,600 members.

In its early years, the Academy tried to prove it wasn't "company owned and controlled." Routine committees were appointed to appease skeptics. One was appointed to consider giving some sort of annual Awards of Merit. Two years later this committee, finally had to do something about it. The committee asked Cedric Gibbons to design an appropriate trophy. And Oscar was born.

Surprise?

The first year's winners had been announced on a back page of the Academy Bulletin three months before the banquet.

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†T. M. Reg.

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But Janet Gaynor and others accepted their Oscars, pretending they didn't know until their names were announced.

Academy Award banquets were supposed to start at 8 p.m. but contestants would arrive an hour later, having read the results of the Oscar Derby in early editions of the Los Angeles morning newspapers. Traditionally, the results were announced from the dais after ten o'clock and we were supposed to pretend we didn't know the results.

This absurdity was eliminated when the Academy went out of its way to make the results honest, and announced balloting would continue until 8 p.m. of the banquet evening. You could come to the banquet and cast your vote. The Shirley Temple Award (1935) was supposed to be a surprise and I remember watching Shirley, sitting at her table from eight on, waiting to be surprised. She kept saying: "When are they going to surprise me?" Finally, half asleep, she went home with her Oscar, and put it in her doll collection.

The customary procedure for many years was to have a dummy banquet table set up in another room of the hotel. The prominent winners were escorted to this fake banquet table while they posed with the Oscars for the newsreels, photographers and press. In March of 1936, Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen posed at the fake table with their Oscars for the best performances of 1935, McLaglen for *The Informer* and Davis for *Dangerous*. I asked Bette if she wanted to make any comment. She replied: "Say anything you want. Say anything that sounds like a girl too damn excited to talk."

Bette's award is known in the trade as the "Hangover Oscar." She should have received it the year before for her performance in *Of Human Bondage*. The Academy voters tried to make it up to Bette and other performers at the next opportunity. I'd list Ingrid Bergman and Jimmy Stewart also as "Hangover Oscar" winners.

The awards sometimes seem contradictory because there are honest mistakes in judgment. Take the year Victor McLaglen won for his performance in *The Informer*, Max Steiner, Dudley Nichols and John Ford won for best scoring, writing and direction of this movie. However, the Oscar for the best motion picture went to *Mutiny On The Bounty*. "I guess," remarked Tom Jenk, "they liked everything about *The Informer* but the picture."

Hit and misses

On a memorable Academy night in March, 1940, Producer David Selznick commuted between his chair and the platform accepting awards for *Gone With The Wind*. Part-time master of ceremonies, Bob Hope, called the Academy Dinner "a benefit for David Selznick." Hattie McDaniel won her Oscar in the best supporting actress category. It was the first time a colored actress had won an Oscar and also the first time a colored performer had attended an Academy Awards dinner. I never heard any performer receive the applause Hattie McDaniel did when she approached to accept her award.

Y. Frank Freeman who presented the Irving Thalberg Award to David Selznick, said: "I never saw so many soldiers as were used in *Gone With The Wind*, and if the Confederate Army had had that many men we would have licked you damn Yankees."

Gone With The Wind swept the boards in the Oscar Derby. It won ten of the seventeen awards. However, not once during the entire evening was Margaret Mitchell mentioned. After all, she only wrote the book. There was much criticism.

At the 1943 banquet, James Cagney accepted the award for his portrayal of George M. Cohan in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. "An actor," said Cagney, "is only as good as people think he is and as bad as people think he is. I am glad so many people thought I was good." Then Jimmy quickly added: "And it was a good part."

This was followed by the speech which contributed to changing the format of the presentations of the Oscars. Joan Fontaine summoned Greer Garson to the platform to receive the award for her performance in *Mrs. Miniver*. Miss Garson made the longest acceptance speech in the history of the Academy. It's said to have lasted thirty minutes. Someone commented, "Greer's speech was longer than her part in *Mrs. Miniver*."

HOW THEY PICK OSCAR

■ The first step is The Nomination. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences mails 13,438 nomination ballots to members of the film industry. These include the actual 1,600 Academy members: 9,757 Screen Actors Guild members; 455 Screen Directors Guild members; 734 Screen Writers Guild members; and 892 representatives of various technical crafts. The nominating in each category is done by the specialist guilds.

Price, Waterhouse, an accounting firm hired by the Academy, counts the votes secretly. On a designated day the five best in each category are announced with much fanfare on a special TV show. The next step is another vote to determine which of the nominated in every division is the best, and will be announced at the Pantages Theatre and on the big Oscar TV show.

Who do you think votes in these finals for Hollywood's greatest awards? The members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. I repeat, only the Academy members vote in the finals. Sixteen hundred people (membership usually rises 100 a year now) decide and control the Motion Picture Industry awards.

The Academy, through its Board of Governors, say even they don't know the winners until the sealed envelopes are opened.

I've been told by an Academy official they not only don't know, but don't want to know the winners in advance. After the ballots have been mailed to Price, Waterhouse, they are entrusted to a William Miller. Mr. Miller, on the Oscar night, hands a sealed envelope to a chosen celebrity, who opens the envelope, takes out a slip of paper, and announces the winner. It's quite a show.

These final ballots, I've been informed by the same Academy official, are never seen by the Academy. The ballots are destroyed or put back into the vault for a specified length of time. The Academy never checks on the count, and what's more doesn't know who finished second or third.

Too bad because there's plenty of glory in finishing second in the Academy Awards.

Only two Oscar winners kidded the thanking-everyone routine. Fredric March accepting the Oscar for his performance in *Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*, shouted to Wally Westmore, make-up man: "Hey, Wally—come and get it." Another event: Donald Ogden Stewart listened to how everyone but the winner was responsible. When Stewart was summoned to accept the Oscar for the best screenplay, *The Philadelphia Story*, his speech was brief and pointed: "There has been so much niceness here tonight that I am happy to say that I am entirely and solely responsible for the writing of the screenplay of *The Philadelphia Story*."

The "Emergency Oscar"

About Fredric March, I should inform you the make-up man didn't claim it. But an odd thing happened. It was the only year (1932) there was ever a tie vote. I can't explain how it happened, but March and Wallace Berry got the same number of votes for male honors. A messenger rushed an "emergency Oscar" to the banquet room in time. March, in his acceptance speech, told that by coincidence his family and the Beery family each had adopted a child. "Which makes it seem a little odd," said March exuberantly, "that Beery and I were given awards for the best male performances of the year."

During the 1943 ceremonies, Irving Berlin was asked to present the Oscar for the best song. Mr. Miller handed Berlin the sealed envelope. Irving opened it and announced: "Winner—Irving Berlin for " 'White Christmas'!" Then he did a double take.

There are other thrills I'll never forget: Gary Cooper winning for his portrayal of *Sergeant York*, hero of World War I, and having the Oscar presented to him by Lieutenant Jimmy Stewart, in the uniform of World War II. Grand man Walter Huston receiving the Oscar for his performance in *The Treasure Of The Sierra Madre*, soon after son John Huston had received Oscars for directing and writing it. Walter stood on the stage of the Academy Award Theatre and said: "Many, many years ago I raised a son. I said to him, if you ever become a writer or director, please find a good part for your old man."

Joan Crawford used to keep Oscar on the coffee table in the bar of her house "because that's where most people congregate."

Marlon Brando keeps his Oscar on the mantelpiece beneath a portrait in oils of his late mother.

William Holden keeps his Oscar in his dressing room at the studio. "It belongs here," said Bill, "where I do my business and won it."

The Oscar jinx

Every year a number of people write an article called "Is Winning The Oscar A Jinx?" They always mention Luise Rainer. Luise won it two years in a row; then couldn't get job. There are other performers in this category: Katina Paxinou, Paul Lukas and even Mercedes McCambridge.

Walt Disney who won his first statuette in 1932 for creating Mickey Mouse, could slaughter the legend of the Oscar jinx. You and I should do as well as Walt has done since then. Disney owns more Oscars than any individual; in fact, he has more Oscars than the total number won by some major studios.

Oscar touches and affects all who have contact with him, regardless of how wise and hardboiled they might be. Humphrey Bogart wrote an article, "The Oscar Myth," in which he panned the Academy and Oscar. Bogey claimed no one could pick the best actor of the year. The only way it could be done, insisted Bogey, would be for every actor to play the same scene for the same director.

About a year later, Bogart found himself on the stage of the Pantages Theatre, accepting the Award for his gin-soaked bum in *African Queen*. Many in the audience were anxious about his acceptance speech. Bogart fondled Oscar and then said: "I want to pay a slight—a big tribute to John Huston and Katharine Hepburn. They helped me to be where I am. Now, thank you very much." Oscar makes everyone dignified—even Bogart. END

(*Continued from page 45*) was silent as they caught their breaths. Together they looked down on the wide sweep of the city stretched below.

It was a good day. The sun was high and warm. Off in the distant sky a company of clouds had gotten together in whipped-cream formation.

"What's the very first thing you remember?" Venetia asked.

Russ thought for a moment, his face screwed up, as his mind reached back.

"I think the first thing I can recall is running away from day nursery school. Yeah, that's it. Running away."

Russ settled back against a tree trunk and looked at the sky again.

"I must have been about five. My parents were having it tough, financially. Dad was tending a hot dog stand and Mom was playing piano in a small restaurant.

"For lunch at the nursery we got liver every day. I hated it. I can remember stuffing it down a hole in the school dining room where we ate. One day the teacher caught me in the act and scolded me.

"I was hurt. No one had ever talked sharply to me before. I had the idea that my father could help me so I set out to find him, through a hole in the yard fence. It seemed to me at the time that Dad worked only a block from the school. Actually, it was miles.

"Well, my feet got tired and I sat down on a curbstone and took my old cowboy hat off. I loved that hat. The next thing I know I see these big black shoes with feet in them on the sidewalk next to me.

"I looked at the shoes and then looked up the legs to a policeman. From that angle I thought he was a giant. I got scared and began to cry for my mother. The cop picked me up. The next thing I remember is being in the police station stuffing myself with an ice-cream cone. Then the teacher from the school came to take me back. She was so happy to find me she started to cry herself. Then I started to cry again and dropped the ice cream on her dress.

Yankee Doole Tamblyn

"When I was in fifth grade, during the war, I was nine. The school wanted to put on a show to encourage the sale of government bonds and my class was picked. The teacher asked for volunteers to sing and dance. I wasn't the shy type, so I took one step forward. They dressed me in an Uncle Sam's costume. Well, as each kid came out to perform I could hardly wait for my turn.

"Then the curtains closed and people started to leave. Heck, the ham in me couldn't take that. I ran up on the stage and began bellowing 'I'm a Yankee Doole Dannnnnnndeeeeeee!' and danced!"

Russ was laughing. "But a lot of people applauded. I don't know why, I didn't know what I was doing.

"I'm not sure but I think I was doing it to show off in front of a girl. I had a heart-shaking crush on her. To me she was the most beautiful thing on earth. Blonde curls, bright eyes, blue they were. She was in my room from third grade and I worshiped her from afar, eating my heart out until one day in the sixth grade.

"She handed me a note and then ran. I trembled as I unfolded the piece of paper. On it was written, 'I love you.' Until that moment there wasn't anyone more lovesick than I was. But then a strange thing happened. As soon as I read her note I didn't like her any more. I don't even remember her name, but I'll always remember the awful chimes of unrequited love that went off in my head every time I

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"I guess I wasn't very much of a gentleman. I didn't answer the note. In fact I didn't know what a gentleman was.

"The insurance man came to our house about that time and I remember listening to him talk about policies and premiums. Well, as he was leaving, my mother said, 'Rusty, say goodbye to the gentleman.' I looked up and said, 'Mom, he's not a gentleman, he's an insurance man.'"

Russ ran his fingers through his hair. "Gee, mothers put up with a lot, don't they? I know mine did."

Venetia laughed and took Russ' hand. "I'll remember that," she said.

"There was my older brother Warren," Russ continued, "and when I was nine, Larry was born. Warren and I were real buddies.

"In the old days there was a big, grassy field just outside of Inglewood where we lived. It's an oil field now, but then it was a favorite roaming place for Warren and me.

"One afternoon we found a snake up there. Warren got an old box and we took it home.

"I went in the garage and hid it in the trunk of the family car. Then I asked my mother how she'd like to have a nice, long snake for a pet. A horrified look came over her face and she put her hand to her throat, not daring to move or turn around. She said, 'Rusty Tamblyn, where is it?'

"I said, 'Oh, don't worry, Mom, it's out in the car.' My mother shrieked, she can't stand snakes, grabbed me by the arm and called for Warren. We went to the car. Mother ordered us to take it back to the field.

"Well, we looked all over the car and couldn't find the snake. He had gotten out of the box. We never did find him.

"But for days my mother refused to get into the car. Even after she did, if anything touched her foot she'd jump up out of the seat and cry, 'The snake, Rusty, the snake!' She never did feel comfortable in that car again.

Sink—and swim

"And then there was the time my father took us on the fishing trip.

"Dad loves to fish. But in those days we had very little money. For two years he saved to take us on a vacation up at Big Bear lake. He went without tobacco, lunches, lots of little things.

"Finally Dad said we had enough saved to go up for a week. Well, he bought fishing tackle for himself and Warren and me. All the hooks and the lines and the poles and the reels. We had everything. Dad was very happy when we got to Big Bear. He didn't know that horrible things were about to happen.

"We rented a boat. Mother stayed at the little cabin. Dad showed us how to row and after a while we got out to the middle of the lake. Dad had a big rock on a rope for an anchor. He dropped that over and got out his tackle, baited his hook and cast his line out. Warren did the same. I just sat there for a while. Then I said, 'I wanna fish, too, Dad!'

"Dad said, 'Well, go ahead, son, throw your line out.' So I very carefully gathered up all the tackle and threw it in the lake. 'Oh, no!' my father hollered, as he watched the pole, the line and the reel sink into the water. He made a desperate grab and almost overturned the boat. He sat down and glared at me. He was very angry. He said, 'Now you sit there and keep quiet,' pointing to the other end of the boat.

"I sat for a while. Then I got bored. Warren and Dad were like two statues and Tuffy, our chow dog, was snapping at flies.

"My eye spotted the anchor rope and or

impulse I pulled it in. Well, I'm standing there holding this big heavy rock when Dad turns around and sees me. He said 'Rusty! Drop that anchor!' I got frightened and dropped it and it just about went through the bottom of the boat.

"The water came in like little fountains through the holes and the bottom began to fill. Dad jumped up and tried to stop the flow. Warren tried to help him. I couldn't swim. Well, Dad was yelling at me and Warren was angry, too."

Venetia was laughing heartily now.

"Well, the next experience I had with water was even worse.

"It happened during the first night of my first play. I had joined a children's Little Theatre group and Lloyd Bridges, a wonderful actor himself, was on the faculty. He cast me as a boy-poet in a play called *The Stone Jungle*. The action takes place in a rock quarry where there's supposed to be a deep pool. We just had a pail of water in the background and the stage lights reflecting on it gave the audience the feeling a real pool was there. The villain, a tough boy, is supposed to push my head under water to annoy me.

"But when the time came he was so wrapped up in his lines he held my head in the pail of water too long. I thought he'd never let me up. Finally he did. I was supposed to say something but I didn't know what I was doing.

"The water was pouring out of my ears, my eyes, my nose, my mouth and I couldn't see anything. I was choking for breath. A fellow actor, who came over to cue me, whispered loudly, 'You're overdoing it, Rusty!' After that I was almost ready to quit acting.

"It was funny, but that play got me my first part in a movie. Mr. Bridges recommended me for a part in *The Boy With The Green Hair.*"

My brother and I

Russ, sometimes too modest, didn't mention to Venetia that the moviemakers for the next few years kept him busy in eight pictures.

"I guess, for a kid, I was successful," Russ continued. "When people came to our house they were always interested in pictures I was making.

"When I was sixteen I thought I was sitting on top of the world. I was doing all right in school and working hard on my career and I had just started to date.

"But all this time something was happening right under my nose and I didn't realize it. Warren and I were growing apart.

"One night it hit me and I learned a lesson in living.

"Mom and Dad had invited a number of friends over on a Sunday evening. And the first thing the visitors did was to shake hands with me, pay me a lot of compliments on what a good actor I was and then tell my parents, 'Gosh, you must be erribly proud of Russ.' One after another. No one said a word about Warren.

"I don't know why, but I looked over n the corner of the room and saw him standing there as though he had been elbowed out of the house. He was trying to mile and be happy, but I knew him too vell. Inside he was so miserable I thought could hear his heart cracking.

"In a split second everything became lear to me. I understood what *my* sucess was doing to us. I didn't know what o say, so I kept quiet.

"Then I saw Warren go up the stairs to is room.

"And I felt so bad I wanted to bawl.

"I followed him up. When he saw me ome into the room his face lit up. Someow, because that's the kind of a guy he ', he knew just why I was there. He didn't t me say anything. Instead, he just put

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his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Russ, there's no one in the world who wants success for you more than I do. But I was afraid we couldn't be brothers anymore. That's what hurt. Now I can see that isn't going to happen. Let's go back downstairs together.'

"That was the last we ever said about it."

Venetia squeezed Russ' hand and her face showed that she had understood.

"It was a good thing for you to do, Russ," she said.

Russ gazed out at the blue sky. "Mom and Dad knew what was happening, but, as always, they let us work it out for ourselves."

Warren is now a missionary for the Mormon Church in Germany.

Russ shook his head slowly, and sighed a young man's sigh. He turned to Venetia.

"And I almost made another mistake the first time I saw you. I said to myself, now there is a beautiful girl, but not my type.

"You were so quiet. I was strictly the laugh-it-up character. I was strictly for fun and you looked too serious for me. I must have been blind. Then I found myself thinking about you when I was alone. It was the first time in my life that I had actually *thought* about a girl.

"And the more I thought about you the more I discovered that I liked you, even if you weren't the life of the party. Not to mention discoveries I made about myself.

"It took time but I've finally learned that you don't have to be loud to be happy. And I began to think about the future and all the things that man must do. And without even being aware of it I calmed down. I guess, in spite of all the noise, honey, the old Russ was a lonely Russ."

Venetia didn't say anything. She just sat there and poked at the ground with a little twig.

Waddles, the wicked

"Say, I forgot to tell you about Waddles, my diving duck," said Russ.

"I won him as a prize, at an Easter raffle. I fussed so much over that fowl you'd of thought I'd hatched him. And I trained him to jump off a board into a large puddle. Only had one big trouble with him. For some reason he didn't like my grandmother who was living with us then. And she loved him.

"She'd go out to feed him in the morning and for no reason at all Waddles would attack her and peck at her legs. But Grandma never gave up trying to make friends with him.

"And you've never seen anything so funny as Grandma out there in the backyard with a big board fighting off Waddles while she tried to feed him. Too bad, too; Grandma was the nicest old lady a duck could ever meet."

"What ever happened to Waddles?" Venetia asked.

Russ smiled. "Oh, he just got to be four years old and died. We buried him in the backyard and Grandma cried a little. She still loved that duck.

"Well, with Waddles gone I got interested in magic. I spent all my money at a trick shop and most of my time practicing.

"I used to put on shows for the neighborhood. I charged admission at first but when the show was free I got a bigger audience.

"The last show I gave I demonstrated my newest trick. When performed properly, the audience thought you had cut completely through the finger of the victim.

"It was called the finger guillotine. It had a fake blade, which wasn't sharp, really, and I figured I knew how to do the trick pretty well.

"I called one of the kids out of the audience and told him to put his finger in the gadget. He was very willing. Poor guy; if he only knew what was going to happen.

"So I make a big show of how I'm going to pass the blade through his finger without his feeling it.

"Then with complete confidence I give the little guillotine a solid whopping.

"The kid jumps straight up in the air, shrieking in pain. I had goofed somehow. But instead of stopping, I said, 'That's okay, that's okay, put your hand down.' Then I hit the guillotine again thinking it would work this time. It didn't.

"Well, this time the kid started hollering for his mother and frankly I didn't blame him. We finally got the thing off his finger. It had swollen to twice its size and he kept it bandaged for a week after.

"I tried to regain my lost prestige as a young Houdini with the golf ball trick.

"This one gave the audience the illusion that I was putting a golf ball into my ear and making it come out of my mouth. I did it very well, too. So well, that I said to the kids, 'Does anyone here know how I do that trick?'

"Sure enough one guy in the front row hollers out, 'Of course, ya got a hole in your head!'

"That show ended my career as a magician."

Venetia was laughing again. "It isn't fair. Boys always have more fun as boys, than girls do as girls."

Russ chuckled. "Man, it wasn't fun then. I figured I was a complete failure at twelve. Then I got into acting and well—you know the rest, honey."

Venetia made more marks in the soft earth with the twig. Russ stared out at the big, sprawling city of Los Angeles.

"You know, honey, remembering like that made me feel happy and sad at the same time. I wonder why."

Venetia was resting her head on drawn-up knees.

"I think I know why, Russ," she said. "When you're older the memories of your childhood are always kind of nostalgic. There are moments you'll remember, with love, all the rest of your life."

Russ put his arm around Venetia's shoulders and gave her a quick hug.

"Okay, Miss Know-It-All," he grinned, "now tell me why I felt happy, too."

Venetia gave him a big smile. "That's easy. You're happy because all the good things are going to continue. That is, if I can make them."

Russ shook his head in admiration at his bride-to-be's insight. "Women sure know all about men, don't they?"

"No," answered Venetia, "but I think every woman knows all about the man she loves."

Russ kissed her lightly on the ear and stood up. "Okay, Smartie, we have to get back. Mom's having an early dinner for us and there's a letter at home from Warren. We'll have to walk fast."

The sun had lowered off to the west and the company of clouds had dispersed to re-form for another look at the world somewhere beyond the horizon.

Russ helped Venetia to her feet. As he did he saw what she had marked with the twig.

"Venetia Loves Russ."

"And that's why I'm happy," said Venetia. Then the two of them walked down the hill.

END

that old-married couple
debbie and eddie
will be
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NATALIE'S PICK UP

Soup on the Rocks keeps her feeling fit

■ This brand-new fashion in an "Old Fashioned" glass is just the sort of pick up pretty Natalie Wood would pick. It's Soup on the Rocks, which means chilled bouillon poured over ice cubes, with or without a twist of lemon peel.

"I discovered Soup on the Rocks when we were filming *The Searchers*," says Natalie. "It was like finding an oasis in the desert—so refreshing and stimulating. And, *knock on wood*," she says, patting her nice, flat tummy, "no calories."

Natalie says she was born lucky because most of the foods she likes are the ones that are good for her. "Take this," she said. "I work under hot lights all the time and I need to replace lost salt. Soup on the Rocks does that for me, too. Besides it's such a pretty substitute for the usual Old Fashioned. I serve it at parties, now, and more of my guests reach for it."

always a date

(*Continued from page 60*) trip to Oklahoma or Texas.

Lori is not one to blow her own horn, and if her grandmother has been doing it for her, so much the better. For Lori's career has needed some touting. If people riding the Sante Fe have asked, "Who is Lori Nelson?" so have people in Hollywood.

Everybody in town has heard or read her name, for Lori is everybody's friend. Friend to the late Suzan Ball, friend to Ann Blyth, and the confidante of Debbie Reynolds. Furthermore, there is hardly a bachelor or ex-bachelor among the younger set who has not dated Lori. Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, Dick Long, Bob Wagner, Jimmy Dean, Hugh O'Brian, Bob Francis, Race Gentry, all of them have happily squired Lori at one time or another. Whenever there has been a gala affair in Hollywood, a première or a party, Lori has been there. She has led, for five years, the glamorous kind of life for which most girls her age would sacrifice their happy homes, jobs and boy friends.

It all sounds like an enviable position, and it is, except for one thing. Lori is an actress in her own right, and in becoming known as Hollywood's sweetheart she has almost been swallowed up as such. At twenty-two she has fifteen years of hard work behind her, including sixteen pictures in the last five years, yet even citizens of Hollywood have asked who is Lori? Hollywood wouldn't know, because Hollywood doesn't usually see the kind of movies in which Lori has been featured or starred. They have been, with few exceptions, the kind of low-budget movies which play mostly to small towns, and Hollywood moviegoers confine their interest almost soley to big, super-colossal, expensive ones.

Conversely, it is this fact which is helping Lori emerge from the anonymity of B movies. Louella Parsons reported in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN her astonishment at the fact that in her own mail, it was not Marilyn Monroe or Debbie Reynolds who was most often mentioned, but Lori Nelson. And Lori herself has been surprised at the gradual recognition. She can walk through the streets of Beverly Hills without being recognized, yet last summer when she drove with her parents in their jeep through the Southwest on vacation, comfortable in blue jeans and no make-up, she went into a small store in Douglas, Arizona (pop. 9000) and was hailed as a celebrity. They knew her in Douglas because they had seen her in a Ma and Pa Kettle picture, or a Francis-the-mule epic, but unless the town books bigger pictures in the future they are going to miss her in Douglas, for Lori's career has at long last taken an upturn swing.

In the fall of 1954 she had the courage to leave Universal-International, where she had been under contract for four years. The studio was the place where she broke ground for her career but at twenty-two she struck out for herself, to free lance in the viciously competitive world of Hollywood.

The first six months brought only two TV shows and Lori worried, thinking she might have been premature in her jump from the protection of a studio contract, but in the six months following she was cast in five pictures—*The Day The World Ended, I Died A Thousand Times, Mohawk, Sincerely Yours,* and her most recent, *Pardners* with Martin and Lewis.

Babe in braces

The struggle wasn't easy. When she was signed at U-I, she was sixteen, the youngest on the studio roster. She worked with the other young people under con-

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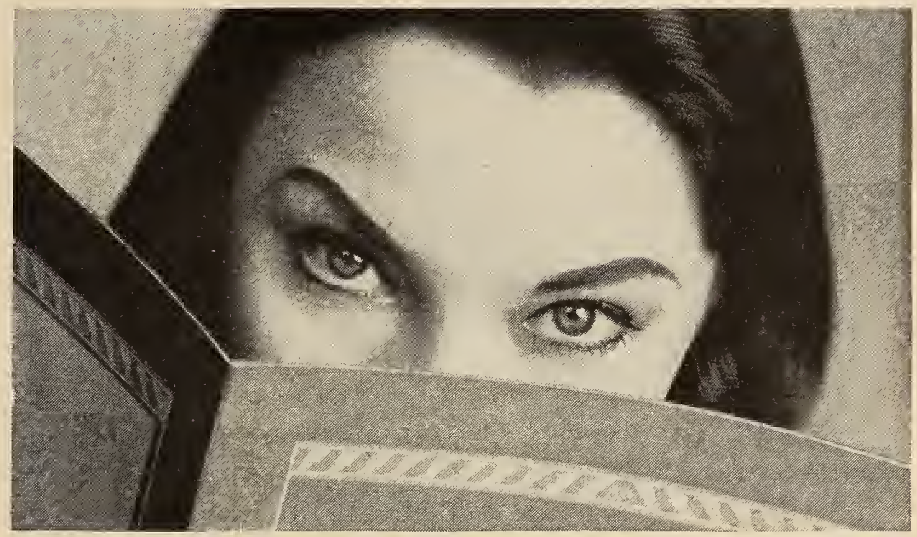

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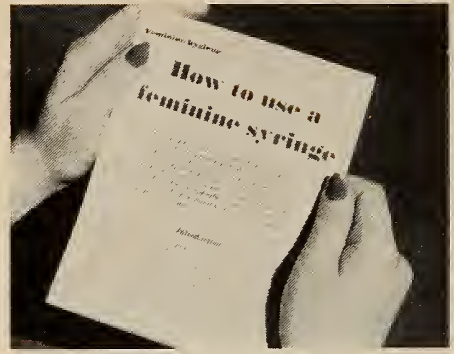

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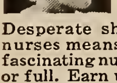

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tract, Piper Laurie, Barbara Rush, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Peggy Dow, Joyce Holden. They were all young, but not as young as Lori, and to them she was a kid sister. Rock Hudson still teases her about the braces she wore on her teeth when she first went with the studio. She kept saying to herself, "What am I doing here?"

What she was doing, aside from improving her abilities, was charming everybody head over heels. While she kept her high school friends from nearby Encino, she gradually became popular with the young Hollywood crowd. She went out with Hudson and Hunter and Dean and stepped quietly aside when they were rushed by fans.

"It's hard to explain," she says. "It isn't that I wanted all that for myself. It would be pleasing to the ego and very nice, I suppose, but if the day ever comes when I have to pull a hat over my eyes to go out of the house, I'll regret the whole thing. It's just that—well, I like to be treated as a human being, to be accorded the dignity which one person owes another. And sometimes it's been a little difficult not to resent being trampled in the crowd."

"Who's your friend?"

As an example, there was the time she was asked to go to Florida and plug RKO's picture *Underwater*, in which Lori appeared with Jane Russell. She was to spend a few days in Miami and appear there on Steve Allen's TV show. Lori thought she might take in New York while she was east, and inasmuch as Debbie Reynolds had been suggesting they should see New York together some time, Lori asked Debbie to go with her. No actress with a thought in the world for her career would ask Debbie Reynolds to accompany her on a tour that was intended to further her own popularity. Everybody knew Debbie and only a handful ever heard of Lori. But Lori is not that kind of career-minded girl, and she asked Debbie out of friendship.

The inevitable happened. Wherever they appeared Debbie was mobbed and had a hard time trying to pull her friend into the spotlight with her. Plans for the TV show got mangled back and forth, canceled and reset so many times that by the time the girls arrived at the scene, no one on the show remembered that Lori was supposed to be the guest that day. Word got around that Debbie was there, and somebody grabbed Miss Reynolds and pulled her toward Steve Allen. Debbie in turn grabbed Lori's hand, and so they went through the crush to the cameras. Steve Allen had announced that Debbie would appear, and as the two girls hove into view he said, "I see we have another lovely young lady with us. Who's your friend, Debbie?"

There it was again. "Who is your friend?" It was difficult to take; it was Lori's picture and it was to have been Lori's TV show, and she had been so completely ignored that she wished she were some place else, anywhere where she wouldn't have to bear the flush she felt mounting in her cheeks.

Lori was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, the only child of Loree and Robert Nelson, and named Dixie Kay. When she was five they moved to California and because of her father's work as a camera technician, moved to a succession of new localities, depending on which studio supplied their income. Eventually they landed in the San Fernando Valley, where Robert Nelson went to work at Republic Studio. (He is now head of their camera machine shop.) Even such a short time ago, the Valley was real country as compared with Hollywood, and Lori took every advantage of the fact. She was a born tomboy, and played with girls only when no boys were available. Today her appearance belies this violent childhood.

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It gets Lori's goat, too. Within the last year she has tested for two tomboy roles and both times was turned down. "It's ridiculous—you're not the type. You wouldn't be believable."

If they followed her around, they'd know better. Her role in *Underwater* didn't call for any fish-type athletics, yet after the day's shooting was over Lori would corral the swimmers in the picture and get them to teach her the technique of diving and swimming with aqualung equipment. When she made *Revenge Of The Creature* on location in Florida she did something that would have given strokes to her parents had they known it. There is a tank there in Marineland filled with the deadliest of poisonous fish—Moray eels, sting rays, barracudas, that sort of enchanting creature. And one fine day, after doing her own aqualunging for the picture, Lori decided it would be fun to go into the tank with these monsters—and did.

> **A promoter at Roseland told of catching an octopus and trying to teach it to talk. "Listen, you," he said to the octopus, "if you learn to talk, you can make money hand over fist over hand over fist over hand over fist, etc., etc."**
>
> *Leonard Lyons in The New York Post*

"It wasn't dangerous," she smiles. "They feed them every hour."

She never tells her parents about things like this until she's already done them, and if she did, there wouldn't be much they could do to stop her. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson never went overboard about the idea of Lori in show business in the first place. It started when she was seven and got involved in a community playhouse kind of thing, and was given a role in a play titled, appropriately, *Hollywood Fever*. A scout saw Lori's performance and wanted her for the role of Cassandra as a child in *Kings Row*. The small Dixie Kay was in a spin of delight, and her parents were still backing and filling about the definite offer from the studio when the child developed a strep throat. Eventually the germ entered her blood stream and she nearly died. Afterward she developed rheumatic fever, and *Kings Row* went by the board.

Once recovered, Lori hitched her wagon to a star again. She took dancing lesons, and taught swimming to the children in a nursery school in order to earn money for dramatic lessons. Nothing happened in the way of work, however, for Lori was at an age that fills few roles. In Canoga Park High School she took dramatics, appeared in school plays, and on the side began doing photographic modeling. In this way she came to the attention of agent Milo Frank, who wanted to sign her as a client. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson refused. "We want her to finish high school, and besides, she's modeling now, and that's enough."

Finally one day he called to say there was a specific part for Lori in a Columbia picture and he had an appointment the next day to introduce her. Between the pleading of the agent and the actress the parents finally gave their consent, but the next morning Frank called to say that his contact had landed in the hospital during the night with an emergency appendectomy.

"But," he said, unwilling to wait until the Nelsons' minds had set again, "please let me take her over to Universal today and introduce her to the casting director."

Rufus LeMayer at U-I was impressed, took Lori to the studio's drama coach Sophie Rosenstein. Sophie was even more impressed, and Lori began working after school and on Saturdays with other young hopefuls. Then came the day when the studio brass visited the talent department to hold auditions. That night Sophie phoned Lori, sotto voce. "I shouldn't do this," she said, "but I thought you'd like to know that I'm sure you're in." And the next day they signed Lori to a contract, and changed her name to Dorothy. Every time thereafter that someone called Dorothy, Miss Nelson didn't turn around. When it finally sank in she was horrified. "I'm not a Dorothy," she announced, and submitted some family names. From her mother's name, Loree, and her grandmother's name, Laura, the studio coined Lori.

Each year after that, at option time, she fretted for fear she would be dropped from the roster, and her co-workers, smiling at the kid in braces, tried to console her. The option was always picked up, and at the end of the third year she was given a solid seven-year contract.

And suddenly, when she was about nineteen, the pendulum swung the other way. She had grown up enough to be accepted as something other than a little sister, and she became the most popular member of the younger set. Soon the press was calling her for information about her friends. What did she think of Rock Hudson as a date? How about Ann Blyth? Was it true that Eddie Fisher showed her the engagement ring before he sprang it on Debbie? Did she and Tab Hunter have anything in common other than their interest in horses? Lori was happy to help, and it occurred only to her subconscious that it would be kind of nice if somebody called up to find out about *her*.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson understood her position and gave her confidence through their pride. "Lori," Robert Nelson once said, "could be the best actress in town—if they'd let her." And his daughter flustered, "Oh, Daddy, please! I'm still learning!"

In this past year her career has begun to snowball and her future seems set. By now, she can enjoy without reservations the glamorous life she leads. She and her parents live in a new house in North Hollywood, the kind of house they always wanted, Early American with ceiling beams and pegged floors and warm, comfortable furnishings. She pays room and board and her own expenses and packs the rest away. And when people ask why she doesn't strike out for herself and get her own apartment, she looks surprised and says, "I'm fine at home. I'm happy there. Why should I leave?"

Always a bridesmaid

As her agent she has the bright young Dick Clayton, whom she also dates. "He's my best friend—like a big brother." She keeps as her friends all the gang she started with—Julie Adams and Barbara Rush, besides Ann and Debbie, and continues to date the town's most eligible bachelors. She admits she's married off a few—Rock and Bob Preble and Dick Long, who married her close friend Suzan Ball, as well as a few lesser known lights. And, tragically, within six months, death took four of her closest friends. First, Bob Francis, whom she had dated quite consistently, then Suzan, and a few months later Jimmy Dean. And on Christmas day, a boy to whom she had been engaged in school and who was still very dear to both Lori and her parents, was killed in an automobile accident.

On the brighter side, Lori makes new friends wherever she goes, and her travels to date have taken her to five studios. The latest, at Paramount, with Martin and Lewis, is naturally hilarious. The boys have uncovered Dixie Kay, and for Christmas gave her a gold cigarette case on which her real name is engraved. Name-conscious, Jerry won't let her live down Dixie Kay, *or* the fact she has dated Tab, Rock and Race, the kind of names that have become Hollywood's latest fun fad.

One day a note from Jerry was delivered to her dressing room. It read: "You, Dixie Kay, are a fine, smart girl. Why is it you insist on going out with men who have names like Tab, Lab, Gab, Lard, Gard, Pard and Marvin?"

You might say that Lori is having a ball. It is important to her, this business of acting, and she has no thought of getting married in the next few years. "I hope that when the time comes that I do want to marry, I'll have sense enough to treat my marriage as the career, and my career as a hobby. If that is impossible and I have to give up my work, I don't think it will kill me."

Proud as they are of her talent, her parents will be delighted if Lori ever puts a stop to her career. They think she works too hard and are perpetually concerned that the strain will be too much for her. They ask periodically if she would like to quit, but the question falls on deaf ears. Lori Nelson is Somebody now. **END**

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I saw it coming!

(*Continued from page 39*) made up my mind for me.

In Florida, where I dined with Prince Rainier's father, the Count Pierre de Polignac, I learned that the Prince, a house guest of friends of the Kellys, was spending much time with Grace.

I had talked with the Prince the day after he arrived in this country with his friend and royal chaplain, the Very Reverend J. Francis Tucker—a man to be reckoned with, as you will see.

Ostensibly His Serene Highness was here for a medical check-up at Johns Hopkins. But ignoring this usual official camouflage, I asked about his plans.

"Christmas week," he said, "I'm planning to spend in Hollywood."

Mrs. Millicent Hearst, who was with us, told him, "You must go to San Simeon. I'll telephone my son David to look you up. We have a private zoo there such as you have at the Palace. You'd like to see it."

The Prince, as always, was charming. "That would be wonderful, wonderful."

"What a pity," I was going to say, but didn't, "that Grace Kelly, whom you met briefly last spring, will not be there." For I had just had a wire from Grace saying she planned to fly home in time for the holidays.

"Tell me," I said instead, "are you looking for a wife?"

He smiled, with the extraordinary shyness that is part of his charm. That and his great humor. "No, not necessarily. You think I should marry?"

"For your principality you should," I said. "No doubt about it!"

Her secret Grace

All of us are two people; that person the world sees and that secret self who, remembering all the emotions that have patterned our lifetime, dictates how we will think, act and react.

I've always felt that Grace's secret self required her to compensate for whatever social importance the healthy, happy, self-made Kelly clan lacked with Philadelphia's Main Line. Today, of course, any prejudice a mossback society might entertain about first-generation money wouldn't disturb Grace in the least. She would even be quietly amused by it. But it's when we're young, supersensitive and vulnerable that we acquire our emotional scars. And when anyone applies herself to getting ahead, as Grace has done, she's compensating for something even if she's not conscious of it.

In an incredibly short time Grace has found Hollywood stardom and won an Oscar. To the envy of the more obvious femme fatales she has captured the romantic fancy of the world's most eligible men and, in the end, held their devoted friendship. She has, contrary to movie custom, established her home in New York where she can enjoy a wider choice of friends and society. The most famous couturiers ache to dress her, because—more than anyone else on the contemporary scene, she exemplifies a beautifully simple and correct look; her spic and span white gloves having come to be so much a part of her that you almost picture her arriving in this world wearing a tiny pair.

And now she's going to marry one of the two royal bachelors left in this world—the other being a Belgian Prince (who has just announced his engagement, too). And she's going to enjoy the highest social position.

I keep remembering Grace last spring when we were in southern France together. She was chaperoned by the Countess de Seggonsac. You don't catch this young lady traveling alone, leaving herself open to gossip and column items. Among many of her other pleasant qualities she is smart.

I asked her to a small dinner party I gave at the Carlton, which was her hotel. I still can see her arriving, breathtakingly beautiful in her short, simple black satin dress. Her only adornment was a little string of seed pearls and a narrow, black, elephant-hair ring. No other jewels. I placed her next to Jean-Pierre Aumont at the table. Need I go on?

"Elsa," he said, "she's the loveliest thing I've ever seen!" For the first time since the death of his wife, Maria Montez, four years ago, he was smitten.

She meets the Prince

The day following my dinner Pierre Gallant, an editor of Paris-*Match* and the husband of Olivia De Havilland, drove Grace to Monaco to meet Prince Rainier, go through the Palace, and be photographed for a picture layout.

They both told me about their visit with the Prince a few days later at my farm at Auribeau, high in the ancient hills behind Nice. Among others at luncheon that day were Gene Kelly and his wife Betsy Blair and Marcel Pagnol, author of the stories upon which the musical *Fanny* is based.

I can still see Grace getting out of Jean-Pierre's car, wearing a tweed skirt and a crisp white shirt, her usually smooth gold hair flying. I like it better that way.

Before lunch Grace and I went on a tour of my farm. There's nothing more endearing, of course, than for someone to love a place you love. And Grace adored the farm.

"Chickens and pigs," she exclaimed. "A huge vegetable garden! Fruit trees! I envy you, Elsa."

She need envy me no more, for I'm certain she will turn the palace farm and gardens into a modern Eden.

She stopped for a long time at a wonderful old tree that bears the most beautiful white roses, a rarity in France. White roses, I learned, are her favorites. And if my old rose tree can be transplanted she will have it for a wedding present, to grow beneath her palace window.

We lunched that day in the garden. Grace was not at my table but I saw her helped twice to the lamb curry, in spite of all the calories lurking in the sauce and rice, pineapple, coconut and chutney.

"French food," she said to me. "It's so divinely wonderful."

"And French beaux?"

She laughed. "The same."

She was referring at the moment only to Jean-Pierre Aumont. Had he not begun his siege to her heart and had she not been responsive it could well be that her romance with Prince Rainier would have begun then, seven months earlier. That her image remained with the Prince there seems no doubt. And Father "Tuck" I think, sensed this.

Just this last week when Grace and I were laughing about her earlier meeting with the Prince she said, "I hadn't the slightest idea then what was going to happen. Not the slightest!"

However, she brought one vivid impression away from her Monacan visit—the way Prince Rainier's tiger embraced him. For she mentioned it several times.

At my table at lunch that day we began to gossip and laugh. Grace, I noticed, kept leaning further and further in our direction. At last, frankly unable to endure her curiosity another minute, she demanded, "What *are* you all laughing and talking about?"

"We're being naughty, quite naughty," I admitted.

"Can't I come over and be naughty with

you?" she asked. "I love to hear stories about all the exciting people you all know."

In her quiet way, you see, she's very honest and direct.

"Your future father-in-law"

Since, following her engagement, I had not returned to New York in time to see her I telephoned her in California. "I saw your future father-in-law in Florida," I told her. "And tomorrow he is coming to tea with me."

"What is he like?" she wanted to know. "Tell me all about him. What does he think of all this?"

"He's very pleased! Very! I gave you a great boost, darling. I told him of all the wonderful, refreshing qualities you'll bring to the ancient house of Grimaldi.

"You'll like your father-in-law," I went on. "He's a man of great culture."

"I can't wait to meet him."

"You know, of course," I told her, "that you're the envy of several Princesses—whose names I won't mention—who would have been only too happy to marry Prince Rainier. You're going to have quite a job to do."

As I said that I was thinking of many things. Of all the royal and diplomatic circles, some tinged with envy, in which she will have to make her way. Of Monaco's gloomy 200-room palace of yellow stone with its castellated walls, its cobbled courtyards with guarded sentry boxes and a walled road leading up to it. For too long—ever since 1930 when Prince Rainier's mother, Princess Charlotte, went to Italy where later she was divorced from Count de Polignac by her father's royal decree and where she renounced her rights to the throne in favor of her son—there has been no Princess to look after things.

I do not doubt Grace will turn the old palace into a thing of beauty, and institute a social calendar, something Prince Rainier, beset by the scandals of his family and lacking a Princess, never has worried about. Actually the Prince is a very simple and democratic young man, far more like a young businessman or executive than anything else—quite as democratic, in fact, as the Kellys themselves.

Cupid Number Two

Everywhere, the romance of Grace and Prince Rainier is being compared to "Cinderella." Unjustly, I think. It's so much more fascinating. Among other things it's a love story with two Cupids. Pierre Gallant of *Match* must be accredited Cupid Number One. I name Father "Tuck" Cupid Number Two.

It is five years ago now that Father "Tuck," sixty-seven years old, originally from Delaware, who has become a good friend as well as royal chaplain to Prince Rainier, arrived in Monaco, appointed by the Vatican. Things there have changed since he came. His church, St. Charles, no longer has privileged pews with brass name plates on them. "All the pews in my church are for whoever wishes to pray," he long ago announced. Long ago, too, he abolished first, second and third class weddings and funerals. There's now one service for everyone who marries and one service for everyone who dies. The Palace chapel is again in use. And the Prince's six-year romance with French actress Gisele Pascal was finally ended. Gisele, it was generally understood, could not bear children.

As the story goes Father "Tuck" after meeting Gisele said, "She is lovely, lovely! I could go for her myself!"

"But you are a Priest!" Prince Rainier protested.

"And you," said Father "Tuck" looking His Serene Highness coldly in the eye, "are a Prince!"

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This much is certain. There's always a place set for Father "Tuck" at the Palace table. And at official dinners he's seated with Monaco's Ministers of State.

Father "Tuck," I think, encouraged Prince Rainier to visit the Kellys' friends in Philadelphia. For here he would be sure to see Grace again. From the good Father's point of view, of course, a more perfect wife than Grace Kelly could not be found. She's the daughter of a vital Irish father and German mother. She was devoutly reared by the nuns at Ravenhille Academy. She's beautiful, with a golden income. (Not that Prince Rainier is any impoverished young man. His income of $125,000 a year is tax free.) Moreover, Grace is quite capable of holding her own in court circles and leading the Prince to such diplomatic and social triumphs as he has lately neglected in his interests—after his official duties—of wild animal hunting, jazz and deep sea diving.

Father "Tuck" knew, I'm sure, that there was a spark as far as the Prince was concerned. And if in his devotion to his Prince he did not see how Grace ever could resist him he's to be excused—especially in the light of what's happened.

Hand-holders

There isn't the slightest doubt in the minds of those who've seen Grace and the Prince together that they are quite mad about each other. Their hands are rarely unclasped and they gaze at each other endlessly. But I wanted Grace to tell me how she felt.

Over the phone when I said, ". . . and you adore your young Prince, do you?" Grace laughed softly. "To tell about it sounds so unbelievable," she said. "I know there will be problems. But I want to marry him very much. And I'm going to try to be equal to all that I undertake."

"It's a real historic role you're to play, my girl!" I told her. "But I'm satisfied you will do it well, that you'll be a great credit to this country. For you take your Prince and his people many wonderful qualities."

"He has so much to give, too, Elsa, so very much!" she interrupted.

Under the calm aegis of Her Serene Highness Princess Grace, it may well be that the Grimaldi dynasty, founded back in the middle ages, will flourish anew.

Always the Grimaldis have been colorful people.

It was in 1297 that Monaco, held by the Ghibellines, an Italian political party, was captured by the daring ruse of Frances Grimaldi, an enemy Guelph. He approached the fortress in the guise of a monk and, failing to notice he wore shoes, which non-fighting monks did not, they let him enter. Drawing a sword from beneath his robe he slew the guards and called to his followers hiding in the underbrush. They took the fortress. And Francis became the first of the long line of Monaco princes.

Later the Grimaldis, who were famous seamen, played an important role in French history. However they did not only fight France's enemies. They also attacked any ships which promised a rich prize.

Always in the beginning—whether it's the beginning of a royal house like the Grimaldis or an American fortune established by first generation Irish-Americans like the Kellys—you find individuals of force, imagination and vitality.

It will be fascinating to see what will happen now that the Kellys and the Grimaldis are getting together. Plenty will happen. Including the most fabulous wedding ever given anywhere. **END**

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gregory peck

(*Continued from page 63*) gay companion and friend so that when she became his wife, there wouldn't be the sudden shock of a stranger in their house, whom they might suspect of taking their Daddy away from them. As a result of this wise parental foresight, Veronique is not a new stepmother now, but a grownup playmate they know and love.

I met Veronique for the first time on her first day in New York on her first visit to America. I have always felt that Greg was a close, personal friend of mine, but I was never so aware of it as the morning he called me and said, "I want you to meet Veronique." For to know Greg is to know that he shares his private life with no one, except those nearest and dearest to him, and he finds it difficult to discuss anything of a personal nature, even with them.

"Veronique must be someone very significant in Greg's life!" I reflected, as I waited for them in a secluded corner of the Cafe Pierre. It was Greg's first visit back to the States in three years, but not my first glimpse of him in all that time. I had had a delightful reunion with him in London, during the Coronation, and two summers ago I had caught up with him again in Ireland, where I spent three weeks on location with the *Moby Dick* unit. I had heard rumors about a new romance in Greg's life—a young French girl, whom he met when she came to interview him in Paris, but Greg had made no mention of her to me, so I asked him no questions.

No gestures or words were needed to sense the rapport between them. Instinctively, I knew that in this twenty-four-year-old (mature far beyond her years) half-French, half-Russian doll, with the tawny hair and violet eyes, Greg had found the perfect wife for him and the perfect companion for the three people who matter most in the world to him—his sons, eleven-year-old Jonathan, nine-year-old Stephen, and seven-year-old Carey Paul. But there was no mention of marriage that day, nor was there during any of our subsequent meetings a few weeks later in Hollywood—until one night, when we had had a family dinner in Greg's Pacific Palisades home.

When you marry

Greg had barbecued the steaks, which we all attacked as enthusiastically as Carey Paul, who exclaimed, "Gee, Daddy, these are okey-dokey!" Veronique had made the salad, topped by her own very special French dressing and the boys' contribution was the dessert—ice cream right out of the deep freeze. Then, we collapsed comfortably in front of an open fire, while Greg hauled out a projector and ran a few Walt Disney cartoons for the children. An hour later, when they had scampered off to bed, with none of the usual fuss put up by most youngsters, and Greg had tucked them in and listened to their prayers, we settled down to a quiet night cap. It was then, that I turned to Greg and asked, "Will you please let me write the first story when you and Veronique marry?"

Greg squirmed uncomfortably as he always does at the slightest mention of anything personal, but he grinned back, "I'll let you write the first story *after* we're married. I can't tell you when that will be but I promise to wire you on our wedding day."

It began back in 1952 when Greg stopped off in Paris on his way to Rome, for his *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn.

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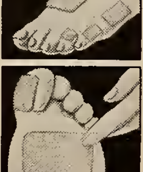

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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

Veronique, a reporter in the entertainment department of *Paris Presse,* the leading newspaper in France, had been assigned to interview Greg. A few months before, the mere thought of any personal contact with this famous star would have frozen her fingers to her typewriter keys. During her fledgling days as a cub reporter, her first assignment was to interview Sam Goldwyn. It was her first interview in English, and she was so panic-stricken that as she walked down the corridor to his hotel suite, she felt as if she were walking to the guillotine. Fortunately, Mrs. Goldwyn was present at the interview, and she speaks French fluently. Recognizing Veronique as a beginner who was handicapped by hesitant English, Frances took over.

"She saved my life!" Veronique confessed, as she recounted this incident to me over lunch one day. "By the time I got around to interviewing Greg, I had had a backlog of experience and with all the confidence of my twenty-one years I no longer considered myself an amateur. I met Greg for dinner, accompanied by the head of Paramount's Paris office, who had arranged the interview. I didn't ask him many questions, but I remember making a mental note that here was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen, and one of the most unassuming, for an actor of world renown. But there was no question of love at first sight. I knew he was a married man, and the father of three children. And that was that. I never thought our paths would cross again, except under the same circumstances—a famous American motion picture star granting an interview to the foreign press."

"Had you ever been a fan of Greg's before you met him?" I wanted to know.

"No, for the simple reason that I had never seen any of his pictures." In answer to my startled look, Veronique quickly explained, "You see, all during the German occupation of France, we saw no American movies. After the war, we only got the very old ones. I can still remember the first American film my father took me to see. It was *Scarface,* and it seemed very old-fashioned to me. I was still loyal to French films, and the same idols on whom all my classmates at Marymount Convent had childhood crushes, especially Danielle Darrieux and Jean Marais. But even more than French movies, I loved the ballet, the opera and the Comedie Francais. I thought Louis Jouvet the greatest actor in the world and hoped some day I would meet him. I had that great privilege shortly before he died. But getting back to Greg—and a very nice man to get back to!—the next time our paths crossed was in Rome. I had been invited on a press junket to cover a French film being made on location there. It was my first visit to Italy, although part of my roots are there. My great-grandmother was born in Italy. I'm not all French, as most people assume, because I was born in Paris. Actually, I'm a hybrid. My mother was Russian, my father, French. My grandfather, Corsican. His mother, Italian. And I learned to speak English at Marymount from two nuns—one American, one Irish!"

"Quite a contrast to Greg, who is as American as the Fourth of July for generations back!" I reflected out loud. To myself, I thought, "But Greg had an affinity for foreign places and people. His first wife, Greta, was Finnish."

Lucky in love

"I stayed in Rome two weeks and loved every minute of it," Veronique continued. "You've traveled so much, Radie, so you know the exhilaration of new sights and sounds to a writer. I felt that I had turned

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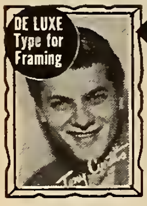
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in my best copy on this trip—even though it *didn't* include another interview with Greg. I saw him a few times at the studio, but never ran into him socially. He was living with his family in a villa outside of Rome—the same villa that Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer occupied during the filming of *War And Peace*. When Greg came back to Paris I didn't see him at all. It wasn't until the following year, *after* he and Greta had decided to end their marriage, and she returned to Hollywood with the children, that he called to invite me to the races at Auteil. Unlucky at gambling. Lucky in love. We lost every race. but we found each other!"

"Had you ever been in love before?" I asked.

"No, incredible as it seems, Gregory Peck was the first man I ever dated. You see, in France young girls of respectable families never date boys, because they are never allowed out unchaperoned. I was tremendously shy as a teen ager—perhaps because I worshiped my mother. She was a journalist, and our home was always filled with gay, amusing people, with my mother always the gayest. One year, when I was fourteen, we went to Switzerland for the winter sports. It was Christmas Eve and I was invited to a dance. I had never danced before, and I was so scared, I hid behind a curtain, praying that no one would see me. When my partner, who was all of eighteen, but seemed like an 'old man' to me, came to claim me, Mother gave me a gentle kick, and I knew there was no escape. Suddenly, I was on the ballroom floor—and then a miraculous thing happened. I was no longer shy. I'll never be the extrovert my mother is, but I've outgrown the timidity of my teen-age years."

"Greg is *still* tremendously shy, isn't he?" I observed.

"Yes, and I think it is one of his most endearing qualities. He's so very rich inside that he can well afford to be an introvert. He doesn't have to rely on other people to entertain him. His travels abroad have developed his interest in art, music, literature and languages. He loves his ranch at Santa Inez, where he breeds cattle and farms acres of beautiful land, and where we spent our honeymoon. Jonathan, his eldest son, worked on the ranch all summer, and loves it as much as Greg, who tries to spend every week end there. We both love outdoor sports—horseback riding (in which all the boys are expert, too) and golf, but we also love to visit art galleries, go to concerts and films. But best of all, we prefer to stay home, listening to Greg's record collection, running movies, poring over scripts, discussing them far into the night. We never seem to run out of things to say to each other, and to me, this is such an important relationship between two people."

Lord and lady

Veronique's adult understanding of the responsibilities of marriage is typically European. In France, a husband is the lord and master, and his wife builds her whole world around him and their children. Veronique has no other interests except to make Greg happy. Her own promising career as a journalist means nothing to her. She has no wish to compete with him on any level, but like Maggie Shand in *What Every Woman Knows*, in her own quiet, unobtrusive way, she is the pillar of strength behind him. She doesn't want to compete with Hollywood glamour girls, either, and it isn't because she's not beautiful according to Hollywood's standards. She uses little make-up, except on her eyes, which are like deep pools of violet. Her hair, worn long and loose, is a lovely tawny shade, and her figure is the answer to a modern maiden's prayer. She dresses with the exquisitely simple taste of the real French woman, who doesn't patronize Dior and Desses, and all the popular couturiers "only for Americans." She knows the inexpensive little French dressmaker, who once worked at all these famous establishments, and can copy the same dress at half the price.

Greg's small fry call her Veronique, and treat her as one of the gang. Veronique has a nine-year-old brother of her own in Paris, so she knows how to handle little boys. Greg's whole family loves her, too. His mother, divorced from his father, and now remarried and living in San Francisco, had Veronique as her house guest when she visited San Francisco for the first time a few months ago.

I first met Greg's young and attractive mother when she was lunching with Veronique in Hollywood, and it was obvious then how much she approved of her future new daughter-in-law. I met Greg's delightful father and motherly stepmother in La Jolla on a theatre party.

I had a chance to really observe Veronique on that trip to La Jolla, because we were together for sixteen consecutive hours—from the time she and Greg called for me at the Beverly Hills Hotel at 10:30 A.M., until they dropped me back home at 2:30 A.M. the following morning! It had been a crowded day and night—the flight to San Diego—the drive to Del Mar for lunch at the Turf Club—the races in the afternoon—the drive back to La Jolla and a tour of this lovely town, so that Veronique could see where Greg was born and spent all his childhood and boyhood years—afterward, a quick dinner at the Hotel Valencia, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz and other friends—then off to the Playhouse for the evening's performance—and finally, the drive back to San Diego for the flight home to L.A. Throughout this busy schedule, there was a sense of calm and repose about Veronique that harmonizes with Greg's quiet, unruffled personality. Neither of them is the demonstrative type, so there was never any outward display of affection, but you knew it was there in the way their eyes caressed each other.

Because they are so sufficient to each other, and because Greg's divorce from Greta wasn't final until the end of December, they kept very much to themselves. Veronique had nothing whatsoever to do with the break-up of Greg and Greta's twelve-year-old marriage, so there was no feeling of resentment against her as a *femme fatale*, among Greg's friends. Being people of taste and dignity, until the divorce was final, neither Veronique nor Greg ever did anything to embarrass Greta by flaunting their romance in public. They had steadfastly refused to pose for any pictures together, and the only time they were finally snapped was at the Rocky Marciano-Archie Moore fight.

It was on this trip East that I stopped by to have cocktails with Greg in his suite at the Sherry Netherland. His good friend Sy Bartlett, vice-president and executive producer of Greg's new independent company, Melville Productions (named in honor of Herman Melville, author of *Moby Dick*), Tony Bartley, Deborah Kerr's husband, and Arthur Jacobs were already there. Veronique, who was staying at the Hotel Plaza across the street, hadn't as yet arrived. Soon after, when she slipped in quietly, I noticed that the first thing she did was to turn on the lamps and empty the ash trays. Then, just as unobtrusively, she helped pour the drinks and arrange for dinner before theatre. It was just another indication of what a joy she must be to have around the house. A wife who doesn't make a noise like a wife! END

jane russell

(Continued from page 64) me Billy Graham any more. Now I'm Mother Machree!"

Not that either title is so bad. It's just that they're not accurate. "Print anything you want to about me," Jane has begged. "Just make it true!" But the legend, no longer sex pot but saint, persists despite her pleas.

But for once, in the interests of accuracy and Jane, let it be said that Jane's religion —in fact her whole attitude toward living —is a downright odd one, and nothing like a saint's.

Jane and her brothers do their praying at Sunday morning services that sound more like a weenie-roast than a prayer-meeting. Most Sundays a visiting minister from almost any church, anywhere, conducts, and when they have no guest, Ma Russell officiates herself. (Jane goes for those sessions big—at any point she's likely to stand up and argue a point with Ma—and possibly even win.)

The chapel itself is pretty off-beat. The Russell kids built it with their own hands on their own property, and it's light, airy, modern and totally unaccustomed to gloom and doom. Prominently posted in the front is what the Russells call a prayer board. On this is stuck a list of people to be prayed for regularly. First on the list is "All Men Everywhere." Next comes "All Men In Authority." After that come the names of people who want help, and those Jane thinks *need* help whether they want it or not. An actor who worked with her in *The Tall Men* was recently asked by a friend: "How are you doing?" "I must be doing great," the actor said. "I've been off Jane's prayer board for a week!"

Bibles and blackmail

It is true that most of the Bibles owned by Jane's friends were given to them by Jane. If they don't read them, that's not Miss Russell's fault. She'll do her darnedest to talk, smack or blackmail them into it. Knowing Jane, it is not unlikely that she will remove a best-seller from a friend's hands and substitute the Good Book without even losing the place. But if this sounds like a saint, militant type, take another look. She'll do the same in every other phase of living that comes to her attention. She will—and has—cut their hair, switched their doctors, rearranged their love lives and, when necessary, wiped their noses, with a blithe indifference to the rules of privacy that leaves them gasping. Yet they love her. "That's Old Jane," they say weakly, toddling off down the paths she has prescribed. And they will be the first to admit that the paths turn out to be pretty rosy.

The little mother of all the world, Jane's not. "I'm not the type to pat kids on the head when I meet them on the street," she protests. "And I didn't want to adopt every child I saw in Europe. I didn't even want to take Tommy at first, seeing that I'd met his mother. I was just going to bring him back for someone else to adopt. But by the time we had taken care of all the red tape we'd had him for eight months and neither Bob nor I could dream of giving him up!"

And besides, Tommy had picked them for his own. Ever since his blood mother had pressed him into Jane's arms in England, urging her to "Do more for him than we can!" Tommy had developed the amiable, but disconcerting habit of pointing at any picture of a woman that came to view and crowing, "Mama!" One day Jane, due for a sitting, brought him into the still department of the studio—then gasped with horror, looking around, for them, framed on the walls, were pictures of every star from glamourpuss to character actresses—all, to Tommy, potential "Mamas!" She needn't have worried. Tommy stood in the middle of the room, rotated slowly, and then, with unerring accuracy, pointed to the picture of the most scantily clad dame of them all—Jane Russell. "Mama!" he said happily.

"Hmph," Jane said. "At least it wasn't Marjorie Main!" But she knew she'd been chosen.

Beggars and bulldozers

So they took Tommy, and there was Jane, battling the British parliament (who said indignantly, "We can take care of our own"), the do-gooders (telling her that anyone who adopted a child whose parents knew its whereabouts was not only crazy but criminal; in no time they'd be demanding the child back) and the Immigration Service, which seemed to be bent on making the adoption as difficult as possible. Anyone else would have taken Tommy and fled to Tahiti; Jane signed papers, stormed at the reporters, won her baby and then, having conquered all her immediate adversaries, took on Congress and made them change the quota rulings for adoptable children. WAIF, Women's-Adoption-International-Fund, was her next project; she organized it to find babies for American families and get them here with a minimum of discomfort. Ten per cent of her salary has always gone to charity, but more money was needed. Jane set about raising it. Many of the saints were beggars, but few were bulldozers. Jane qualified as the latter. She has been known to take a tin can with a slot on the top and canvass, door-to-door. Her method is simply to ignore all obstacles. Once she rang a doorbell and the woman who came to the door took one look at the can, pointed to a sign that said, *"No soliciting,"* and sniffed, "Can't you read?"

"Sure, I can read," Jane said amiably, one shapely foot well in the house. Being bigger than the woman, she got the rest of herself in as well. When she came out, she had a sizable donation.

When collections still proved insufficient —it costs at least $500 to bring only one child over—Jane went to New York to raise big money. This she planned to do via a series of cocktail parties and talks. Guests arrived at the first carefully set-up cocktail party and found themselves, mad as hatters, drinking tea. It seemed it was a voting day in New York, and that means temporary prohibition. The only one who wasn't bothered was Jane. She's a teetotaler, and just as happy to have temptation out of her way.

But time was when Jane was not one to fly from temptation. She used to run at it headlong with arms wide open. For her religion is odd, and her habits odder—you should know how she got there. *That* was really wild!

Ma and the Lord

As kids, neither Jane nor her brothers thought much of the Lord, and they weren't exactly fond of the fact that their mother seemed to be His chief emissary. As far as Jane was concerned the Lord was all right but when He interfered with her social life, like making her go to Church on Sunday for hour after hour while this gorgeous quarterback, Bob Waterfield, was parked outside waiting for her—that was a different story. Besides, the church was dark, the services dull, and she didn't figure she'd committed any of the sins the minister ranted on about. So why should she suffer? One Sunday she turned to her mother and said flatly, "How long must I continue this farce?"

Her mother, sitting next to her in the

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pew, surveyed her discontented teen ager and answered, "You don't have to continue it. I will never ask you to come to church again if you think it is a farce."

And Jane got up and walked out right in the middle of the sermon. She didn't give up the Lord or the Bible—she'd been brought up with both and she loved and needed them. She did give up church, but she never even came close to doing without organized prayer. In her mother's home, that was just plain impossible.

The kids Jane ran with then were either leaders or rebels, depending on your point of view. Ma Russell didn't know how the other mothers were handling the problem, but her notion was to see that whatever her daughter did, she did at home. When she realized that without her pals Jane wouldn't stay home, she had a brief, confidential tussle with God. "Lord," she demanded, "do I have to take that whole awful gang? All I want to do is save my own little pigeon." And a voice, stern as if she'd been stealing watermelons, answered, "All or none!" So she took them all. Before they knew what they were doing, they were down on their knees beside her. For sure, they were the first kids in town to pray together! Jane, too!

Jane's ideas on bringing up kids came from her mother, too. The same forebearance that Ma Russell showed when Jane left the church was applied when she left home. That happened some time later. Jane was tired of community life, not sure where she was going or what she would do with herself. So she moved out, took an apartment all by herself and set about finding out. What she did mostly was stare out the window and ruminate upon life and death and suffering and why. She couldn't seem to come to any decisions, though. Ma Russell knew where she was, but she didn't say a word or try to persuade Jane to come home. She let her ruminate. All Ma Russell did was pray. That was quite enough. In as unexpected a way as usual, the Lord answered her. He did it via a germ; Jane got sick. When the Russells get sick, they want Mama. Ma Russell came home one day and there was Daughter, back in her own bed, wan and weak, but very happy. Until she married Bob, Jane never left home again.

Robert don't take no guff

Robert Waterfield, by the way, was always the one person Jane couldn't boss. In front of him she turned tongue-tied and meek. From their first date—which she'd been waiting for, breathless with hope, for years (they went to school together) he was lord and master to his humble girl friend. On the whole, his rule was, and is, that of a benevolent despot. When Jane wants to do something Robert couldn't enjoy, he doesn't say, "Don't," he just says, "Goodbye," and goes his own sweet way till she's done. Then they're back together again, happy as clams. The one time he put his foot down before their marriage was when Jane tried out for an Earl Carroll chorus. She made it through endless eliminations, but just before the finals, Robert said, "No." He'd come calling for her and didn't like the looks of the stage door Johnnies. So Jane never went back. "Besides," she said, cheerfully accepting orders, "I didn't like the sound of the talk backstage!" Which, for a four-letter-word girl, was quite a statement! Since their marriage, Bob lets Jane run her own life with the exception of her finances. On that he's firm. He even took Jane's checkbooks away from her when he discovered that she was writing out checks for as much as $100 to anyone who wrote and asked for help. And she let him!

But one acquiescence doesn't make a saint. And for anyone but Robert, Old Jane is totally unpredictable—and usually unfathomable. The latest to testify to this is a French sailor who met her while she was making *Mamie Stover* in Honolulu.

Lo, the poor Frenchman!

He was serving on a cruiser, the *Jeanne d'Arc*, when word came that the ship would dock in Honolulu and liberty was available to the crew. That was fine. But when scuttle butt reported—reliably—that Jane Russell was only a few miles off, making a movie which seemed set to out-horrify the censors who had gasped at *The French Line* (and muttered piously, "She is wearing nothing but the body God gave her—God forgive her!"), pandemonium broke loose. Those who could begged, borrowed or stole a camera. The rest polished shoes and dusted red-pommed hats with more attention than a visiting general ever warranted. Then, in groups of six and eight, they descended upon the Halekulani Hotel, where shooting was taking place—our sailor in the lead.

They arrived between takes and clustered around the set. There, seated in a canvas-back chair, enjoying her leisure moment, was the red-wigged Mamie Stover, girl-of-few-morals, reading. Off to one side a record player contributed some music to the scene, but Mamie-Jane was oblivious.

The French sailors buzzed anxiously. A quick poll determined that our sailor was the only one with a reasonable English vocabulary. Clutching his camera, he found himself propelled from the rear toward Jane. He raised his camera to his eye, then suddenly froze. Jane glanced up, returned to her book.

The sailor lowered the camera and retreated to his comrades. "That is not Jane Russell," he whispered. "That is some girl reading a Bible."

"Ask her!"

"In the middle of her devotions? That is not nice. She is perhaps the hair dresser."

"*Ask* her!"

The sailor walked gingerly back to Jane and coughed. "Pardon," he said, "you are not Jane Russell?"

"No," Jane said quietly, "I *am* Jane Russell."

The sailor had an inspiration. "We see you read the Bible. It is for the picture, yes?"

"No," Jane said, still unperturbed. "I read it all the time. Always carry it with me."

There are few movie magazines in France. The sailor knew nothing of Jane but what he had seen in the movies. The shock was quite something. Along with his poise, his English fled. He couldn't remember a word. But obviously something was required. Jane, her missionary zeal aroused, was smiling at him, waiting for him to speak. And he spoke the only English words he could remember—the very first he had learned. If he had been an American speaking to a French star under those circumstances, he probably would have said, "Where is the pen of my aunt?" Being French, he had learned a different sentence. "Miss Russell," he heard himself gasp, to his horror, "will you dance with me?"

But to his everlasting relief, the skies did not descend. "Sure," said Jane Russell heartily, putting down her Bible, getting to her feet, and holding out her arms. And so they danced to the music from the record player, Jane in her red wig, the sailor in his glory, to the whistles and shouts of the French Navy, who had no idea that they were helping to destroy, once and for all, the legend of Jane the sanctified and untouchable! END

brother ben and me

(Continued from page 53) "Why?" Dad wanted to know.

"Well, I know what I want to do for the rest of my life, and the other kids don't know. Maybe they'll never know."

But with all his sense, it never stopped him from being a boy. And I mean Boy. Before he was a year old he pulled a pan of boiling water off the stove and it went all over his face. I remember Mother asked me to comfort him while she made tea for medication. When he was three he got in a fight and another boy threw a rock that cut the corner of his eye, and I led him home by the hand, crying harder than he was.

Ben says: *Bunny was always a little-mother type. One day she was home with a cold and I was at P.S. No. 30 when I developed an awful stomach ache. Somebody finally drove me home from school—Mother and Dad were up in Boston on business—and Bunny, age nine, waved the maid aside and put me to bed. Then she called the doctor and told him I had appendicitis. Doc's back stiffened and he told her he'd do the diagnosing. You know what was the matter with me? I had acute appendicitis! Bunny called our parents in Boston and they left immediately for home, and a neighbor drove me to the hospital. All the way there Bunny was tucking a blanket around me, and crying buckets. "You'll be all right," she kept saying between sobs. "You'll be just fine." What a bedside manner she had! Every time she blew her nose I was more certain I was on my way to the Kingdom.*

When he was four he finished off Dad's pre-dinner glass of beer, and was high as a kite all evening. A few years later he brought home a skunk, named Firfinella Isabella, and it bit every member of the family.

As he grew older, it got worse. One night during the war, when we had those blackout shades that were black on the inside, I had a girl friend stay overnight with me. I'd just gone off to sleep when Cathy was tugging at me frantically.

"There's a man at the window," she whispered.

"Go to sleep," I grumbled.

"But there's a face," insisted Cathy.

I couldn't see a thing with my eyes half shut, but I finally got out of bed and approached the window, covered with white curtains. With a grand gesture, because after all I was junior mistress of this house and Cathy was being very silly, I threw back the curtains. And I almost died on the spot. On the black shade, in luminous paint, Ben had drawn a devil's face. I screamed so loud that Mother and Dad came racing down the hall to us.

Ben says: *And I slept through the whole thing. Didn't even wake up to enjoy hearing them scream.*

By the time I was fourteen our house was usually filled with kids. It was always open house at the Coopers, and our parents were known to our friends as Mom and Pop. We used to move the dining-room furniture and roll back the rug and hitch up the chandelier and have our own ball room. It was ideal for a teen-age girl, except that I had a kid brother. The boys would begin to disappear and when the last one had sneaked off I always knew where to find them—with Ben, playing with the gun collection in his room.

Those guns. Ben always had them—all kinds of guns—and although I shared his enthusiasm about horses and swimming and many other things, the guns always made me shudder a little. Once he dreamed up a skit for our parents' benefit. He was to 'shoot' me with a starter pistol and had some ketchup all ready for me to slap on my shoulder, but I begged off. I figured Mother and Dad had had enough of us.

Ben's being on Broadway didn't have the slightest effect on our home life. Once the novelty wore off I almost forgot about it, but I can remember when I first learned he'd gotten the role of Harlan, I ran up and down the block yelling, "My brother's going to be on Broadway!" For the opening night I got my first evening gown, and I think I was more nervous than Ben.

Ben had his hair dyed bright red for the part, of course, and that hair acted like a red flag in school. Most of the kids were pretty understanding, but several of them tried to pick on him. When Ben gets annoyed or angry he grows very quiet, and it's almost ominous. I imagine he stayed out of a lot of fights because of it.

But he has a temper. The panel of the door in his apartment is cracked from a time when he put his fist through it. He always had that temper. I remember when he wasn't quite six years old the family was in Washington D. C. on vacation. It was at the time Wendell Willkie was running for president, and Ben and I were all for him—because our parents were. We visited the Senate, and although children under six aren't allowed, Mother promised that Ben would be kept quiet. Luckily we got seats in the first row of the balcony, and Ben watched the proceedings like a silent angel. Then Senator Pepper stood up and began lambasting Willkie, and suddenly I saw this small red face leaning forward. You never saw a redder one. Ben had one leg over the balcony rail when Mother grabbed him by the seat of his pants and hauled him back.

When we were little, Mother and Dad used to call us The Lawyers. Every time I was in line to be punished for something Ben would come to my rescue—and vice versa.

"Now, do you know what happened before that? Do you understand why she did it? There's a good reason, you know."

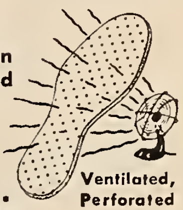
He'd lay out a whole case, or I would for him if he was on the trial docket. Nine times out of ten we got each other off with a light sentence. But we weren't always arm in arm, not by a long shot. Listed among the times when I could have clobbered him are the occasions when he'd upstage me with Mother. She'd ask me to do something for her, and maybe I was in the middle of something important like dressing a doll and I'd pretend I didn't hear her. Dear Ben would then go to Mother, his face wreathed in smiles. "I'll do it for you, Mother. *I* love you."

He had the most annoying way of skirting dishwashing. He was a boy, and you wouldn't expect him to do that sort of thing very often, but I can't remember him washing so much as a single spoon.

Ben says: *I did so! I can distinctly recall washing dishes twice, before I bought Mom that automatic dishwasher.*

When he was ten and I was twelve, he decided that because of my advanced age I should learn to smoke. Not him, of course—he stayed safely away from tobacco, but he directed the whole production with me. We got down behind the couch in the living room (a fine hideout, what with the smoke billowing up in plain view of anybody who came in the room), and he told me how to do it. "Not little puffs like that, Bunny—suck it way down in your stomach." Well, like a dope I did what he told me, and I turned pea green and bolted for the bathroom. Again.

Our house was always pleasantly batty. During one period there had been rumors of prowlers in the neighborhood and we were all a little jumpy. Mother was cleaning grapes one afternoon at the kitchen sink when Daddy came home and walked up behind her. He didn't mean to frighten



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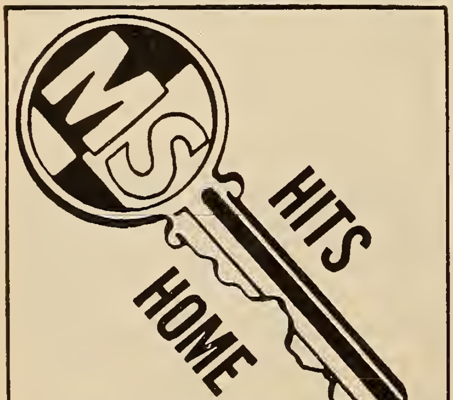

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her, but as it happened she didn't hear him come in. Then suddenly she had the feeling someone was standing behind her, and she swung around and belted him right in the face with the grapes—all two pounds of them. Ben and I nearly split our sides laughing.

All of us ribbed Ben about his crushes. Dad used to inquire about the health of various small girls, using such endearing pet names as Monkey Face or Little Pig Eyes, and Ben would get so mad his toes would curl. Once a little southern girl visited a family in our block and Ben went head over heels. He was eight and she was even younger, and her name was Adeline. We had her for dinner one night and Ben didn't eat a thing—just sat there and listened to her accent. We teased him for weeks. "Y'all heard from Ah-de-ly-an?"

Ben says: *She should talk. One day we were driving through town and Dad suddenly said, "Look at that car full of boys!" Bunny yelled "WHERE?" and wrenched her back trying to locate such a welcome sight.*

You could never dampen Ben's spirit, though, and small as he was, he had the courage of a lion. When he was about ten he had a kayak, and one day he and a friend were paddling around in Long Island Sound when the wake of a big boat overturned the kayak. Ben hadn't known until then that his friend couldn't swim, and although the boy thrashed around in panic, Ben managed to calm him down and then hauled both the boy and the kayak to shore.

The example of his courage that I admired most, however, was his constant devotion to the men in the Veteran's Hospital. When Ben was sixteen he spent every Monday night at the hospital, after a full day's work on radio or TV. He worked with the men in the TB ward, the amputee ward and the psychiatric ward, putting together little shows that were taped and later piped to every ward in the hospital. It was therapy work of great value, but seeing those men used to break him up and every Monday night he'd come home white and washed out and unable to sleep. Ben has a deep side to him which most people don't fathom at all.

He was awfully busy during those years, averaging ten shows a week on radio and TV, but he loved the work. His career never seemed to spoil him, and a great deal of credit was due, as I've said, to our parents. Mother had a horror of being the proverbial stage mother, and while she would take him to a studio and pick him up when he was through, she never went inside.

When he left for Hollywood, it was as though we'd all lost our right arms. And to make it worse, Ben would rather eat a bushel of carrots than write a letter. We'd haunt the mailbox for weeks on end, but never a written word. He did get a few sparse notes off to Mother, but I never got one word from him. (*That is a lie. I wrote her two years ago about a party I'd gone to.*) One day after I'd come to Hollywood I found a sign that said, 'Have you written home to Mother?' I tacked it up in the kitchen but he never saw it. Or maybe he did, because he phoned home next day. He'll phone any time—his bill is enormous.

I picked the kitchen to place that sign because that's where Ben usually is. He's a great cook, so good that I let him get away with bragging about it. You can't see the kitchen for pans afterward, but his chicken especially is worth it.

He sleeps like a stone and if left alone doesn't wake up again until the sun goes down. Once in the middle of the night he answered the phone, and one of his crazier friends said, "This is Amelia Earhart—where is everybody?" and then hung up. Ben took the call while deep in the arms of Morpheus, and didn't remember it until the next afternoon, when he doubled with laughter.

Ben hangs his towels on the floor, mainly I suppose because we haven't any towel racks. He has mumbled something about them having disappeared, but I don't suppose there's any use in my suggesting that he get a couple of new ones.

Then there's his peculiar habit of talcuming while he's still in the shower—heaven alone knows why. This results in my stepping into an inch of talcum powder every time I get into the shower.

Ben says: *I have a perfectly logical reason. If I step out on a bath mat, the talcum messes up the whole bath mat. This girl has no sense about housekeeping. Furthermore, the only time I put a towel on the floor is when I can't find the bathmat—and then my feet turn maroon. Why? Bunny got domestic once and dyed all the towels.*

Aside from having to be called twenty times and having water dumped over him to waken him, Ben will make a good husband, I think. I should think he ought to wait about five years, but when he does marry, some girl is going to get a gem. Talcum on the shower floor and all that, really a very nice guy.

Ben says: *Bunny will have to pass on the girl, too. Not that I'd pay any attention if she lowered the boom, but it would be nice to have the old girl's approval. I'd like a girl just like Bunny, only sane.*

We have a lot of fun with this brother-sister business. People don't believe us. Ben will introduce me at parties, or even in elevators, as his sister, and he gets a knowing nod and a raised eyebrow. One day my hairdresser told me he had driven by the première of a picture and had seen me in front of the mike. "Who was that playboy you were with?" he asked.

"My brother," I said, and he clucked his tongue in disbelief.

Ben says: *Fun, yeah. I've told her not to answer the phone at home, but when it rings she makes a dash for it and says a real low, sexy hello into the receiver. This girl is making a reputation for me, or if not that, she's sure to break up a dozen romances before she's through.*

Speaking of premières, three years ago when I first visited Hollywood Ben and I were driving along and passed a theatre ablaze with searchlights and celebrities. I said to him then that some day he would be the star of an affair like that.

And just last December my dream came true. Two days before we went home for Christmas, Ben and I went together to the première of *The Rose Tattoo*, a picture that gives Ben star billing. I can't tell you how thrilled I was when we got out of the car and the fans in the bleachers began to yell when they recognized Ben. Fourteen years of hard work, sometimes triumphant, sometimes heartbreaking, and through it all I had been Ben's confidante when he needed someone to talk to. And now it was here, his big night, and he was acclaimed by the crowd. I was so proud I thought I'd burst.

Ben says: *She doesn't mention that the fans yelled at me, "Where's Bunny?" My sister's no slouch, you know. She modeled in New York and did* TV *commercials, and now she's on her way to a movie career, starting out as Lana's lady-in-waiting in* Diane.

But whenever I get carried away about this boy I remind myself of the times when I could have cheerfully stabbed him. Like the cake frosting. I used to save it until last and whenever I got to that point he would distract my attention and swipe my plate. If I had a dollar for every time he snitched my cake frosting I'd be rich. I'd settle for a dollar for every time he's made me lose my cookies. But he's really very sweet and I love him. Honest I do. **END**

(*Continued from page 41*) He signs his name and sends the message through a waiter. Grace smiles as she reads the note, then hands it to the Prince who seems amused, too.

Then the party gets up and heads toward Jack, with Grace leading the way.

As she reaches Jack's table, the columnist stands and Grace says, "Hello, Jack, good to see you."

"Hello, Grace," returns Jack, "are congratulations in order?"

Grace grins, "I'm sorry, I can't possibly answer your note tonight, Jack."

"Can you answer it on Friday?" the reporter inquires.

Taking a moment to think, Grace gives her reply in a soft but assuring voice, "Yes, Friday."

Jack breaks it in his first edition and scoops the town.

10:00 A.M. My city editor yanks me from behind my typewriter and puts me on the story.

10:20 A.M. I enter Grace's apartment house and am greeted by the doorman. I tell him I'm a reporter and want to see Miss Kelly.

"I cannot ring her," he apologizes. "The house phone is out of order. But I will go upstairs and announce you."

10:30 A.M. He's back, followed by a tall, slender blonde girl who at first glance looks like Grace. But it's her secretary, Miss Nadia Woods.

"Miss Kelly is reading the story and she has asked me to tell you that she will make a statement shortly," Miss Woods says. "Meanwhile, I must ask you to wait here."

10:31 A.M. I wait, joined by other reporters, all after the same story.

10:45 A.M. The elevator doors open. Out steps Miss Kelly, accompanied by her secretary and a representative for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I grope my way past several reporters and ask:

"Miss Kelly, can you tell us when you are going to make the formal announcement of your engagement?"

"No," Grace replied, "I can't tell you now. We have an appointment and we are late."

11:05 A.M. I succeed in reaching Mr. Kelly's Philadelphia contracting firm.

A spokesman says that the family is "just this minute" making an announcement to the press and if I hold on she'll read it to me. I hold on and the voice comes back:

"This is the statement by Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly and I quote, 'We are happy to announce the betrothal of our daughter, Grace, to His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III of Monaco.' That is the end of the statement."

My source continues, "Mrs. Kelly has also announced that a luncheon will be held today at one o'clock for the newly engaged couple, but it will be for relatives and close friends of the family. A press conference with Miss Kelly and the Prince has been arranged for later today at the family home."

11:15 A.M. I hang up after a polite "thank you," then quickly dial the office.

"I want you to take the next train to Philly and be at the press conference," my city editor orders.

2:30 P.M. I'm cooling my heels with twenty other reporters and photographers at the Kellys'. Cooling them in the "cellar!" That's what Franz the German butler calls a fairly fancy rumpus room. As the press arrives he orders us down cellar and we perch on white wrought-iron furniture and line up to use the one phone which is upstairs. The Kellys haven't gotten back from the announcement luncheon at the Country Club yet.

3:00 P.M. I've worked my way upstairs to the head of the phone queue.

3:55 P.M. Grace and the Prince arrive in a station wagon. Bedlam breaks loose. Reporters swarm up the cellar stairs. Photographers punch each other as they snap pictures and shout orders at the royal couple. I hear myself yell, "Hey, Prince, give us a statement."

4:10 P.M. Grace's sisters and sister-in-law arrive with the Very Rev. Francis Tucker, the Prince's friend and matchmaker. More flashbulbs.

4:15 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly arrive. By this time photographers and reporters are all over the royal couple. Mrs. Kelly puts us in our place, "Now, not too familiar with the Prince." She leads Grace and the Prince upstairs.

4:30 P.M. Grace and the Prince emerge from dressing rooms upstairs.

The MGM press agent decides we must get pictures of the happy pair on the upstairs hall balcony. So everybody moves to the center hall. I make a beeline for Mrs. Kelly who's telling the reporters to go interview the servants. Only trouble is the servants speak German, only German, and no English. Most of the reporters are back in the kitchen finding this out.

4:37 P.M. I am the only one left in the kitchen because I am the only reporter who speaks German. Franz and his wife are astonished but I give them the old mother tongue and they talk. They tell me Pa Kelly calls the Prince "lad" and when Grace brought him home for Christmas he greeted him with, "Glad to meet you, lad." After the Prince hung around for awhile Pa Kelly grumbled, "I thought he was just coming for Christmas dinner."

Franz and frau say Pa Kelly gave his consent enthusiastically when the Prince popped the question. And now the lad's a member of the family.

4:45 P.M. I get back to the front of the house and the flashbulbs are still popping. I overhear the Prince mutter to his chaplain the Very Rev. Francis Tucker, "After all, I don't belong to MGM." The butler appears with a tray and the Prince helps himself to a glass of New York State champagne and a jigger of bourbon.

4:55 P.M. The MGM press agents plant Grace and the Prince and her mother and father in the living room and the questions continue. One brave guy asks the $64,000 question—"How many children are you going to have?" Grace blushes and her mother answers, "If they're like we were, they're going to have lots of children." The Prince looks relieved.

5:00 P.M. I break into the closed circle around Mr. Kelly just in time to hear him explain, "Grace met him when she was on the French Riviera. She went there to make a picture called *To Catch A Thief*—and look what she came back with."

The Prince looks harried and Grace looks tired. But they smile when one reporter suggests, "Hey, Prince, kiss her." He does.

5:35 P.M. The MGM man announces "That's all, boys" and the Prince smiles happily. Mr. Kelly booms, "Drinks all 'round for anybody who wants one." Photographers and reporters head for the bar and the Kellys make for the cellar and the TV cameras. The phone line queues up. Wonder who'll pay that bill!

6:25 P.M. I file my story over the phone and my editor tells me to be at Grace's apartment bright and early next day.

January 7th—Saturday

9:00 A.M. Back to the "stake-out" at Grace's Fifth Avenue apartment.

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CUT OUT AND MAIL

10:00 A.M. Grace gives us reporters a polite "good morning" as she hurries out of the elevator to a limousine outside.

12:15 P.M. I try phoning the apartment, but a sweet-voiced operator tells me, "The number is temporarily disconnected."

1 P.M. Here comes the Prince, but he leaves when he sees us.

1:10 P.M. Grace's secretary, Miss Woods, comes down to the lobby and pleads with us to leave. "If you don't go," she threatens, "I'm afraid we'll have to call the police."

1:15 P.M. Miss Woods comes back. "I've called the police," she announces.

1:18 P.M. Rainier is back.

1:20 P.M. Miss Woods then confides in us. "I must tell you," she says with Kelly-like diction, "the Prince will enter the building through the service entrance, just as Miss Kelly did when she returned home two hours ago."

1:21 P.M. Twenty-one reporters and photographers bite. As soon as the last one rushes out of the building, an employee locks the door. The four who remain draw a stare from Miss Woods.

"Well," she asks, "aren't you going to see the Prince?"

Just then two patrolmen arrive.

"I want you to put these reporters out," Miss Woods says.

"Wanna press a complaint?" asks one of the cops. "That's the only way we can put them out."

Miss Woods mulls over the question, then decides.

"No, but you've got to get them out of here or the salmon souffle will be ruined!"

However, we give in gracefully. As we start out the door, one newsman cracks, "We're doing this for the sake of the souffle."

1:25 P.M. The Prince comes back. With a police force to run interference, the Prince braves the perilous trek to the foyer and up to his princess' apartment—and what must have been a sunken souffle.

1:30 P.M. I call the office with the story. The City Editor tells me I'm to cover the ball at the Waldorf, along with five other reporters. "I'm counting on *you* to come up with some color," he says.

8:00 P.M. I arrive at the Waldorf-Astoria, the grand ballroom is jammed with at least 1,000 bejewelled and black-tied celebrities who have each donated $35 for fun, frivolity, and a plate of guinea hen. When they bought their tickets weeks before, they had no idea they would be treated to such a *pièce de résistance* as young international love.

8:30 P.M. Grace arrives. She's alone. And radiant. Looks every inch a princess. Wearing a white faille off-the-shoulder Dior gown, white orchids, white mink cape and white gloves. Her blonde hair is drawn back into a chignon. Costly pearls shimmer at her neck and ears.

8:35 P.M. Prince Rainier reaches the hotel. His charcoal gray dress coat is bedecked with military medals and ribbons. He presents the perfect portrait of a prince.

9:05 P.M. The couple enters their royal box which overlooks the entire grand ballroom. The box is decorated with enormous crowns and festooned with evergreens. It bears the red and white crest of the Monarch's family. Two of Rainier's security guards—wearing tails—close the rust-colored drapes behind the box.

9:20 P.M. Rainier and his bride-to-be look like fairytale monarchs when they stand at attention as the orchestra strikes up the Monagasque and American national anthems. All eyes are on them. When the music stops, Grace and the Prince sit down and you can't see them.

The guards mean business when they say "stand back." I decide to talk to the red-jacketed waiters who are delivering the pink champagne and guinea hen to the royal box.

I corner one just down the hall and plead with him for the lowdown.

"Please don't use my name," he says, "or I'll be fired for telling you this. While I was serving the dessert course, *vacherin glacé Monte Carlo* with crystallized violets, Miss Kelly kissed the Prince's nose."

10:00 P.M. The house lights dim and the after-dinner entertainment goes on.

11:00 P.M. The show ends. Grace, her mother and a Mrs. Phipps brave the throng of reporters and photographers to go to the ladies' room.

(One of the women reporters confides to me later that Miss Kelly "hiked up her bodice and pulled down her crinolines.")

11:15 P.M. The party emerges from the powder room, Mrs. Kelly looks at the crowd in the hall and shakes her head.

"Well," she says, "this is the ultimate—waiting here like this for us."

Grace leads the way back to the box, but stops briefly en route to pose for pictures. Then she enters the box and the drapes are again drawn.

11:20 P.M. Mrs. Kelly is penned in by the photographers before she reaches the box, and she admonishes us jovially:

"Now listen, boys, you've got to give Mama some room. I thought I saw enough of you boys yesterday at my house."

She starts again for the box, but a photographer extends his camera to her and says:

"Mrs. Kelly, take it with you and get a shot of the Prince and Grace. Just press the button. You'll be given a credit line."

Mrs. Kelly laughs and disappears behind the drapes.

11:30 P.M. The crowd downstairs—including such notables as Gary Cooper and the Archduchess of Austria—begins to fidget. Not once did Grace and her Prince stray from their box to dance.

12:00 P.M. Master-of-ceremonies Ben Grauer proposes a toast in French to Grace and Rainier. The couple walks to the front of the royal box and accepts the toast. Grace smiles with the deference of a born princess and Rainier scratches his ear with an air of embarrassment. Then they come to the stage and draw the door prizes.

January 8th—Sunday

1:00 A.M. Grace and the Prince leave the stage. As they pass through the wings, a pretty, dark-haired woman, swathed in a stiff, black net stole, brushes two guards aside, rushes up to the Prince, and plants a great big kiss right on his royal cheek.

A reporter asks Grace who she is.

"He knows her," Grace replies. Her name is Castillo.

1:25 A.M. Miss Castillo tells me, "I kissed the Prince merely to congratulate him—nothing else. What is wrong with that? I know the Prince from Europe."

Miss Castillo says she met the Prince at the Cannes Film Festival.

1:30 A.M. Meanwhile back in the royal box the Prince and Miss Kelly occupy their cozy little corner. From where I stand just outside the hall, I can see them holding hands and nuzzling a little, just as if nobody was watching.

1:45 A.M. They decide to leave. As the group starts out, a photographer urges, "Kiss her." The Prince declines with a wave of the hand and smilingly cracks to the cameraman, "I will kiss you instead."

This makes Grace blush, but she seems to enjoy the Prince's jocularity.

Flashbulbs snap and I say to Grace, "This must seem like the end of a fairy tale for you."

"No," she returns sweetly, "I hope it is just the beginning."

2:00 A.M. The royal pair enter a dark green Chrysler Imperial with Rainier's royal coat of arms on the door—a $6,500 engagement present from his Serene Highness to his future Princess—and speed off to the Harwyn Club at 112 E. 52nd Street.

2:10 A.M. For the first time, in this hectic evening, Grace and Rainier dance.

2:15 A.M. The Prince asks the piano player to play "A Woman in Love." But the man at the keyboard doesn't know the tune and a cab is sent to pick up the sheet music.

2:45 A.M. The cabbie returns and the piano player begins the tune which brings Grace and Rainier together cheek to cheek.

4:00 A.M. The party leaves and heads for Miss Kelly's Fifth Avenue apartment. I don't follow them, being somewhat exhausted myself from this all-day whirl. I still have to write my story.

11:00 A.M. I'm back in the lobby of 988 Fifth Avenue.

"No sign of her yet," the friendly doorman advises me. "Guess it's too early." The lobby is filled with reporters, by now old friends.

I call City Editor. "You didn't do too badly last night," he cheers. "But how about getting a statement from her today?"

"Anything special you want me to ask her?" I query.

"Yeah," the boss barks, "you can find out a little thing like when the wedding's gonna be. Goodbye."

12:15 P.M. The green Chysler Imperial pulls up in front of the apartment and the Prince—wearing no overcoat despite below-freezing weather—steps briskly from the limousine and dashes for the elevator. He brushes by the reporters without saying a word.

12:30 P.M. The elevator comes down and the Prince and Grace exit. She is wearing a mouton coat, a scarf over her head, and dark glasses. He is still without a coat. Despite no sleep, Grace looks like a fresh tea rose.

Taking his bride-to-be by the arm, the Prince escorts Grace out the door where several photographers are waiting. They pose briefly for pictures, then started walking up Fifth Avenue.

"Out for a stroll?" I ask.

"We're going to the Stanhope for luncheon," the Prince replies.

Another reporter, who must have been briefed by his boss, too, beats me to the question.

"When is the wedding?"

Miss Kelly smiles and looks at the Prince.

"We haven't decided," he responds.

12:35 P.M. The movie queen and her Prince Charming conduct themselves like a married couple out for a Sunday stroll, but the public isn't fooled. Passersby recognize them instantly, stop to offer congratulations.

12:40 P.M. An elderly man bows low as they pass and the Prince returns the bow. Cab drivers parked at the curb good naturedly whistle at the couple and bus drivers slow down to let passengers peer from the windows.

12:42 P.M. They disappear into the Hotel Stanhope, at 999 Fifth Avenue, just a block north of Miss Kelly's apartment building.

12:55 P.M. Grace and the Prince toast each other—she with vodka on the rocks and he with a sidecar. (Later there is wine.) I report to the office.

2:15 P.M. They leave, using a side door on 81st Street, walk to Madison Avenue, then west on 80th Street to Grace's apartment.

2:25 P.M. They enter the building together.

2:35 P.M. The Prince drives away.

5:30 P.M. Grace leaves town for Hollywood.

6:06 P.M. I call in my story.

6:15 P.M. I sleep—at last. **END**

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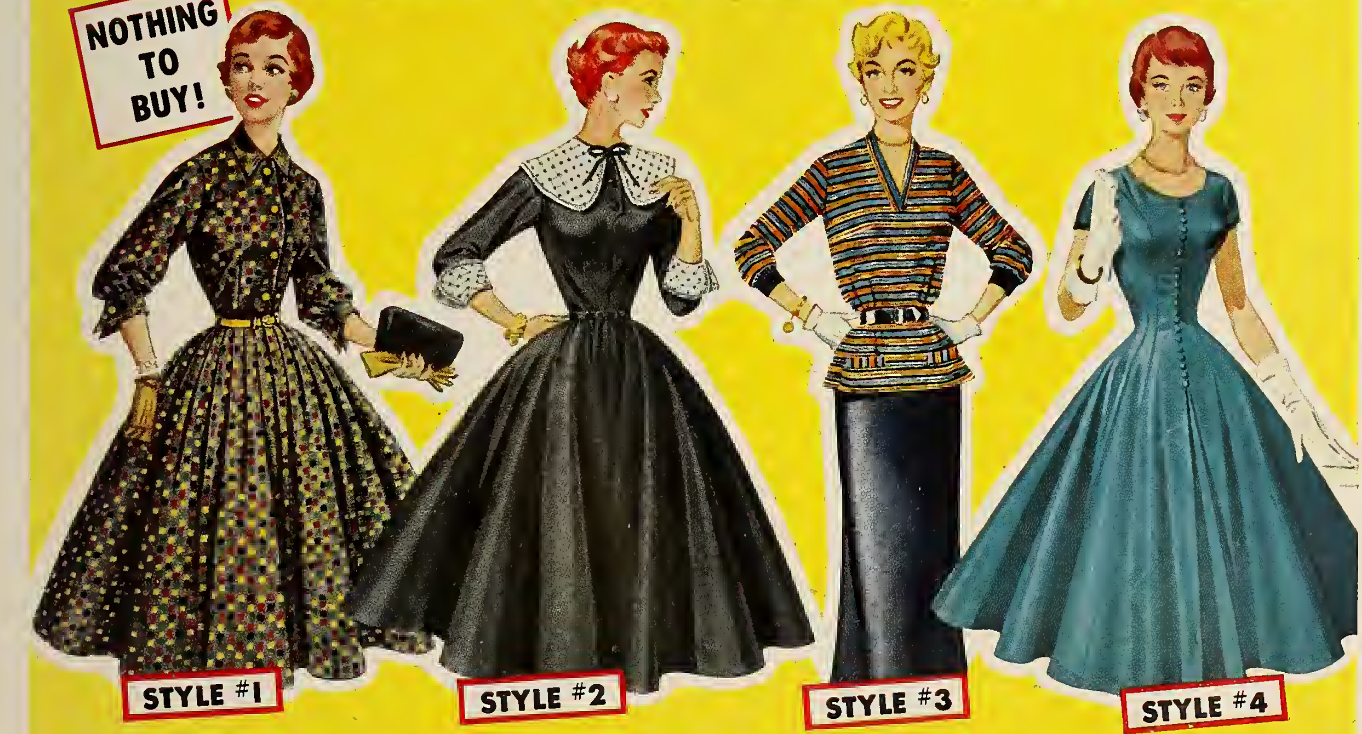

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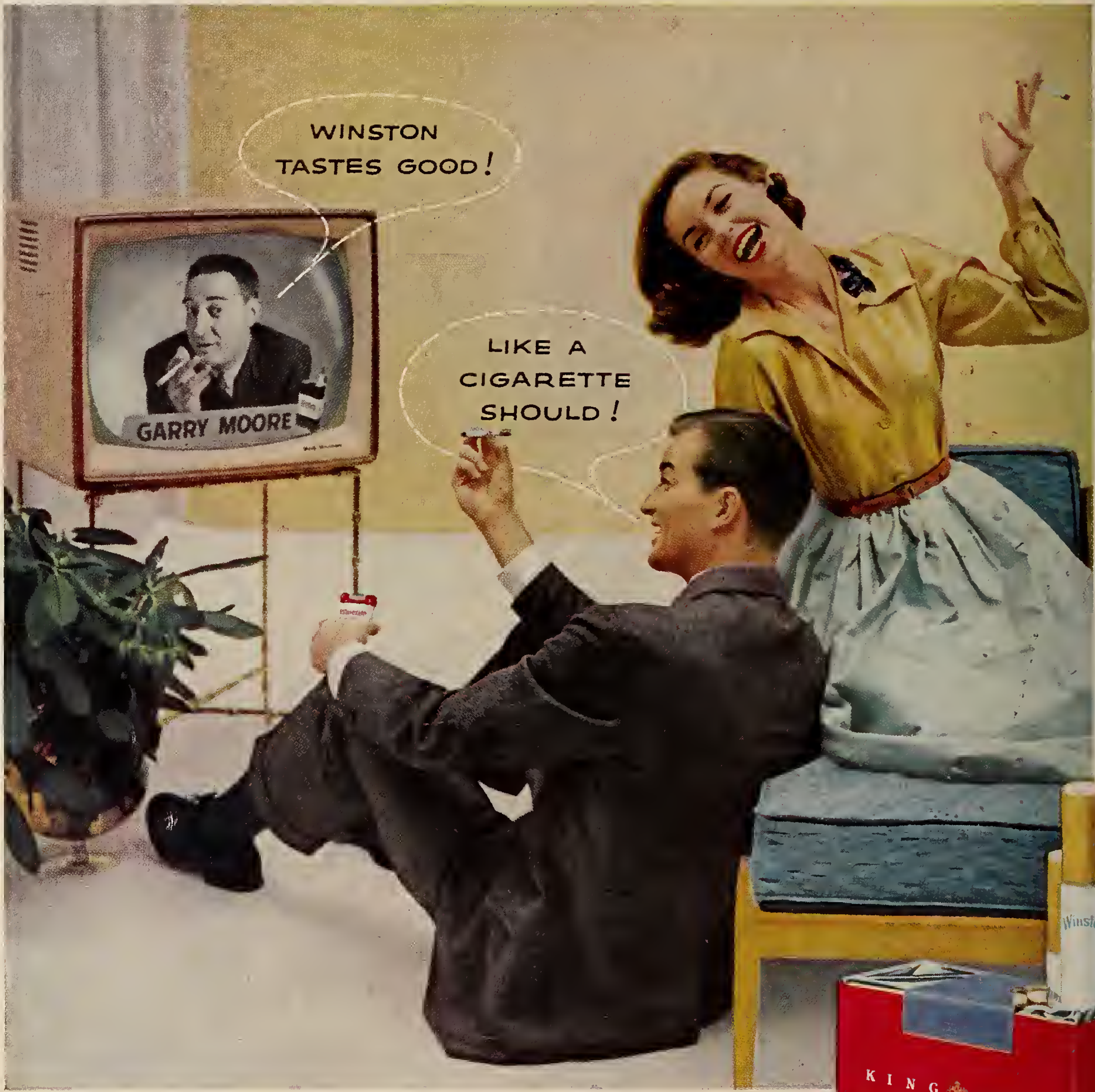
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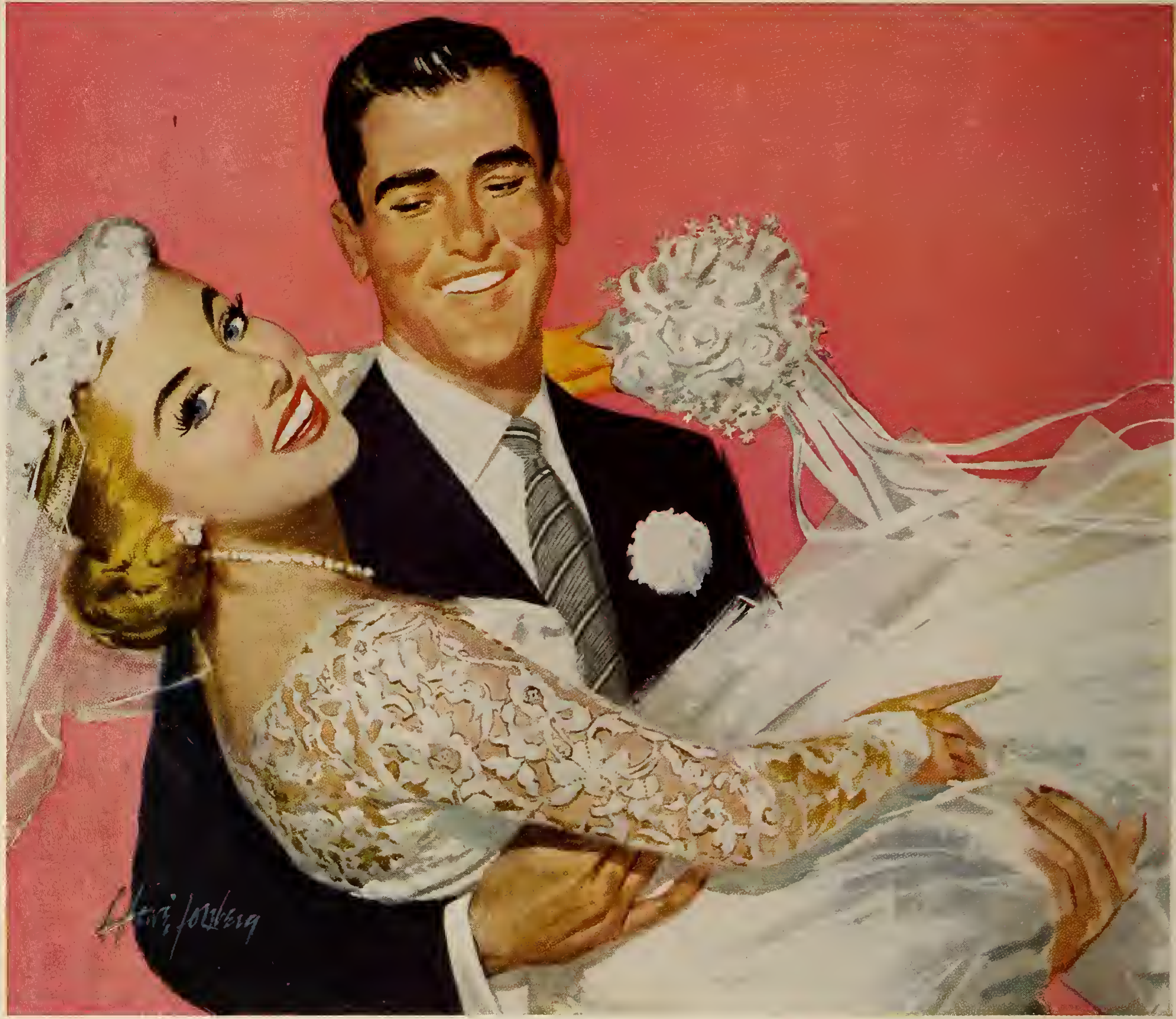

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Debbie and Eddie by Wallace Seawell of Paul Hesse Studios. Debbie can soon be seen in MGM's *The Catered Affair*. Other photographers' credits on page 98.

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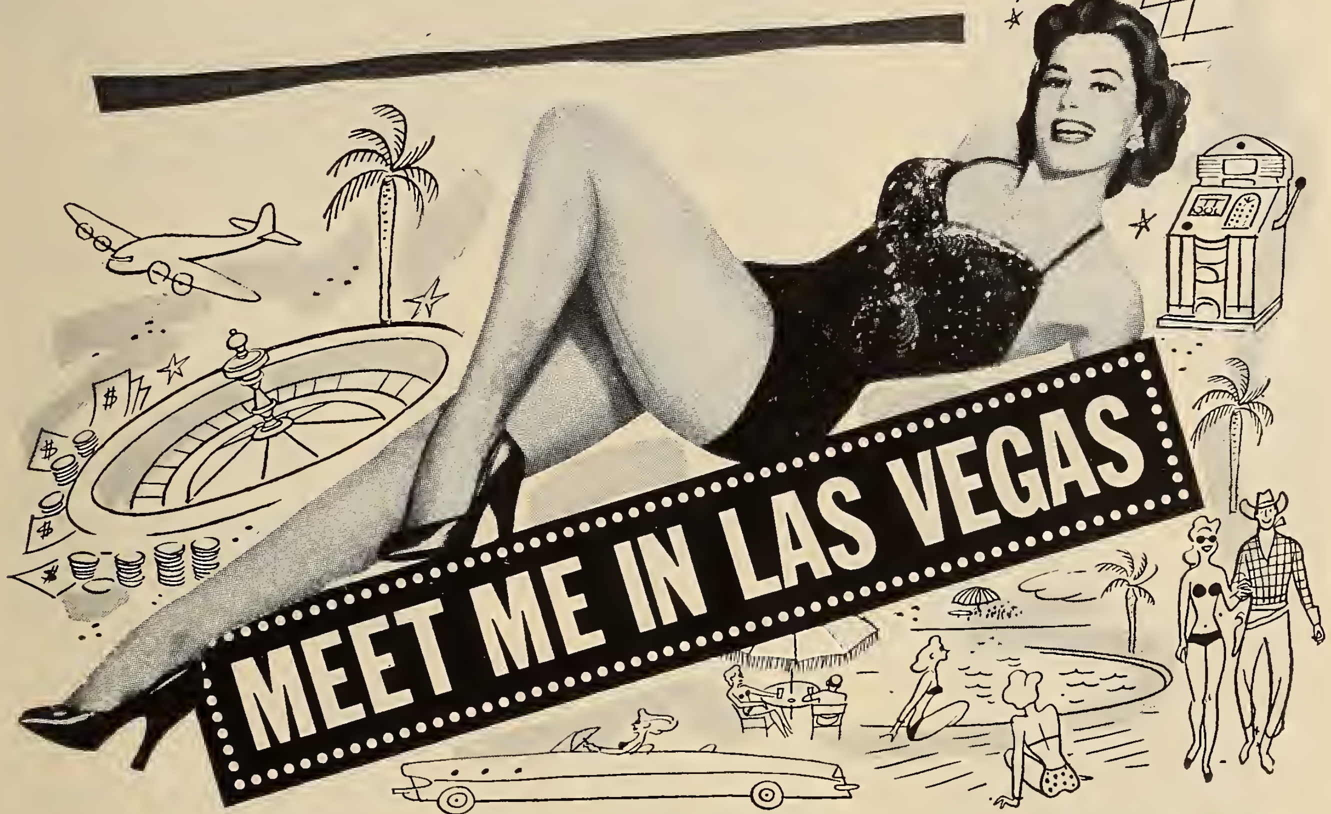
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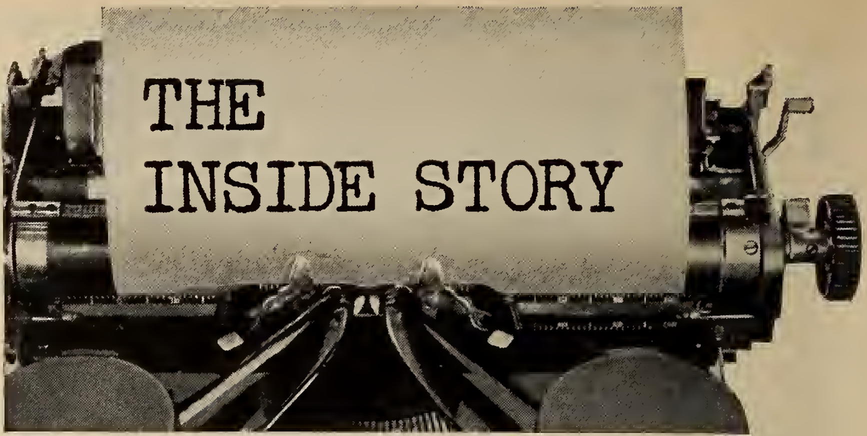

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Despite all the build-up publicity I understand that Mario Lanza still requires the care of a male and female nurse every day. Is this true?
—V.J. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *True.*

Q. A pianist named Walter Busterkeys used to play in night clubs throughout the midwest. Today he's a Hollywood star. Can you reveal his name?
—A.L., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. *Liberace.*

Q. Isn't *Bundle Of Joy,* the Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher picture at RKO, a re-make of *Bachelor Mother?*
—V.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Whatever happened to Betty Grable and Harry James? —G.R., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Recently played Las Vegas, are thinking of taking their act on the road.*

Q. Aren't the Gene Kellys separating?
—C.G., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *No, Mrs. Kelly* (Betsy Blair) *happens to be in Spain making a film. Gene remained home.*

Q. Will Dana Wynter marry Greg Bautzer? —M.F., N.Y.C.

A. *Having been married twice previously, Bautzer is now notoriously marriage-wary.*

Q. Is it true that Frank Sinatra asked producer Stanley Kramer not to cast Ava Gardner in *The Pride And The Passion?* —R.H., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. *No.*

Q. Can you tell me if the title *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing* derives from the Holy Bible?
—A.R., WASHINGTON, D.C.

A. *Comes from a poem,* The Kingdom Of God, *by Francis Thompson.*

Q. Haven't the Danny Kayes decided to go their separate ways? Isn't that the reason Sylvia Kaye has taken a job writing special material for Maurice Chevalier? —G.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Sylvia Kaye is writing special material for Chevalier, is getting along just fine with her husband.*

Q. Is it on the level that John Wayne refuses to travel anywhere unless accompanied by make-up man Web Overlander? —D.L., ROME, ITALY

A. *Whenever he makes professional appearances, Wayne likes to have Overlander on hand to take care of his hair.*

Q. Can you tell me Rossano Brazzi's age? The picture he is scheduled to make with Jane Wyman, wasn't that once made with Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne and entitled *When Tomorrow Comes?* —S.T., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. *Brazzi says he is 38. The picture you have reference to, currently entitled* Unguarded Hours, *was originally made by Boyer and Dunne.*

Q. All those rumors about the breakup of Joan Crawford and Al Steele never came to pass. How come?
—E.B., PORTLAND, MAINE

A. *Crawford was not kidding when she said she intended to devote her time to her husband.*

Q. Elaine Stewart and Grace Kelly broke into Hollywood at the same time. I understand Elaine is now washed up. True? —Y.L., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A. *All she needs is one good picture.*

Q. Is it true that Tab Hunter and his agent Henry Willson have called it quits? —C.S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Yes, but Willson will still continue to collect commissions on Hunter's earnings until 1962.*

Q. I noticed in the winter Olympic Games a British skier named Noel Harrison. I was told he was Rex Harrison's son. Is this true?
—G.J., AMES, IOWA

A. *Noel Harrison, 22, crack skier and brilliant guitar player, is Rex Harrison's son through his first marriage. The first Mrs. Harrison currently runs a ski shop at Klosters, Switzerland.*

Q. Ava Gardner, John Agar, Tony Curtis, Judy Garland, Marlon Brando, Oscar Levant—are they all under the care of psychiatrists?
—F.H., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *From time* *(Continued on page 6)*

NOT-SO-LONESOME GEORGE SAYS—

"you don't hardly get
movies like this no more..."

"I'm right in the
middle of a great big
movie, romancin' that
'Anything Goes gal'
Mitzi Gaynor . . .
and there's singin'
and dancin' and
there you are..."

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(The Same Thing Happens With)
THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
LA PARISIENNE · EACH TIME I DREAM

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Sometimes as early as 19—a woman's skin can start to *dry out*—look older! You see it around your eyes—tiny crow's feet, feathery crinkles, crepe-y dryness.

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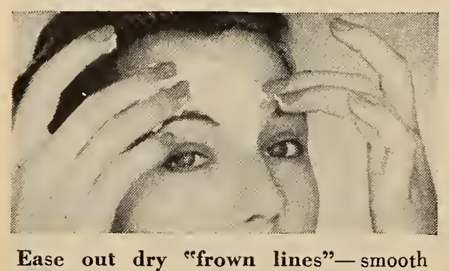

Ease out dry "frown lines"—smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream *up* between eyes, *out* over brows. Unlike a thin liquid that merely "surface-oils" dry skin, this really rich cream softens *deeply*. A big jar, less than a dollar!

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for faster, deeper softening

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POND'S
dry skin
cream
HOMOGENIZED ★ RICH TEXTURED

So effective—
more women use it than
any other dry skin care

THE
INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 4)

to time each has consulted a psychiatrist.

Q. The fights between Sid Luft and Judy Garland: don't they result from Luft's uncontrollable urge to bet on horse races? —E.K., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. *Judy knew Sid was a betting man when she married him. Both are high-strung, sensitive people.*

Q. Was Anna Magnani ever married to Roberto Rossellini? Is the Ingrid Bergman-Rossellini marriage finished? —T.E., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Magnani and Rossellini were great and good friends until Rossellini married Bergman. Ingrid says that despite all the rumors, she is very happy with Rossellini.*

Q. I've been told that Jennifer Jones is reporter-shy. Why? —S.J., SALT LAKE CITY

A. *Newspapermen make her nervous.*

Q. Is it possible for you to tell the name of the "movie magnate's daughter" recently involved in a blackmail affair? —H.G., LONDON, ENG.

A. *Barbara Warner, daughter of film tycoon Jack Warner, recently described as "cheap blackmail" a British playboy's reputed threat to produce letters she wrote him before her recent marriage.*

Q. Which one of these four is the bustiest: Ekberg, Loren, Monroe, Lollobrigida? —N.D., N.Y.C.

A. *Ekberg.*

Q. How much money will Audie Murphy make from *To Hell And Back?* Has he really gone Hollywood, buying a yacht and all of that? —E.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Murphy's profit share is reckoned at $500,000. He has bought a yacht but has not gone Hollywood.*

Q. Is Marlon Brando's father working for Marlon? —E.L.G., NASHVILLE, TENN.

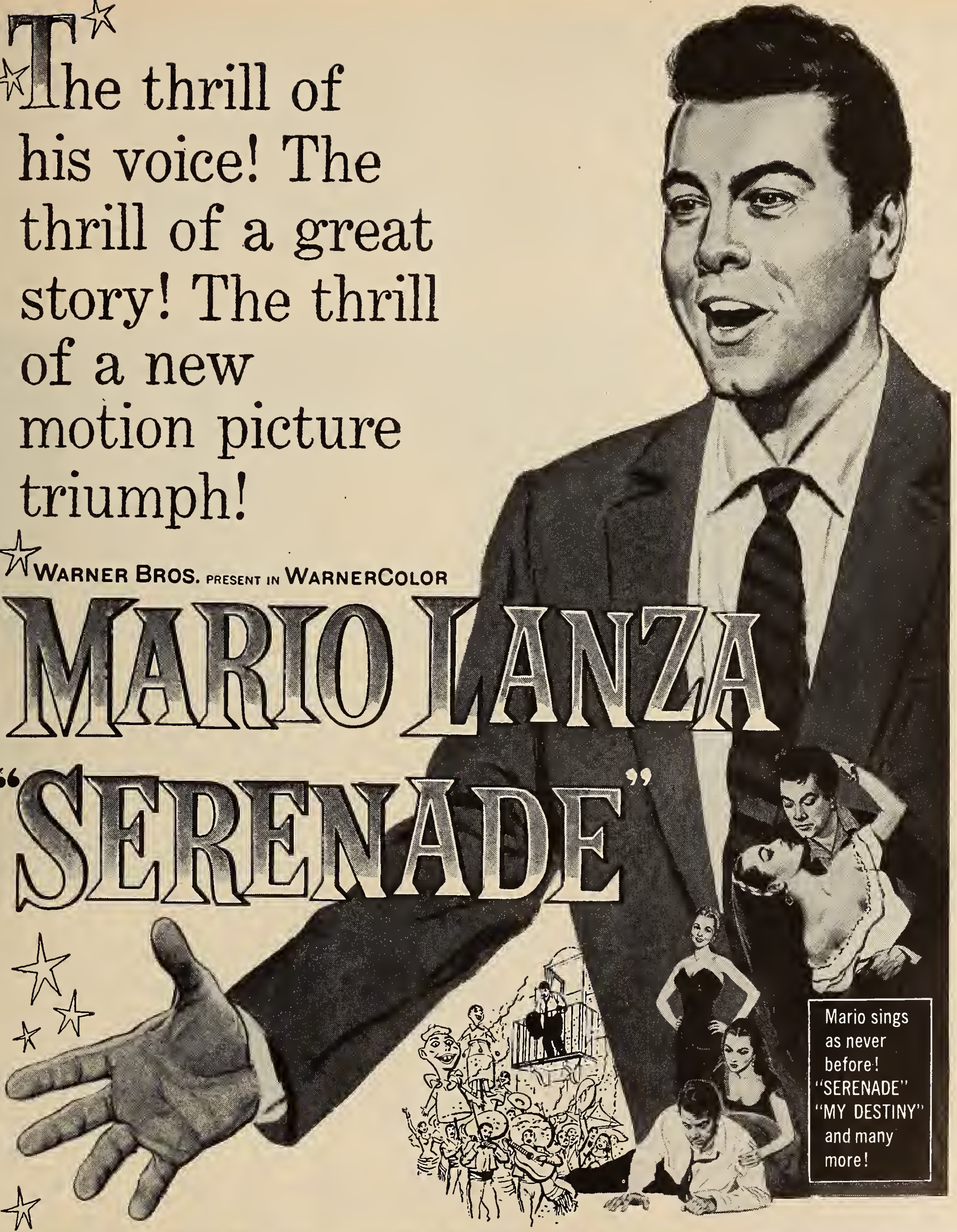
A. *Marlon Brando, Sr., is an executive of Pennebaker Productions, a company organized by his son.*

Q. Has the Kim Novak-Mac Krim romance gone phffft? —B.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Just about.*

Q. Why has John Wayne dissolved his movie company? —T.E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Expenses high, profits low.*



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Johnny Carson is one of the funniest guys on TV—but seven years ago his wife found out that he sure wasn't kidding when he said:

Would some pretty young lady volunteer...

by RICHARD BARBOUR

It was rough for a while, but now Johnny and his wife Jody and their three sons find the livin' just great!

■ Seven years ago at the University of Nebraska 1,300 coeds broke with tradition and invited a male student to be master of ceremonies at their annual stage show which had always been an all-girl affair. The Adonis they couldn't resist was a pug-nosed, black-haired, green-eyed ex-Navy ensign who was almost six feet tall and had almost 150 pounds in weight. What most attracted the coeds were two qualities: He was casual and he was witty.

How casual? How witty? Well, millions of Americans know all about it by this time because he makes an easy-going entrance into their living room every Thursday night as the star of his own nationally televised program over CBS—*The Johnny Carson Show.*

Johnny's success is of the meteoric type all right. Besides heading his own show he has taken over at times for such TV top men as Robert Q. Lewis and Jack Paar, and has been guest comedian for such stars as Jack Benny ("You're so young!" complained Jack) and Ed Sullivan ("You're going to be big, really big!" predicted Sullivan).

Johnny's informality is exactly what the gals at Nebraska found most interesting, in fact. And he gave them a demonstration of it that day on the show—the moment he stepped on the stage. He announced he was going to perform a few feats of prestidigitation and would like someone from the audience to volunteer to assist him. Sitting in the third row was a girl he had seen around the campus and liked very much, but had never met. He invited her to be a volunteer and finally got her on the stage next to him. For his first trick of the evening he made a date with her right in front of the entire audience. It got the biggest hand of the night from the coeds.

The girl, whose name was Jody Walcott, and who came from North Platte, Nebraska, thought Johnny was kidding. Never was a maiden more mistaken. Less than a year later, on October 1, 1949, she was his wife. Today she's the mother of his three sons and mistress of a fine home in the San Fernando Valley, with lots of extra room in case a few more boys come along.

Being married seems not to have tumbled Johnny from high regard in any way as far as the coed and high school set is concerned; not around CBS Television City in Hollywood, at any rate. The front rows at his broadcast are almost always filled with bubbling teenagers who insist on talking to him as he is talking to his TV audience. On one of his pre-Christmas programs he happened to walk onstage wearing a pair of spectacular socks; pink, red and black Argyles. It was too much for the girls. Their screeches sent the studio engineers grabbing for their volume control dials—and their heads.

Naturally, anyone with this sort of talent for young lady-killing is going to attract the attention of the movie moguls as well.

Up to two years ago he merely held down announcing jobs, beginning in Lincoln, Nebraska, while he attended Nebraska there, going on to Omaha, and then in Hollywood where he arrived in 1950. Then CBS gave him his own local show, *Carson's Cellar,* and in the summer of 1954 made him m.c. of the network's quiz show, *Earn Your Vacation.*

But while working on these programs he was also writing comedy, including monologues for Red Skelton. Last year, when Red was knocked out by a breakaway prop which failed to break, and couldn't make his show, someone thought of Jack as a substitute.

Skelton himself got the biggest kick out of the show, when a card from Johnny was delivered to his bedside. "It was a 'Stay Sick Quick' card," reported Red.

About some things Johnny is quite serious, including why he got the idea, at the age of twelve, of doing magic tricks and taking up humor. It had nothing to do with going on the stage; not at first, anyway. Johnny was simply seeking a way to speed up the process of making friends—as the son of a telephone lines-man with nomadic habits he was always having to leave his old ones.

Born in Corning, Nebraska, he had lived in four other Nebraska towns, Shenandoah, Clarendo, Red Oak and Avoca, by the time he was half way through grade school. His family didn't stay in Avoca but moved soon to Norfolk, Nebraska (not for too long), and is today settled in Columbus, Nebraska, where his father is operations manager of the Consumer Public Power District there. But wherever they moved Johnny had but to give one of his little magic shows and tell some of his little magic jokes to find himself some new friends. And it wasn't until he was almost through high school that he found out something else. People paid for entertainment. You could make a living making them laugh!

Of course, you could also not make a living, a full living, that is. Johnny has had his share of that as well. After all he and Jody made (*Continued on page 22*)

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Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

Being a ladies' man has its disadvantages, but Vic loves to be called . . .

MATURE, THE MAGNIFICENT

■ For the past eight months all over Europe and Africa, Victor Mature, forty-two, has been having a ball. In London at the Savoy the girls mobbed him. In Nairobi where he made *Safari* with Janet Leigh, colonial officials treated him with respect and admiration. In Spanish Morocco, filming *Zarak Khan*, he was the fortunate victim of six young beauties who stole into his tent and refused to leave. In Tangier, walking through the Casbah, he was accosted by three women who snuggled up to his well-muscled body, called him Samson and invited him to their homes.

Despite such international and varied exhibitions of friendship, Mature insists that he's sad. Notoriously tight with a buck, Mature confided to reporters recently, "My divorce from Dorothy cost me $600,000. That's enough to make anybody sad."

As evidence of his *tristesse*, the actor revealed that when he was in London from where he's just returned, he frequently went on dancing jags for endless periods of time.

"Ordinarily," Vic explained, "I don't like to dance, but I had this apartment in Grosvenor Square, and I'd start dancing at six in the morning and keep going for three days. It made me feel better. Whom did I dance with? Girls of course."

Was it true, Mr. Beefcake was asked, that his well-publicized trip to New York a few months ago to take a bath was nothing more than a publicity stunt?

"It sure was," Mature confessed. "I wanted to go to New York to see this babe. I mean, to take care of this important matter. I knew the studio wouldn't go for it, so I put on this phony act. I screamed bloody murder, accused someone of booking me into a hotel that had no baths. It was an out and out phony gag. But it

worked beautifully. Even Warwick Films, the outfit I was working for, admits I got tons of publicity."

Other questions and revealing answers:

Q: How much do you earn when you make a picture overseas?

MATURE: You won't believe this, but I get $200,000 a picture plus 25% of the profits.

Q: After this latest disaster, are you through with marriage?

MATURE: I should say not. Show me the right girl and I'll get married in a minute. Make that two minutes.

Q: There's a story around that all your clothes come from studio wardrobes. Is that on the level?

MATURE: Certainly is. When a picture is finished I hang on to the clothes. They always seem to fit. Lots of times the studio sends bills. I pay them no mind.

Q. Do you fight very much with your leading ladies?

MATURE: Only one I ever had a fight with was Lucille Ball. I once took a swipe at Joan Bennett, but that was in a rehearsal. My aim was sure lousy. Instead of slapping her face I hit her head and her wig came off.

Q: What do you think of yourself as an actor?

MATURE: I'm sure you heard about the time I applied for membership in a ritzy Hollywood club. I was told that no actors were allowed. "That's okay," I answered. "I'm no actor, and what's more I've got reviews to prove it." Seriously though, there's only one person in America who thinks I'm a good actor. That's my mother.

Mature's next picture, the reason for his return to Hollywood, is *The Shark Fighter*. With *Safari* and *Zarak Khan* already under his belt, this one should bring his yearly gross to $600,000, which is exactly what he claims his third marriage cost.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR co-starring in M.G.M.'s **"RAINTREE COUNTY"**

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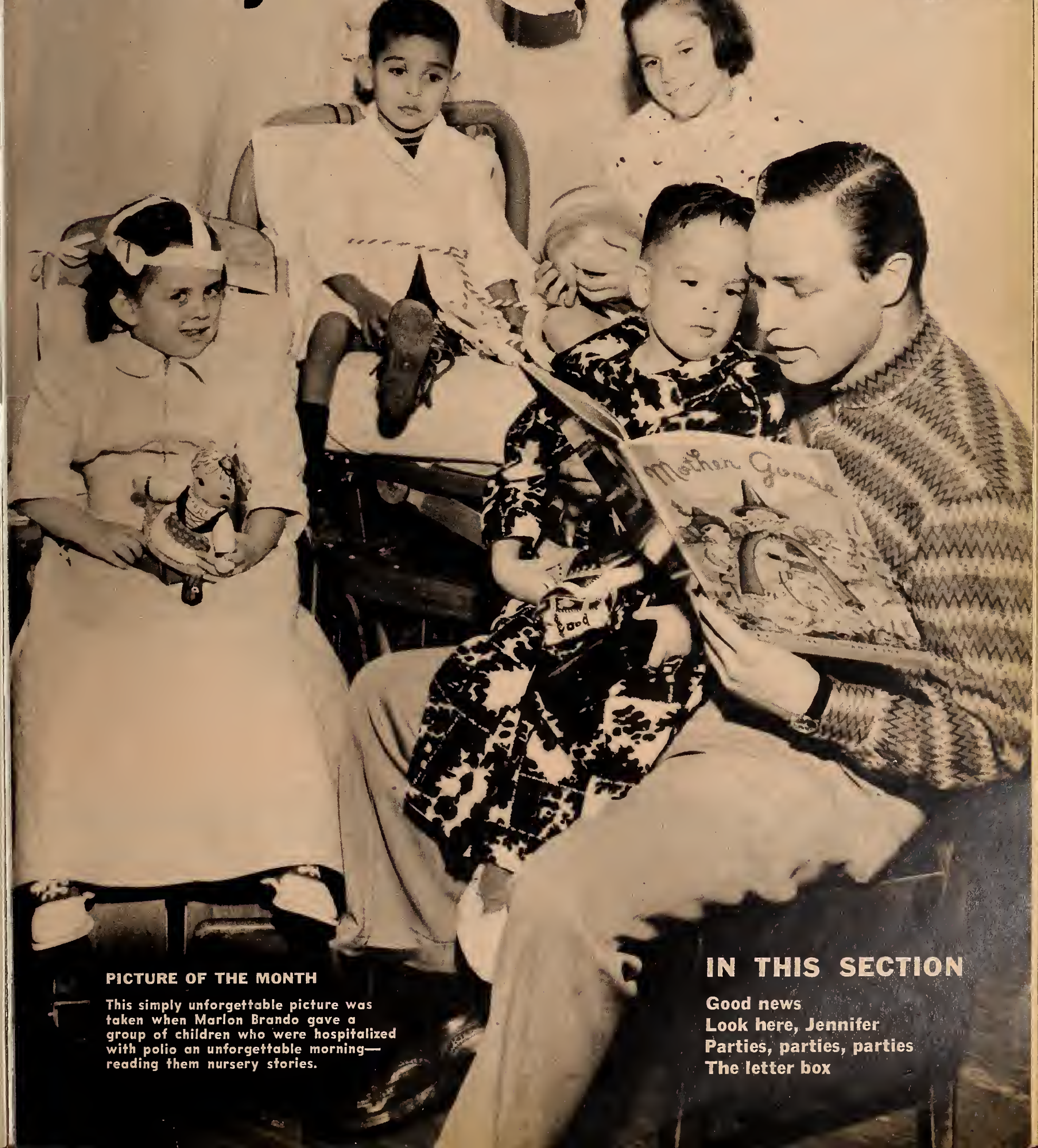
LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



PICTURE OF THE MONTH

This simply unforgettable picture was taken when Marlon Brando gave a group of children who were hospitalized with polio an unforgettable morning—reading them nursery stories.

IN THIS SECTION

Good news
Look here, Jennifer
Parties, parties, parties
The letter box

Romance is the big news in town . . . everyone's expecting

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

JANET LEIGH'S QUICK TRIP to the hospital with a kidney infection reminded me of how sick poor Janet had been at Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer's cocktail party.

"Do I have morning sickness?" she laughed. "I have morning, mid-morning, noon, mid-afternoon, evening and middle of the night sickness!"

And then, as though the mere mention of it upset her, she became deathly pale and made a dash for the powder room.

"My poor baby," Tony Curtis kept saying over and over as he paced back and forth outside the door. Then the typical male came out in him. "I don't know if *I* can stand five more months of this!"

Maybe you think the girls within earshot of his remark didn't laugh!

Rosemary, who is expecting a baby also (it will be number two for her and José), told me that she had promised Janet all her maternity clothes. "And then I found out I had to wear them myself," chuckled the blonde singer.

It was the first party of any size the Ferrers had hosted in their big white Spanish home in Beverly Hills. Singers were all over.

Bing Crosby and Nat "King" Cole arrived about the same time and departed at the same time—which proved to be unfortunate. In backing his foreign-made sports car out of Rosie's driveway, Bing smashed smack into Nat's big car as it was pulling away from the curb.

Judy Holliday, in a brown satin cocktail dress, was also at the Ferrer's. Maybe I'm wrong, but Judy doesn't look happy these days to me.

ALACK AND ALAS, still another bachelor out of the running. Young Russ Tamblyn, selected by many polls as the year's most promising male newcomer, married pretty blonde actress-dancer Venetia Stevenson on Valentine's Day.

Russ is just twenty-one and his bride a snappy eighteen. "But we're in love—so what are we waiting for?" Russ laughed. "We want to enjoy our youth together. Also our old age."

A serious accident to Russ' kid brother all but delayed the nuptials. Thirteen-year-old Larry Tamblyn was accidentally hit in the eye with BB shot the evening before the wedding and Russ and Venetia spent seven hours with him at the hospital until the doctors assured them the boy would not lose his eyesight.

Larry was a heartbroken kid about losing out on the wedding. He felt so bad that Russ and Venetia flew in the face of superstition and met at his bedside just three hours before they were to be married.

Or didn't you know that it's considered bad luck for the bride and groom-to-be to see each other before they meet in the church?

"Cheering Larry up meant more to both of us than any old superstition," Russ put it.

MEET THE *new* KIM NOVAK! No longer the bashful girl in slacks spending her evenings with the girls at the Studio Club watching TV, Kim is now taking her place among the top movie stars, living like one, dressing like one and *looking* like one.

I got a preview of Kim's intentions while she was still on tour with *Picnic*. In fact, she was

This is quite the romance—little Marisa Pavan (but doesn't she look adult?) and Jean-Pierre Aumont. But I don't believe it will last.

This is a friendship—Liberace and Margaret Lindsay. Lee's planning to make another movie, though Sincerely Yours *didn't do well.*

Out of 20,000 girls who wrote to Screen Album, 17-year-old Jo-Ann Cox of St. Louis won first prize:

A DATE WITH TAB HUNTER

Screen Album flew Jo-Ann and her Mom to Hollywood where she met Larry Pennell and Marla English.

the stork . : . the younger set takes over . . . Kim's change of heart . . . I cause a squabble

This is an old friendship renewed—Linda Christian and Mario Cantiflas. Linda and Ed Purdom say their romance is completely over.

This is a new twosome—Martha Hyer and John Bentley. They came to the Audience Awards party together—and have dated since.

This is a triangle—Jeff Donnell and her two husbands—George Gobel (on TV) and Aldo Ray (in real life). And very happy these days.

This is a relief—to see my tempestuous friend, Susan Hayward, enjoying quiet, unheadlined dates with Eaton Chalkey of Washington.

This is the happiest pair in town, Patti and Jerry Lewis, just before their baby boy was born. (Though Jer did plan on a girl!)

This is a proud husband and a beaming wife —everyone's been telling Tony Martin how great Cyd Charisse is in Meet Me In Las Vegas

Alan Ladd, Hugh O'Brian, Nick Adams, Dennis Hopper and Natalie Wood, night-clubbed and toured MGM on her wonderful date with Tab.

I nominate for stardom: SAL MINEO

■ I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—that wonderful young actor Sal Mineo, who clicked big as James Dean's pal in *Rebel Without A Cause* and who is now under contract to MGM. They have big, big plans for him.

Just seventeen years old, all Sal has to put him over is just good old-fashioned talent, talent, *talent*.

Ask Sal if he hails from a theatrical family, and this kid from the Bronx cracks: "Are you kiddin'? My dad is a casket maker. He still says I can go to work for him if this crazy acting business runs out on me." He thought for a minute, "I can't say the thought of building caskets is my idea of a joyful career. But don't think for a minute I'm not proud of my dad."

Born in the Bronx on January 10th, 1939, Sal started in show business at the age of eleven when he was spotted by a talent scout while attending dancing school. The scout arranged an audition for Sal with the producers of the stage production of *The Rose Tattoo*. He got the part of Salvatore, the brother.

"I've been goin' ever since then," he says, mildly surprised himself. "I was the Crown Prince in *The King And I*—and then I got lured to Hollywood where I've been in *Six Bridges To Cross, Private War Of Major Benson, Rebel, Giant*—and I'm acting now in the Rocky Graziano story, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*."

In addition to acting, his hobbies are painting and photography—"Just like the other movie actors," he grins.

in Canada plugging her picture when I happened to run into one of her closest friends who was the first to tell me about Kim's new plans.

First, her romance with Mac Krim is completely out the window. They both admit it now. So she's romantically free for the first time in two years.

The second big change, according to this man whom Kim trusts so much, is—"She's beginning to live, think, dress and behave like a successful star. Don't get me wrong. I don't mean it's going to her head. But Kim is beginning to realize that her position as a successful actress deserves its appropriate setting.

"She has asked me to look for a new apartment for her to move into when she comes home. This means that she's moving out of the Studio Club where she's lived for so many years. I say, it's high time.

"Kim's salary has jumped from $250 per week at Columbia to $1000 weekly. She's earned it and she deserves it. She is a smart girl and she will always save some of her money. But she now knows she must invest part of it in herself and her career.

"When she was in New York, she bought some lovely clothes for herself as well as those the studio purchased for her tour. She's becoming conscious of the right lines and fabrics and the importance of dressing herself off-screen as well as on.

"Another thing she told me is that she is going to take driving lessons and then she will buy a big car. I asked her, 'What make?'

"Kim laughed, 'I think maybe a Solid Gold Cadillac.' That's a joke, of course, a plug for one of our pictures, but you can see the girl is catching on!"

All our lost lambs are coming

The Look All-American football team "escorted" Kim Novak back from her p.a. tour —since Mac Krim won't be around anymore.

back to Hollywood! Welcome home again, girls

My girl Marilyn came home, and even though she's wearing high-necked suits and making a movie with Olivier, I don't think she's basically changed. She's still cute and sweet—yes, and shy—and I like her that way!

Don Hartman of Paramount and Mel Ferrer brought Audrey Hepburn back in triumph—and she has changed. Audrey always looked poised—but I sensed nervousness underneath. Now I think marriage and living abroad have matured her.

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

It was the party-est month of the year in Hollywood.

PARTIES, PARTIES, PARTIES—there have been so many of them it's hard to pick one as the party of the month. But certainly the most beautiful was the Valentine Ball hosted by his Imperial Highness Prince Mike Romanoff and his "morganatic" wife at Romanoff's cafe.

The invitations had requested that all the ladies wear red, white or pink gowns. The gentlemen were sent bright red satin ribbons to wear across their dinner shirts.

Guests entering the Crown Room were greeted by a breathtaking sight. Cupid urns held beautiful clusters of spring flowers in the pink, white and red colors. The tables were covered with pink cloths, and the long tapering pink candles flickered above the centerpieces of gardenias and pink and red roses.

With the ladies all in red and white and a few in pink—you can imagine how lovely the effect was.

Judy Garland wore a red cape over a white gown and a tiny white hat topped her chic hair-do. Judy proudly showed me the weight she's lost in preparation for her wonderful new TV series.

Rosalind Russell is the only other belle who wore a tiny hat—white—which was made of the same material as her sparkling Dior gown. Dana Wynter was a beauty in a long white satin gown and, of course, this girl has stars in her eyes, she's so much in love with handsome attorney Greg Bautzer.

It was far and away the best dressed party of many seasons and among others who helped make it so were Mrs. Gary Cooper, Joan Bennett, Joan Fontaine and many others.

The *wildest*, craziest and loudest party was the surprise affair his girl friend Marge Little hosted for cute old Jimmy Durante at Chasen's.

You never heard so much piano-breaking up, lusty voices raised in quartet singing and so much general roughhouse fun in your whole life.

In the thick of everything was Liberace, beating on the piano almost as loud as Durante.

Even Debbie and Eddie got in the spirit of the noisy occasion and Eddie sang "Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing" as though he were going to burst a blood vessel.

The most *fun* party was given by Anne and Kirk Douglas in the Penthouse room at Romanoff's. The gay affair was given in honor of Anne's former boss when she was a publicity woman in Paris, Fabre Lebret, who was here to contact stars about appearing at the Cannes Film Festival.

Anne is such a darling and such a charming hostess all her guests caught her enthusiasm and a wonderful time was had by all. I got a big kick out of Linda Christian trying to tell me there was nothing ever but friendship between her and Edmund Purdom. Linda—really!

Sonja Henie, très gay, was all over the place, very happy to be back in Hollywood after a long absence in Europe. Ginger Rogers looked very pretty and she and her husband Jacques Bergerac continue to act like a couple of honeymooners.

Marlene Dietrich looked stunning, as usual, on the arm of Mike Todd. I saw Mary and Jack Benny sitting at a table with Ann Sothern and her constant companion Bill Andrew.

Dana Wynter continues to be one of the loveliest looking girls in town—and do I need to add that she was with Greg Bautzer.

I HEAR I'M THE INNOCENT cause of the first quarrel between those love birds,

In New York NBC toasted Martha Raye at Danny's Hideaway—and all the comedians

Johnnie Ray and Buddy Hackett (you'll be hearing about this plump little man—he's so funny!) came over to congratulate Martha and kiss her—in their own special lopsided way!

Even the "cry-boy" cracked a joke in her ear.

But the funniest moment of the evening was when Martha "censored" Denise Darcel's decolletage!

No one stays home nowadays

George Nader and Dani Crayne. It happened that in looking for an escort for a charming visitor from London, I thought of George and asked if he would join us at a dinner.

He very honestly told me, "I'd love to but I'm dating no one but Dani."

"Well, George," I said, scenting a scoop, "does this mean marriage?"

He laughed and said, "It's a little early to talk about that. But I'll let you know first."

So, I merely printed that George was dating no one but Dani and let it go at that.

But another reporter getting the tip from my item called George and asked him the same question. It must have nettled George, because he is quoted as saying:

"There's no question of marriage between myself and Miss Crayne. We find each other good company—and that's all!"

Wow! Did pretty Dani hit the ceiling when she read that! She called George and told him just exactly what she thought of his remarks. In fact, she boiled over to the point where *she* started dating other attractive men right away.

Poor George, he had a rough ten days before he could convince his girl friend that he hadn't intended to be as ungallant as his re-

showed up for laughs—and gags

Cute Jack Carter said, "I've always wanted to rub noses with the great!"—and he did it, too.

I'M ON MY SOAP BOX—to say a few pointed words to Jennifer Jones—a very fine actress I grant you, but one (or so it seems to me) who is taking the honors being heaped on her head recently, a little *too* casually.

The paying public, or those casting ballots in the Audience Awards, voted Jennifer the "favorite actress" award for her performance in *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing.* A national magazine conducted a poll and discovered its readers felt the same way.

But I can't find anyone in Hollywood who would cast a tin vote for Jennifer as a cooperative person. When her name was called at the Audience Awards, she didn't want to get up, whispering to her husband David Selznick, "You accept for me." If he hadn't insisted she would have remained seated at her table.

When she was supposed to appear for her magazine trophy, she told the hosts she was leaving for Europe before the date of the party and couldn't be present. Deborah Kerr, who is a doll, very graciously agreed to accept for her both on a television show and later at the dinner.

When Miss Jones (still very much in town) heard this—she called up and said she would accept at the dinner, but not on the TV show. She was told it was no longer necessary for her to accept at all. All hands were delighted with the appearance of Miss Kerr.

I suppose Jennifer's excuse is that she is shy and frightened of people. Which has always seemed a lot of nonsense to me. Self-assurance *should* be part of a successful actress' stock in trade. (Garbo, excepted, of course.)

the letter box

"What in the world has happened to Anne Baxter?" *asks* MRS. MARY PHILLIPS, CHICAGO, ILL. "A few years ago a serious young actress, today her idea of acting seems to be to take off all the clothes the law (or the censors) will allow. I couldn't be more disappointed in her." *Anne seems to believe her career was in a slump until she went sexy, Mary.*

TODD TAYLOR, DETROIT, *thinks Sheree North is* "The most. Every time I read anything about this little doll she seems to be suffering from an inferiority complex about not being a good actress. Tell her to just keep on being as cute and attractive as she was in *The Lieutenant Wore Skirts*—and that's all she needs." *Take a bow, Sheree.*

You fans continue to show your deep devotion to James Dean. I received sixty-five letters addressed to this department on Jimmy this month. It is not possible, of course, to print them individually—but one thing I know, the great young artist who lived too short a time, would have been humble and yet proud if he could have seen your messages.

LUCILLE MONTILEON, REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA, *makes the flat statement:* "No other actor on the screen can hold a candle to the fascinating, dynamic Rossano Brazzi." *So there.*

JANIE WEIR, BROOKLYN, *is hurt:* "I read your department month after month and never once have you mentioned Rita Moreno. She's just the cutest thing to come along in ages." *Thanks, Janie. I'll do something on Rita soon.*

"How do I go about buying a dress I saw Jennifer Jones wear in *Good Morning, Miss Dove!*" *writes* CHARLOTTE RUSCH, DUBOIR, PA. *You don't go about buying it, Charlotte. Most of the clothes in pictures belong to the studio wardrobe.*

Maggie O'Brien came to the Helen Of Troy *preem with Rad Fulton—but I hear she's serious about college boy Don Robertson.*

Nick Adams, Natalie Wood and their crowd clowned up a storm. He wrote a wonderful story about her—it's on page 42.

marks sounded. At the moment, everything is again love and kisses between George and Dani. Sorry, kids, for the blow-up.

WITH THE YOUNGER SET: Of all the embarrassing things, after Margaret O'Brien accepted Rad Fulton's invitation to the glittering *Carousel* première and had bought herself a beautiful white bouffant dress to wear, she came down with the *mumps!*

Gloria Noble should be Mrs. Donald O'Connor by the time you read this. Don says he fell in love with her when she did him the subtle flattery of not putting on low heel shoes when she started dating him. "Now, there's a girl of character who can stand on her own high heels," he laughs.

Tab Hunter says no vacations for him this year. "I want to make three or four pictures in a row," says this boy, whose bosses (Warners) have a new respect for him ever since he was voted by Audience Awards voters as "most promising young actor." "I got a stomach full of vacationing when I felt the studio had forgotten about me."

Marisa Pavan (I hear she and Jean-Pierre Aumont are really in love) is certainly experimenting with her hair. At Ciro's, on a date with the Frenchman, she wore pearls entwined in her braids, and on another date at Chasen's, she had a large red bow atop her head. All I can say is she is pretty enough to get away with such styles.

Charlton Heston likes his pretty young wife to wear hats. "They are becoming to her, they are chic—and besides I can always find her even in the most crowded room because so few women wear hats in this town."

Sheila and Guy Madison expect their second baby. When I ran into them at a cocktail party they both cautioned me, "Don't you dare print that we're expecting a Little Wild Bill Hiccup!"

HUMPHREY BOGART has the reputation of being *not* a fast guy with a dollar. But he is a fast friend to those he likes and admires.

Everyone knows that Bogey and Frank Sinatra have become great pals in the past two years. But few realized how close the friendship was until Bogart's recent trip to New York.

He was offered a fabulous amount of money—$20,000—for a very short appearance on the program of a well-known television star.

"Hell, *no*," snorted Bogey, "this guy insulted my friend Frankie in public. I wouldn't go on his show if it was the only TV program in the world and he offered me $100,000."

Bogey thought for a minute, "Well," he decided, "I might have to think about the hundred grand a minute—but I'd turn it down in a little while!"

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

But the youngest-in-heart in town is darling Shirley MacLaine, who can never keep from kidding around even though she and Steve Parker are expecting a baby next September.

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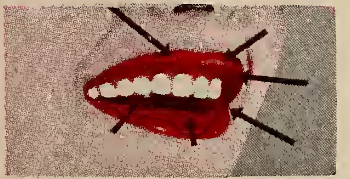	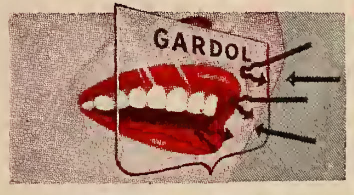
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Why, then, have you deferred the Tampax decision? Perhaps the answer is *that you haven't tried it*. You can read over and over again how comfortable and convenient it is—how it prevents odor—how easy it is to dispose of, applicator and all. But these are only words—the true test of Tampax is to *try it!* Only by trying it can you share in the wonderful sense of freedom Tampax gives you. Only by trying it can you discover the delightful differences that have made Tampax so accepted.

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Invented by a doctor—
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johnny carson

(*Continued from page 8*) the classical mistake of falling in love in college and then rushing into marriage.

What Johnny wanted Jody to do when he called her onto the stage that first time, technically anyway, was to hold a parasol for him while he made with the disappearing bowl of goldfish. Jody kept assisting him at other shows and by the time they earned their degrees the following June—Bachelor of Arts for both—the act was a pretty well established double and they could think of no rosier future than to spend the rest of their lives together. However, as intelligent young persons should, they agreed that it would be foolhardy to be unrealistic about the facts of marriage; for one thing they came to the decision that there would be no wedding until he could make enough money as either a magician or a radio announcer to support a wife and probable family.

Since magicians were swarming around at that particular time to a point where they were all falling over their own wands, Johnny left to get a start as an announcer in Omaha, and Jody went back home to North Platte, Nebraska, to wait for him. The suffering started right then, and it was cruel. In letters which they exchanged daily they began revising the financial requirements they had set up as their goal. The revision was downward.

At the end of three months they had reduced the amount of income needed (the minimum they thought they needed to get married, that is) from $100 a week to $52.50 a week. This amount of $52.50 a week, by no coincidence whatsoever, was exactly what Johnny was getting paid at WOW in Omaha for coming on the air between important programs and identifying the station.

The honeymoon cottage to which Johnny brought his bride was no cottage, it was a third floor walk-up; a one room apartment with wall bed, turret-topped refrigerator and high-legged gas range. It was painted a shocking pink, a color they both got rid of the second day of their honeymoon by overpainting it with what Johnny recalls as a "neutral shade of nothing, as a contrast." The rent was $72 and the location was close enough to Johnny's job to permit him to walk to work in twenty minutes. Sometimes they didn't have the rent. Sometimes Johnny took a half hour to make the walk so as not to build up a bigger appetite than he had lunch money to pay for.

Two years later they were the parents of a fine baby boy, Johnny was making $84 a week and Jody, wearing long, black silk stockings and a short maid's skirt, was still his assistant at occasional magic show engagements that he obtained. Two years after this he got a job at KNX in Los Angeles making the same salary and there was no extra income from his magic work because there were now two sons and Jody couldn't take time off to assist him. A year later—only two winters ago, in fact—things changed, they went broke altogether, running out of food, money and house rent at the same moment practically. Johnny sent a wire; his father sent $500 by return air mail with the check came a new burst of kick and the rest you know.

Comedy and cogitation

Johnny had to take three years off from school to go into uniform during World War Two, earning an ensign's rank at Columbia University in New York and a lot of experience as a damage control officer on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in far Pacific waters. He knows exactly what to do aboard a battleship that has been hit by shellfire or a bomb, he says.

Out of his three years in the Navy Johnny emerged with a personal philosophy which he expresses roughly, as not expecting any more from other people than he expects from himself. "It's wonderful how fine your friends will appear if you overlook any faults which you have yourself," he declares. "I used to be too quick to resent people who didn't come to what I thought were my standards. Only they weren't my standards—they were my goals and I rarely reached them. In fact I finally realized that the things about other people which made me most angry were some of the same deeds I could well be guilty of myself.

Ed Sullivan calling

"For instance I remember when I first got started that someone came to me after the show was over one night and told me that Ed Sullivan was phoning me from New York. I got burned up because I thought they were kidding me. Eventually I agreed to answer and to my surprise it *was* Sullivan. He was calling to compliment me on the impersonation I had done of him on the show. After we talked I asked myself why I had gotten angry and could come only to the conclusion that if I were Ed Sullivan I might not have been nice enough to have telephoned across the country to compliment a young and not too well-known comedian."

There are three people in Johnny's life whom he remembers gratefully for the advice they have and/or are giving him. One is his wife, and the advice amounts to one word, "Relax." Johnny, though he is seemingly the picture of ease onstage, is actually a nerve-worker, constantly keyed up to react to the unforeseen happenings which so often threaten to throw a "live" TV show out of routine.

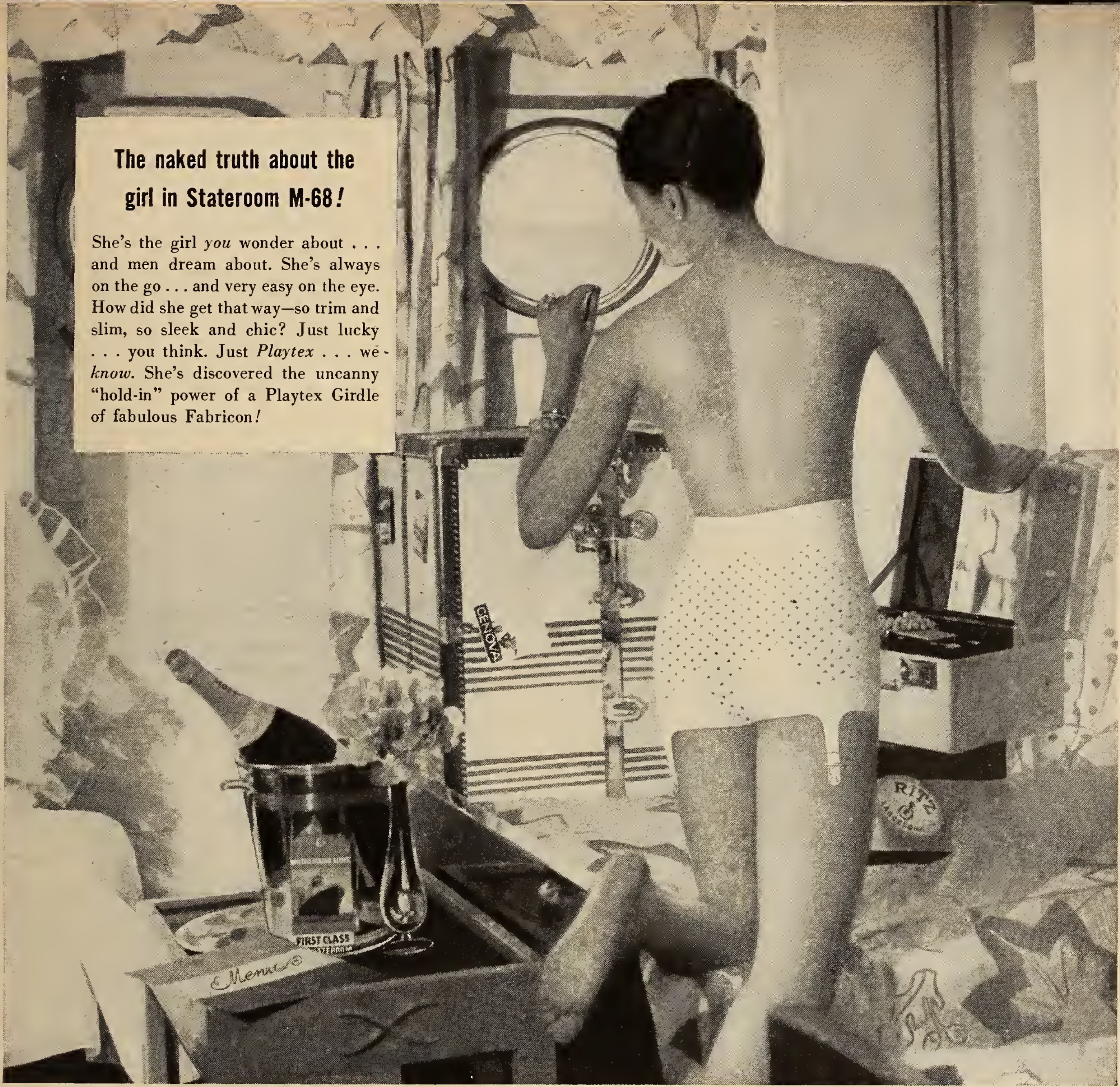
The second person is the famous clown of the stage, Ed Wynn, and his advice totaled three words: "Save your money." Johnny runs to bursts of extravagance, and it matters not always whether he has the money he suddenly wants to spend. Jody recalls that he came home one evening when she knew they were in desperate straits and announced he was going to take her to dinner. She phoned for a baby-sitter and went along, figuring that he had had a great break and would tell her about it at the table. He took her to Dalton's famous grill in Beverly Hills, ordered the best in the house and urged her to eat. When the meal was over (it ran to more than ten dollars what with a cocktail or two) Jody leaned back and begged for the good news.

"You got a job, eh?" she asked. "What's the name of the program?"

Johnny stared at her. "No job," he said. "I just thought it was time we went out and had a good time. So I borrowed twenty dollars from a friend. Wasn't that a good idea?"

Jody says she agreed it was, once she got over the shock of it. She can't remember enjoying a meal any more than she did that night.

The third and last person to advise Johnny never said a word to him. He was a sailor and he knocked Johnny out when they were both fighting for the lightweight championship of the boat. Johnny had wanted to be a prize-fighter. He knows now he was joking. And he is going to keep joking for the rest of his life, if he can. **END**



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CHERAMY PERFUMER

TV TALK

No fears for Fess . . . Actors' Studio criticized . . . Monroe vs. Mansfield

Some people have worried about **Fess Parker's** career now that the Davy Crockett craze has come and gone the way crazes do. Forget it. There is no need to worry about Fess' future pay checks. The main reason, of course, is that **Walt Disney** has him under personal contract—the only actor he has a contract with—and Walt Disney's many enterprises have never flourished so lucratively. Another reason—and this is essential to an actor—is that Fess' public does *not* identify him too closely with his famous role. Much to his relief, most of the children who ask for his autograph ask him to sign his real name, not "Davy Crockett." Parents who see him on the street and rush up for an autograph to take home to their children ask for "Davy Crockett," little knowing that the kids will be disappointed when they get the slip of paper. *They* just like Fess Parker! . . . Here is the word on **Marilyn Monroe's** highly publicized acting lessons at Actors' Studio: She has *not* been a regularly enrolled pupil. Only recently did she act out scenes in front of boss **Lee Strasberg** and the assembled students and then receive everyone's criticism. That is the regular routine—and just as tough as it sounds. But—and this comes as a surprise to many—Marilyn is very well liked by everyone at the Studio. They may not have the greatest admiration in the world for her acting talents, but they think she is a very nice girl . . . Speaking of Actors' Studio —which can list **Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Marlon Brando, Lois Smith** and everybody else among its students—there is another school in New York that specializes in *curing* actors of the things they've learned at Actors' Studio—and it's making a mint! Why does the most famous acting school in the country need counteracting? Here's why: Strasberg teaches that actors must completely understand the characters they are playing. They must know why they do what they do, why they say what they say. They must *become* the character. That's the reason Actors' Studio people often seem to forget their lines —or do forget their lines: They're so busy *being* the character that they forget what the author wrote (though A. S. people *can* ad lib). But many television authors create characters that are mere cardboard figures or bits of fluff; when Actors' Studio folk start playing them, they nearly lose their minds. They sit around and try to figure out all the whys and wherefores, only to find that there *aren't* any whys and wherefores; the characters are unimportant people in unimportant half-hour TV shows—people not worth studying. But the actors, full of Strasberg's teachings, find themselves incapable of merely mouthing the writer's words. So they go to school—to learn how to forget. After all, they need the money they get from those thirty-minute shows. **Nina Foch** is one girl who went to both schools, and she now feels that she can do two things: 1) act, à la Actors' Studio, in important dramas, and 2) do a creditable job on a minor show without having a nervous breakdown. The whole set-up's ironic, but necessary . . . Another couple of bits of irony on the TV scene: **Bob** and **Ray** have been known for years as two very funny guys —but very hard to find a sponsor for. They are now, of course, doing the voices on the Piel's beer commercials—just the funniest, most talked-about commercials to come along in seasons! There's something wrong somewhere when a couple of "non-commercial" comics turn out the best commercials. And students of the NBC *Comedy Hour* wonder how come the Bendix spiel—the one with the woman singing "Sixteen Tons"—is better than the show itself. If things keep on going along these lines, viewers will start looking at the commercials and turning their sets off when the shows come on . . . Folks who Knew Her When think of **Kathy Grant** not as **Bing Crosby's** current favorite but as one of the smartest young students that ever took courses in the drama department at the University of Texas. She entered college when she was only fifteen, and made all A's once she got there. To top it off, her professor, who had directed **Helen Hayes** in *Dear Brutus* years and years ago, thought Kathy was much better in the part! . . . And people who knew **Jayne Mansfield** Way Back When in college remember her as a young mother who performed in modern dance exhibitions and who earned extra money by posing for art students (a job that created friction between Jayne and her husband and that was one of causes of the divorce). Today, Jayne's almost-white hair and skin-tight clothes do remind you of **Marilyn Monroe,** but Marilyn has it all over Jayne when it comes to facial beauty . . . **Elaine Stritch,** whose living room is painted French blue and furnished with French antiques, has just added a Kelly green carpet. It's occasioned all sorts of cracks from her friends—like "Where's the 18th hole?" . . . No one who has acted with him is at all surprised to see **Jack Lemmon** do a good job in a serious role. Many of them consider him not only a talented comedian but a great actor. . . . **Tom Poston's** friends wonder how he's going to adjust to being a married man—which he recently became—and a father —which he's slated to become. Tom is a guy who simply has no home-making instincts in him. He violently objects to accumulating any possessions, cares not a hoot about having a permanent home. He is happiest when moving from hotel room to hotel room . . . **Susan Strasberg** is so tiny that people lose her at parties; you just can't see her if she leaves your side! . . . You can believe every word you read about **Will Rogers, Jr.** taking an interest in the plight of the American Indians. One of his adopted sons is an Indian, and Will, Jr. gives heavily of his time and energy and money to help the impoverished race . . . **Pat Hingle** is very fond of music. He fools around with a guitar, mainly to amuse his young daughter, and he also spends some time writing music and lyrics . . . When **Gloria Vanderbilt** gains weight—an easy thing for her to do; she has to fight it relentlessly—she gets *fat* . . . **Mrs. Ben Grauer** is one of the best-dressed women in New York City. She goes in for simple but elegant outfits—richly brocaded tailored suits with little collar and cuffs of mink.

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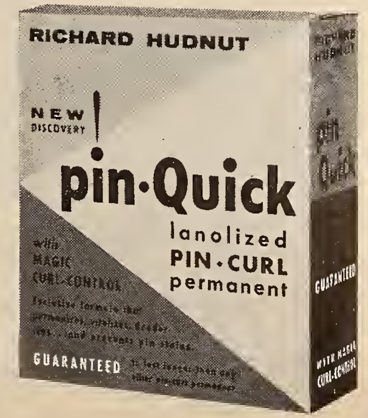
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MRS. RUTHETTA JACOBS
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PAT BRAYTON
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MRS. MARCIA BANE
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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Carousel
Hot Blood

FOR SPECTACLE
The Last Hunt
Meet Me In Las Vegas

FOR DRAMA
Patterns
The Searchers
While The City Sleeps
The Steel Jungle

FOR SUSPENSE
The Man Who Never Was
Jubal
Backlash
Battle Stations

* **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *In its transition from the stage to the silver screen* Carousel *loses none of its beauty and warmth. Shirley Jones, Gordon MacRae and Barbara Ruick are superb!*

* CAROUSEL
classical musical

■ Here is CinemaScope 55, a new process of photography which, to put it simply, is clearer, lighter, sharper. In outdoor scenes there is a heightened naturalness of color that is luminous and beautiful. From that point of view alone *Carousel* is wonderful to see. But there's more—a book of Rodgers and Hammerstein and choreography by Rod Alexander (one ballet was derived from the original B'way production by Agnes DeMille) that takes advantage of the free, wide screen and sets off the vitality implicit on the New England coast. The story opens with Billy Bigelow (Gordon MacRae) polishing stars in Heaven. Though he was not the most selfless, responsible creature on earth he got up there by virtue, I suppose, of a good heart. Unfortunately, it was ruled by a thick head. Anyway, now he has a chance to go back home for one day and try to set things straight. His fifteen-year-old daughter Louise (Susan Luckey) is having a hard time living down his reputation as thief and general no-good. When Billy was alive, and generally kicking, he had a job as barker on a carousel. Then he met Julie (Shirley Jones), helped her lose her job (she did the same for him) and they were married and lived ever after on Shirley's cousin (Claramae Turner) who owned a restaurant. While everyone was off on a clambake Billy and a sailor friend (Cameron Mitchell) staged a holdup. Billy didn't mean any harm. He was just worried about becoming a father. You'll hear familiar, well-loved songs including, "If I Loved You," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over." "When I Marry Mr. Snow," "Soliloquy." They're lavishly staged and sung, of course, by the principals, among whom are Barbara Ruick (Shirley's best friend), Robert Rounseville (Mr. Snow). The cast also includes Gene Lockhart, Jacques D'Amboise.—20th-Fox.

HOT BLOOD
love among the gypsies

■ That's gypsy blood, man, coursing through the veins of Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde, Luther Adler and a mob of relatives. Jane and her dad (Joseph Calleia) have a roving racket. He keeps offering her as a bride in various cities, pockets the marriage settlement and runs. But with Cornel, it's different *He* runs. Cornel's tired of being a gypsy, he wants to be a dancing teacher and date blondes. Luther Adler, his big brother, wants him to settle down as head of the tribe. Well, tempestuous is hardly the word for this film. Tedious is more like it. Unless you're making a study of Gypsy customs which are here in—I presume authentic—abundance.—Col.

BACKLASH
they went that-a-way

■ A six man party has been massacred by Apaches in Arizona, and that would be that if one man hadn't gotten away with sixty thousand dollars in gold. Richard Widmark doesn't care about the gold—he's looking for his Pop. Donna Reed doesn't care about the gold—she's looking for her husband. But they both think the other one cares about the gold and the atmosphere is full of tension and Welker brothers. There were four Welkers to begin with. One died with the party, one died due to having shot at Widmark and missed, the other two are bent on revenge. Well, Donna sticks to Widmark like glue and they finally reach Texas where a man (*Continued on page 30*)

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way to
lightning
cleanliness...

SHEER
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Quick Cleanser
DOROTHY GRAY

Sheer Velvet Cleanser

Soft as a petal, quick as lightning... new Sheer Velvet Cleanser is today's answer to beauty-in-a-hurry. Its frothy pinkness hurries deep, deep down. Exclusive double-action formula swishes away every last speck of the day's make-up and grime... leaves your skin like silk... smoother, clearer than you've ever known! $1.00.

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Dorothy Gray

Gossard's snowy-cool cottons Turn Off The Heat

Blissful summerizing! Gossard's new cotton uplifts have the divine fit and feel that keep you cool. The strapless number has straps that attach two ways: for regular and wide necklines. And its supporting undercup wire is thoughtfully wrapped in foam rubber, then covered. Do see what bosom friends these bras will be!

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THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. CANAL ST., CHICAGO 6 • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas • Toronto

named Bonniwell (John McIntire) has lately arrived with sixty thousand bucks and a desire to rule the range. Question: Is Bonniwell Donna's husband or Widmark's father, or both? Technicolor—U-I.

PATTERNS
drama of big business

■ When Van Heflin reports for his new job in the vast Ramsey Corporation his expert knowledge and enthusiasms aren't enough to keep him from being somewhat overwhelmed. His office has been luxuriously appointed in a style he mentioned liking; his wife (Beatrice Straight) is even now acclimating herself to a home selected and furnished (in perfect taste) by Ramsey's secretary (Joanna Roos); and his arrival has created a stir among the secretaries and officers in the executive corridor. In a short time Heflin realizes that he's been hired to replace vice-president Ed Begley, supposedly his superior, who's been with the firm forty years. Begley represents the old, humanistic executive who considers people nearly as important as profit. Mr. Ramsey (Everett Sloane) is a ruthless, brilliant operator who won't let sentiment of any kind interfere with business expansion. He wages malicious psychological warfare on Begley in an attempt to force his resignation and succeeds in completely breaking his spirit. Heflin, caught in the middle, is faced with the meaning of his own ambition and the problem of what lengths he will go, or allow himself to be led, to achieve it. It's an engrossing, frightening drama. Heflin's decision is an emotional assertion of his self-respect but the specter of industry with its bloodless efficiency looms in the background, too powerful and huge to be easily reshaped in his spirit.—U.A.

THE LAST HUNT
drama in buffalo country

■ Before buffalo hunting became illegal (due to the buffalo becoming extinct) there were men whose lives were ruled, changed and sometimes destroyed by the hunt. Among such men was Robert Taylor, who lived to kill. He got good money for it, but he got more than that—a sense of power, a release from the driving tensions in him. Stewart Granger turned to the hunt for purely financial reasons (although in the past he had killed more buffalo than anyone). He and Taylor become partners; they hire a buffalo skinner (Lloyd Nolan) who is a rumpled old drunk with one leg and plenty of wisdom in the ways of men. Also in the party is a half-breed (Russ Tamblyn) who is the butt of Taylor's prejudice. What the killing of buffalo means to white men and to Indians (as personified by Debra Paget); to twisted men and to men of good will is all graphically revealed. There are excellent, if harrowing scenes of buffalo dropping by the herd in their tracks, and the film reminded me a little of Jack London in its lusty sense of romance in the great outdoors.—MGM.

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS
life on a big city newspaper

■ While the city etc., John Barrymore, Jr. bludgeons a girl to death and leaves a message on the wall. "Ask mother," it says. Fact is, mother wouldn't know since she thinks her boy is a doll. Anyway, Vincent Price suddenly inherits the newspaper his father owned and decides that whichever one of his underlings cracks the case will become big man in his publishing empire. Avid to be big men are Thomas Mitchell, managing editor, George Sanders, news service chief, James Craig, photo service chief. Dana Andrews, having won a Pulitzer prize, is beyond such petty ambitions, but he pitches in for the sport. Just to show what a sport he is he sets up his girl (Sally Forrest) as a come-on for the killer. There are other girls—Rhonda Fleming, Vincent Price's wife who is dallying with James Craig; Ida Lupino, girl reporter who dotes on Sanders but dallies with Dana. It gets pretty complicated and somewhere in there Barrymore kills again (turns out to be one of his hobbies). It's lots of fun.—RKO.

THE SEARCHERS
director John Ford out west

■ When Comanche Chief Scar (Harry Brandon) makes off with John Wayne's two nieces (after first burning his ranch to the ground) Wayne joins a posse to rescue them. The scene is Texas, 1868, and the scenery is vast, breathtaking and unmarred by oil wells. Realizing that the search may take forever, Wayne sends the others home. Besides, he's the lone wolf kind—tall and taciturn in the saddle. But Jeffrey Hunter and Harry Carey, Jr., who was in love with one of the nieces, insist on going with him. Wayne finds *that* niece brutally murdered. Five or six years pass before he and Hunter find the other one (Natalie Wood). As they make tracks through snow, mountains, prairie and Indian camps, Jeff's girl (Vera Miles) gets tired of waiting and promises to marry someone else. John Ford directed this Western (in which you also find Ward Bond, a stove-pipe hatted preacher and Army captain). Ford's touches give humor and individuality to the characters. In VistaVision. Technicolor—Warners.

(Continued on page 32)

New sunshine yellow shampoo

puts sunny sparkle in hair!

Helene Curtis
shampoo plus egg
with hair-conditioning action
2% fresh whole egg

silkier... softer... easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.
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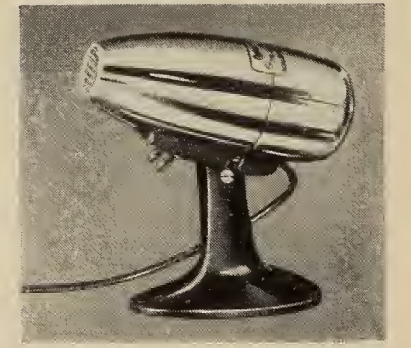
She can thank her new Oster AIRJET HAIR DRYER

You, too, can accept last minute dates . . . wash and dry your hair far *faster*, and be on your merry way when you own an *Airjet* Hair Dryer. Convenient to hold in hand or stand on base. Adjusts to any angle. Switch to Hot or Cold. Ideal, too, for drying hosiery, lingerie and nail polish. Beautifully designed in chrome and black **$19.95** . . . copper and black, **$20.95**



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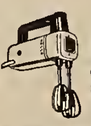

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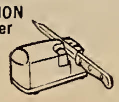

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movie previews

(Continued from page 31)

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS
Dailey and Charisse break the bank

■ Rancher Dan Dailey is the unluckiest gambler in the world until the day he clutches the hand of Cyd Charisse who just happens to be passing by a roulette wheel. That's the golden touch, all right. When they hold hands, banks break all over Las Vegas, and out at his ranch hens lay eggs, oil wells gush and love blossoms in no time. But Cyd is a ballerina devoted to her art and dominated by her crafty manager Paul Henreid—so will we have wedding bells, and will that luck turn? The choreography (especially in the Frankie and Johnny ballet) is tops. Lili Darvas (as Cyd's worldly lady-in-waiting) and Oscar Karlweis (a blackjack dealer) add warmth and humor to this delightful musical. CinemaScope—MGM.

JUBAL
passion on a ranch

■ Glenn Ford (Jubal) is caught in a blizzard in the Rockies and Ernest Borgnine rescues him. Borgnine is a hearty, good natured rancher, loathed by his young wife (Valerie French). She'd been playing around with Pinky (Rod Steiger), an arrogant, unpleasant ranchhand, but one look at Jubal and she's gone. But Jubal is an honorable man; he's indebted to Borgnine who's made him foreman. Besides, he meets Felicia Farr, daughter of a religious leader who's camped his followers on Borgnine's land, and falls in love with her. But Steiger and Borgnine's wife, both seething with jealousy for different reasons, manage to turn Borgnine against Jubal and tragedy follows. CinemaScope—Col.

THE STEEL JUNGLE
nightmare in prison

■ Trouble with being a bookie for a Combination is you wind up in jail right next to the boss. Perry Lopez (bookie) thinks he's lucky because the boss (Ted De Corsia) will get him out. Perry sure has a lot to learn. First lesson is how to be beaten to a pulp (by the boss' henchman Leo Gordon). One thing no one can teach Perry—not his wife Beverly Garland or Warden Walter Abel or psychiatrist Ken Tobey—is how to be smart. But then, he's in a predicament. If he squeals about the beating and a murder he witnessed, his wife's in danger; if he keeps quiet, the warden's likely to kill him in sheer frustration. Perry comes out of the jungle safe and sound, although how that happened is beyond me.—Warners.

BATTLE STATIONS
saga of a ship

■ This is the story of a huge aircraft carrier in the Pacific during 1945. The Japs believed they had destroyed the ship and Captain Richard Boone knows they won't be able to contain themselves when they see it afloat. So he orders drills night and day and everybody gets sore. Sorest of all is Keefe Brasselle who didn't get the promotion he wanted. Chaplain John Lund thinks he can rehabilitate Keefe, but Bosun William Bendix has about given up. There are at least a thousand men on this ship and they all have problems. Anyway, their biggest problem is to stay alive when the ship takes two direct hits. Fires are blazing, the ship is listing and Bendix and some men are trapped in the mess hall. Naturally, Keefe saves them.—Col.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS
high-level espionage

■ It's 1943 and the Axis is awaiting the invasion of Europe through Sicily. Commander Ewen Montagu (Clifton Webb) of British Naval Intelligence is assigned a job that taxes even his brilliant, polished mind. He comes up with a fantastic plan: to dress a corpse in officer's uniform, load it with faked secret documents, launch it off the coast of Spain and let it drift into the hands of spies. The Germans, examining the corpse's briefcase, will be convinced that the Allies expect to invade Greece. Webb, his assistant Robert Flemying and everyone up to the Prime Minister know that the Nazis are not dummies and this plan must be initiated with incredible skill. And so it is, with the help of librarian Gloria Grahame whose romance with an RAF pilot lends grim authenticity to the lovelife of "the man who never was." It's a highly exciting, extremely slick drama. (With Josepbine Griffin, Stephen Boyd). CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY (U.I.): Steve Allen plays the King of Swing in this pleasant, terrifically musical biography. Donna Reed is the girl in Goodman's love-life; Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton contribute in person.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL (Warners): The true, stirring story of the General who fought for an Air Force. Gary Cooper, Rod Steiger—and exciting courtroom scenes.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (U.A.): Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak, Eleanor Parker star in the terrifying story of a drug addict.

THE CONQUEROR (RKO): A spectacle to end all spectacles! John Wayne and Susan Hayward spend most of their time fighting one another in a film loaded with action and thrills. You'll love the scenery and spectacle of an uninhibited age reproduced in all its savage glory.

THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS (20th-Fox): This sometimes-hilarious pic depicts what can happen to a middle-aged man married to a beautiful girl who also happens to be in the WAF's. Tom Ewell and Sheree North add their own special talents together with Rita Moreno in one of the funniest impersonations of Marilyn Monroe we've ever seen. We think you'll enjoy it.

RICHARD III (Lopert Films): Shakespeare's spectacular melodrama is brought to nearly impeccable life in this movie produced and directed by Laurence Olivier who also plays the title role. Claire Bloom, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and John Gielgud also star.

COME NEXT SPRING (Rep.): You hardly see pictures like this any more. It's a kind of folktale that recalls a whole era in American history and reaffirms the importance of human dignity, neighborliness, hard work and family solidarity. With Steve Cochran and Ann Sheridan.

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD

Hollywood's princess-to-be Grace Kelly stars in MGM's *The Swan* with a cast of notables, including Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan, Brian Aherne and Agnes Moorehead. Quite a bit has been written about "Ice-Cold Kelly," and for this reason her fans everywhere are anxious to see her performance in this picture. Why? You see, some years ago Ferenc Molnar, one of the world's foremost playwright's, wrote a romantic comedy about a princess who falls in love and *becomes a woman.* He titled it *The Swan* . . . Grace received two unusual gifts from admirers. One a beautiful swan from her fan club in Eugene, Oregon, to commemorate the picture and the other a crate of celery from a mid-western celery magnate who had read that Grace ate at least one stalk a day as a health aid. When I first heard about it, I thought, "That's going too far, acting in *The Swan* and eating storks." . . . During one important scene in the picture, a sketch of a castle was needed. Grace persuaded director Charles Vidor to let her supply it, since she has been painting for years as a hobby. Charles said that he would like to see several samples first, so Grace spent practically her whole vacation in New York City, prior to shooting the picture, sketching castles. . . . Alec Guinness has selected this to be his first acting assignment in a motion picture in America. His part will be to portray the romantic-comedy role of Prince Albert, the most sought-after eligible bachelor in Europe. . . . On the set just before Charles Vidor commanded the filming to begin, Guinness held up his hand and asked for a moment's delay. Then he stepped up to the camera and planted a kiss which he swept from one side of the lens to the other. "An old superstition with me," he told Vidor and the remainder of the crew. "I always kiss the camera lens before the first scene on each of my pictures." "Yes, but why did you kiss completely across the entire lens surface?" asked Vidor. With a straight face Alec said, "This is in CinemaScope—wide screen, you know." . . . On the set where Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Brian Aherne and Estelle Winwood were rehearsing a scene in which they are expecting Alec Guinness to arrive for dinner, as part of the scene, Miss Landis rises expectantly at a knock at the door and opens it to find not Guinness but Louis Jourdan. In the story this is a major disappointment to her, and she is supposed to show it in her manner. The actors have rehearsed the scene several times and are ready at last for the cameras to start turning. Since Jessie has already set her mood for keen disappointment when she opens the door and sees Louis Jourdan in the doorway, Charles Vidor calls for action! The knock on the door occurs, and Jessie proceeds to open it. But there, waiting for her, instead of Jourdan is *Guinness.* The British star had walked onto the set as the scene was being rehearsed and without anyone seeing him had stepped behind the door. . . . Alec Guinness has become so fascinated with the bass viol (bull fiddle) which he had to learn to play for a comedy sequence for *The Swan* that he is continuing lessons with the instrument even after the film is completed. Alec, who says he studied the violin when he was a child, claims he never realized the bass viol was such a beautiful instrument. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "If I could only tuck it under my chin!"

John Ford, who tops all other directors with six Academy Awards, has his own way of making things come off just right. In *The Searchers,* new Warner release starring John Wayne, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, Ward Bond and Natalie Wood, John Ford had the cameras rolling during a scene where Vera Miles greets her lover after an absence of several years. Vera was the most surprised girl in the world for as she embraced Jeffrey Hunter, lovely music welled up on the set. Vera said, "It put me exactly in the mood." Then she asked what the song was. Danny Borzage, who has worked for Ford for more than three decades as set musician, volunteered the information. The song was "The Searchers" and was written by Stan Jones, who wrote "Riders In The Sky." "The Yellow Rose Of Texas" will be heard in the film, as well as "Skip A Lou," the song that's over one hundred years old. Ken Curtis, who formerly was a featured vocalist with the Sons of the Pioneers, will sing "Skip A Lou." . . . Henry Brandon, well-known stage actor, who's playing Scar, villainous Comanche Indian Chief, greeted a Navajo Indian at the Monument Valley location with the salutation "Ugh!" The brave replied "I don't dig you **(*Continued on page 36*)**

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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 34) with that square talk, alligator!" So all the members in the film's cast are "Ughing" Brandon to death.

George Gobel, who stars with Mitzi Gaynor and David Niven in Paramount's *The Birds And The Bees*, is famous for his Gobelisms. We asked George to tell us where he got some of them and he replied: "'You can't hardly get them kind no more' goes back to my air cadet days in Frederick, Oklahoma, back in 1942 when most products made of vital war materials were hard to get. I remember a buddy of mine arriving on the base one day in a good used car he had just purchased. He called a group of us over to the lot where the car was parked, beamed like a kid with a new toy, and boasted, 'You can't hardly get them kind no more.' This expression must have lodged itself in the back of my mind, for I didn't use it until two or three years later when I started to do comedy material for an audience. 'I'll be a dirty bird' stems from my early days as a hillbilly singer with the Barn Dance Review program on radio station WLS in Chicago. It was originally used by a hillbilly musician in the troupe as part of a longer saying. I shortened it and added it as a 'pay off line' to one of my stories. The expressions 'sure you are' and 'sure you do' were used by a slightly absent-minded musical director who handled the floor shows at one of the hotels which used my alleged act. He would sit down at a table in the dining room with me for conversation, and at the same time try to observe if anyone important was in the room, whether the dance music was right, among many other little details. Now and then he would turn to me, cut off my conversation with an assuring 'sure you will,' or 'sure you are,' especially when I would tell a story during the act that was left hanging. The topper 'so there you are' would get a big laugh so I left it in. For our television show I went a little further, and the happy result was 'so there you are and here I am and here's the show.' 'Believe thee me' is an adaptation of an old expression 'you can bet me,' which I've been using since my teen-age days." . . . George's nickname, "Lonesome George," was self-imposed during his early teens. George explained that it was customary for every entertainer to precede his first name with some catch word such as "Texas Jack," "Tennessee Ernie," etc. "I picked 'Lonesome,' and it didn't have anything to do with my 'rating' on the air." . . . George admitted that he was bugs about the number 13. He was married on the thirteenth of December, and his wedding guests were limited to thirteen. So, when Cy Devore, who designed his clothes for the picture, wanted George to have fourteen jackets, George said, "No, make it thirteen." I wonder if George will fight with Paramount if they offer him more than $13.00 to do the picture. . . . George just signed a five-year contract with RCA Victor. John Scott Trotter, musical director on Gobel's TV shows, will handle the same chore during the recording sessions at Victor. His first major commercial record will be "The Birds And The Bees." . . . Mitzi Gaynor, Gobel's co-star, tells us: "American women are too fat. And I was one of them. I hated myself for weighing 145 lbs., but that was not enough. I had to do something about it. And when I did, it changed my entire life —for the better. My career was going in reverse a couple of years ago, and I was very unhappy. It seemed the whole world was against me, and I looked to the refrigerator for moral support. I was always taste-hungry no matter how much food I stuffed into my stomach. That naturally didn't solve my problem. I was still unhappy—and fat as well. The picture of myself in the mirror told a sad tale. But what made me do something about it were the sincere criticisms leveled at me by my friends. At first I resented them but soon realized that it was meant for my good. It wasn't easy at first. The habit of moving away from the dinner table with appetizing dishes still to be served was torture. Suddenly I began to feel better—mentally and physically. I approached my future with new optimism and new fight. Everything around me looked better. It was a wonderful feeling. I trimmed down to 114 lbs. in a matter of months. Better film parts followed (*There's No Business Like Show Business*, *Anything Goes*, and my first straight leading lady role opposite Gobel). My social circle is an extremely happy one. My experience, I feel, is that of the average American girl who is overweight. Common sense mixed with enough willpower will do the trick. This combination hit the jackpot for me." Anyone who has seen Mitzi's simply divine figure in *Anything Goes* should take courage from Mitzi's words. A piece of good advice: "Count your calories; don't eat them." . . . Incidentally, George Gobel gives a few sage words of advice. He said, "If you have a naughty child, give it a good spanking. It may not do the child any good, but you'll feel a lot better."

Richard Widmark saved the sound track of Universal's film *Backlash* from a fate worse than jazz. How did it happen? Lights! Camera! Action! On set we see a close-up of a redman beating the war drums to whip up excitement among several hundred braves preparing for an attack. The Indian thumped the drum heads with feverish rhythm, the beat slowly increasing in tempo and the gyrations of the redskins matching the compelling pace of the staccato reports. Widmark's ears perked up at several points in the drumming. He thought he heard refinements completely foreign to a war rhythm. He consulted with the man at the sticks, Ken Lightning Bolt. The drummer said he had once been a professional musician, specializing in hot jazz. And he had, indeed, dressed up the ancient war ritual. "All it really needs," appraised Lightning Bolt, "to make it a solid sender is what I was trying to add—a touch of bop." A bopless sound track was made on the next take.

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Month's Best Movie Albums

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Danny Kaye's "THE COURT JESTER" . . . Sound-track album from motion picture. Decca #DL8212. . . . If you like the fun-magic of Danny, then this album was designed for you. It's all the captivating hilarity from the Paramount production. My favorite is "The Maladjusted Jester" number. Here Danny sings about the years he spent in becoming a jester, but he just turned out to be a fool. Also, his derring-do attitude in "Outfox The Fox."

"CAROUSEL" Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Cameron Mitchell, etc. . . . Sound-track album from 20th Century's new movie. Capitol W694. . . . All the songs from one of the most beautiful musical shows ever to hit the gay white way re-sung by current movie favorites.

"B.G. IN HI-FI" Capitol W565. . . . An authentic Benny Goodman album with the old songs that made him a favorite with pop music fans. Since the release of the motion picture *The Benny Goodman Story*, several companies have been planning Benny Goodman albums. Benny has always been available for recording session, but there's quite a bit of his material around. For the hi-fi fan, let it be noted that this session was recorded at the Riverside Studios in New York. November 1954, with a single condenser mike pickup and a little extra rhythm boost.

"STARLIGHT CONCERT" HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Carmen Dragon conducting. Capitol P8276. . . . A superb collection of favorite classical pieces recorded under the stars in Hollywood's famed "Bowl." Every visitor to Hollywood eventually winds up here and never forgets the moment of captured musical gossamer always present during these concerts.

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"My favorite is the score from *The Benny Goodman Story*. My listeners share this enthusiasm as well, since every day I receive mail and phone calls asking for old and new B. G. favorites."

Ed Penney—
WTAO—Cambridge,
Mass.

"Mine is the song 'I'll Cry Tomorrow' from the picture of the same name. Johnny Desmond sings the title song great, and it's a typical fine Johnny Mercer lyric."

Pete Johnson—
WKBR—Manchester,
New Hampshire

"My choice is any song sung by Doris Day. Hollywood has always given great music hits to the American public, and I believe Doris Day has been responsible for singing many of them to fame."

George Lemont—
KGO—San Francisco,
Calif.

"I select the music composed by Max Steiner. He's won three Academy Awards to date and scored the music for many of Hollywood's top pictures."

Modern lowboy with base drawer, sparkling brass pulls. Lovely Blond Oak finish. Also in Cherry Cordovan, Seafoam Mahogany, or Pearl Gray Mahogany. #6126.

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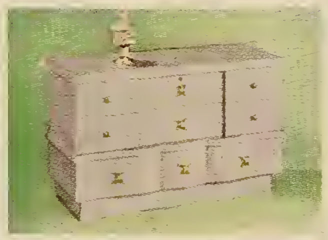
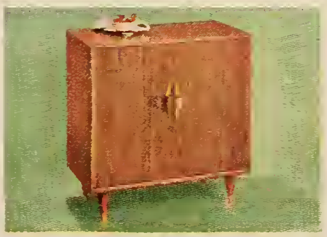


Serpentine front on base drawer. Pearl Gray Mahogany finish. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, Cordovan or Charcoal Mahogany. #6164.



Front-opening console, tambour-effect doors, sliding shelf. Softone Walnut. Also Blond Oak, Seafoam or Pearl Gray Mahogany. #6045.

Swedish base, self-lifting tray. Parquetry panel; Seafoam Mahogany. Also Blond Oak, Pearl Gray Mahogany, Softone Walnut. #6071.

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Here for the first time is the Big Lie about Liz and the Bigger Truth. Here's exactly what we, together, can do about it!

Charles D. Saxon
EDITOR

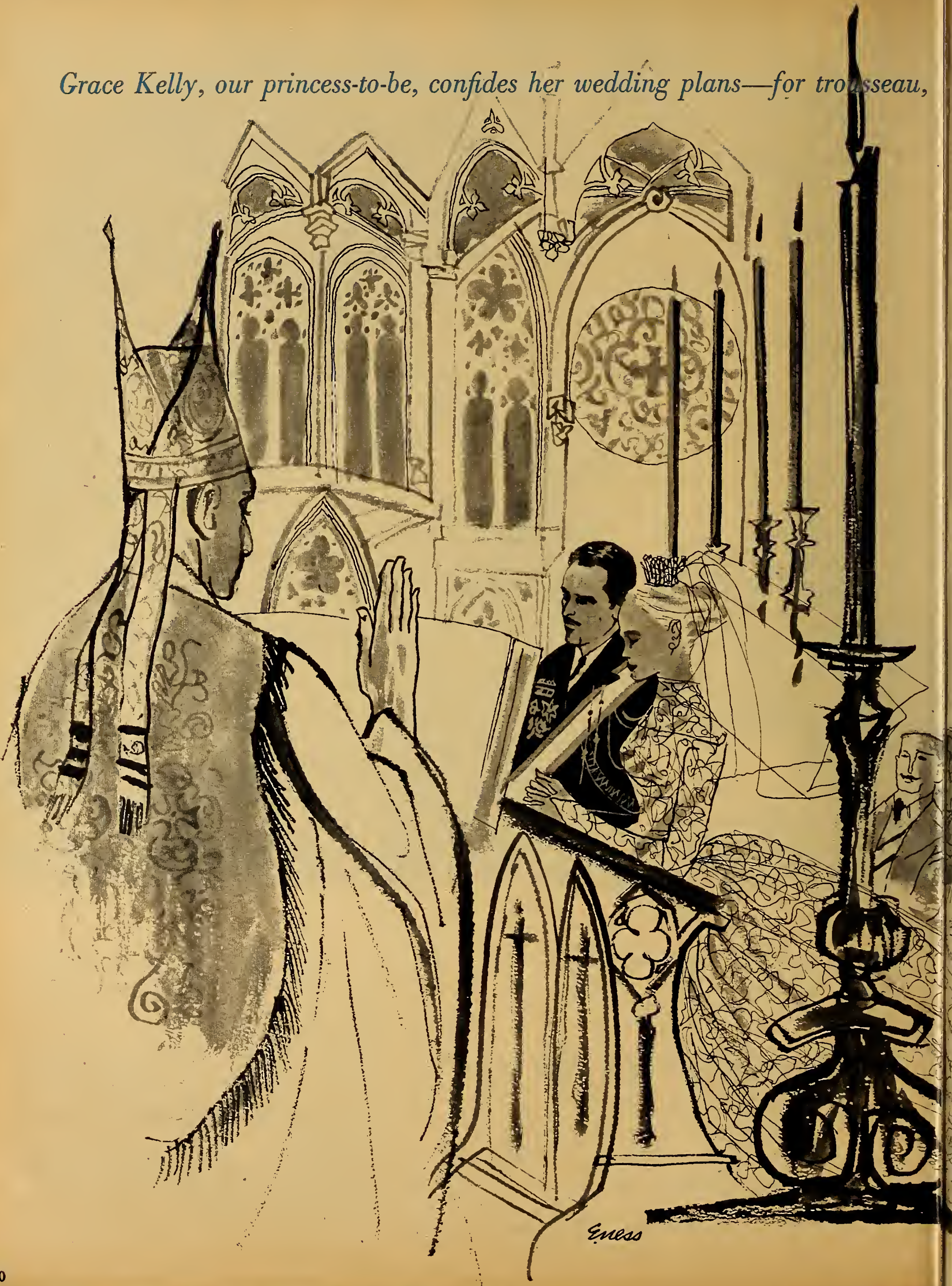
■ I got a "story suggestion" this morning from a writer who makes his living off a peeping-Tom magazine of the "pssst" or "uncensored" stripe. If I call it *Smear* you'll get the idea.

"I can deliver you an exposé on Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding that will knock your socks off!" he wrote. "Including the lowdown on what's marked His and Hers, meaning girl friends and boy friends, and how each of these cats plays around when the other cat is away. Oh, they might sue as a gesture, but they'd never want to let it go to trial."

I think of myself as a quiet guy. But I'm rather proud of the way I hauled off and let this creep have it. Forgive me for bragging but I want to quote my reply to him. Here's what I wrote:

"I have spent ten minutes (*Continued on page 90*)

Grace Kelly, our princess-to-be, confides her wedding plans—for trousseau,



attendants, guests and reception—to Hollywood's reigning queen

■ "You have the eyes of a woman in love," were the first words I said to Grace Kelly after she came forward to greet me and I kissed her and wished her a world of good wishes on her engagement to Prince Rainier.

She laughed and said, "Strange you should say that, because 'The Eyes Of A Woman In Love' is the Prince's favorite American song and he plays it again and again on his record machine."

Even in the beige slacks she was wearing for a scene in *High Society*—her picture with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra—she looked every inch a Princess-to-be as she lead me to two chairs on the sidelines of the MGM set where we could talk uninterruptedly.

I had been told that Grace had become very cold and aloof and indifferent to her old friends since her Graustarkian romance had become front page copy. Some of her would-be friends were whispering that her about-to-be Serene Highness, Princess Grace of Monaco, Duchess of Valentinois, Princess of Chateau Porcien, Countess of Belfort and Baroness of St Lo (to give it *all* her titles) had completely changed.

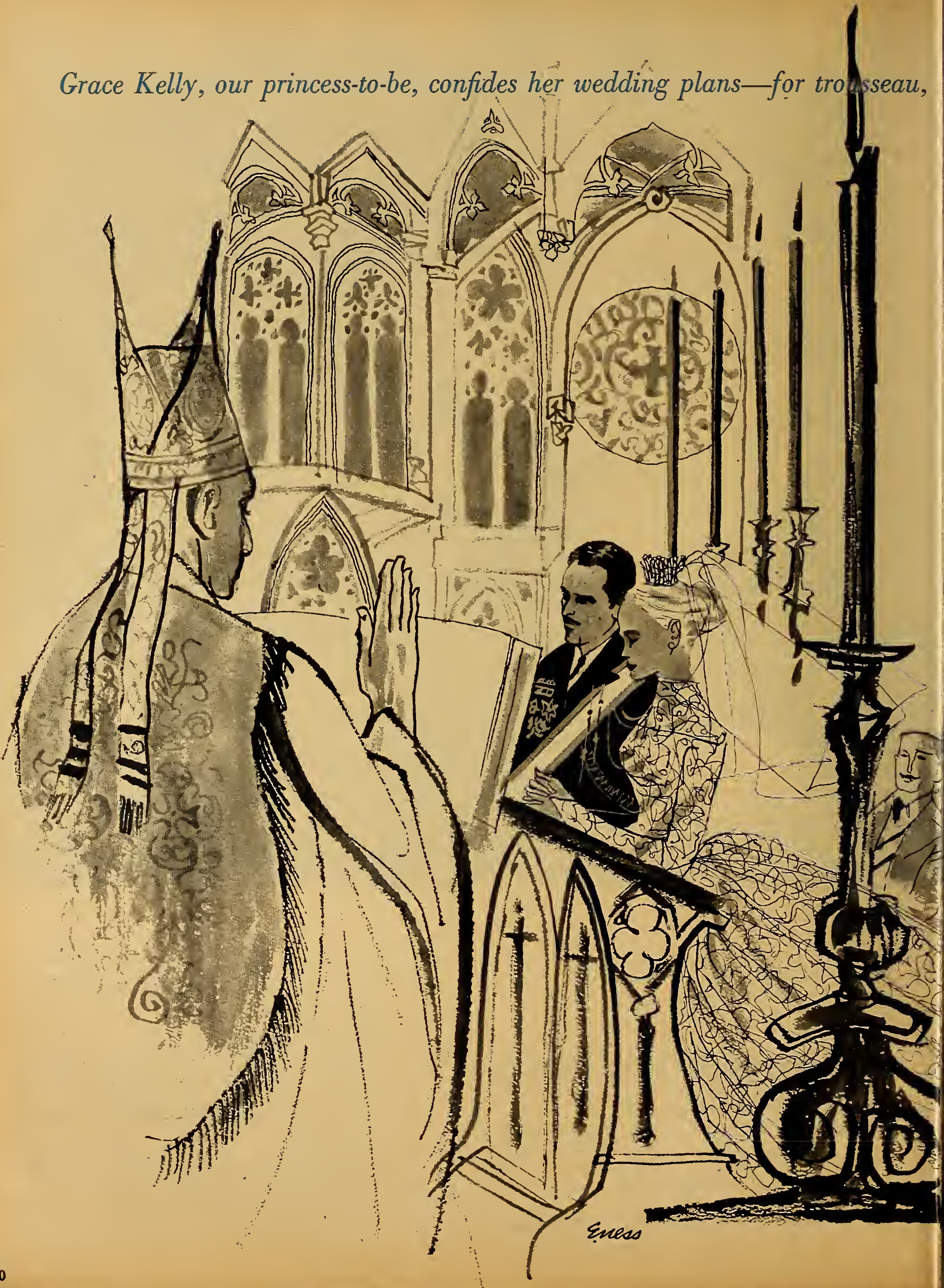
Nothing is further from the truth. The girl who sat beside me was gay and warm and she chatted away about her coming royal nuptials like any other prospective bride.

She kept shining her twelve-karat square-cut diamond engagement ring with her handkerchief, flashing it to catch the light, laughing at herself (*Continued on page 80*)

IT WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WEDDING

by Louella Parsons

Grace Kelly, our princess-to-be, confides her wedding plans—for trousseau,



attendants, guests and reception—to Hollywood's reigning queen

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THE GIRL WHO GREW UP TOO FAST

This is the best story of the Rebel Years we've ever read. It's Natalie Wood's story—but it could just as well be yours

by NICK ADAMS, *Natalie's closest pal*

■ It was five o'clock in the morning in Central Park, and Natalie Wood was sleeping in my arms.

Shivering a little in her sleep, she burrowed her head against my chest. I shifted my arms so she would be more comfortable.

She woke up.

"Nicky?"

"Yes?"

"Are you still there?"

"Yes."

"Good."

I kissed the bridge of her nose. "Go back to sleep."

She rolled herself into a ball. "I can't. I'm cold. Very . . . col . . ." But in a minute she was asleep again, curled like a porcupine on the back seat of a hansom cab.

I unbuttoned my coat and spread it over her, tucking the edges under her chin.

"Hey, Mac," the driver said, looking down at us. "What do you want I should do now?"

I looked at Natalie. We had both come to New York for television shows. It was her first night in New York, and she had wanted to stay up all night.

"It means I'm grown-up," she had said that afternoon. "Really grown-up," and she had been so happy she had spun around in a circle until she was too dizzy to stand.

"Look at you now," I said to her, laughing. "Really grown-up?" She was still asleep. A strand of hair had fallen into her eyes, and I pushed it away. The night wasn't over yet.

"Okay," I said, tucking my coat a little tighter around her ankles. "We'll stay up all night." I reached into my pocket for my wallet, and Natalie's studio chaperon, sitting up front, groaned.

"Once more around Central Park," I said to the driver.

"Okay, Mac." He flicked his horse with his whip. The cab lurched a little, and I folded my arms around Natalie's waist to keep her from falling. I wondered what she was dreaming about. Probably she was dreaming about being the greatest actress and the most really grown-up person in the world.

I had a funny thought then. I thought that maybe I was holding greatness in my arms. Someday Natalie will be (*Continued on page 96*)

by RUTH WATERBURY

■ The big, hand-lettered sign on the set read, "In this scene Robert Wagner will *positively* appear without Spencer Tracy." The set in which the sign was hung was, supposedly, part of an Alpine house and in a moment or two Bob Wagner was due to go heavily dramatic there.

The actual time of day was eight o'clock in the morning. The real place where the set had been put up was Chamonix, France, the small skiing village at the base of fabulous Mont Blanc, the Alp which was giving the film its title, *The Mountain.*

Richard Arlen, first to reach the set that morning, gave a loud guffaw as he read the sign. Claire Trevor and director Edward Dymytryk, coming in right after Dick, exchanged grins. Then the various technicians, electricians, prop men and the like, reporting for work, chuckled.

Here was another clowning declaration of war between the co-stars of *The Mountain.* Here, again, for the cast and the crew, would be the fun of watching the twenty-five-year-old R.J. Wagner pit himself against the fifty-and-then-some Spencer Tracy. It was the rising star trying to equal "The Pro," the star who knew every trick in the book so well he'd long since thrown the book away.

It was only to the great man's face that R.J. was deliberately not respectful, an attitude which

Meet the craziest, battlingest pair since Martin and Lewis: R.J. Wagner vs. S. Tracy!

"ANYTHING YOU CAN DO I CAN DO BETTER"

Tracy returned. Spence knew Bob knew that he had, without precedent, abdicated his right to sole stardom in his pictures, had his contract re-written to permit Bob to be his co-star in *The Mountain.*

Even this was a subject of kidding between them. Let Bob blow a line on a take and Spence would say to Dymytryk, "Good thing I haven't signed that contract waiver yet. We may have to replace this boy." But behind his back, Spence said, "Why, this kid's potential as an actor hasn't been touched. Give him real training, let him see what acting really is and I'll stack him against any of the younger crowd, Brando, Clift or any of the rest of them."

In Chamonix, on the particular morning that "that sign" went up, Spence let them all wait for a good fifteen minutes before he arrived on the set, apparently just visiting. For a moment he even seemed not to notice the sign, though the whole company knew perfectly well he never misses a thing. When he finally read the bravely lettered words, he registered a double-take that would have done credit to the most terrible ham actor.

"You're positively appearing without me?" he asked Bob. "You mean you don't need me in the scene?"

"No, indeed."

"Maybe you don't need me in the (*Continued on page 76*)

To date, the Old Pro (Spence) and the Damned Young Fool (Bob) have ribbed each other through two movies, across two continents and up and down an ice-covered mountain, leaving a drastic change in Bob's appearance and a twinkle in Tracy's eye.

[illegible] by Permission of Williamson Music, Inc. (Copyright, 1949).

To most young girls, love comes a blessing. But for Shirley Jones and the boy she loves, love is a troubled thing. Of all the pretty, popular young girls in Hollywood, Shirley is one of the youngest, the most sweetly naive, the least able to cope with heartbreak, if it comes. Here for the first time, is the story of her secret romance. We hope that reading it will help her to come to a wise, mature decision / by SUSAN WENDER

PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE

Jack Cassidy, Shirley's only love since she was 16, may never be able to marry her.

■ It was the happiest and the saddest day of Shirley Jones' life. It was the première of *Carousel* and she was all dressed up like a movie star, the crowds were pushing for a glimpse of her and everyone in the world was there. Everyone—except the one person she cared about, the man with whom she was in love. He couldn't come because they couldn't be seen together.

The newsreel man beckoned to Shirley. The TV cameraman pointed the camera at her and she tried to smile because maybe he—her boyfriend, her fiancé, her—where was the word to describe what Jack Cassidy was to her?—might be watching her at home. They asked her to say a few words and she stood quietly for a moment, and then she recited the lyrics of one of the songs from *Carousel*: "What's the use of wondrin' if the endin' will be sad . . ." and her voice broke before she finished. And then, turning to enter the lobby, she looked into the eyes of Jack Cassidy, standing there in the crowd and watching her.

For Shirley, the crowds, the bright lights, the cameras, faded away. There was no one there but herself and Jack. Jack, who loved her so much that he would stand on the sidelines to see her go by. Jack, who couldn't share her hour of glory, but who had to be there to tell her, if only (*Continued on page 86*)

Lyrics quoted by permission of Williamson Music, Inc. (Copyright, 1943).

Blessed with the ability to be happy "all the way through," Dani thinks George is "a living riot," laughs at him till he laughs at himself.

To her despair, Dani (a former dance instructor) can't help trying to lead when she dances with George. "Shall we change hands?" he teases

Calm, Cautious Nader is
Cool, Crazy-gone George now

MEET THE GIRL WHO DONE IT!

by JACK WADE

■ As George Nader recalls, it was a particularly vulnerable day for a bachelor. He was just back from the Virgin Islands where for four steamy weeks he'd been cooped up on a ship shooting *Away All Boats* with an all-male cast.

Now he was boxed in on Stage Twelve at Universal-International, winding up the job with the same whiskered bunch—and the masculine scenery was getting darned monotonous. Even if the actors were guys he liked—Jeff Chandler, Lex Barker, Dick Boone and the rest—well, frankly he was sick of them all. He'd heard all their jokes and they'd heard all his. It was one of those tag-end movie making times when every man there, including Nader, cordially hoped everyone else would drop dead.

That's when this violet-eyed, platinum-topped vision literally bounced onto the set wearing a snug sweater and, looking like Lana Turner did a dozen years ago, beamed breathlessly right at him.

George Nader has a habit of talking to himself in such crises. This time he addressed himself thus: "George, you'd better be nimble and you'd better be quick. Move in, boy. This (*Continued on page 68*)

her, reducing her to helpless giggles.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world—and Sheila has her hands full on the . . .

Left to right: Heather, 8; Gar, 7; Sheila; Brucie, 2; Gordon; Meredith, 11.

MACRAE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Brucie, as adventurous as his father, would try anything once—if Sheila would let him.

■ Most Hollywood wives have an easy time of it. They have one or two children, with nurses to match, a well-staffed house to stay home in, and a husband who, in the Hollywood tradition, smiles modestly as he brings home five-pound boxes of money and says, "I owe it all to the Little Woman." Sheila MacRae, on the other hand, has four children, and it's Sheila who feeds them, dresses them and wipes their noses. She also has a very nice home, complete with swimming pool, but the only time she ever sees the latter is when a photographer dumps her in it for a picture spread. The rest of the time she's packing up the children to follow Daddy around the world for one or another of his pictures because, to be perfectly honest, it's not quite safe to leave Daddy alone too long—he does the strangest things. Leave him alone with the telephone and he's on it all day, offering to do a role he wants *for free*—honest! Leave him alone with Meredith and in half an hour he's given permission for her to do a bit in *Carousel*, blithely unaware that Sheila had been saying No for two weeks. And leave him alone with the family car and it ceases to be a joke; in the space of three months he cracks it up twice, injuring no one, but involving himself in law suits and legal fines to the tune of $300 a throw. Leave him alone with an interviewer—heaven forbid—and he announces that when he does something *right* for a change, no one gets the credit but Gordon. Not the Little Woman. Not his fans. Just Gordon MacRae, who doesn't have a modest smile in his repertoire. Sounds terrible, but it's not. Other Hollywood wives get other things, too. Neuroses. Ulcers. Divorces. Sheila doesn't get them—she gets Gordon and the merry-go-round instead. And she figures it's worth it. **END**

Married 14 years, the MacRaes take the kids along even on Gordon's night-club tours. Sheila has *to go—she writes Gordon's material and even acts. She also plans to have 3 more children to finish off the family and will no doubt manage Meredith's career should her daughter con Gordon into letting her get started in earnest.*

RUSTY TAKES A WIFE

*The bride is seventeen,
the groom is twenty-one.
The wedding was a beauty
and the honeymoon—
"Man," says Russ Tamblyn,
grinning from ear to ear, "It
was a ball!"*

by ALICE FINLETTER

Married in a double-ring ceremony in a beautiful church often called "the candle of God," both Rusty and Venetia say they will never remove their rings, even if they have to wear Band-Aids over them when making movies. (Venetia has a brand-new contract at RKO.) The bride wore a blue peau-de-soie gown and a waist-length veil, dyed to match . . . and cried through the ceremony.

■ A more relaxed bridegroom than Russ Tamblyn you couldn't hope to find. He knew all the jokes about young bachelors and how they go to pieces at the last moment, so when the best man, Lorin (Speed) Copp, called a couple of hours before the ceremony and asked, "Are you all right?" Russ laughed heartily.

"All right? Are you kidding?"

"I'm not kidding," Speed retorted. "Remember me? I was a bridegroom a year ago, and it took you six months to calm me down. You got the ring?"

"Cut!" Russ said. "I've got both rings, and I'm not going to leave them in another suit. I got a system. Everything's timed. You just get on over here. It'll take an hour and eight minutes to drive to the church at the most, counting six minutes to change a flat, if we get one."

A few minutes later, Russ climbed (*Continued on page 92*)

After the wedding, Venetia changed into a pink suit and Rusty into a tweed jacket, brown pants and tweed overcoat. They took two suitcases, had three others shipped to them in New York. The wedding breakfast (top) consisted of coffee and doughnuts on the way to the airport at the crack of dawn the next morning. In the photo at the right you can see Venetia's wedding present to Russ: a star sapphire pinky ring. He gave her a charm bracelet, dangling a heart engraved "A Day To Remember."

Dana won Pompey *role after Hollywood's most expensive test.*

How *DANA'S DREAM CAME TRUE* *or How Hollywood Makes a Star*

photos by Willoughby / Lowe / Beerman

Between test and stardom Dana got The Hollywood Treatment.

The test cost $22,500, involved 28 experts (including head designer Charles LeMaire, above), took two days and made Dana a hot property. Dana'd flopped in a previous Hollywood try but Fox casting director Billy Gordon (left) was sure her talent would come through if given every assist. His gamble paid off when writer-producer-director Philip Dunne (below) picked Dana for Pompey's Head.

by MARVA PETERSON

■ Today Dana Wynter is a bright, fresh, new movie star. Her romance with Greg Bautzer, her trips, her every move make news.

Two years ago, however, Dana Wynter was an unknown who had failed to make the grade.

What magic, what chemistry, what combination of luck and circumstance have made Dana's dream of stardom come true?

In Hollywood the answer to that question will get you an argument all the way from Universal to MGM, from Disney to DeMille because it involves the larger and broader question: Are movie stars born or studio-made? Was Dana Wynter destined for movie fame? Or could success have come to any other girl who was given the kind of test which won Dana her part in *Pompey's Head.*

Michael Curtiz, one of Hollywood's foremost directors, says, "Give me a face, a camera and a script, and I'll give you a star."

Mervyn Le Roy, on the other hand, equally famous as a director, says, "The girl must have personality. I don't care if she has talent or not.

(*Pictures and story continued on following page*)

Dana's day began under the dryer. She sacrificed her beloved long hair for a shorter, more youthful cut, lost weight to emphasize the interesting hollows in her patrician face.

Dana's classic beauty was polished—and photographed to perfection—by studio experts

Acting talent is not the necessary ingredient for stardom. All a girl needs is a personality. Give me a girl with that and with a little build-up, I'll make her a star."

Now, let's see step-by-step what happened in the case of Dana (real name Dagmar) Wynter.

Last May when Al Rockett, an agent with Famous Artists, Inc., brought Dana Wynter to the 20th Century-Fox lot, not one of the studio big-wigs knew much about her. Dana had appeared in a handful of minor British theatricals and had acted in a few New York TV shows. Her work was completely unknown. Worse yet, discreet inquiry produced the information that Universal Studios had previously tested the girl and had rejected her.

There was more than one strike against Dana Wynter when Al Rockett tried to sell her to Fox.

Fortunately for (*Continued on page 58*)

Dana's profile achieved perfection under the skillful hands of Ben Nye, head make-up man. Ex-model Wynter posed like a pro for to Fox still photographer Frank Powolny after Make-Up had finished.

DANA WYNTER *continued*

Dana tested again for Philip Dunne, who wanted to see her play opposite Richard Egan before giving her the Pompey *part. He had some doubts about Dana's ability to master a southern accent but she proved herself a disciplined actress and won the role. Much of the credit for Dana's performance goes to Dunne, who worked long hours to help her master technical and artistic problems. "He was a joy and a love," says Dana. "Dick Egan, too. During the picture I found out Dick once taught dramatics, so I got his help on technical problems."*

Now a star, Dana isn't quite sure who deserves the credit—herself or "those sweet people"

Dana, and this might be the key to her success, there was something compelling, something appealing, something refined and Grace Kelly-like in her dark beauty. Billy Gordon, 20th Century-Fox casting director, says, "She seemed to me to have the poise and reserve of the English aristocracy. I also felt that underneath she had the scrapper instinct of a Susan Hayward. I decided to gamble and give her one screen test."

Billy Gordon's okay is the "open sesame" to 20th Century-Fox. Every newcomer must go through his office to get an acting job, and Billy always keeps his door open. He's one of the kindest men in Hollywood. He makes appointments early, late, Saturdays, any time. Occasionally (*Continued on page 81*)

Dana sneaked into the projection room after the film was cut and scored to watch it. Her heart beat madly for ninety minutes but she liked what she saw and, more important, so did the Fox executives who had made a star.

Maureen O'Hara tells

WHAT IT TAKES TO LOOK LIKE A STAR

Make-up follows a thorough scrubbing and creaming. Lipstick and mascara take minutes but Maureen carefully brushes out pin curls.

A spectacular wardrobe of jewelry and furs; a strict diet plus ten hours sleep and no gadding, add up to that shining "O'Hara Look"

■ I worked desperately hard to get my first break but not nearly as hard as I did after I arrived in Hollywood. What I learned in that first year would make your head spin. I was competing with real stars! An Irish girl, eighteen years old and a little fat in the middle! I thought I knew everything. After all I was from the Abbey Theatre, an actress! I soon learned there were girls who could act better than I, they were prettier and knew more of the tricks of real stardom. The make-up people and their dressers, God bless them, began to teach me some of their tricks. The hairdressers taught me to set my too curly hair so it wasn't kinky. (I can do this myself today.) The make-up men taught me how to look natural. I'd been loading myself with powder and lipstick. The dress designer, Edward Stevenson, gave me a lecture about my figure I think of everytime I reach for a fancy dessert. The lecture? Pretty simple and to the point. If I, with my new-found contract and money, wanted to spend it all on food, I would soon be without the contract. He advised me to spruce up my appearance off the screen, guided me in my first buying of American clothes. We didn't buy expensive dresses, but they did enhance my figure. My first fur coat was a white pony skin. I felt mighty luxurious in it. I still have the coat twelve years later. It has been done over three times and is now lined with bright plaid taffeta and I wear it over sports clothes. It hangs proudly in my closet alongside of my two mink coats, two mink stoles, silver fox cape, ermine stole and my beaver coat. Sounds (*Continued on page 84*)

Even a classic beauty like Maureen O'Hara must keep improving herself. Conscious of her star status, Maureen never shows herself in public unless she's groomed and dressed to the nines.

Maureen's jewelry collection combines fake and real stones. The two-strand pearls cost $1.95; the rubies are genuine. She says she gives them all equal care and wear, swears nobody knows the difference when she shows off her fake emeralds. One favorite accessory, a gold leaf necklace, is as phony as a $3 bill. Maureen calls herself "a furbearing animal," proudly dates her march to stardom by the white pony skin she holds below. Of course, by now she's mink poor!

WHY TERRY KEPT IT

Super 6
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PAA

A SECRET!

This time Terry didn't want to make headlines (she said) so she went junketing off with the one guy who knew just how to land her on page one!

by PHILIP CHAPMAN

■ Of course, Terry is secure now. She need no longer worry about bad publicity nor, for that matter, about publicity at all.

She's Mrs. Eugene C. McGrath! Her husband is rich, one of the financial and social pillars of Panama.

But perhaps she remembers Gene's advice to her. That she should hire a good press agent, not to *get* her publicity but to keep her *out* of the papers. "A suppress agent, Gene calls it," Terry remarked to a reporter during the weeks she traveled openly with McGrath—but not as his wife.

Eugene C. McGrath looks and behaves like a young man whose father has left him a lot of money. Actually, Gene made it all himself. When John Wayne introduced him to Terry Moore in the Beverly Hills Hotel last December, she saw before her a good looking man of thirty-three, dark, quietly dressed, clear-eyed and soft-spoken.

To a girl with a talent for bad publicity, who was actually afraid to talk to the press or be photographed for fear it would all come out wrong—to her, Gene must have seemed as steady as a rock, and as safe.

As they grew to know one another better, Terry began to love the quiet authority of this man. He danced well, he had exquisite manners, he was athletic enough, and, while not exactly a Rock Hudson or a Tab Hunter, he had the kind of sex appeal that was exactly what a rather subdued Terry Moore wanted and needed.

He conducted his courtship in anything but a Hollywood manner, too. When he invited her to visit him at his home in Panama he invited Mrs. Lemar Koford, Terry's mother, as well. Then, when he came to Hollywood to visit her again a week before Christmas, he stayed with her and her parents as a prospective bridegroom and son-in-law should.

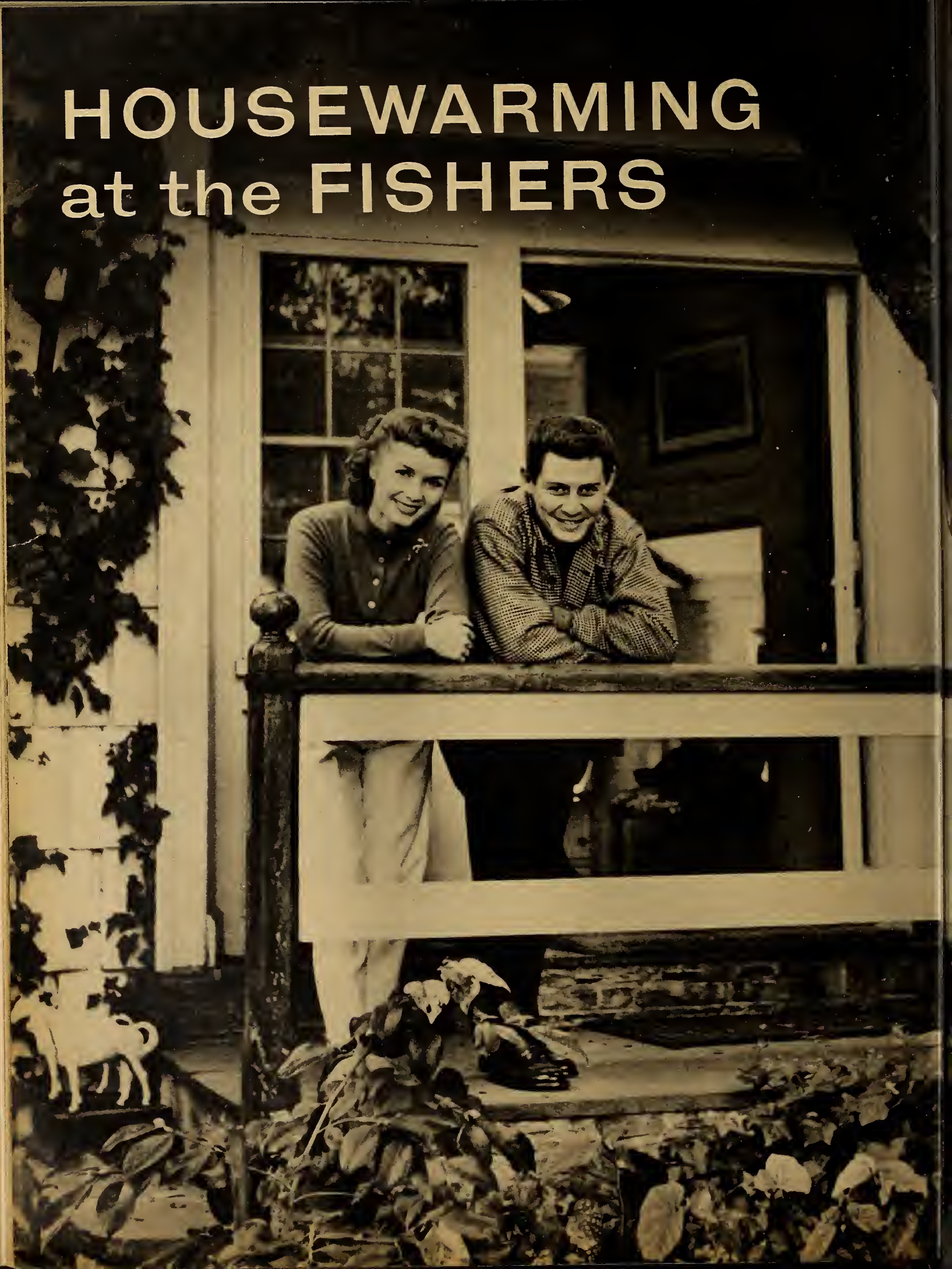
And then one night he told her that he loved her and wanted to marry her, and she asked When?—and he replied that they might as well start the New Year right. What about New Year's Day?

Terry shuddered. "I want to marry you," she said, "but that means starting all the hoopla again. Photographers, reporters—and I can't ever tell what they'll say about me any more."

"Why do they (*Continued on page 91*)

Passport picture gave the game away for Terry and husband Gene McGrath. She'd given press the slip in Miami and when she applied for a Panama passport at the last minute had to scissor a cheesecake shot for the required snap. An observant reporter found the remains (above) and put body and head together.

HOUSEWARMING at the FISHERS



In a great big house, two little people are learning a lot about marriage. Deb's losing sleep in the process and Eddie almost let the house burn down—but they're the happiest, homiest, most-married kids in town / by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Home, to the Eddie Fishers, is a warm, sprawling place of brick and shingles, set on a six-acre Pacific Palisades estate which is itself part of a square half-mile of untouched wooded land running from highway to ocean cliffside. Home has a swimming pool, extra buildings around it and a living room with a walk-in fireplace before which Eddie and his wife like to lie or sit and watch the leaping flames. Home is where Debbie wanted to be so badly after they rented it last December 13th that she could hardly wait to finish her latest picture, MGM's *The Catered Affair*, so she could spend her days, as well as nights, in it.

She would sit in her dressing room in the studio and think of Eddie alone in the house, and start to miss him so much she'd eventually have to go to the telephone and call him up. "Eddie, are you all right?" she would ask. "Did you find everything when you got up? Do you want to know where something is?" Turning away from the telephone she would complain to whomever happened to be visiting her, "Really . . . a wife's place is at home!"

Home is where Debbie has come into her own, arranging the course of her life in her own way and in her own place. Home is where Eddie keeps telling his friends, "It's nice to have a woman around," and home, finally, is where both of them have learned that their long engagement before marriage was not without its compensations.

As Debbie puts it, "One of the reasons we went together so long was to get to know each other and adjust to things which might trip us up. We got so we got along simply and beautifully before our marriage and it's been the same since. What are our big problems? I can truthfully say we haven't any."

And it is true—as a glance at either of their faces is enough to reveal. Eddie loves to talk about home and Debbie. She rarely can get her mind on any other

(*Continued on next page*)

Outside, they're fine, but inside they still need landmarks to find their way around. When TV's Person To Person *visited them, Debbie got lost trying to locate the dining room!*

Eddie's beloved boxer Junior drools all over the furniture, but so far Debbie's not fussy enough to mind. In fact, she added a boxer pup and a poodle almost as soon as they moved in. "The only other thing we'd like around the house —to make the menagerie complete—is a baby!"

Photos by Don Ornitz

subjects but house and husband.

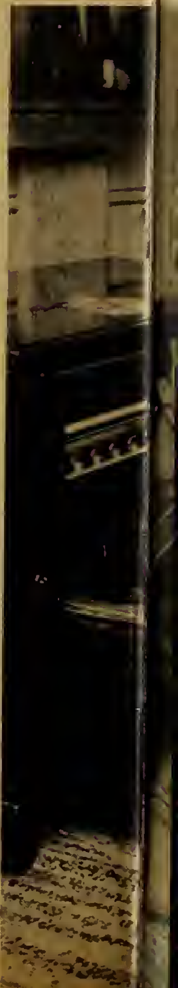
A month after their marriage someone asked Eddie if he couldn't recall one dispute anyway with Debbie and after considerable thought he admitted there had been one difference of opinion. It seems that one night when they decided to go to the movies they each wanted to see a different picture. Solution? They saw them both.

"Yeah, but whose picture did you see first?" persisted the friend, teasingly.

Eddie laughed. "Debbie's, of course."

They have had their excitement and they have had their fun . . . even the process of adapting themselves to each other as any two people living together for the first time must. Debbie, at first, never thought she would be able to change her waking-sleeping hours to Eddie's. She is a girl who always needed an absolute minimum of eight hours sleep a day, nine or ten hours were better, and, as Debbie herself once admitted, "Twelve hours, even thirteen—and I really purred."

But Eddie, born and bred in a big city, developed as a singer in clubs and over evening radio and TV performances, has spent a minimum of his time (*Continued on page 88*)



Because of Eddie's crazy schedule, their evenings at home sometimes start at midnight—but otherwise, they're just perfectly normal.

Chess is their favorite game ("because it slows us down"). Both read a good deal, but most of their evenings are spent dreaming over records (sometimes Eddie's, sometimes not) and in front of their wonderful, slightly dangerous fire.

the girl who done it!

(*Continued from page 49*) isn't for the commoners. This is for you!"

So he hustled up and announced brashly, "My name's George—what's yours?"

For Miss Dani Crayne—who was the eye-filling U-I starlet so boldly accosted—it was already a beautiful, beautiful day. Most days are, really, for Dani, who gets a profound kick out of merely drawing her breath. But what made this one red-letter was the fact that she'd just passed a crucial personality test at the studio Talent Development School with flying colors. She had to tell somebody about it, so she tripped over to let her friend and rooter, Jeff Chandler, know. Only, suddenly she forgot all about Jeff.

As Dani remembers, the magic moment made her talk to herself, too, like this: "Oh—he's handsome! But most actors are handsome. Only, here's a live one, and all man. Look—he has this situation right in hand!"

So she gasped out the answer, "Mine's Dani."

"Danny? Danny's a boy's name."

"But I'm not a boy," she assured him. "I'm a girl!"

"Obviously," noted George Nader with his most winning smile. "But are you busy tonight?" And they took it from there. That was one day—and one enchanted evening—last August.

The taming of the stag

Since that time, Dani has brought out a George Nader that only a few intimates ever suspected existed. Not the calm and philosophical George. But an impulsive, whimsical, crazy bone Nader who surprises himself these days. And the surprise is invariably a pleasant one.

Since their first date that night George Nader hasn't glanced at another girl, and for a confirmed stag previously dedicated to playing the field, that's strictly a new departure. It's the same with pretty Dani Crayne, who, before that first enchanted evening, likewise got around. For almost eight months now, Dani and George have missed mighty few days and dates together—in places where they could be seen, and in others where they could not. He's introduced her to his family—who loved her—and she's introduced him to hers, who were equally charmed. For Dani's twenty-first birthday George gave her his own, October 19, to celebrate, because hers comes on Christmas Day and gets lost in the jingle bells. For George's natal day Dani baked a chocolate cake with initialed cuff links inside for him to discover in sweet-toothed surprise. Last Christmas he came through with a romantic perfume called *My Sin* and Dani gave him some sport shirts. He's taught her to swim and she's taught him to mambo. George has even sawed out a picture window in his new hillside house because Dani discovered a view. And she's sewing some draperies to brighten up the living room—also knitting George some socks. He calls her "Honey" and she calls him "Doll."

A bowl of cherries

Dani Crayne is one of those grown-up cherubs who grabbed an armful of sunshine as she came down to this earth. Life for Dani, whatever her luck, is a bowl of cherries with whipped cream on top, which she's eternally yearning to pass around. She'll be twenty-two next Christmas—excuse, October 19—and if you like statistics, she's five-foot-four, 116 pounds and hour-glassed delectably at 36-22-36.

The "Dani" springs from her real tag, Darlyne Danielle Goldman, and by ancestry she's half Swede and half Syrian, from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Dani has camped in every state of the Union, save one, and sampled some fourteen different schools, as her traveling salesman parents lugged her around. Some of that time she spent on a farm with her grandma, who taught her to keep house like a Dutch *frau*, sew like a dressmaker (she makes all her own) and cook like a chef. In her young life she's also toiled happily as a shipping clerk, forklift operator, waitress, optometrist's helper, saleslady, usherette and mambo instructress. She still holds a card in the Teamsters' union. That she's wound up as a Hollywood actress strikes Dani as a crazy caprice of fate. Signed at U-I strictly on her looks, Dani's working hard and getting experience (with bits in *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *The Shrike*, *Written On The Wind* and others). But the girl's as relaxed as a puppy about a career. What Dani likes best is just living. Her favorite expression is, "What a wonderful day!"

That the impact of Dani Crayne's upbeat personality on George Nader was instantly devastating is something of a surprise. Dani has what it takes to excite a wooden Indian. But that their whirl has lasted so long, stayed so fresh and waxed so solid should be proof enough that George has recovered fully from the three devastating experiences in his past which had threatened to throw George off love forever.

TONY CURTIS

You name it—Tony's done it, seen it or heard about it somewhere. And being a strong-minded type, he's got it on his list!

I LIKE	I HATE
Janet	Formal parties
Trees	Organ music
Fruit	Bad teeth
Music	Flowers in the hair
Girls	Flat tires
Movies	Bad paintings
Birds	Musty, smelly furniture
Janet	Wet socks
Working out	People with nose jobs
Paris	Green
Wine	Cigarette machines
Airplane models	Hamburger stands on the beach

Three loves had he

Two of these disillusioning traumas reached way back to George's college days. One was a girl who graduated before he did and then taught a class at the school. George was in her class. The teacher-pupil thing wrecked that. Next he fell for a doll with religious leaning, just when he realized he wanted above all to be an actor. She thought that was sinful and he could see things would never work out, so it was finis again. The last and most shattering affair smote him right before he joined the Navy. He got engaged to a luscious brunette whose tender promises kept him from joining the Gooney birds on bleak Johnston Island in the Pacific, where for three years Lieutenant Nader sweated out hostilities. But just as he was finally set to sail for home and wedding bells George got his "Dear John" epistle—and it really rocked him. He carried a torch bright enough for the Statue of Liberty for a long time afterwards.

From these slap-downs Nader about concluded, even before he got to Hollywood that romantically speaking, nothing much was ever going to happen to George. It had always seemed to work out that way. On that same lonely hunk of coral, for instance, when the first live doll seen in eight long months stepped off a plane, George rushed hungrily up with the mob to greet Betty Hutton. Betty held out her arms—and swept right past Lieut. Nader to plant a smacker on the sailor behind him. "You hear about such things," recalls George. "But this actually happened—that guy didn't wash his face for a couple of weeks. At that point I wouldn't have either!"

In fact, when George finally got home with $1500 saved from his Navy pay he was so starved for women that he blew the works roaming around Hollywood's fanciest night clubs just to feast his eyes on the pretty girls. Only then could he settle down to the serious business of carving out his acting career. And until Dani, it looked serious.

"Some people find it hard to understand why I live alone like I do," he ponders. "Maybe it was my lonesome war duty that gave me a taste for reading, thinking, hobbying by myself and not being afraid of being alone. There are still times when I like to get away from everyone. But I hope nobody gets me wrong—women, I love 'em! Life isn't any fun for me without 'em. That's what Dani and I are after now—fun. I might add we're having it."

They certainly are. Because, from their very first date, Dani Crayne has tickled the hidden, king-size funnybone in George Nader—and vice-versa.

Giggles and kicks

They went to a première on one of their first dates, but—to show you how fast things got rolling—neither George nor Dani can remember what the picture was. For one thing, Dani lost her shoes under the seats, so they bobbed up and down like gophers most of the performance trying to find them. Then some pins she'd used to re-do her dress for the occasion started jabbing her. When George gallantly tried to take care of that the zipper came loose and he had to pull her together again before an interested audience. Afterwards, in the lobby a gushing Hollywood dowager invited them to a showy post-première party. But even as she recited the list of distinguished movie stars they'd meet there, George muttered to Dani, "Wonder if she'd like to join us at Wil Wright's for a fudge sundae?"

"Right then," sighs Dani, "I knew that it was going to be crazy all the way. Well, it has." In practically every news shot of Dani and George together, Dani's mouth has been wide open. "For a long time I couldn't understand this," she says. "But it's dawned. I've been laughing."

Take the time when, after munching *tacos* at El Tony's, a tiny Mexican *cantina* in the Valley, George steered his red-and-white Mercury to the ocean highway out Malibu way. It was one of their early dates and Dani hadn't learned yet quite what to expect. Suddenly George blurted, "Did you ever happen to be sitting somewhere, look up and see a picture hanging out of whack on the wall—and just have to get up and straighten it?"

Dani agreed that there'd been such

times. "Well," announced Nader, "that's how I feel right now." Whereupon he jammed down the brake pedal, opened the car door and bowed Dani out into the moonlight. "Shall we dance?" invited George.

"It was sort of crazy but yet not crazy at all," puzzles Dani. "We ran up and down by the waves, then we laughed, got back in the car and drove on. And this man says, 'Gee—I wonder what would have happened if you'd said No?' What a character! But that's George."

Crazy? Maybe—but there's another word for it. Dani Crayne knows the word and so does George. But a guy like Nader takes a long time to break down.

House-kibitzing

Dani gets her mail in a Hollywood apartment where she bachelor-girls it with a boxer pup named "Duke" to protect her, because her parents live in Florida these days. As you may know, George moved last fall to a house in the Sherman Oak Hills. By now there's practically a rut in the road between those two places. But for a while George wouldn't show Dani the spectacular dream spot he discovered, although he obviously wasn't kidding when he said he was about to buy it. This drove Dani wild.

After all, by then she felt she had a slight right to kibitz on Nader's private projects. If any girl was going steady with a man, in short, Dani was with George. She even had a certain item of jewelry he'd given her to prove it—although not (she swears) a ring on a string around her neck.

Just the same, whenever Dani would beg, "When can I see your new house, George?" he'd say, "You can't. Nobody can until I'm all moved in." Then came the day they had a date to go bathing. Before breakfast George called with a sad story about having to work—and it was all off. That wasn't like George.

It took Dani till almost noon to figure it out. She checked at the studio—Nader had no work call. She buzzed his number again and again. It was either busy or it rang and rang. The light finally dawned on Dani, and when eventually she got his "Hello," she accused, "George Nader—you're moving, that's what. And," she stated, "I'm coming right over to help!"

But when she got there the place was empty and the door locked. Dani went home, chewed her nails and burned.

He took pity on her the next morning. But when he drove her up the hill at last it was just as he said it would be. He was all moved in. "Pictures on the wall, books in the shelves, dishes in the cupboard, fire in the fireplace, cats snoozing on the rug. He'd worked all night," marvels Dani.

When Dani first spied George's spectacular hideout in the morning mists she gasped, "Brigadoon!"—and that's as good a name for it as any. It could be in the Highlands, on Bali H'ai or at Shangri-La for that matter. Once you've negotiated a sixty-degree approach that would terrify a goat and wound through a forest that would have wowed Robin Hood, you're away from about everything. George's lodge-type house perches on a shelf chipped out of three acres of mountainside with canyons yawning on all sides. Varmints prowl the thickets, deer browse in his flower beds and owls beep bass notes from the trees. But it's peaceful, beautiful and, inside the rock-chimneyed house, it's mighty cozy. George loves it—and by now so does Dani.

Whether Dani and George will ever set up housekeeping there, of course, is something else again. But already the gal's influence is pervasive. Besides the

WHAT MAKES A FAN CLUB RUN?

Charlton Heston (left) and the teenager's newest dreamboat Rick Jason keep their fan clubs active.

■ All of us have read about fan clubs, but few of us really know what makes these clubs function.

Official fan clubs are international clubs run with the co-operation of the stars they honor. A star usually allows only one such club to be organized in his name. The club president rounds up members from all over the world and the club issues bulletins about the star's activities. Every three or four months these clubs issue a club journal, a mimeographed booklet containing news and letters from the star, plus other stories written by the members themselves. Informal, exclusive photos of the star sometimes accompany the articles.

The average club numbers from 50 to 500, and consists of men and women ranging from their teens to their sixties. A club's main purpose is to help boost its favorite to success by writing letters to studios, movie magazines, casting directors, radio programs and television shows. Fan club presidents see that these letters are directed to the people who can help the star most (depending upon the star's current working schedule).

Most clubs are organized for newcomers and they prove vital to an actor's career during his early years. Joan Vohs, a lovely leading lady, has had a fan club behind her since her walk-on days. The club has actually brought her better roles.

In the case of handsome Rick Jason fans sent stacks of letters to the various magazines asking that he be featured. Through the publicity Rick obtained a co-starring role in a Hollywood film. Of course the fan club alone didn't get him the role, but it certainly contributed to it! Other clubs are doing the same for newcomers Peter Hanson, Keith Larson, Bill Campbell, John Smith and Lori Nelson.

Fan clubs are non-profit organizations. Membership dues (between $1.00 and $2.00 per year) could not possibly cover total operating costs. Few stars help out with the expenses. It is usually up to the president to manage the club financially. Members think of payment as the appreciation of the star they honor. Fan-clubbing means a lot of fun and personal satisfaction.

Some top stars, particularly recording artists, have clubs organized by their agents or managers. These usually charge twenty-five cents or half a dollar for a lifetime membership for which you receive a card and occasional bulletins. The membership is quite large and there is little, if any, personal contact with the star. You seldom receive the personally autographed photos or handwritten notes which are a usual part of the official groups.

To find out if your favorite has a fan club you might write directly to him and ask if he has an official club. If he is interested in its activities he will be glad to tell you where to write for further information.—Nancy Streebeck.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO DEANNA DURBIN?

Deanna Durbin, shown shopping with her husband Charles and son Peter (top) is now living in a small town in France, where Monday is marketing day. Farmers from the region bring their products to the open-air market, where everything is sold in stalls. Deanna, now Mrs. Charles David, comes just like all the villagers to shop.

■ Who doesn't remember Deanna Durbin, the sweet-faced, golden-voiced child star, whose films pulled a major studio out of a financial jam and brought her a cool $150,000 a picture? Deanna doesn't.

Deanna is trying to forget her past, and the movie success which, she says, robbed her of a normal childhood. Married (for the third time) since 1949 to retired movie director, Charles David, and mother of two children, Deanna lives in a converted farmhouse in a tiny French village, thirty miles from a Paris she rarely goes to.

The villagers of Neauphle-le-Chateau (population 1250) know who Deanna Durbin is, but they don't know that the Madame David who does her own marketing with a string shopping bag is the former child star.

Deanna still receives offers from all over the world, but she rejects them all. She will see no one except intimate friends and her singing teacher (she still practices about two hours a day). Her life is built around her gray-haired husband, many years her senior, her two children, Jessica, eight, daughter of her second husband, and Peter, four, son of her present husband. She only has a part-time maid to help her with the housework.

Hollywood is filled with thousands of youngsters who fight and struggle for a success few of them will ever achieve, while in far-away France a star, who with one word could again have the world at her feet, lives a simple country life in her search for oblivion.

Who says life isn't stranger than fiction!

---

view window and the curtain project, Dani's already added touches here and there—a Japanese *sake* set she bought at Ginza House to add to souvenirs George collected while making pictures all over the world. A lampshade copied from one she found for $1.98. A painting she did and end tables she picked out. Also a raft in the swimming pool to keep her from drowning if she falls in. Because Dani stopped George's winter swimming lessons after she asked him how much it cost to heat the pool.

"About thirty-two dollars," he said.

"We'll just wait until summer," said Dani. She also vetoed the corsages George kept popping up with on dates. "They're sweet, but a waste of money," she said. "I know you like me." She also suggested a pact: Neither talks shop. "When we leave the lot we draw a curtain," says Dani. "George isn't going to have a Trilby on his hands if I have anything to say about it."

There isn't much danger of that, even if they are both on the same studio payroll. Usually, Dani and George work on different ends of the U-I lot. He never visits her acting classes, and she tries to keep off his sets. They seldom lunch together. The closest they've come to career contact was on the last picture George made, *The Gentle Web*. Dani had a small part in it, too—but George wasn't in her scene. At the start of that she did let the bars down enough to plan flowers for George's opening day. "Only I forgot when it started," confesses Dani, "until I happened to see 'George Nader' on the work sheet. By then it was too late." She told George how sorry she was.

"I'm deeply hurt," he told her, "but time will heal the wound." When Dani got back to her apartment she bumped into a dozen red roses with the card, "Happy picture—George."

Off studio, however, Dani and George don't deny they're almost always *a deux*. Outside of occasional get togethers with couples like Rock and Phyllis Hudson they don't like even small crowds, so they usually hold hands at hidden cafes, or in neighborhood movies, with impulsive all-day trips to the mountains, desert or beach as the moment and the mood strike them.

"We never plan things," says Dani. "They just happen. That's why George is so exciting. You start fresh with him every day—like ripping a page off a calendar." However, passing the time is no problem whatever to George Nader and Dani Crayne—not the way things are now. Will they stay that way or get better—and if they do, then what?

Love and marriage

On the general subject of love and marriage George's feelings haven't changed, or so he'll tell you. "I like the song," he grins, "but I don't agree with it. Love and marriage don't necessarily have to go together. I'm looking forward to getting married and having a family some day. That's what we're here for, isn't it? I also like things to come in proper order. If you want a career certain things have to come first. I'm fairly new at this acting business and soon I want security. That means a period of digging in and waiting. I'll tell you this," he states, "I'll never do anything impulsively."

Dani echoes this, but her words are the words of a woman in love. "I keep reading where we're secretly engaged. I just wish I could believe it. But we're not. We may never be. *My* career? I'd quit tomorrow to marry the right man. Is it George? I don't know. He doesn't know. Maybe some day we'll find out. Right now," she says happily, "every day is a beautiful day. That's enough for me." **END**

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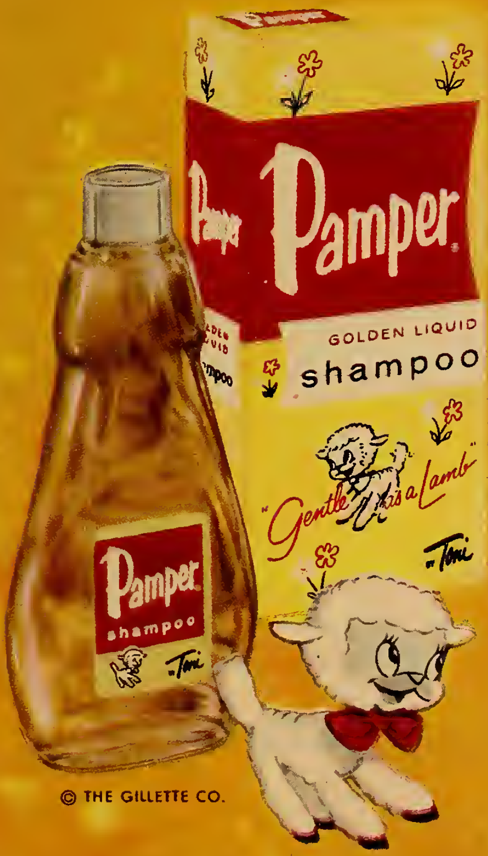
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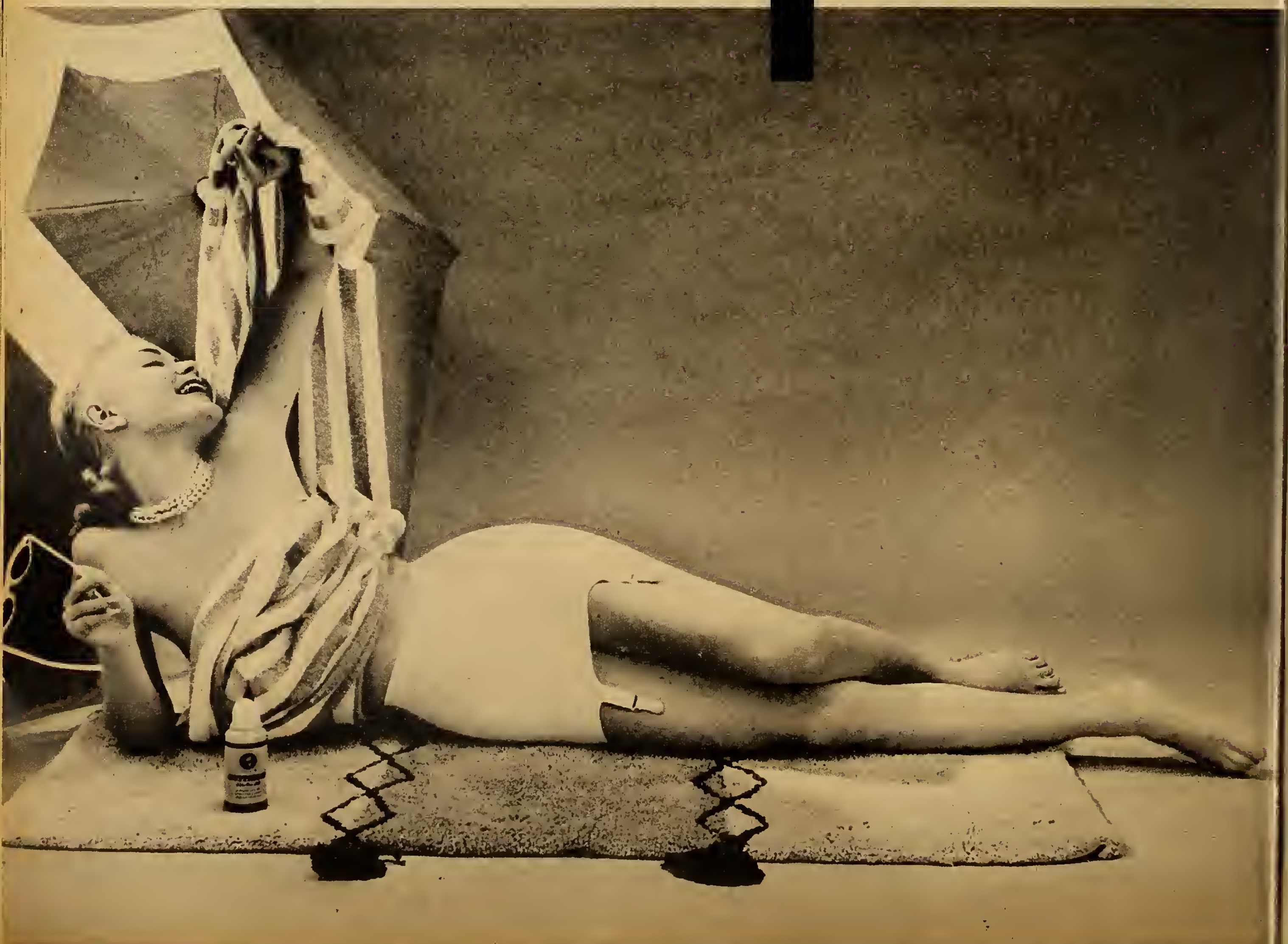
GETTING IN SHAPE FOR SUMMER

Ideal figure-slimmer under the popular slim silhouettes. A marvel girdle that holds its shape and yours—the new *Living* light-weight *DeLuxe* girdle by Playtex (weighs about 6 ozs.). Fashioned of split-resistant *Fabricon* it features a non-roll top (minus bones or stays) that cinches the waist at a low, lean line. Washes clean in a second and dries with the pat of a towel. Small, medium or large, $5.95; extra-large size, $6.95.

All rugs by Cabin Craft—Needletuft



exercise—and diet!

Tissue-light—elastic net pantie girdle, with elastic front panel—dainty flower trim. It is the original pantie that legs can't feel. S.M.L. White or pink, $7.95. Black $8.95. Mix or match it with a satin and embroidered nylon sheer bra—elastic crossover front band. White or pink. $3. By Gossard.

Daintiest and sheerest of all—Gossard's fabulously new nylon sheer marquisette bra. Cool, comfortable and beautiful. Petal design nylon taffeta cup reinforcements insure gentle uplift.. Comes in white only and is priced at $3.95.

All photographs, Roger Prigent

TWO WEEK DIET FOR CAREER GIRLS

Working girls (including stars) have trouble counting calories at lunch-break because they're tempted to eat what looks good. To keep you away from sodas and malteds we've asked Pauline Kessinger, Manager of Paramount's Studio Commissary and for many years food adviser to top stars, to plan two weeks of noon menus. Stick to grapefruit and black coffee for breakfast and follow our dinner plan (next page) at night and you'll feel the difference.

MONDAY

Chopped beef patty
Broccoli with lemon
Pickled beets
Dish of Jello
Glass of non-fat milk

TUESDAY

Broiled halibut with lemon
Sliced tomatoes and watercress salad
Dish of applesauce
Black coffee

WEDNESDAY

Cup of vegetable soup
Cottage cheese with stewed fruit
Slice of rye toast
glass of skim milk

THURSDAY

One broiled lamb chop or chopped beef
Baked potato with two tablespoons cottage cheese
Sliced pineapple
Black coffee

FRIDAY

Cole slaw
Grilled swordfish steak
Spinach
Raw apple
Black coffee

More ➤

GETTING IN SHAPE FOR SUMMER *continued*

MONDAY

Cup of clear boullion
One poached egg on plain spinach
Two peach halves
Cup of tea

TUESDAY

Broiled chicken
Stewed tomatoes
Half grapefruit
Black coffee

WEDNESDAY

Slice of roast beef
Mixed green salad
Garden peas
Stewed apricots
Black coffee

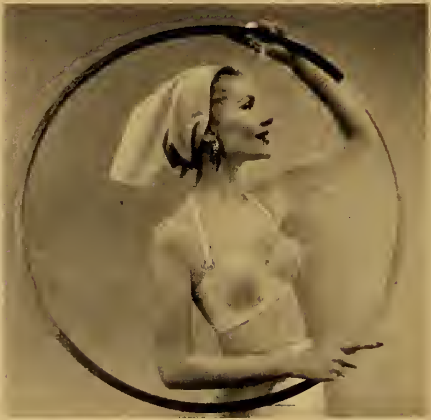
THURSDAY

Cup of consomme
Two scrambled eggs
Sliced tomatoes
Dish of applesauce
Black coffee

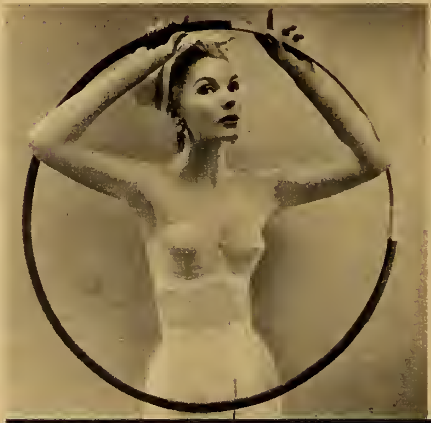
FRIDAY

Glass of tomato juice
Small steak or chopped beef
Green beans
Black coffee

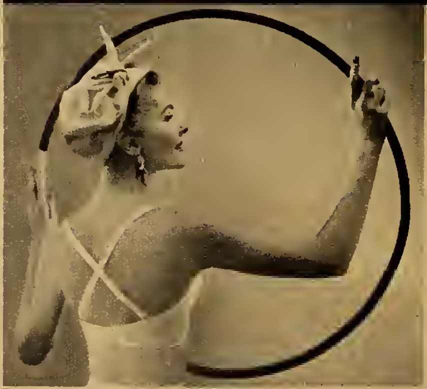
Eat delicious dinners restricted to lean meat, green vegetables, fruit, skim milk and you'll keep off the weight you lost at lunch. Beware of week end snacking; keep busy planning next week's lunch menus instead! P.S. a pocket calorie counter will help. You'll lose on 1200 calories a day.



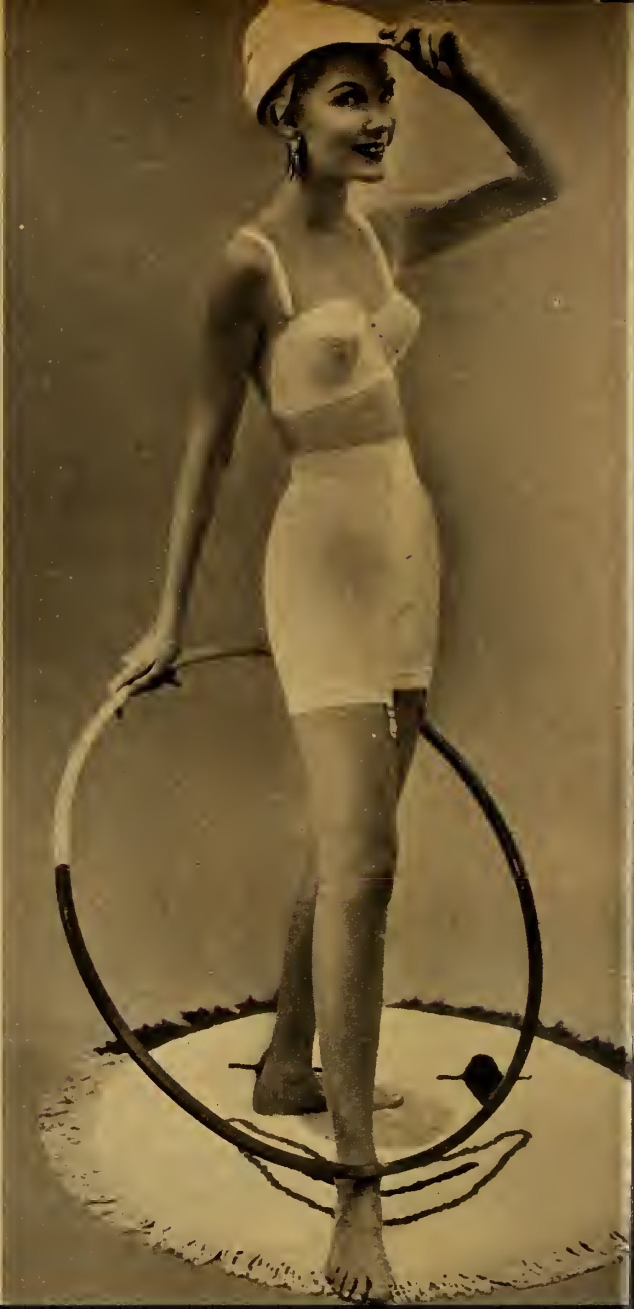
Wear it as a halter . . .



Wear it strapless . . .



Wear it criss-cross.



Prigen

Magic! Perma.lift's new four-way cotton and elastic bra. *Magic Insets* in the bra cups guarantee firm, natural support. Wear it regular style as shown above or the several other ways shown left. White only. About $4. With it, Perma.lift's nylon power net pantie girdle with *Magic Oval* crotch. Satin Lastex front and back panels. Will not roll or wrinkle. White only. About $8.95.

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anything you can do

(*Continued from page 45*) picture at all."

"That could be true, too."

Spence waited with that wonderful timing of his. Then he spoke. "You needed me in *Prince Valiant*," he said.

Actually that was almost too true to be funny and nobody knows this better than R.J. After *Prince Valiant* his career was in real doldrums. Up until then, he'd been 20th Century-Fox's dream boy, from the day in 1951, when wearing his own Marine Corps uniform, he'd done his first bit under contract to them in *The Halls Of Montezuma*. With his second picture, *The Frogmen*, the fan mail began pouring in on him. *Song In My Heart* proved he could really act—and the rest, including the "romance" publicity, was almost too easy until *Prince Valiant* came along and flopped cold.

A box-office failure was bad enough, but then Bob did what is unpardonable from any studio's point of view. He turned down a picture. All actors do this at times, and at such times all studios moan and groan about "ingratitude" and "the chances they have given" the player and such. It means the actor goes off salary, and Bob did this, and took the studio's displeasure, rather than be in the picture, which had originally been written for Gregory Peck. When Peck turned it down it was submitted to Guy Madison. When Guy turned it down it was submitted to Robert Stack. Stack turned it down. Then Bob Wagner.

R.J., a fellow who likes people, and likes them to like him, was very low in his mind at that time. As he said in Chamonix, "There has never been any time in my life that I didn't want to be an actor. So to have a flop and then be on the outs with the studio was a sad deal to me. I knew I had to get out of playing Happy Jack Squirrel, that damn dull boy next door. But to be off salary and no script in sight seemed doing it the hard way."

Sheer chance presented him with the small social event that changed everything. He went to the Foreign Correspondents' Dinner and for the first time met Spencer Tracy. Bob now says, "It taught me there's something that guides you along. Or maybe it's somebody. At any rate, that night proved the turning point not only of my career but maybe of my whole life."

No actor stays at the top of his profession for some thirty years without being shrewd as well as talented. Tracy's no exception, so nobody's going to trap him into saying who he thinks are the best actors or the worst. But it isn't telling any tales out of school to reveal that he thinks Edmund Purdom has handled himself with incredible stupidity; that of his own acting group, he nominates Jimmy Cagney as the most; that he thinks nobody can convey two moods simultaneously as clearly as can Laurence Olivier and that when it comes to the new girls on screen, he especially salutes the work of such very different performers as Jean Simmons, Jean Peters and—hold everything—Marilyn Monroe. As for the Johnny-Come-Latelies who flash out big in one film and disappear the next, he has more pity than scorn.

A few weeks after the Foreign Press Association dinner (at which incidentally Spence received their top honors) he went over to 20th Century-Fox to see a test on one of these Johnny-Come-Latelies who might play opposite him in *Broken Lance*. In a reel, he disposed of the first candidate. The studio quickly brought in some footage on another. Spence rejected

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1000 FREE SUPER CHARTS

We have been receiving so many requests each month for MODERN SCREEN's famous SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART that we have prepared a brand-new, completely up-to-date 1956 edition, to be sent as a gift to the first 1000 readers who fill out and mail to us the questionnaire below. This amazing encyclopedia of information is a complete booklet in chart form giving you the ages, love lives, hobbies, vital statistics—all the information you want—of over 500 stars. So hurry! The first 1000 win!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ: ☐ all of the Johnny Carson story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE GRACE KELLY: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE GEORGE NADER: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE GORDON MacRAE: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DANA WYNTER: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MAUREEN O'HARA: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE TERRY MOORE: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS: ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ: ☐ all of **Music From Hollywood** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ: ☐ all of **TV Talk** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. I READ: ☐ all of **Louella Parsons In Hollywood** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) ____________________ MALE (1) ____________________ FEMALE
(2) ____________________ MALE (2) ____________________ FEMALE
(3) ____________________ MALE (3) ____________________ FEMALE

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him, and another, and a fifth and sixth. Then he remembered the boy at the banquet.

"What about that kid Bob Wagner you have under contract over here? Why can't I see some footage on him?" he asked.

People rushed out to locate a film.

By the end of the first Wagner reel, Spence was telephoning Dymytryk to come over and take a look, too. By the end of half a dozen reels, the star and the director knew they had their boy for *Broken Lance*. By late afternoon the word had reached Bob—who could hardly believe it.

Bob's boo-boo

He went into what is known as ecstasy. "I was so grateful I nearly collapsed and then, the very first day in the very first scene, I nearly boobed it all."

The scene was one between him and Spence and it had horses in the background. Just as Bob spoke one of his lines, a horse moved and Tracy flubbed his reply. The cameras stopped. Tracy said to Wagner, "I'm sorry but I couldn't hear you. Why couldn't I hear you?"

"I was underplaying you," said Bob, quite proudly. Tracy, as you undoubtedly know, has a reputation for underplaying.

In Chamonix, Bob said, "I've heard it told since that Tracy bawled me out, right then and there, before the company, but that's not true. He's too much of a gent to do a thing like that.

"No, what Spence did was simply to tell me to speak louder. I did. We did the scene a couple of more times and wrapped it up and it wasn't until we were through the day's shooting that he called me into his dressing room. But there he really let me have it. 'Why, you poor damned fool,' he said, 'talking about *underplaying*. What the hell do you mean, *underplaying*? An actor doesn't *underplay* or *overplay*. Not a real actor. That's for tricksters. What a real actor does is figure out what the line he has to speak means, in terms of character. When you are thinking of the meaning of the lines, your voice will rise or fall as the meaning demands. That's what being natural in acting terms means. It's really being honest.' "

With the conclusion of *Broken Lance*, which, incidentally, was a smash hit, R.J. knew definitely that "somebody or something" had helped his career. The somebody was distinctly Spencer Tracy. Because of his endorsement R.J. got another real acting opportunity in *Kiss Before Dying*. "Playing my first heavy," he says.

At that moment a small event happened to take the edge off Bob's joy. A Hollywood column came out and said "Bob Wagner is on Shirley Jones' Carousel."

"That burned me," said Bob. "I suppose Shirley Jones is a great girl, but I don't know because I've never met her. But by using the name of Shirley's picture in that item I knew it was a publicity press agent's work—and I think I've had enough of such publicity. Don't misunderstand me. I regard publicity as part of my job. Any curiosity the public has about me I regard as flattering and I'm glad to answer letters or do any of those things just as far as I possibly can. But stunts like this with Shirley, all that foolish coupling I'd had of my name with Terry Moore's began to wear on me. I'd lost a really wonderful friendship with a woman I admire very much—Barbara Stanwyck—because people got the notion that it was 'romantic.' And I may be wrong but I feel that when you endorse false romances and false publicity by keeping silent about them you get false yourself. I haven't fallen in love yet. I'm not yet ready to marry. When I do, I'll be only too happy to tell the world, but I sent out the word to the studio—no more of that fake love stuff. Then Tracy handed me the big package—the offer to co-star with him in Paramount's *The Mountain*."

Actually, Tracy's co-stardom offer was not all altruism. Co-stardom was the only term on which 20th would agree to let Bob go to work for Paramount. Twentieth got $100,000 for the loan-out, of which Bob gets much less than half—but it showed how his value had risen.

The wrath of Spence

Bob's role in *The Mountain*, is one of pure villainy, far and away the heaviest heavy he's ever played. He was excited by that and equally excited by the prospect of the location in Chamonix in the French Alps, a mere couple of hundred miles from Paris, only an hour's drive from Switzerland, less than a six-hour flight to Rome.

Little did he know. His first taste of Tracy's genuine wrath came in Paris, where R.J. was supposed to have a week's vacation before reporting to Chamonix. R.J. had been there, sightseeing on his first trip to this fabulous capital when Spence arrived. It was a Saturday night. Spence told R.J. he'd see him at six the next morning for mass at Notre Dame Cathedral. Like a stern professor, or a strict father, he told R.J. to take advantage of the 2000-year-old city's cultural advantages.

Bob kept the date, but when he appeared, it was obvious that the night before he'd taken advantage of some of Paris' other cultural events, like the Follies Bergère and several bistros.

Spence really blew his stack. He thundered at Bob that as a young actor, he was more of a fool. He snorted that he could never become an important performer if he passed up a chance to observe real people in a serious moment rather than mixing with the artificial people who inhabit night clubs.

Brynie Foy wants me to inform agent Henry Willson who named a group of actors (Rock, Tab and Race to mention a few), that he has a few names which came to him while he had a fever, and he's willing to donate these names to agent Willson if he has a few clients around waiting for screen monickers. Brynie's names are: Clay Pidgeon, Cliff Hanger, Lap Landers, Rip Tide, Rick O'Shea, Trip Hammer and Strep Throat.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

"But, look, Spence," Bob stammered, "I was at Fouquets. You know, Fouquets. I've heard of that all my life. And I was with Marlene Dietrich. I've never seen anybody so chic and beautiful. Maybe it was the lighting. Maybe it was my Happy Jack Squirrel tourist mood. Maybe it's just because it's Paris—"

Tracy stopped the eulogy by retorting that they were getting out of Paris that day, within the hour. They would fly to Chamonix where Bob would keep his mind on his work. Whether or not R.J. was ready to go to Chamonix had nothing to do with it.

By noon, in Chamonix, a very subdued R.J. was saying, "I'm sorry, sir."

It was the "sir" that did it. "Okay, kid," said Tracy. "I could be wrong, and you could be right. Dietrich or a cathedral—both are beautiful."

Up—up—and down!

By the end of the week they were shooting. Bulky in skiing clothes and shoes, R.J. and Spence would roll out of the Hotel des Alpes at 3:30 a.m. In the bitter cold and pitch darkness, they had to crawl and slip and slide and pant their way up the glacier which covers the slopes of Mont Blanc to the spot which was their outdoor location. It always took three hours of alternate griping and sweating and praying to make it. By the time the cameras were set up and the sound trucks ready, the sun would just be showing over the Alps.

The descent was equally tedious and even more dangerous for they had personal fatigue as well as gravity to combat, coming down the icy, treacherous slides. They were lucky if they could make it back to the hotel by six-thirty.

But R.J. learned stamina from Spence, plowing along up the mountain, or back down in the darkness. Spence never complained, so Bob couldn't. Somehow, instead, they generated laughter.

Their companionship was just great until the night owl in R.J. asserted itself again. The nightlife of Chamonix isn't much, but that much Bob found, along with scads of pretty young French girls eager and willing to bat their big brown eye at handsome Mr. Wagner.

Bob would eat dinner at the Hotel des Alpes, then go over to the little night club, staying at first till 9 p.m., then till 10, then 11 and finally one night till 3.

The Hotel des Alpes is too tiny to boast such a thing as telephones in the rooms. Tracy would check the desk in the lobby to see if Bob had come in. The night he stayed out till 3, Bob slipped into the hotel like a scared kid, slid up to his room, rushed into his skiing clothes and was on the door step again at 3:30 to meet Spence for the location climb. Spence gave him a level look. "Terrible how it reddens your eyes to study script all night long," he said. "But it's great to be that conscientious, thinking about your work all the time, giving up everything for it."

He gave it to Bob that way all day long. Mr. Wagner didn't stay out all night any other night thereafter.

It was eight weeks before they could leave *The Mountain*, Mont Blanc itself, and Chamonix. They were homesick by then for sunshine, warmth and California and they flew straight through, over Paris, over London, straight out to Hollywood. There they discovered how much they had changed.

Bob Wagner wasn't wearing the loud clothes and colors he had affected when he'd left. Too many times, he'd heard a mocking voice beside him saying, "I'm blind, lost in a forest of woolen checks. I'm deafened by noisy tailored slacks."

Spence had come back to Hollywood with a pleased glint in his eye. Nobody has ever heard him say how much it might have meant to him, if his son John had been able to follow him in his profession. He is very proud of the way John has mastered the terrible handicap of having been born deaf and graduated from college with the highest honors. But to have had a young man around with whom he could discuss the theory of acting, while he bossed him about what he wore, and how he ate, and when he retired—that was a kick, too. A kick like Bob's saying to people in Hollywood on their return, "You know Spencer Tracy, the one-man drama school?"

Weeks later, on the day Paramount was to preview *The Mountain*, Bob called Spence and asked if he could have the privilege of driving him to see it. "Sure," said The Pro.

When he came out, to keep the date, there was Bob in a brand-new Cadillac before the house.

"What on earth's this?" snorted Spence.

"I'm broke for two years," said Bob, "but I couldn't drive the likes of you in anything less, now could I?"

Tracy gave his big laugh. "Here I thought I turned you into an actor," he said, "but you are as big a ham as I am."

"What's wrong with that?" said R.J.

And quite right, too. **END**

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(*Continued from page 40*) in her delight.

"Isn't it a beauty?" she said. "The strange thing is that the imitation engagement ring I wear in *High Society* is exactly the same size. After the Prince had his mother buy this ring in France for me and slipped it on my finger, I was delighted because they said I can wear the real thing in the picture."

The first ring the Prince gave Grace, an heirloom of diamonds and rubies, she wears on her right hand when she isn't working.

"Is it true that you fell in love with the Prince when you visited Monaco while you were filming *To Catch A Thief?*" I asked her.

Grace shook her head. "No," she said, I didn't know I was in love with him until he came to this country and we spent the Christmas and New Year's holidays together and had time to get to really know each other."

Father Tucker, the Prince's spiritual advisor, who is closer to His Serene Highness than anyone outside of his own family, told some friends that Grace would make no more pictures because she couldn't be both a Princess and an actress—and later, the Prince was quoted as saying the same thing.

"Are you really coming back to Hollywood on June first to make *Designing Woman?*" I asked her.

An evasive little smile crossed her face. But Grace is not an evasive person. She said, "I'm sure *Designing Woman* won't be ready to go June first. For one thing, Jimmy Stewart is nowhere near finished with *The Spirit Of St. Louis*.

"To tell you the truth," she said seriously, "I'm not sure what I'll do—but I feel I have plenty of time to decide. I was to have taken a year's leave of absence from MGM to do a stage play after I finished *Designing Woman*. Now of course I won't want to go on the stage."

In other words, Grace is living from day to day. I sincerely believe her when she says she doesn't know her own plans beyond her marriage to the handsome Prince.

She is so very much in love with him—and believe me, you can take my word for this—that I am sure she will do nothing to displease him. But this love affair works both ways. Even if the Prince now believes his mind is made up against her continuing her career, what's to say that he cannot be made to change it later on?

Right now, in both their lives—and in the rosy glow in which they are existing—it is not too pressing a problem.

Wishful hoping

I wish I could say that MGM shares their happy nonchalance. It doesn't. But there is plenty of wishful (I almost said *wistful*) hoping going on.

Later on the day I talked with Grace, both Sol Seigel her producer and Chuck Walters her director told me they could not believe that Grace, who loves her profession, would never make another picture. Me? I wouldn't bet on it.

My strong feeling is that, first—Grace will place the happiness of her husband above all else. If they are blessed with a family, this will take precedence above everything else in the world.

But she is young—and a few happy years away from her career will not dim its glow.

These developments, of course, are in the lap of the gods. Meanwhile, there is the glowing, exciting and romantic future at hand—and what topic can be more exciting than an approaching wedding?

I said, "Grace, who among your Hollywood friends will be invited to your wedding?" I had heard that already both Bing and Frank, her co-stars, and Betsy and Cary Grant, her close friends, had been invited to Monaco in April.

She said quickly, "I cannot invite anyone until I know what delegates, and how many of them, will be there from foreign countries. Each country with which Monaco maintains diplomatic relations will send a representative. Our wedding will be a State affair—but we are already remembering how small the Cathedral is, the place where the religious ceremony will be performed, with the Bishop of Monaco officiating.

Official problems

"There will be just a handful of people at the civil ceremony, so you can understand the official problems."

What problems there are weren't worrying Grace. "In Monaco," she went on enthusiastically, "it is the custom of the townspeople to come to the Palace and drink champagne when there is a wedding or any big official celebration. The Palace grounds were opened last to the public at the Prince's coronation.

"At the civil ceremony on April 18th, the Palace gates will again be thrown open and after a luncheon which will be given for our guests, we will serve champagne to all the Prince's subjects. And on the day of the religious service, April 19th, they will issue stamps with my pictures on them." Grace could no longer contain the feeling of happiness welling inside her. She pressed my arm, "Don't you think it's all thrilling?"

new mother

jane powell

will be

modern screen's

charming cover star

on the

june issue

at your newsstands

may 8

Chuck Walters called her back before the cameras for a moment. The scene they rehearsed is the one where the heroine views all the wedding presents she receives as the very rich girl she plays in *High Society*.

There were long tables of candelabra, silver platters, urns, crystal and china ware. "You're getting a preview of your own gifts," I called to Grace.

"There are some here I wouldn't select," she laughed.

At this moment producer Sol Seigel walked up and told me of a little secret and a wonderful surprise he has for Grace. I knew even before she did that Grace will be given all the gorgeous clothes she wears in *High Society* for her personal wardrobe.

When she returned to my side I asked her about her troussseau. "The only dresses I have had time to select are my two wedding gowns," she said. "Helen Rose (MGM's top designer) brought some beautiful rosepoint lace, over 125 years old, from Brussels for my wedding gown at the religious ceremony. I'll wear a short beige lace dress with a tea rose foundation for the civil ceremony." In fact, Helen Rose was trying to match the beige lace with accessories the day I visited Grace.

"And, don't forget," Grace went on happily, "I'll have three weeks in New York and Philadelphia, before sailing for Monaco on the S.S. Constitution April fourth. I can shop then for my trousseau. I'll need a lot of clothes to take me through the four days of celebration before the wedding, the official luncheons, dinners, teas and so on."

I asked Grace if she would stay at the Palace before the wedding. "Of course," she answered. "My whole family will stay there. As you have already printed—my younger sister, Lizanne, has her baby in May, and my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Kelly, will have her baby in June—so they are out of the wedding party. I'd planned to have only my own family in attendance at first, but the stork has changed things," she laughed. (Editor's Note: As we go to press, Grace has so far chosen several bridesmaids: actress Rita Gam and Mrs. Jay Kantor whose husband is Grace's agent and Mrs. Arvid A. Pamp of Philadelphia.)

I asked her, "How does the Prince like Hollywood?"

"He didn't think he was going to like it at all at first," she smiled. "It rained for two solid days after his arrival and he couldn't get out to play tennis, swim or anything he'd planned. But after the sun came out, he liked it very much. We've had such nice times together, very quietly. I took him to the Beachcombers where they have that wonderful Tahitian food the other night, and he loved it. He said 'We have nothing like this in Europe.'"

Grace is taking her chores as a future reigning Princess very seriously. She is studying French, trying to perfect herself in the language spoken in Monaco and which is the diplomatic tongue of the world. "Saturday is the only day I have to study," she told me seriously, "but I'm really applying myself and hoping to carry on at least a half way creditable conversation by the time I arrive in Monaco."

So far, Grace and her charming Prince converse entirely in English. He speaks our tongue flawlessly, having been educated in England.

Charming Prince Charming

On several occasions while Prince Rainier has been cooling his heels in Hollywood waiting for the woman he loves to complete her film, I have seen him in public. He is always accompanied by his bodyguard, and after the arrival of Father Tucker in Hollywood, by his close friend and priest.

There had been a report that days slipped by, with Grace working at the studio, when he didn't see her at all.

"Don't you believe that," Grace laughed. "In fact, I'm expecting him to slip in the back way and say 'hello' any minute."

I'm too much of a sentimentalist not to take this as a good exit cue. And I am glad to say that I am not one of the cynics who spout that this marriage between a lovely American girl and a Prince of royal blood cannot be a success.

I believe that Grace Kelly of Hollywood will be every inch a lovely Princess of Monaco.

I thought, as I looked at her as I said goodbye—where in the world could Prince have gone to find a more beautiful wife and one who will fulfill her royal duties as perfectly, as the lovely woman Rainier has chosen to be his bride? **EN**

dana's dream came true

(*Continued from page 59*) his kindness takes the form of frankness. He will say to a newcomer, "I may be wrong but I don't think the movie business is for you."

Once Billy's intuition tells him, however, that a person possesses that indefinable quality that makes for movie success, then he goes all-out in using his influence.

The screen test

The first and most important hurdle for any would-be star is the screen test. This relatively small footage of film—usually one scene from a movie that's already been made—is enough to show producers and directors how a player photographs, how her voice records and whether or not she can act. It's the casting director's job to pick out the scene the player will do and to assign director, cameraman and other actors to the test.

After talking to Dana and studying her for a week, Billy Gordon chose three scenes from *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro,* scenes of varying emotional intensity that would test the girl's dramatic range as well as her photogenic qualities. He then assigned Gird Oswald, an assistant director with European training, to coach Dana for her test. He asked Jeffrey Hunter if he would be willing to play the Gregory Peck role opposite Dana, and Jeff said he'd be delighted. Leon Shamroy, four-time Academy Award winner, was assigned to photograph in color.

The test cost $22,500 and involved the direct services of twenty-eight people. It ook two days, one day for rehearsal and one day for actual shooting. If Dana felt nervous, she certainly kept her emotions in control. Throughout the entire test she was calm, collected and very professional. "She knew what she was doing every moment," says Shamroy. "Conducted herself like a real trouper. You could tell she was experienced."

The test finished, it was shown to the various studio heads including Darryl Zanuck. To a man they were immediately impressed. "Sign this girl," Zanuck ordered. Al Rockett was phoned and told, "You've got a deal on Dana Wynter. Come n over."

Soon word spread through the top Hollywood echelon that in Dana Wynter the studio had a find. Her name got around more dinner parties than Dana did. If his girl hadn't yet arrived, she was only few weeks away.

On the strength of this high-level gossip, Walter Wanger heard about Dana and sked to see her test. It impressed him, oo. He had a picture ready to go called *he Body Snatchers,* and he asked if he ould borrow Dana for the lead. This mall-budget film gave Dana valuable experience. The studio also made money on he loan-out, getting back exactly what had spent on her screen test.

Once *Body Snatchers* was finished, Dana eturned to 20th, where she was assigned dressing room in cottage #5 and a parkng spot of her own. Then the big buildp got underway.

e big build-up

"I began to see what they meant by the ollywood treatment," Dana recalls. "I as interviewed, photographed, fitted for othes, made-up and re-styled. I'd never een so busy in my life, and I wasn't even aking a picture."

Accustomed to British studios where ey do very little promotion, where there scant emphasis on publicity, the meanics of the build-up so amazed and nfused Dana that her agent had to explain to her the facts of Hollywood life.

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He pointed out that the minute Dana signed her contract she had become, legally speaking, studio property to exploit and promote as 20th thought best.

This promotional procedure consists of departmental experts each contributing their individual skills and talents to the job at hand—in this case re-making Dana Wynter.

First came Sonya Wolfson of the publicity department.

Sonya Wolfson was so inspired by Dana's biographical material that she raced back to her office, typed up three feature stories, strode down the hall, gave ten different items to "planter" Julian Myers, who planted them with the various Hollywood columnists. Today, whenever the studio publicity department is looking for good copy, a call goes to Dana.

"I'm not really that exciting," the young actress protests. "It's just that I do try to think of funny quotes—like my once thinking that 'commute' was a dirty word. I avoided it for ages before a friend set me straight. Sometimes I fall back on things my parents say in letters. A while back I sent my family a picture of my new blue Chrysler convertible. Mother wrote and asked if it could make ice cubes, too."

Hold that pose!

To go with Dana Wynter's biography, the studio needed still photographs. The man for this job was crack portrait photographer Frank Powolny. Frank has been around Fox for years. He knows that once a newcomer gets cast in a production she has very little time for stills. "Get 'em before they start to work is my motto." With Dana this was easy, but the actual portrait biography was difficult because Powolny had first to relax Dana before shooting her. Frank served her tea. Simultaneously he studied her from all angles, deciding to concentrate on her touch of regality or what he calls "her Gene Tierney quality." This calls for a concentration of head shots, accent on the face, not too much accent on the figure. Frank shot a full catalog of stills ranging all the way from "wholesome outdoor stuff to glamour shots."

In the course of these sittings Dana confided that previously her best photographs had always consisted of serious portraits plus hat fashion art, which confirmed Powolny's original estimate that her face was her outstanding photogenic virtue.

Following her portrait sitting, Dana was about to fly home to visit her parents in South Africa when she got a call to come to Philip Dunne's office. Dunne, a rare combination of writer-director-producer had been studying Dana's screen test.

"I think," he said to her, "you're the most convincing young actress I've seen in ages. I'd like very much to use you as the love interest in *The View From Pompey's Head.* My only reservation is that the girl has to speak with a southern accent, southern United States, that is, not southern Africa. Billy Gordon tells me he thinks you can handle it. Do *you?*"

Dana loves a challenge. That's how she learned to fly, to play polo, to get her first job. "I'm sure I can do it," she snapped quickly. "I know I can do it." For the next three weeks, the most crucial in her life, Dana studied and studied. Day after day she rehearsed her lines with a tape recorder. At the end of three weeks Dunne asked for test scenes, scenes to be photographed from *Pompey's Head.* He wanted definite assurance that Dana was right for the part. He wanted to see her in the actual environment. Shamroy again was brought in for the photography. When Dunne was shown these additional scenes, he smiled. "She's the girl," he said. "Now I'm sure."

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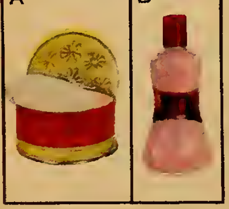

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Definitely cast for the picture, Dana, in addition to her speech lessons, had now to find time for clothes fittings, make-up and hair styling as well.

Dress me up!

Of all these necessary preparations she liked wardrobe the most. She drooled over the lovely sketches Charles LeMaire drew for her clothes, and LeMaire in turn, drooled over her 35-21-35, height 5-6.

While her clothes were being made Dana got in the habit of dropping by the big workroom where LeMaire could be found. She also began talking to the many seamstresses who were working there. One of the fitters, Zoya, gave her a few tips.

"I follow her advice to the letter," Dana says, "because Zoya has watched stars come and go, and she really knows about girdles and bras and such things."

When it came to the make-up department, Dana needed relatively little help. Ben Nye, studio make-up chief, found few problems as he studied her features. Dana boasts a classic face with large, lustrous eyes. Ben used a minimum of make-up on her. His recommendations: "Don't expose your skin to the sun too much. You tan too darkly and it won't photograph well . . . Lose some weight, six or eight pounds. It'll give a sharper outline to your face. More planes and hollows." Then he proceeded to smooth some mustache wax on Dana's unruly eyebrows. "That's it," he announced.

In hair-styling, Dana prefers long hair wound in a classic bun at her neck. The studio felt strongly, however, that long hair made her look older than her twenty-four years, so it was cut. But off-screen she pins a switch on. The interesting patch of gray hair near her hairpart has been left strictly alone.

The magic carpet

The actual filming of *Pompey's Head* was pure delight. Phil Dunne is a director who works quickly. Dana says, "He was a joy and a love. Dick Egan, too."

When the film was cut and scored, Dana sneaked into a projection room one afternoon and fearfully watched it. Her heart beat madly for the next ninety minutes. She liked what she saw, and more important, so did Darryl Zanuck. In fact Zanuck was so pleased that he ordered the picture premièred in New York as well as in Hollywood. Dana was told that as one of the key celebrities, she would be flown east.

"When I got to New York," she says, "and I saw my name on the marquee for the first time, I had the funniest sensation. It was so unreal that I felt I was under an anesthetic. After the opening I went on a round of parties, interviews, and public appearances. One thing merged into another. It was like flying on a magic carpet. I didn't come to earth until I returned to California.

"When I did there was a letter waiting from Hamilton Basso, the author of the book. He said I *was* the Dinah in his story, and it made me feel great.

"Being in a successful movie is wonderful. Being called a star is even more so. The only thing is that it's a responsibility. I mean it's not just me who's involved. There are so many sweet people who've helped that I worry for fear I'll let them down in the next picture."

At Fox where there has been much talk of casting Dana in *Jane Eyre, Katherine,* and *The Circle,* after she completes *The Sixth Of June,* none of these "sweet" people is worried one little bit. They're sure that Dana Wynter is endowed with the magic of stardom. How long she will remain up there in the constellation is of course a question that only the public can answer. And in time it will. **END**

Ingrid's new films don't mean a marital break-up but rather

BERGMAN'S comeback

■ Bergman's back, and Renoir's got her!

Ingrid Bergman has emerged from the somber darkness of Italian realistic pictures, into which husband Roberto Rossellini thrust her, to play her first frivolous role, and with a director other than Rossellini.

As Princess Ellena Sovroska in Jean Renoir's Paris-produced, *Ellena,* the Swedish star flirts, and dances, and juggles men's hearts with careless ease.

Ellena is the fulfillment of a mutual promise made by Bergman and Renoir at their first meeting in Hollywood fifteen years ago, to one day make a picture together. Twice the French director had Ingrid's approval on a script, but there was always some hitch, usually an objection from Ingrid's studio.

Rossellini made her happy as a wife and mother, but he almost ruined her career. Ingrid Bergman hasn't made a worthwhile picture since she left Hollywood. Renoir, who had kept up his friendship with the actress through correspondence and visits to Italy, brooded about this. Here was the most spectacular actress of our generation going to pot in the breast-beating exaggerated Italian school of acting. That was all right for Magnani, she had the face for it, but not for Bergman.

So Renoir wrote a scenario, based a little on history, but mostly fantasy, about a madly gay, beautiful, eccentric princess who came to Paris from Poland in the early part of the century and conquered all the men's hearts. He went to Italy, showed Ingrid and Roberto the script and put it to them straight. Their professional partnership had been anything but a hit, why not go their separate ways, career-wise?

Surprisingly enough, they both agreed. Renoir surrounded Ingrid with top actors. In the role of the man who loves her, needs her and almost wrecks his military career because of her, is Jean Marais, France's ace romantic star. The man who woos and wins her is none other than Mel Ferrer.

The Rossellinis, in true Italian fashion, moved the whole family to Paris, and installed themselves, the children, and their nurses in apartment number 108 at the Raphael Hotel. Their neighbors, good friends and frequent dinner companions were the Ferrers, Audrey and Mel, who lived a few floors above them.

When Rossellini left for India to make a series of documentaries, all the old rumors cropped up again, that they were unhappy and planning a divorce, that Ingrid was determined never to make another picture with her husband, etc.

As a matter of fact, they are still very happy together. The nearest to a marital crisis—and that, only in the imagination of the gossip-mongers—came when Anna Magnani, Rossellini's ex-girl friend, passed through Paris and checked into the same hotel. Everyone—except the three most concerned—held his breath, waiting for the outburst. But Magnani and the Rossellini's never even met in the lobby.

After Renoir did the groundwork, it wasn't too difficult for Twentieth Century-Fox to sign Ingrid up for *Anastasia,* which she'll make in Europe.

But are these steps, careful and cautious though they may be, the first toward a reconciliation with America?

maureen o'hara

(*Continued from page 60*) luxurious, doesn't it? It is but I have to dress like a star. Stars of a certain standing have to look glamorous and be glamorous every time we leave our houses. This is our business. My dark mink coat is ten years old and in perfect condition, for I care for it myself. I don't sit on it any more than I have to, I brush it before it is returned to the closet. My furrier says it is more valuable than the day I bought it. I payed plenty for it and worked hard for it, and intend it shall last my lifetime. It is vital to my star wardrobe. The other glamorous pieces I have acquired from time to time. One or two of them are extravagances, but they are all part of star trappings.

Add-a-diamond

I have a wonderful jewelry collection, some real and some costume. Every piece was considered in terms of showmanship. How would it photograph? I remember when I finally saved enough to buy the lovely diamond necklace. I thought and still think it is the most beautiful for me. I know lots of stars who have wonderful jewelry, but upon my purchase of this ultra-luxurious item I thought, "Congratulations, Maureen FitzSimons, you are buying a *diamond* necklace." That fall I was in New York on a personal appearance for a picture. I wanted to buy some cuff links for the director I had just worked with and went to a very chic and well-known jeweler. Upon completing my purchase the salesman said he would like to show me their newest diamond necklace. Drawing my mink around me I informed the gentleman that I had a diamond necklace. He assured me he was sure I had, but he still wanted me to see their prize piece. He did! I never saw such a blaze of light, it was enormous. Since that day I call mine my "add-a-diamond necklace." (I remember when I couldn't have even bought an add-a-pearl necklace.)

Stars create a personality that pleases the public. This is our "uniform," our trademark, and our fortune. I'm never out of uniform, even at home. On a working day I am up at five-thirty, have fruit and coffee from a thermos by my bed, for no one else in the household is up at this time. I wash my face, brush teeth and get into a simple dress and am off to the studio. This isn't just any old dress, it is a carefully purchased dress of simple lines, easy to get into but mighty becoming. Arriving at 6:30 at the studio, I fall into the hands of Fae Smith, my hairdresser, and Jimmy Barker, my make-up man. They are there and have had coffee prepared by Blanche Williams, my personal studio maid. My dressing room becomes my factory and my hair is washed, make-up applied, costume arranged and on the set. I've learned my lines by nine o'clock. We work until 12 or 12:30, then back to the dressing room for lunch of chops, vegetable and salad, as prepared by Blanche. Usually luncheon is an interview, with my agent, or business manager, or a friend I otherwise wouldn't see. I seldom go to the studio commissary for my lunch unless I have an out-of-town guest who would enjoy it. I can't take a full hour. First I have to get out of my costume so the wardrobe girl can take it away to press and refresh it. This takes a few minutes, then twenty minutes before the hour is up my hairdresser and make-up man return to re-fix me for the afternoon shooting. Back to the set and work until 6. I then return to my dressing room and have a complete bath to wash off my make-up, back into my dress and coat and drive home Dinner with my family at 7:15, bed by 8:30 or 9, study lines until 10 and then off to sleep. It is a long, hard working day.

Between pictures I rise about 8:30 to say goodbye to my daughter before school. I breakfast with my brothers, who live with me, and then start over the household tasks I can't do when I'm on a picture. Checking menus, seeing that the linen closet is in order, the usual things any working woman does on week ends. We have friends for dinner over the week ends and I do some of the shopping and lunch with friends. If I am going to an opening or party I must save time to do my hair properly, for I do it myself.

These are two typical days in my life, not much different than that of other stars. The time, effort and money we spend to maintain our standards are enormous, and mount as the years go on. It would be foolish of me to say they are tiresome, for they are exciting, and now second nature. We do it because our face and figures, now magnified on the new wide screens, are our fortune. We can't afford a skin blemish, cannot tolerate an extra pound of weight, cannot have a hair out of place.

Do-it-yourself beauty

Most of us have learned to arrange our hair ourselves, having learned from our expert studio hairdressers, so between pictures I, at least, do it myself. This means three times a week I must set aside three hours a day to do this chore. I wash my hair thoroughly and roll it up in the fashion I desire and try to let it dry as much by itself as possible. I spend about a half hour under my hair dryer, but about two wandering around letting the sun and air dry it. My make-up between pictures is minimum, unless I am going to an opening. Thus to apply my mascara, eyeliner and lipstick takes only a few minutes, but to be sure my face is clean takes about a half hour morning and night, when I thoroughly cream my face and then wash it with mild soap and rinse it in tepid water. My creams are simple, but good and expensive and I use a lot of them in my cleansing process. My daily bath is a hot water ritual. I scrub all over with a rough cloth, pay particular attention to the elbows and knees. I towel thoroughly to keep the circulation up after my rinse bath. I exercise after my bath, it is for figure control and suppleness. The old-fashioned bends, rolls and stretches are my ritual, you read about them in the papers every day. I do them. After working on a picture for a number of weeks and being cooped up on a sound stage I start walking, or hiking. This I love for it seems to straighten out all the kinks in my body and gives me a time to think.

Gary Cooper has only praise for Richard Eyer, the ten-year-old actor, who plays his son in *Mr. Birdwell Goes To Battle*. And you can't blame Cooper.

When director William Wyler asked Eyer how he liked having Gary Cooper for a dad, the child replied: "Swell, sir, but isn't he too young to be my dad?"

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

My diet, and I will bet you that of other stars, too, is lean meat, leafy vegetables, very little starch and lots of fruit juice. Average day, year in and year out I eat the following: breakfast, a boiled egg, strip of bacon, slice of toast and tea or coffee. The toast is buttered, but not too much. For lunch at home, or at a restaurant, lean broiled meat, vegetable and fruit for between pictures, usually a salad or dessert. For dinner usually clear soup, salad, meat and vegetables and a light dessert. I love good food as much as anybody, but eat in moderation and splurge only on occasion. I avoid heavy sauces, cream soups, hot breads and mile-high desserts. My eating habits are pretty well set. There is an unwritten law in Hollywood, and it is governed solely by the camera, not morals, "movie stars do not drink." I have yet to see a successful star who does, or can do it. I used to think I held a record in Hollywood for holding one glass throughout a cocktail party. I now know almost everyone else does. I do like a glass of sherry occasionally. I do like wine with my dinner on special occasions, but one glass and that is that. I am not a prude, I am a business woman intent on protecting my career. I can have a good time sitting around with people who drink and I don't object to their doing it. I only know I cannot.

Cost of dressing

My average yearly wardrobe is well over four figures, but it is a business investment. I travel a lot to make pictures, this means I must be well dressed for all climates and eventualities. I am photographed getting on and off planes, in foreign countries I am seen and reported on by the press. I must look well there as well as in America. I go to Don Loper and have my clothes made and my closet is a delight to me. About twenty lovely evening gowns, ranging in price from about four hundred dollars to a thousand. My dresses to wear under my furs cost about three or four hundred dollars apiece. I will tell you a secret. Don designs my clothes so they can be changed from season to season and I have some of his clothes in my closet that are six years old and I still wear them, and happily, too. Suits are custom made and softly tailored with slightly full skirts, for movie stars don't look too good sitting down with a tight skirt running up over their knees. My shoes come from I. Miller and I have lots of them. My bags are handsome, expensive and well kept. Gloves are a hobby with me and I pick them up in every country I visit. They cover my home-manicured hands, for I do my nails myself. When I travel I care for my clothes myself as I won't trust any hotel to press my hemlines. This I have learned after many years of practice. My summer clothes come from Loper, just a few, for he will not allow me to buy such expensive cottons. He sends me into the stores to buy the pretty mass-manufactured dresses he would have to charge me a mint for. Thus alongside of my hundred dollar frocks hang some fifteen and twenty dollar cottons which are smart and effective. Good accessories dress these up enormously and I wear them everywhere in hot weather. I love color and go wild in it each summer. My wardrobe is selected not for chic but for becomingness and photogenic qualities. I let the non-professionals be the chic ones, I just want to be looked at for myself. That is what I am selling, and to blazes with high fashion. I leave the A-look to Mr. Dior. I just want the "O'Hara Look."

My tastes have changed in the twelve years that I have reached stardom, it would be silly to say they haven't. I am not the same girl as before. I earn a good salary, have business and social obligations I did not have before and travel in a circle of people of equal incomes. I still love the toilet water scents I used to buy, but do adore the *Arpege*, *Mitusko* and other expensive prefumes I can now afford. These are only simple comparisons, but they mean twelve years of hard work and lots of fun and I'm still loving it. **END**

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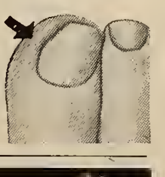

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shirley jones

(*Continued from page 47*) with his eyes, that he loved her and was proud of her. The man who was Shirley's official escort touched her elbow. She didn't notice. Her eyes were blurred with tears as they answered Jack's. Then the crowd moved forward and she lost him. "Shirley," her escort said, "wake up, honey. Time to go in." Shirley Jones nodded. The police made an aisle for her as she walked to her seat.

Jack Cassidy

It was the theatre that brought Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy together, even making sure that they saw each other many times before they met. For the stage door of the Majestic Theatre, where Shirley had a part in *Me And Juliet* two years ago, faced the stage door of the Imperial, where Jack Cassidy sang the lead in *Wish You Were Here*. Next door to the Imperial was a little theatrical hangout where the kids from both casts snatched a beer and sandwich before heading home after the show. Shirley went there often, sometimes with a bunch of friends, sometimes with her best friend Sari Price, who was also in the cast. Occasionally they joined the crowd from the Imperial. And sometimes, not often, Jack Cassidy was there.

When he was, Shirley noticed him. All the girls noticed him.

As leading men go, he's not the best-looking nor the best dressed. But Jack Cassidy has charm, the kind of charm that makes an audience wake up when he walks onto a stage—and makes a girl turn her head in a restaurant and ask, "Who's that boy in the corner?"

There were plenty of people to tell Shirley who Jack Cassidy was. Not only because he was playing a lead, but because Jack and his private life were the favorite topics of backstage gossip around *Wish You Were Here*. You see, Jack Cassidy was, and is, a married man.

But it was the most precarious marriage anyone backstage had ever seen—and for theatre people, that's saying a lot. "I used to be afraid to ask Jack how Eleanor was," one of his friends confided, "because I never knew if they were on or off that week." Jack himself didn't talk about it. The only indication anyone had of his status was whether or not Jack mentioned his home life. When he did, it was to say something good, and that meant something good must have happened. Christmas time in '54 he was ecstatic over their new house in Rutherford and the wonderful neighbors and what a great time his kid had had. He beamed when he talked about David, three-and-a-half years old then. So the kids said, "Wonderful!" and scurried back to the dressing rooms to report that Jack and Ellie were doing ok now—maybe it would really jell. Or if not this time, next time. . . .

But a week later Jack would be backstage, the sparkle gone, slouched silently into a chair. On such occasions he would even take one of the chorus girls over to Patsy's for a beer, and the next night she would report, "Jack's low." Then the murmurs would start: What a shame it was that they should find things so rough now, just when Jack finally had it made—and after knocking around the chorus for nearly ten years before getting a break. How Ellie couldn't really be blamed either—remember how she used to work when Jack couldn't get a job? And little David—such a cute kid. What a shame. . . .

In January, 1955, it was all over. Jack and Eleanor separated legally and talked about getting a divorce. Eleanor was against it; her religion forbade divorce. But by the end of the month she capitulated. "We'll make arrangements when you get back," she told Jack when she brought little David to say goodbye. For Jack had just received word that he was to play the lead in *Oklahoma!* when the State Department sent the show to Europe.

Shirley

At the same time, Shirley Jones was packing up to leave Hollywood and join the *Oklahoma!* troupe. She did so without any particular regret. Making the movie version of *Oklahoma!* had been wonderful and exciting and the break she'd worked for all her young life—but there was nothing to keep her in Hollywood. She'd had a nice apartment there, but except for the times when her mother or Sari had shared it with her, it had been a lonely place. She'd dated a lot and the columnists had made a big fuss about a "romance" with Johnny Anderson, but if no one else knew, Shirley and Johnny knew it was just for laughs. A nice boy, Johnny, sweet, always willing to go places and do things—but love? Uh-uh.

Shirley didn't mind that. A long time ago—way back five years before, when she was sixteen, she'd been in love. In puppy-love, if you like. The publicity people made a fuss about it, but they didn't know the whole story. How she'd gone with the boy for a year, worshiping him for his athletic letters, his good looks, his quick wit—and then discovered that she had given her heart, not to a young man, but to a little boy, childishly irresponsible, wanting to be mothered and protected from a host of imaginary misadventures and misunderstandings. "I wanted everything at once," she told a friend, sad-eyed after her disillusionment. "It's strange, isn't it, that I made a mistake like that about one of the most important things that could ever happen to me? But one thing I know—never will it happen again."

So now, if love wanted to wait a while, Shirley was willing. Pleased, even. Life was good, her career taking shape beyond even her most ambitious dreams. It was a confident, happy girl who walked into the first day of rehearsals for the overseas *Oklahoma!* troupe and said, "Pleased to meet you," to Jack Cassidy.

How love happens

Does anyone have to explain how love happens? It can come any time. It can come under the hot lights of a rehearsal hall to two people singing a duet: "Don't throw bouquets at me, don't please my folks too much . . ." It can come over a cup of coffee, gulped down in a cafeteria during a ten-minute break. It can come to a pair of exhausted performers whose nerves are at the breaking point, snapping crossly at each other and then suddenly—smiling.

Still, love can be a dangerous thing. Neither of them wanted to admit it. Not to others, not to themselves. "I'm eight years older than she is," Jack told himself. "I'm married. I'm a father."

"I feel this way," Shirley informed her perpetually smiling reflection, "because I'm young and I'm an actress, and I'm going to Europe." When they had coffee together, Shirley dragged Sari along. When Jack took her to her hotel after rehearsals he dropped her in the lobby, shook her gloved hand and ran for the door, refusing to feel that anything was missing. And yet, by the time they boarded their plane for France, the rest of the cast knew all about it. Their hearts were showing.

"We knew before they did. You know their duet?" one of the chorines remarked. "It goes: 'Don't sigh and gaze at me, Your sighs are so like mine; Your eyes mustn't glow like mine, People will say we're in love.' If they wanted to play it cool they should have taken some of that advice."

But it was too late for advice. If love can grow in a Broadway theatre, what chance is there to kill it in Paris? Shirley and Jack gave up trying.

The rest of the cast got together after the show to explore, but Shirley and Jack never joined them. Somehow they managed to see Napoleon's tomb and the Tuilleries, but no one in the troupe knew when, for they saw them by themselves. The Sadra Khan, Aly's younger brother, saw the show and bombarded Shirley with phone calls. Finally, for the sake of good diplomatic relations, she consented to go to the Parisien Ball with him. For weeks thereafter her dressing room was smothered in his flowers, his messages piled up on her desk, but she never saw him again. Not one of the other international young men got even one date. Shirley was taken.

But the irony was that the happier her times with Jack became, the more wonderfully close they felt, the more anguish their love brought them. Letters from Eleanor told Jack that she had reconsidered giving him a divorce, that she didn't think she could do it. How, after loving so, could they ever part? How, under the circumstances, could they ever be together?

We have to give it up

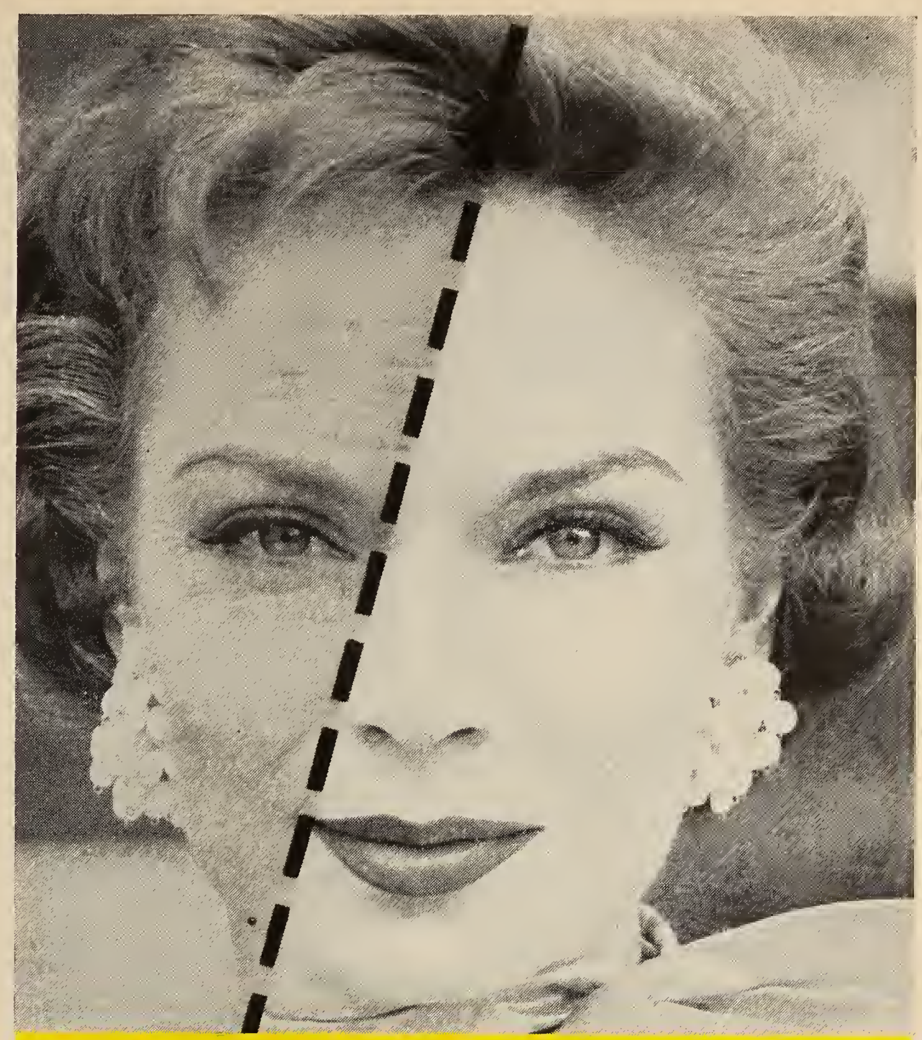
It preyed upon Shirley until the misery became greater than the joy. Finally, physically ill, she left the cast with a promise to rejoin them on their next stop, in Rome. There were three days when there would be no show; she and Sari took off for the Italian riviera. Jack disappeared as well. No one in the cast ever knew if he joined the girls at the beach because when they got to Rome there was no time to ask. Shirley received a telegram saying that she was to play the lead in *Carousel*—and to come home right away. This time she packed with a burdened heart. To have *Carousel* before *Oklahoma!* even opened—surely that proved she was no one-shot, that she had done a good job. But to leave Jack in Europe—that was hard. Not only because she would miss him, but because she knew, as he did, that this time apart should be used—*must* be used—to try to forget each other. It wasn't that Shirley would have to wait for Jack. It was that their future simply didn't exist.

With that to think about, she came home. Her apartment was lonelier than ever. She and Jack had promised to try to forget—yet she waited for his letters with a longing that frightened her. And she couldn't talk about it to anyone. Not to anyone.

So Shirley found herself living a lie. She went out with Johnny again. And again. She dated others. She told columnists, for the first time evading their questions, "Love, real love, is very nice, I'm sure. But it will take me a long time to fall in love again. A long, long time." And went on to say that when she married, of course she would give up her career if she had to. And all the time her heart said, "I'd give up anything, everything—but how can we ever marry?"

And to the biggest night she'd ever had, the *Oklahoma!* première, she took not a date, not even faithful Johnny, but her new roommate, Barbara Ruick. And she waited for Jack to come home.

On August 13 *Carousel* went on location in Boothbay, Maine. On August 13 Shirley arrived in the east and there Jack met her as soon as his troupe returned. Supposedly, they only met to say goodbye. But Jack couldn't stay away and Shirley couldn't tell him to. When they knew for sure that it was impossible to separate, they talked themselves into believing that things might work out if only they waited a little. Eleanor might change her mind again. A miracle might happen. "What's the use of wonderin'," Shirley



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sang in this picture, "If the endin' will be sad? . . . You're his girl and he's your fella—that's all there is to that!"

And they tried to believe it was true.

The end of make-believe

If they could no longer pretend to themselves that they were not in love, at least they could try to keep it from the rest of the world. If Jack's wife knew that he was thinking of remarrying, it might make it even more difficult for him to get a divorce. The studio, learning that Shirley was dating a married man, was horrified. And her friends lectured her constantly. "You're so young, honey. You haven't been around, the way Jack has. He's used to real Broadway-type people. You're home-folks."

"We get along. We're in love."

"You'll never be able to marry. There's no future for you. You can't go on this way forever. And if you did marry, do you realize you'd have a step-child and all the problems that means? You have to think of everything."

But the thinking was too much. No matter how she looked at it, it was bad. She couldn't have Jack, she couldn't bring herself to give him up. There was only one thing to do if she was to have peace of mind. Shirley shut her eyes to everything except to Jack. She saw nothing else.

As soon as *Carousel* was completed, Shirley gave up her Hollywood apartment and rented one in New York's West 60's, a quiet, unfashionable residential area. She and Jack went to shows, walked in the park. No one recognized them. "I came east to be near my parents," she told people. "And to study voice."

Oklahoma! settled down to a steady run in Manhattan. Daily, more and more people found out who Shirley Jones was. Occasionally a kid stopped Shirley for an autograph and she would drop Jack's hand to sign the book. Then people began to stare after her in the street. Photographers snapped her picture. They recognized Jack as well. They began to be mentioned in the gossip columns.

People put two and two together. "Her parents are in Pennsylvania. So why is she in New York if she's supposed to be near them?" "What's the matter with the voice coaches in Hollywood?" "*Who* did you say she was with yesterday?"

So they were careful. When Jack opened at the Versailles Shirley showed up nightly to hear him—but she brought Barbara Ruick along. Night after night the two sat together, listening. After the last show, Jack took them both home. He tried to look as though he were equally interested in both girls. He talked more to Barbara than he did to Shirley. But when his eyes met Shirley's, a five-year-old would have guessed. Their hearts were showing again. He and Barbara recorded an album of duets, and it was with Barbara that Shirley showed up to listen to the sessions—but the pathetic deception fooled no one. When he sang the love lyrics, it wasn't Barbara at whom Jack looked.

And that is why, before *Carousel* opened, Shirley told a friend, "I want so much to have Jack with me that night. It would make me—truly happy. But we don't know what to do . . ." And that is why she attended on the arm of a studio-appointed escort, a nice young man whose job it is to take the stars around—and wept on her happiest night.

Heartbreak is a terrible thing, especially for the very young. Shirley and Jack can not be blamed for postponing it as long as possible. Yet these two, still praying for their miracle, know that the time will come when the decision must be made—and kept. May they make it wisely. **END**

debbie and eddie

(*Continued from page 66*) in sleep and a maximum awake—a night-life schedule.

Well, Debbie isn't even getting her eight hours nowadays. She is matching Eddie now. And, amazing to her, her capacity to do more with less sleep has increased within weeks to the point where she can keep up with him without any fatigue.

A week after their marriage they were in Kansas City where Eddie gave a benefit performance. At 1 a.m. they were entertaining some of his friends in his hotel suite, knowing that they would have to stay up until 3 a.m. to catch a train to Los Angeles. At ten minutes after one Debbie got up and had to make her excuses to those present. "I love you all," she said, "but I am falling asleep on my feet." And she went to bed in the adjoining bedroom. When next she awakened she was in Los Angeles. She had slept through all the business of being pulled to her feet, driven to the airport, and the flight.

Yet not long afterwards she went through a twenty-four-hour day practically without a yawn. At six o'clock in the morning she was up for an early studio call. At six in the evening she was having dinner with Eddie at home. At eight-forty that night they were watching the theatre debut of an old dancing friend of Debbie's, Leon Tyler, at the Huntington Hartford Theatre, and between then and early morning they had caught the performances of Marge and Gower Champion at the Cocoanut Grove, and Peggy King at the Mocambo.

On the problem of sleep, one of the ways Debbie is making up for the lack of it is by developing the power to doze off any time—and practically instantly. She was telling Eddie about it only the other evening and insisted she could fall asleep in ten seconds time.

He was skeptical and they decided to have a test. Eddie checked his watch, gave her the "Go" signal, and Debbie, who was sitting in an armchair, leaned her head back and closed her eyes. At the tenth second her head slid a bit to one side and Eddie was sure she was acting. He shook her gently and after a bit she opened her eyes and the look of sleep in them was unmistakable, he swears.

"Oh, life with Eddie is hectic all right," Debbie says. "But it's exciting and we have lots of time to slow down in the years to come. I'll manage to live through it, and I sure love it."

Incidentally, on the big night out they didn't go alone but were part of a group of sixteen people, all the rest of them old friends of Debbie's whom Eddie had insisted she invite because she hadn't had a chance to see them since their wedding.

Debbie uses her head

If Eddie is thoughtful Debbie is not only understanding but uses her head with the prescience all wives must when it comes to handling both the marriage and the family situations coming from it. When Eddie's mother was due to make a trip west to see them Debbie did some thinking and planning about arranging the exact date. She consulted her studio schedule to make sure she would be free not only to attend her duties as a hostess, but to be able to arrange events and jaunts for the visitors and accompany them.

Eddie was talking about her acting with some associates of his television program one day and suddenly interrupted himself to interject, "But the real secret of Debbie's acting is that she is interesting when she isn't acting!"

Incidentally, when Debbie appeared on Eddie's TV program, her contribution was such that he uttered a new version of his "It's nice to have a woman around the house" line. That night it was, "It's sure nice to have a woman around a television station."

Though Debbie was born in a border town in Texas, El Paso, and Eddie was a child of the brick and concrete fastness of Philadelphia, their views on many aspects of life are surprisingly the same. As Eddie once pointed out, the parents of neither of them was rich and one of the things they have in common is a long list of advantages neither of them enjoyed as children.

This may be why it tickles Eddie to see Debbie with luxuries that, as he very well knows, she could only yearn for when she was a youngster. And that may be why it pleases Debbie to dish up "extras" of anything she can for him. When Debbie first located their house for instance and phoned Eddie in New York to describe it she felt he would have a perfect right to stall off a decision to rent it until he came west to see it. But all Eddie said was if she liked it he would. And he did.

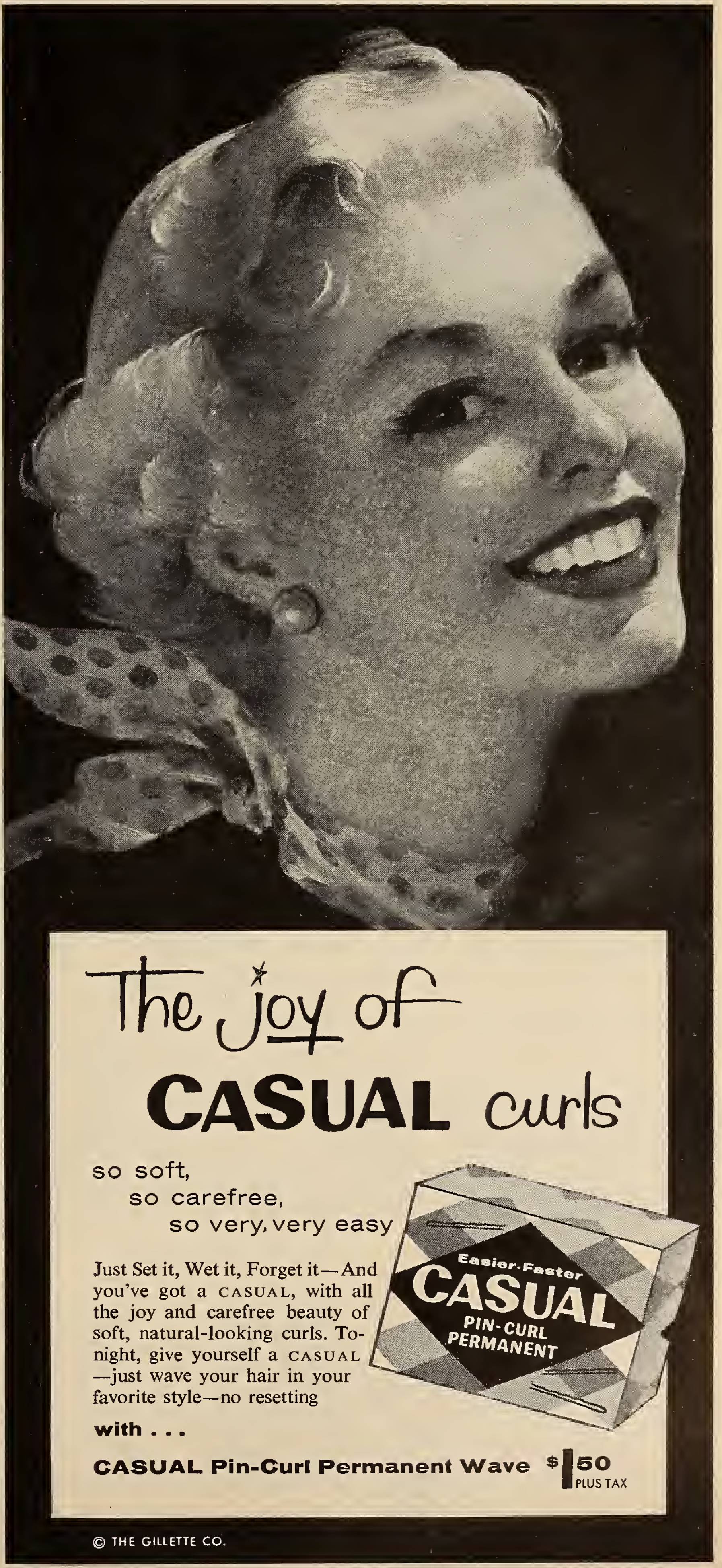
On the other hand, if anything Debbie wants is okay with Eddie, anything Eddie wants is not only okay with her—she insists on getting it for him. When Eddie, home after a night broadcast, starts refrigerator-wards to get himself a sandwich Debbie won't have it. She has to cook up a midnight snack . . . and that's the custom now. The menu is usually midget hamburgers, salad with French dressing and, of course, cokes. Up to a month after they rented the house these midnight snacks were all the cooking Debbie had a chance to do for Eddie. But she was busting to do more and by the end of January had dished up more than one dinner, giving their cook a night off.

From getting used to Coca-Cola for breakfast, to not being overwhelmed by Junior, Eddie's big boxer, who always jumps all over her in his glee when she comes home, Debbie is thinking in terms of "*We*" all the time. In fact, that she is one half of a partnership is soon evident when one listens to her talk. Always a rapid, articulate talker, Debbie has slowed down enough to permit consideration for the fact that she is "talking for two."

Eddie and Debbie will never forget one of the first nights they had a chance to relax and enjoy their home together. They sat at first before the enormous fireplace in the living room and threw logs on the flames; first Eddie, then Debbie, in between toasting themselves and listening to the crackling. But after a while Eddie got up and studied the fire in a puzzled manner. There seemed to be more crackling than flames. Then he walked about the room uneasily, eventually stepping outside through the French windows. Immediately he yelled back at Debbie: "The house is on fire!"

It was on the roof. Vines growing too close to the chimney were ablaze. Eddie kept yelling and pointing up to the fire for the benefit of anyone close who might want to do something about it. The closest person was Debbie herself. In something like seven seconds flat she was protecting her beloved home, even if it was just rented! She had found a fire extinguisher, upended it, and was spraying the flames, holding it much like a machine-gunner firing from the hip. Eddie, in his excitement, kept coaching her and pointing out burning areas he thought needed dousing. He even climbed the side of the house to check results. In minutes the fire was out.

Well, the Fishers still sit before their fireplace. And they are going to continue sitting. But no more overbig fires that can get out of control. A nice steady blaze is the best, they have decided. **END**



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liz taylor

(Continued from page 39) giving your 'suggestion' the careful consideration it deserves. It is my considered opinion that all you're asking is that we print a pack of lies. Now, I assume you offered this to *Smear* before sending it to me. Was it too filthy even for them, or not filthy enough? Either way, I find it insulting that you thought for a moment that MODERN SCREEN would be interested. Your suggestion is rejected, and I sincerely hope it continues to be rejected wherever you try to sell it."

I signed it Charles D. Saxon. I could have signed it simply *Modern Screen*, because to all of us who put it out each month this magazine is a person, too. And the whole bunch of us happen to have a great deal of respect and love for the stars we work so closely with and write about. And especially Liz and Mike. They mean a lot to us because, besides being nice, friendly people, they represent a way of living that is decent and good.

So I did what I could. But, I feel strongly that what *you* can do, you the readers, is much more important and effective.

First of all you can learn to know a lie when you see one.

Suppose you read that on the *Zarak Khan* location at Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, Mike spent a lot of his time with Anita Ekberg, and that Victor Mature thereupon spent a lot of *his* time consoling Liz. Now just suppose you even believed Liz and Mike were that kind of people. Put yourself in the same goldfish bowl that they live in. Would *you* go tent-hopping in Tetuan under the eyes of the whole company? Not if you had all your marbles, you wouldn't. You put the story down as a lie.

Want the truth? In Spanish Morocco, on the *Zarak Khan* location it rained nearly the whole three weeks that Liz was visiting there. The natives in Tetuan sensed at once that Mike and Liz were man and wife. As one of them later explained, "Mr. and Mrs. Wilding make love all the time with their eyes."

"A funny thing about Mr. Wilding," explained the hotel clerk. "He insisted that Mrs. Wilding stay in the hotel and rest. I mean sleep all during the day and then at night, though he had worked, they would go through the Casbah. A most solicitous husband."

Or you read that Liz came home for the Christmas holidays leaving Mike behind in London—and that this meant the crack-up was at hand. But if *you* were Liz, and your man had to work to do, wouldn't *you* come home to help your kids trim the tree and be with them at Christmas? You bet your life you would. You put this one down as another lie.

Or you read that Liz entered St. John's Hospital—and that this must mean she'd grieved herself sick over the death of Jimmy Dean, her co-star in *Giant*. How much did he mean to her?

Certainly he meant something to her. When she learned of his death Liz broke down and wept. She wept decent, great-hearted tears for the sensitive, talented boy, the respected friend, who had been cut down in the morning of his prime. Well, didn't *you* ever have a friend of the opposite sex who was just a friend . . . no more? Would you have wept for him? So, you recognize another lie that the filth-peddlers twisted out of a fine truth.

Or you read a sneering report that it was really Mike's misbehavior that landed Liz, sick with jealousy, in the hospital. Think before you believe. These people aren't monsters; they're human beings like you and me. Liz has been dogged, as you know, by hepatitis, a broken leg, sciatica and migraine headaches. Not by jealousy.

The fact is that Dr. John Davis put Liz in St. John's for X-rays and other tests and found a ruptured disc in her neck, probably the result of a water-skiing injury several years ago.

And Mike? While the gossips claimed he was bringing chorus girls home(!) Mike was actually spending every spare hour in the hospital with Liz. He saw to it that she got everything she wanted, every care she needed. The day after the doctors shot her neck with cortisone, he waited breathlessly to find out if cortisone were the answer. "I just can't stand for Liz to be in pain," he said. "And I won't phone or disturb her before she phones me. I want her to get all the rest she can." "I've never seen such a devoted husband," Liz' doctor said. "This guy makes it bad for the rest of us!"

One more lie will nail down my point. At Santa Anita race track Liz ran into her ex-husband Nicky Hilton. Furthermore, she saw the races with him—and she kissed him! Damning, huh? Next day the gossips had her leaving Mike to re-marry Hilton! But what really happened was this:

Mike Wilding was in London finishing *Zarak Khan* and worrying about and talking to Liz on the trans-Atlantic phone. She said she wasn't feeling too well, and Mike suggested that she try and get out and have a little fun until he returned, which would be as soon as possible.

A few days later in Hollywood, Bob Wagner phoned Liz Taylor. Bob is an old family friend.

"How's about driving out to Santa Anita with me and the Thunderbird?" Bob asked Liz. "I'll bet it's been a long time since you've been at the track."

The idea appealed to Liz, so she and Wagner drove to the Turf Club. And there in the dining room whom should Liz run into? Nicky Hilton.

At least 10,000 persons saw Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton together at Santa Anita. Ever the charming, boyish, appealing inveterate gambler, Nicky was in rare form that Saturday. He gave Liz a winning ticket in one race, bought her a $100 ticket in another, bought two $10 tickets for her children in a third. "Honestly, Nicky!" Liz exclaimed at these outbursts of extravagance. "You're insane! Really mad! I guess that's why I married you in the first place . . . and could never stay married to you." And with that she threw her arms around smiling Nicky and pecked him on the cheek.

So that's how you learn to know a lie when you see one. Once you learn to spot the lie-monger at work, what else can you do? *You can avoid him altogether.* Don't even expose yourself to the filth he's trying to spread! Don't buy his trash. Stay clean away. There's no other way to shut him up!

If I sound mad, well and good. Because I *am* mad. I'm mad because Liz and her man are our friends. Because they're good, decent people. Because I value too much the goodness and decency that they stand for, and live by, to see it spattered with mud—as long as you and I are around to do something about it!

Sincerely,
CHARLES D. SAXON
Editor

P.S. Something else you can do. If you're on *our* side—won't you write Liz today? If any friend ever did, she needs your moral support and will be grateful for it. Address your note to her at Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue. N.Y. I'll forward it to her—as a present of real value for Mother's Day, 1956.—C.S. **END**

why terry kept it a secret!

(*Continued from page 63*) have to know? We'll slip away to Las Vegas and be married secretly. I know a Judge Henderson down there who'll do it and say nothing to anyone."

"But what about afterwards? I don't want to have to sneak around, seeing you on the sly. You don't know what it's like in Hollywood—"

"But I do know what it's like in my part of the world. Just leave it up to me."

"I've got a couple of months between pictures," Terry said thoughtfully . . .

And so they were married.

Then began the curious modern Odyssey of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. McGrath, during which, traveling together but under separate names (she was sometimes Helen Koford, sometimes Helen Luella Davis), they went to Panama City, to New York, to Venezuela, to Havana, to Miami and points in between.

The suppressed story

It looked like Gene had set out to prove to Terry that you can do just about as you like, live your life on your own terms, if you're smart enough and, perhaps, rich enough. Certainly he covered their tracks well. Even considering the monumental tolerance of a worldly-wise press, which in such matters, when decently asked, is inclined to let people have their bit of fun, it must have cost him a lot.

The fact that the American press did not come right out and item the fact that actress Terry Moore was trotting around the western hemisphere in the company of Eugene McGrath, sharing his suites and every moment of his time, was not because the press was unaware. The reports came seeping in to Hollywood, New York, Miami—sometimes a day or two late, to be sure, but all adding up to the same story.

A few columnists, whose business it is to hint, hinted like mad. But to the credit of one and all, Terry got the break of her life. "Let her alone," was the consensus. "Give her a chance. Maybe it's love . . ."

It's hard to guess just how long Terry and Gene would have gone on their merry way, leaving a trail of raised eyebrows over half the world, had they not decided to relax for a few days in Miami's Isle de Capri, a plush hotel on the raucous 79th Street Causeway that ties Miami to Miami Beach. True to form, McGrath contacted the manager, an amiable gent named Daly, and requested that during their stay he call off his press agent and protect them from local reporters.

Then for three or four days they nightclubbed, swam, went water skiing and even horseback riding.

The case of the headless body

Now read closely, kiddies, and I will tell you how such an operation as the McGraths' secret marriage becomes, overnight, public property. Because of a picture, the body was dropped; because of the body, a writer said, "Hey, isn't—doesn't that belong to Terry Moore?"

And there you are.

It went like this:

Terry and Gene drove out to Miami's International Airport to catch a plane one late afternoon in mid-February. A reporter for the Miami Daily News, Herb Kelly, was on hand. He recognized Terry, sitting alone behind a pair of dark glasses, at a table. Went up to talk to her.

Of course Herb knew that Terry and Gene had been staying at the Isle de Capri for four or five days. He and other local reporters had respected their privacy. But Terry was en route now, and fair game.

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One day, Terry did give an interview—her first in six months—to a fourteen-year-old Miami Beach High School journalism student named Margie Battles. Margie, sunning in a nearby cabana at the hotel, had recognized Terry and asked Daly to arrange an interview for her school paper.

"Sure," Terry told Daly—and Daly's hastily summoned publicity agent, Ed Jaffe. "I'll talk to the kid. But how do I explain McGrath?"

"If she asks, say he's trying to sell you an insurance policy."

"Great!" Terry said. But Gene, a short while later, killed the idea.

"It's terrible," he said. "Say I'm 'handling business ventures of yours in South America.' It sounds better."

Terry met her match in Mr. Kelly. This veteran reporter was not a high school freshman goggle-eyed over a teen-age delight. He said simply, "My dear Miss Moore, I'm old enough to be your father. Now, then . . ."

For the next hour and a half Terry (later joined by Gene, once he'd returned from a business talk with the president of Guest Airlines) worked out what they felt would be a sensible release for the local Miami press. Terry said that she was vexed at reports that she had a heavy romance going on and that she and Gene had been hiding out in Havana, Panama City, Miami and other points.

She refuted the Turkish publicity, even doing a pose in the same position to prove that her skirts had been modestly arranged. She denied that there'd ever been anything serious between her and Dick Fincher (Gloria DeHaven's fiancé), Johnnie Ray, Robert Wagner, Larry Burns, Nick Savano, Bing Crosby or Robert Taylor.

As for McGrath: "He is my financial advisor." Any chance she would marry him? "I won't say that. If we ever did marry, you would say I was a liar and Terry is not a liar."

She then said she was leaving for New York. Kelly went back to the office and wrote his story accordingly.

A few moments later a clerk for Pan American Airlines told Terry that in order to be readmitted into Panama she must provide a photo or two for the customs clearance slip. She fished a photograph out of her purse and gave it to him. He razored the head out of the picture and dropped what was left in a waste basket, from which a writer with a large bump of curiosity shortly rescued it.

Instead of flying to New York, Terry flew to Panama with her husband that evening. Oddly enough, although she had always managed to get by with her maiden name, Helen Koford, this time she wrote herself in as Helen Luella Davis, using the name of her ex-husband.

Well, bear with us. We are nearly at the end of this fantastic tale and of the puzzle it presents.

It was on February 6th that Terry, Gene and the newspaper reporter sat together at the airport. The next day his story appeared.

That afternoon the inquisitive writer, holding in his hand a photo from which a face had been razored, said casually, "But she flew to Panama with him. No, not New York. *Panama.*"

A famous New York columnist was in Miami that day, on his way to Cuba. By evening his story had hit the special wires. And the next afternoon, Terry's mother announced the marriage. She had to.

All over the Hemisphere, from Panama to Caracas to Havana to Miami to New York to Las Vegas, hotel managers and publicity men and reporters breathed a sigh of relief and vowed, "Never again."

If ever you need proof, Terry, that those of us who write about and photograph you are on your side, this story is it.

We waited as long as we could. And Honey—we knew all the time. **END**

rusty takes a wife

(*Continued from page 53*) into Speed's car. "Ask me," he challenged, "if I've forgotten anything."

"Not me. I'm convinced." Speed stepped on the gas. "I'm one best man who doesn't have anything to do but deliver the body." He slid his car into the stream of traffic on Sunset Boulevard, headed oceanward, whistling the wedding march.

"Yipes!" Russ yelled.

Speed jammed on the brakes. "What's the matter?"

"The rings—the rings," Russ bellowed. "I had 'em right here."

"Sure, sure you did," Speed assured him. "But tell Papa, when's the last time you remember seeing them?"

"Well," Russ puzzled, scratching his well-combed hair furiously, "I was standing in front of the mirror, tying my tie. I remembered that I'd put the rings in my handkerchief pocket."

"So naturally, that being a safe place, you took them out."

"Yeah. I figured I might pull out the handkerchief and they might fall out—roll under the bed maybe. That's it! That's it!"

"Under the bed?"

"No, you dope. I put them on *top* of the bed, so when I put my coat on. . . ."

"Okay." Speed turned his car around. "So we go back."

"You sure that'll give us enough time?"

"Naturally. You allowed six minutes to change a flat tire. We'll use up the six minutes on the rings and we won't have a flat."

Meantime, at the home of director Robert Stevenson, the day's leading lady, bride-to-be Venetia, was making a brave attempt at being calm. The wedding gown, which had been so carefully planned so there'd be plenty of time, had turned plans into a last minute rush. Venetia was trying it on for the last time now, carefully arranging the bows at its high straight neckline. The dress was of pure silk *peau de soie*, French blue in color, the material having been sent especially from New York to the shop of Chris, on the Sunset Strip, arriving so late that Venetia had to spend two hours the day before the wedding on a final fitting. Material for the gloves, of the same fabric and color as the dress, had been missing. They were finished just in the nick of time, and then only because Chris and his staff had worked from midnight until dawn.

Now Venetia put on her little hat with its brim of forget-me-nots in blue and violet shades. Then came the veil of nylon net, which was waist length and dyed to match her gown. She picked up her wedding bouquet of small orchids and lily-of-the-valley, stepped back and viewed herself critically in the full-length mirror behind the door in her bedroom. Venetia is one of those fortunate creatures who, if she were any more beautiful, would be unbelievable. Yet, she frowned at the bride-to-be staring back at her, said, half to herself, "Well, it's the best I can do." Then she called out to her dad, "I'm ready!"

Outside the Stevenson home there waited a long, sleek, black Cadillac limousine. The driver was Ernest T. (Lymie)

Scarcliff, a twenty-year veteran of the MGM transportation department. He'd met Rusty during the shooting of *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers,* later driven for him on location in South Dakota for *The Last Hunt.* Long before the press and public wakened to the fact that Russ Tamblyn was a certain star bet, Lymie had boosted his stock with every producer on the lot until their ears rang. And Lymie had insisted that his wedding present from him would be his personal services on their wedding day. As Venetia climbed into the car, Lymie, holding the door, growled, his voice husky with sentiment, "You are the most beautiful bride I've seen since the day I was married."

Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stevenson as added passengers, Lymie headed the car toward Portuguese Bend. (Venetia's own mother, her parents having been divorced, had gone on ahead. But the bride's mother and father have remained good friends.)

As the big limousine glided through the rolling hills of Palos Verdes, Venetia said happily, "Just one more mile—ten minutes more and I'll be a married woman."

"Shucks, girl," her dad chided, "you needn't be so darned happy about leaving home."

Venetia gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Quiet, young man," she exclaimed, "don't be a bad loser." Then, as the car turned into the parking lot of the striking Cliffside church, she cried out, "There's Russ getting out of his car. He mustn't see me!"

She didn't have to worry. Russ saw the familiar limousine, turned and hurried toward the church entrance to avoid the bad luck of seeing his bride in her wedding gown before the ceremony.

"It's too bad," Venetia's father remarked "that it had to be so foggy today. I was hoping there'd be a lot of sunshine."

"Oh, don't worry," Venetia replied, "the sun will shine. You'll see."

It did, too, for the sky began to brighten just as the organ began to murmur the lovely refrain of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Then, the rays of sunlight began to filter through the sky, illuminating the church in the way that has caused boatmen offshore in the Pacific to refer to it as "the candle of God."

Here comes the bride

At this moment the wedding march began. And the eyes of the few invited guests, all but one or two being members of the immediate families (Debbie and Eddie Fisher were the only two invited star guests, but they had to be in San Francisco), turned to watch the bride's entrance. A moment later, Russ and Venetia stood before the Reverend Kenneth William Knox, a minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem. His resonant, distinct voice began: "Dearly beloved . . ."

Venetia's head was bowed. Russ' eyes were riveted on her face. He saw one big tear course down her cheek. Gently, he placed a finger under her chin and raised her head so that their eyes met. Reverend Knox continued the marriage ceremony instructions. ". . . to enjoy the blessedness of this estate, it is necessary that those who enter into it should be delivered from self love, and become established in supreme love to the Lord and in mutual love to each other. . . . Russ Tamblyn, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after the ordinance of the Lord in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and keep thee only unto her, so long as ye shall both live?"

"I will," Russ responded with quiet emphasis. In less than five minutes the double ring ceremony with its inspiring prayer at conclusion was over. The bride and groom hurried down the aisle to face the

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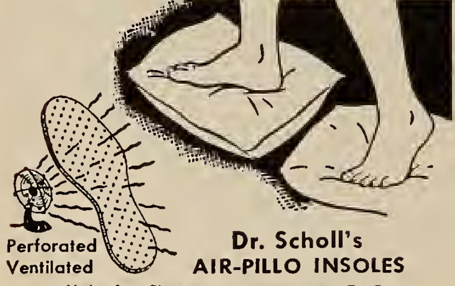

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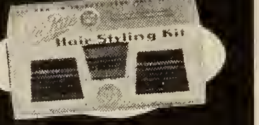

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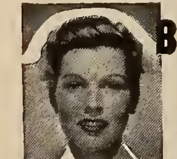

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cameramen waiting outside. Russ dutifully and joyfully kissed his bride six times for the benefit of the press until one of them said, "That's all, kids."

"The heck it is," Russ retorted. "I've kissed her enough for you—now I'm going to kiss her for myself!" He did, thoroughly.

Only a select few attended the champagne-pouring at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson. There were Venetia's lovely mother, former actress Anna Lee, who is now Mrs. George Stafford of San Francisco; the bride's brother, Hugh, eleven, and sister Caroline, fourteen; the popular actors' agents, Milton Garfield, and Dick Clayton. Russ' guests included his two ushers and longtime friends, Fred Fraley and Bob Six, with whom he went to school in North Hollywood. (His brother, Warren, a missionary in Germany, couldn't be present, but he'd sent them their first wedding present, a striking, intricately carved cuckoo clock.) Then there were Russ' mom and dad, his Grandma and Grandpa Triplett, his Aunt Ruth and Uncle Irving. Also present at the cutting of the wedding cake, but without benefit of champagne, was his cousin, Karen, age thirteen.

The high spot of the reception came when Dick Clayton proposed a toast to the bridegroom, and announced that he had a special wedding present for the bride. "Ladies and gentlemen" he said, "here's to the bride—may she be the brightest star at RKO!" Everyone whooped at the news, for ten days before, after long discussions between Russ and Venetia, it was decided that she should give in to the pressure and have a career of her own. "I guess I'm largely responsible," Dick explained, "because I know how terrifically busy Russ is now that his work demands so much of his time. Venetia would be spending many long hours alone in their apartment, because she isn't a gadabout. Because Russ has to be here, there and everywhere, they couldn't set up normal housekeeping. They are devoted to each other, and both being clean cut kids with their feet on the ground, a career for Venetia is going to add to their mutual interests, rather than detract."

"You're the boss!"

At times like this the family can reminisce for hours, but the bride and groom want to look forward, not backward, so early in the afternoon Russ whispered to Lymie, "Do you think anyone would mind if we sort of sneaked out?"

"Of course not, lad," Lymie responded. "Besides, you're the complete boss, now."

So Lymie loaded them into the limousine and they went for a long ride around Hollywood, through the hills. Venetia and Russ began to build their own memories. "Remember that day last week," Russ said, "when we were being interviewed about our plans. How I sat at one table and you sat at another against the same wall, with your back toward me. The poor interviewers. They thought we'd had a fight!"

Venetia remembered, too. "Better not forget to leave the key for Speed to get into our apartment so things can be delivered."

"Gee, yes, I almost forgot. You know, I don't think anyone believed me when I said all the furniture we had was that king-sized bed of yours, our do-it-yourself coffee table, the television set and the MODERN SCREEN Silver Cup."

"Oh, we have more than that," Venetia chided. "How could you forget about the wall-to-wall carpets?"

The rest of their conversation is privileged talk of the sort that takes place between two people just married and deeply in love, except for that priceless moment when Russ called out to Lymie, who was trying to drive with his ears closed.

"Hey, pop, we've got to go past my apartment. I've forgotten my overcoat!"

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Dutifully, Lymie headed for Russ' former abode. Once there they discovered that Russ had also forgotten his keys. They went to look for the landlord and never found him. Finally a friendly neighbor volunteered to let them call for a locksmith, who arrived an hour later to pick the lock and let Russ in for his coat. He emerged, grinning. "Remind me, sweetheart, never to forget anything again."

She promised, but Russ no longer had a mental appetite for the trivial things of life. Lymie drove them to the Bel-Air Hotel where the studio had reserved the bridal suite as a wedding present.

Next morning at 5:30 a.m., the telephone rang softly several times before Russ, deep in sleep, clutched at it. "Good morning, Mr. Tamblyn," a charming feminine voice said, "you left a call for five-thirty."

"I did?" Russ asked.

"Yes, Mr. Tamblyn. Shall I call you again in ten minutes?"

"No thanks." Russ was half awake now, and so was Venetia. They both looked at the warmth of the still faintly glowing fireplace and Venetia gazed with a bride's adoration at her new husband. She smiled gently as he rumpled his hair; scratching his head in a half stupor.

"My darling husband," she murmured, "there's something I want to tell you."

"Yeah, honey?"

"There's no business like show business —let's get up."

Honeymoon

At Clover Field airport in Santa Monica the temperature was forty-two degrees when Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn arrived, again in the sleek black limousine with Lymie at the wheel. Ralph Couser, long time friend of Bob Taylor's, had pulled the twin engine Beechcraft out of its hangar before dawn and had checked it thoroughly. He opened the door to the Cadillac to greet the huddled newlyweds.

"Congratulations and good morning," he said. "How about a little breakfast?"

"Wonderful," Venetia exclaimed. "You know, I always wondered what sort of a wedding breakfast I'd have. Whether it would be on the beach in Honolulu or on a tray at the Waldorf-Astoria. But now I know, and it couldn't be nicer."

Russ eased himself to the floor of the back seat, as Ralph brought the breakfast—a thermos of coffee and two doughnuts.

Stewart Granger showed up in a taxicab, looking a little grim. "I expect," he announced, "that my disposition will rise from lousy to grouchy by the time we're somewhere over New Mexico."

"How about a shot with the bride and groom?" photographer Beerman asked. "Maybe you'd better give her a kiss."

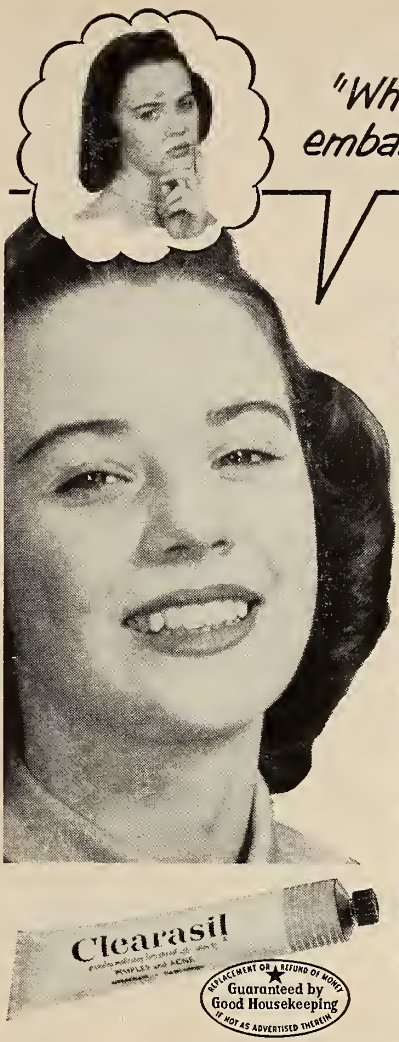
"Nothing doing," Granger retorted. "This junket is all for these two wonderful kids. I'm not a scene stealer—I'm just along for the ride."

Moments later, Granger and Mr. and Mrs. T. were aboard the plane. Pilot Couser consulted the map of the route to Sioux City, where they were to attend the première of *The Last Hunt*.

"Clammy and cold down here, but upstairs nothing but sunlight."

The honeymoon air special roared down the runway. As its wheels lifted from the pavement an unusual phenomenon occured. Just for a few seconds, as had happened a day before in the Wayfarers' church, a shaft of sunlight broke through the overcast, lighting up the silver winged plane with a soft glow, as though a special sort of blessing had been sent from above for the honeymooners.

Sioux City greeted them with a mob of 2000 people, dozens of signs—"Welcome Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn!"—and sixteen-below-zero weather. They cheered the frozen newlyweds all the way from the



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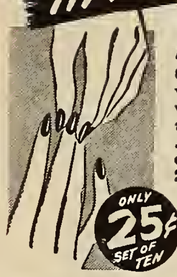

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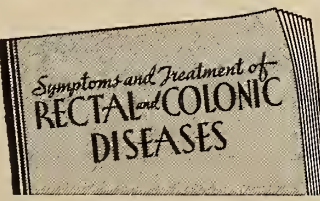
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airport to the première ("They trompled us, but they were nice," said Venetia) and someone filled their hotel room with roses and champagne. The flowers gave Venetia hay fever, but the champagne gave them a thrill, so they were even. The next day they toured hospitals all morning and took a plane for The Twin Cities at noon. "We hope we didn't rush you around too much," everyone apologized as they left. "We know it's your honeymoon."

Minnesota sent up more roses, more champagne and put them on TV. With Venetia sniffling from the bouquets and Russ beaming into the cameras, the m.c. asked them, "Hope we haven't invaded your privacy too much." "Not at all," said Russ. "Well," said their host, "we'll try to leave you a little time to yourselves. What'll you do with it?" Russ stared at him. "Mister," he said, "are you kidding?"

Saturday night they arrived in New York and had all day Sunday to themselves. They unpacked their five suitcases, took a quick walk through the park and spent the rest of the day making lists of the things they'd do if they got another day off.

The hotel sent up roses and champagne.

Reporters and cameramen arrived by the score. "You poor kids," they said. "No privacy on your honeymoon."

Russ and Venetia grinned at each other and she reached up to whisper in his ear—something she does so well that no one, however close, can hear. Russ nodded. "Look," he said, "everyone's been worrying so much about our honeymoon. You send up flowers, you send up champagne, we get great rooms—and you leave us alone at night. Why, mister, stop worrying. We're having a ball!" **END**

---

natalie wood

(*Continued from page 42*) a great actress, but I wasn't thinking about that. I was thinking that the beautiful, wild-eyed, determined, rebellious, turbulent girl in my arms might someday become a very fine woman.

She needs to learn to control the sparks that shoot off from her like they do from a firecracker on the fourth of July, and she needs to stop racing through life like a locomotive with the throttle open. She needs the seasoning that a few more years will give her, and a good healthy kick in the pants occasionally won't do her any harm, but she is still only seventeen, and she is already generous, independent, loyal, kind, and as finely tempered as a piece of steel.

When we were half-way around the park, she woke up again.

"Nicky?"

"Yes?"

"Nicky?"

"Are you warm enough?"

"Uh-huh. Nicky, am I a nice person?"

I teased her. "No."

"Why?" She sat up.

"You're inconsiderate, rude, conceited, spoiled and impatient."

"Oh." She paused for a moment. "I suppose I am."

"Don't worry about a thing," I said. "You'll grow up." I smiled at her. "Look! The sun's out, and your chaperon is probably freezing to death up there with the driver. Come on, let's have breakfast."

"I think growing up," she said wistfully, "is the hardest thing in the world to do."

She's right, of course. But Natalie has done it. It's taken her the whole year and a half since I first met her and even the few months since that New York trip, but I think her growing pains are almost over.

Some things about her haven't changed. They will never change. She will never lose the excitement that makes everybody in the room turn toward her, and she will always seem to glitter when she walks as though the sun is focusing all of its rays toward her head. But she is no longer the little rebel that I met in the casting office at Warner Brothers on the ninth day of December, 1954.

Sour Sixteen

She was sixteen years old, and she was the only person in the casting office when I came in. I was twenty-three years old. I was wearing a pea jacket and a pair of Navy boots. I had been out of the Navy for three weeks, and I didn't have quite enough money to buy myself a civilian coat. I was at Warner Brothers to test for *Rebel Without A Cause*. Solly Baiano, the casting director, liked to go fishing, and so did I. We had had some good arguments over fishing while I was making *Mister Roberts*, and he had asked me back to test for *Rebel*.

Natalie was looking out the window.

"Hi, Beautiful," I said, as I always say to all pretty girls.

She turned around and glared at me—at least it seemed that way at the time. It didn't take me very long to find out that this was a different kind of girl than I had ever known. The next most cloistered life—after growing up within convent walls—is growing up on a studio lot. The Board of Education bends over backwards to protect kids working in pictures from any kind of bad influence. Even today, although Natalie is almost eighteen, the state law requires that a chaperon and welfare worker be with her on every movie set, and on every kind of activity that stems out of her being a movie star.

I never knew anyone who had a chaperon before. And Natalie—well, I guess Natalie never knew anybody who said "Hi, Beautiful" to strange girls.

I'll never forget how she looked at that first meeting. Natalie—as I found out later—was going through a stage when she was trying to shed adolescent roles and step into the big time, grown-up stuff. She thought that the way to impress producers and casting executives with her experience was to dress like a woman of thirty. But the severe black dress, the veiled hat, the sheer hose and opera pumps, in combination with her imp's face, only made her look like a kid dressed up in her mother's clothes.

"Do you work here?" I asked. (I recognized her, of course. In the middle of the Pacific Ocean I had watched several old movies in which Natalie was cuddled in the laps of bewhiskered gentlemen. But I pretended that I had never seen her before.)

"I'm testing for *Rebel Without A Cause* for Mr. Nick Ray," she answered haughtily.

"Really? What's your name?"

"Natalie Wood."

"Natalie Wood. Wood . . . Wood. I'm afraid I don't place it," I said apologetically. "Have you done much acting?"

"A little," she said coldly. "I'm sixteen now, but of course I didn't get started until I was four."

I winced. She was very pretty. And sort of cute. But, even so, I wasn't sure that I wanted to know Natalie Wood any better. She had been a movie star almost from the day she learned to walk, and I had a hunch that people had been babying her and catering to her for an awfully long time. I didn't feel like joining the throng.

"Well—I hope you get the role," I told her. And backed away.

The silent treatment

She did get the role, of course.

Before the picture started Natalie, Jimmy Dean, Dennis Hopper and a few others were called in to make tests.

After lunch Dennis Hopper and I sprawled on the set waiting for the tests to resume. We were discussing our favorite topic—the various theories of acting, and Natalie stood by, looking as though this might be a favorite topic with her, too.

We gave her the Silent Treatment.

The Silent Treatment continued all day—until Natalie herself broke it, late that afternoon as we were leaving. It had started to rain, and we ran for the car. Natalie trotted a few feet behind us.

"Look," she said, "even criminals get a second chance. Can I help it because I was a Child Star? I'm really not bad, through and through."

She looked terribly forlorn, standing there with drops of rain rolling down her face and all of the sophistication washed away.

"Better get in the car," I said. "You don't want to catch a cold."

"Please, then, will you give me a lift?"

I smiled at her. "Sure," I said. "Can we buy you a hamburger and a malt?"

She smiled back. She was beautiful when she smiled. "Delighted," she said.

Laughter in Hollywood

Friendship is a strange thing. Nobody can say just how or why it gets started, but ours started at that moment. I had boxed her ears, and she never tried to pull an act or impress me again. She wanted to have the world on a leash, trailing along behind her whenever she whistled, but her faults didn't matter too much because she was more fun to be with than any other girl I had ever met. She had a trick of laughing so that you had to join her and the gift of expressing happiness more completely than anyone else in the world.

We had fun those first few months. There was the afternoon that Kim Novak called me from New York and asked me to take a girl friend of hers to an important party that night. Natalie and Dennis were there when Kim called. I hung up the phone and looked at them. My good suit was at the cleaners; my car had broken something the day before and all it did was sit and smoke; and I wasn't even sure I had enough money to pay all the taxi fares for the evening.

"Sorry," Natalie said. "But it's your problem. Come on, Dennis, we've got to go." And she dragged Dennis out.

Two hours later she was back. She had borrowed a tuxedo from one of Dennis' friends. She had brought her Thunderbird for me to use, and she had even brought along Tony Ray—son of director Nick Ray—to act as my chauffeur. He was dressed in a chauffeur's jacket and cap that she had borrowed somewhere else.

She waved goodbye to me. "See you tomorrow," she said.

But I saw her much sooner than that. When my date and I arrived at the party, Natalie, Dennis and five or six of their friends were hanging around the entrance with autograph books in their hands. They rushed up to me screaming, "There's Nick Adams." "Oh, I swoon for him." "Isn't he wonderful?"

Twenty or twenty-five real autograph hunters trailed after them, thinking that I must be someone really important. When I was surrounded with real autograph books, Natalie and Dennis stood on the edge of the crowd cheering me on.

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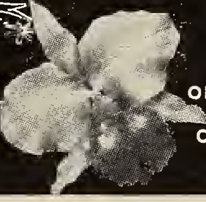

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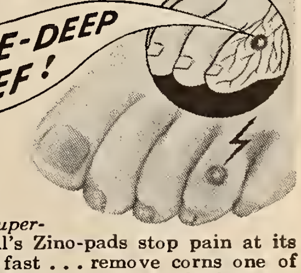

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went to my car that day, I found a new typewriter in the back seat. It was tied with a red ribbon, and she had written this note:

"With this you can type out love, sincerity, loyalty and all the other things that you mean to me."

In a way we did love each other, but we were not in love. It is just that at certain times in a person's life he needs another person to whom he can tell everything, a person of whom he can ask questions that he can ask no one else, a person who will understand.

And Natalie was facing a difficult challenge. She wanted desperately to be grown-up, but she didn't know what being grown-up meant. She didn't want to follow any rules or obey any regulations. She thought that being grown-up meant being free of the rules that said she had to be chaperoned on the set and that she had to go to school a certain number of hours a day and that she had to be home by twelve o'clock and that she couldn't do this and must do that. For a few months she spent most of her time rebelling against everything and everybody.

Climax

The climax came one evening when *Rebel* was finished. I picked her up at her house and found myself in the middle of a four-cornered argument.

"I'm not going to do it . . ." Natalie was saying.

"You are," said her folks.

"I'm not." She bit her lip and slammed the door behind her.

"I hate being young," she said when we were outside. "The day that I'm eighteen I'm going to get my own apartment."

That was only the beginning of that evening. We were invited to Dennis' house for a small party. There were six or seven other people there, and Natalie wanted to prove how really grown-up she was.

"I want a cigarette," she said.

She has never smoked and she didn't smoke that evening. But she found a cigarette and lit it. Then she sat on the couch with it, trying to look sophisticated and flicking the ashes aside. A few minutes later flames spurted up from the couch.

"Hey. Look out," Dennis said, pushing her aside and smothering the flames with a towel. He put the fire out, but there was a large hole in the cushion.

"Look what you did," Dennis said.

"I'm sorry," Natalie said vaguely.

"You ought to be sorry."

"Well, it isn't really my fault. I was just sitting there and all of a—"

Somebody turned on the phonograph and I swung Natalie into my arms. While we were dancing I said, "It was your fault, Natalie. You're too careless and—"

She broke in. "I don't want to hear about it."

"You won't listen to anything a person says lately. Someday you're going to get into trouble, leaping into things without listening."

A friend of Dennis came in with two bullfighter posters, a book about bullfighters, and a glass of tequilla.

"What's that?" Natalie asked.

"Lemonade," the boy said. "Have some."

"Natalie," I said. "He's just—"

But she wasn't listening again. Before I could warn her, she had impatiently picked up the "lemonade" and swallowed it. Tears trickled down her eyelashes and she stood choking and coughing in the middle of the room. I handed her a glass of water.

"Now will you start listening and stop doing things so quickly?"

She didn't thank me for the advice.

"Come on," I said. "We'd better be leaving."

We drove without talking to each other. I was pretty angry at her, and she was—well, three miles from Dennis' house, she said, "Stop the car, Nicky."

"Huh?"

"Nicky, stop the car. I'm going to be sick."

I pulled on the brake, and she slid out the car door and wobbled across the sidewalk. When she came back, she was paler than I had ever seen her.

"How do you feel?"

"Awful."

I put my arms around her. "You are inconsiderate, rude, spoiled and too doggone impatient."

"I know it," she moaned. "Nicky, I want some water. Please get me some water."

"Where?"

"There's a Ladies' Room over there." She pointed weakly.

I saw the sign. "But, Natalie. . . ."

"Please."

I headed hesitantly to the Ladies' Room. A car passed and I stood outside the door whistling and looking blankly at the stars. Then I ducked inside. I got her a cup of water and a couple of wet paper towels for her head. I brought them back to her.

She drank the water too quickly. For a moment I thought she was going to be sick again. I held one of the paper towels against her forehead.

"Why am I so impatient?" she asked. "Why do I want to break away from other people's advice and why do I do everything so quickly as though there isn't a second to spare?"

"You're trying to grow up," I said. "And you don't understand what it means. It's not being free and under no rules. It means being responsible for yourself."

We talked for a long time that night. I can't tell you most of the things we said. They were told to me in confidence, and they are too private to write. But Natalie cried and had to use the soggy paper towels to dry her eyes, and she listened, too.

Domesticated Natalie

In two months now, she will be eighteen. But she will not be leaving home.

"Who would take my messages and help me keep my things straight and tell me the things I still need to know?" she asks. "I'm not ready to leave home yet."

She is interested in listening to people and talking to them and learning everything that she can. Dennis is bunking at my house and sometimes the three of us sit around the fireplace there, reading aloud from Thomas Wolfe or Hemingway and discussing what we have read. She is considerate of other people's opinions now and their feelings. She tries hard to be fair to people. For instance, if I have an early call in the morning, she will drive herself to my house instead of demanding that I pick her up and take her home.

When I first met her, she didn't even know how to turn on the stove. Last week I came over to her house with a bag full of groceries.

"I'll make dinner," she said.

And she did. It was a good dinner—hamburgers, salad and corn on the cob—and we ate every bit of it. Then we went into the living room and started to read.

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When Natalie does something, she does it with a flourish. There were two clean dishes left when she was through making dinner and I shuddered at the idea of cleaning the kitchen. But while Natalie's mother and I talked, Natalie washed the dishes herself and put everything away.

She has not changed completely. She is still imperious and impatient. But I would not want her to change completely. She might lose that air of excitement that hangs around her like a cloak and makes her completely different from anyone I have ever met. Even when she burns you up, she does it with style.

Two weeks ago, I was asked to perform at a benefit. I was to be a guest at supper, so I picked Natalie up at the studio when shooting was over for the day on her picture, *A Cry In The Night*. We arrived at the hotel at seven, found our table and had our dinner served. At 7:30 the speeches began. At 10:30 the speeches were still going.

"Let's go," Natalie said, tugging at my sleeve.

"I can't," I whispered. "I've got to perform."

"I don't see why."

"Natalie!"

"Oh, all right."

At one o'clock the m.c. finally smiled at me. "And now we're going to have a little entertainment," he said.

Everybody was too sleepy to want to be entertained, so I made my act short.

"Fine," the m.c. said. "And now a little more entertainment."

"Oh, no," Natalie groaned.

The "little more entertainment" was someone with a harp and a large repertory of songs. Natalie yawned across the table at me for another five minutes.

Then she rested her chin on her hands, sighed mournfully, and sang—in tune with the harp—"Let us go."

"It's not polite."

"I don't care," she trilled lightly. "My seat . . . is . . . getting . . . sore . . ."

She took her hands away from her chin and stood up. "I . . . am . . . going . . . now," she sang. Unfortunately the harp player had paused for breath. Everybody in the room turned to look at us, and I followed her as quickly as I could. At the door the headwaiter stopped us.

"You owe twenty dollars," he said. "For the dinner."

"I am supposed to be a guest," I said.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "But you know . . ."

I reached into my pocket for my wallet. Natalie grabbed the wallet out of my hands and faced the headwaiter. She was very angry.

"That's not fair," she said. "They told him he was a guest."

She pulled the check away from the headwaiter. With a grand flourish she shredded it to bits and let the pieces drift to the floor. Then she floated imperially toward the exit.

I loved her very much at that minute. She is exasperating, aggravating and maddening, but she is also the most exciting person I have ever known. She is as fascinating as a fancy dress ball and as indescribable as a Roman candle.

And I suppose that she has got the world on her leash at that. I followed the trail of paper to the door where she was waiting for me. I hugged her and, laughing wildly, we ran to the car. **END**

(Natalie Wood can be seen in Warner Brothers' *The Searchers*. Nick Adams can currently be seen in Columbia's *Picnic* and Warner Brothers' *Our Miss Brooks*.)

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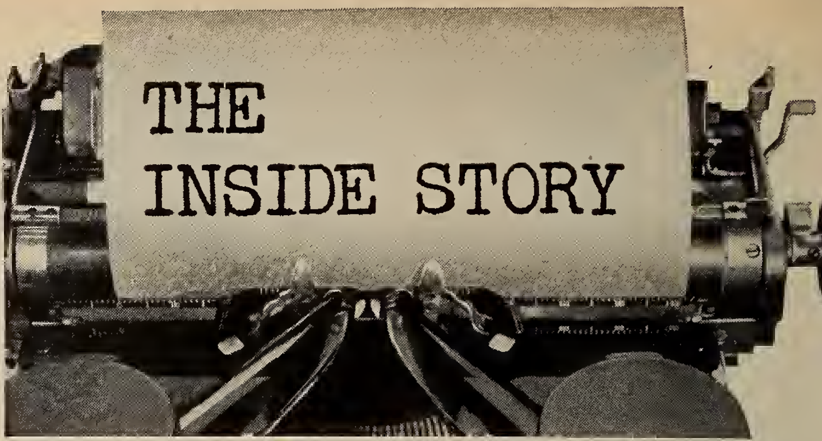


Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Anna Magnani is 46, and wears falsies? —S.L., N.Y.C.

A. *Magnani wears no falsies.*

Q. Did Janice Rule jilt Farley Granger? —T.T., Denver, Col.

A. *Miss Rule and actor Ralph Meeker are more suited to each other.*

Q. Is Guy Madison's wife pregnant again? —F.E., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Expecting in July.*

Q. Did MGM fire Jane Powell? —S.G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Contract re-negotiation allows Jane to make pictures at other studios.*

Q. Wasn't the George Nader-Dani Crayne romance a publicity stunt? —S.C., New Orleans, La.

A. *No. They were quite serious for a while.*

Q. How come a girl as attractive as Dorothy Malone can't find a husband in Hollywood? —D.T., Fort Worth, Texas

A. *There are few eligible men in Hollywood. Dorothy is currently dating Richard Egan.*

Q. Is it true that Tab Hunter is a potential candidate for the 1960 Olympic Games? —V.N., Denver, Col.

A. *Yes, Hunter is a crack ice-skater.*

Q. Ben Cooper and Jane Howard—is this serious? —L.U., Richmond, Va.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is there a feud between Kim Novak and Judy Holliday? —R.L., Syracuse, N.Y.

A. *They are not the closest of friends.*

Q. Whatever happened to Fess Parker? Is he married to Marcie Rinehart? —G.H., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Parker recently finished* Westward Ho, The Wagons, *may marry Marcie after his European promotional junket.*

Q. Can you tell me which actress in Hollywood is the best liked and most respected? —A.N., Bangor, Me.

A. *Deborah Kerr might win Hollywood's own popularity poll.*

Q. Does Jane Wyman have any men in her life or is she finished with marriage? —L.R., Omaha, Neb.

A. *Jane has been seen frequently with Procter & Gamble executive Gail Smith.*

Q. I've been told that Claudette Colbert is one of the most talented portrait painters in America. Is this true? —F.H., Hartford, Conn.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I've been hearing so much about *Trapeze,* the film Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis made with Gina Lollobrigida. Can you tell me when it will open? —J.Y., Newark, N.J.

A. *July 4th.*

Q. Has Rock Hudson become an independent producer as well as a writer? —T.R., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *Hudson and Henry Ginsberg, producer of* Giant, *have formed an independent production company. Hudson, however, is under exclusive U-I contract until 1961.*

Q. Is Bela Lugosi a dope addict? —N.N., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. *Lugosi was once addicted to narcotics, is no more.*

Q. Did Frank Sinatra enjoy working in *Guys and Dolls?* Is it true he thinks Marlon Brando is a lousy singer? —D.H., Providence, R.I.

A. *Frank did not enjoy* Guys And Dolls, *does not think much of Brando's singing voice.*

Q. Does Liz Taylor wear slacks more frequently than she wears skirts and dresses? —B.D., Beaumont, Texas

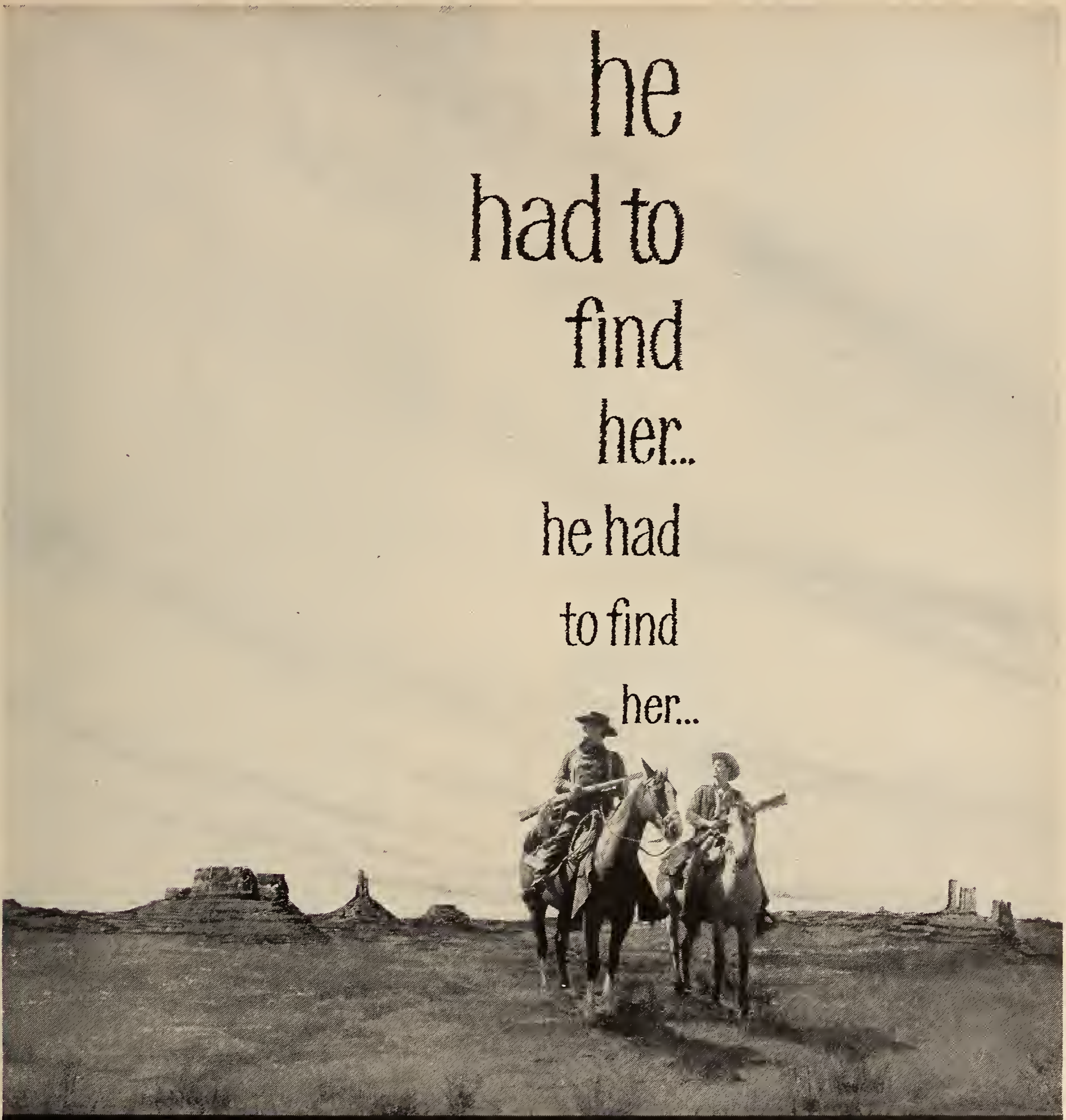
A. *Her current favorite is bullfighter trousers.*

Q. Has Alan Ladd's son become an actor? —A.L., Banning, Cal.

A. *Laddie Ladd makes his debut with his father in* Santiago.

Q. Is there any chance that Howard Hughes will marry Debra Paget? —S.S., Houston, Texas

A. *Not much.*



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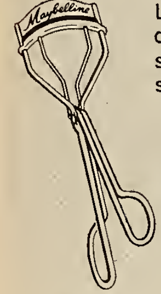

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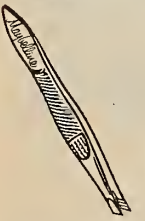

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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD

Leave it to Alfred Hitchcock to be different. The imaginative producer-director always opens his films in some striking, unusual fashion, and *The Man Who Knew Too Much,* co-starring James Stewart and Doris Day, is no exception. Hitchcock is using a full-scale symphony orchestra as the background for his main titles with the camera concentrating on the percussion section and the cymbal player. Over a huge closeup of the clashing cymbals will be the inscription "A simple cymbal clash and what it meant to an American family." While the audience won't realize it until much later in the story, the orchestra and cymbal play a key role in the taut suspense drama, which concerns an attempted political assassination during a concert in London's famed Royal Albert Hall. . . . Knowing his fetish for authenticity, a friend asked James Stewart if he did any research for his role of a doctor in this film. "Yeah," drawled Stewart, "I watched three *Medic* shows on television." . . . Alfred Hitchcock abhors violence in films. Recently, the famed producer-director was asked why he didn't subscribe to the hard-boiled school. Hitchcock replied: "The softer destruction of the human being appeals to me."

Fifteen years ago two men named John Masters and William Travers were fighting alongside each other in a British Army unit in India and Burma. They became close friends. When World War II ended, Masters gave up soldiering for writing and became a best-seller novelist. Travers became an actor and soon won fame on the British stage. When MGM purchased the story rights for Masters' *Bhowani Junction* and decided to film it with Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger, they needed someone to play the important role of Patric Taylor, the third side of the romantic triangle. Who was selected? William Travers! Masters and Travers hadn't seen each other since the war!

Phil Harris, currently starring in the Warner release *Goodbye, My Lady,* has had four records that sold over a million copies. They were "That's What I Like About The South," "Poker Club," "The Thing," and "The Old Master Painter." We asked Phil which of the four was his favorite. As you'd expect, it's "That's What I Like About The South." "But," says Phil, "let me tell you a funny, funny bit. In *Goodbye, My Lady,* I star with Walter Brennan and Brandon de Wilde. The canine star of the film is Lady, a basenji hound whose ancestry dates back to the days of the pharaohs. The basenji is different from all other breeds of dogs in that it never barks, but will on occasion laugh and cry, often shedding real tears. Well, one day I walked in and everyone said, "Shhh!" So I tiptoed over to the director, William Wellman, and whispered "What's up?" Wellman cast a weary glance at me and whispered back, "We're trying to get the dog to laugh." "How do you do that?" I asked. "Give her to Walter Brennan," said Wellman. "How can Walter make her laugh?" I wanted to know. "Well," said Wellman, "the basenji laughs only when it feels bad. Brennan doesn't know this, so he tells her what he thinks are funny jokes. The basenji laughs, so Walter tells her more. Wait! Pretty soon the dog will be laughing hysterically, and Walter will be beaming."

Carol Ohmart, one of Hollywood's brightest finds, will have her film debut in Paramount's *The Scarlet Hour.* Carol has had quite a meteoric rise in the entertainment world. Carol is in her mid-twenties and is of Egyptian-Alsace-Lorraine and Irish blood. Her measurements are bust 36, waist 24, and hips 35. At the age of one Carol won a national baby contest as the most beautiful and healthiest infant in the land. She was Miss Utah in 1946 and placed fourth in the Miss America contest. Her stage debut came at the age of three when she appeared on the Orpheum Theatre's stage in Seattle dressed in tights, a tiny black derby, and holding a cane. It took many top television roles to get her into the Broadway production of *Kismet* where she was discovered by Hollywood. Carol, in all seriousness, tells us that an argument always develops during a discussion of whether girls should keep their eyes opened or closed when kissing. (*Continued on page 95*)

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES
STEWART
DORIS
DAY
in
ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S

A
LITTLE
KNOWLEDGE
CAN BE
A DEADLY
THING!

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

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Directed by
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Screenplay by
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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
The Eddy Duchin Story
Gaby
Goodbye, My Lady

FOR DRAMA
Away All Boats
The Harder They Fall
A Day Of Fury
The Price Of Fear
Tribute To A Bad Man

FOR LAUGHS
The Birds And The Bees

FOR SUSPENSE
The Man Who Knew Too Much
23 Paces To Baker Street

FOR SPECTACLE
Serenade
Forbidden Planet
On The Threshold Of Space

***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *Involved in an assassination plot, a murder, and a kidnapping are Doris Day and James Stewart who star in Alfred Hitchcock's drama set in Casablanca.*

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

suspense par excellence

■ This is Alfred Hitchcock at his best—and that's about as good as anyone can get. The story opens midway between Casablanca and Marrakesh on a bus in which are found American doctor McKenna (James Stewart) his wife, a former Broadway musical comedy star (Doris Day) and their seven-year-old son Hank (Chris Olsen). They've come from a medical convention in Paris and are here for the sights. They make the mistake of letting themselves be befriended by a mysterious Frenchman (Daniel Gelin) who arrives at their hotel suite for cocktails but makes a hurried and suspicious departure before dinner. Slightly put out the McKennas dine with a friendly English couple (Bernard Miles and Brenda de Banzie). The next day they visit the market place in Marrakesh together. There, amidst the exotic hubbub Gelin, dressed as an Arab, is stabbed in the

(*Continued on page 10*)

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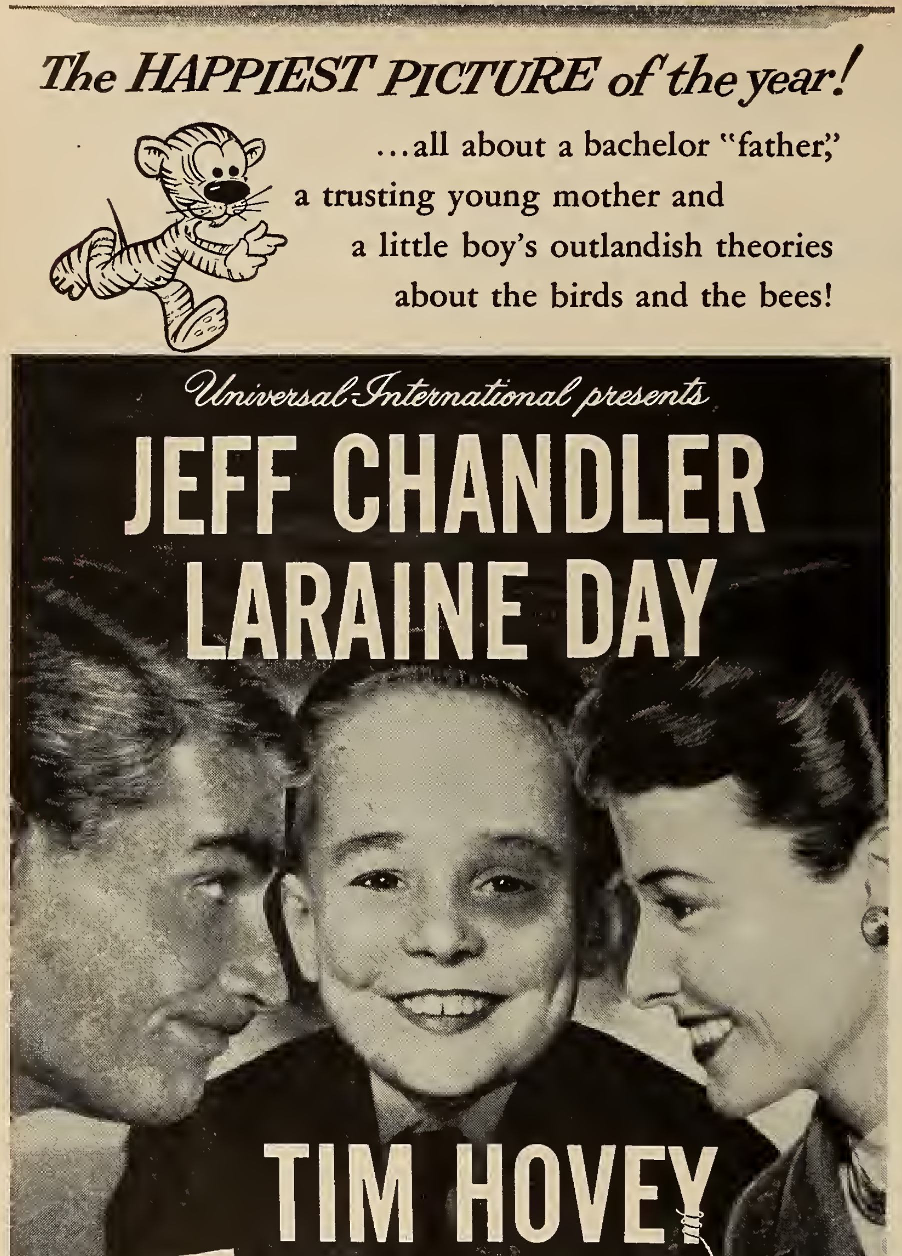

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about the birds and the bees!

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LARAINE DAY

TIM HOVEY

TOY TIGER

That hilarious little boy who drove "Major Benson" crazy!

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PRINT BY Technicolor

with CECIL KELLAWAY · RICHARD HAYDN

Directed by JERRY HOPPER and Screen Story and Screenplay by TED SHERDEMAN Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE

movie previews

(Continued from page 8)

back. He dies in Stewart's arms, after whispering vital information about an assassination of a statesman soon to take place in London. Brenda de Banzie takes Hank back to the hotel while the McKennas go to the police station. There, Stewart receives a phone call warning him that if he talks his son will die. Then the chase begins. Seven-year-old Hank has disappeared. Stewart, fearful of seeking police help, flies back to London with his wife in a desperate attempt to find Hank and stop the assassination. The suspense doesn't let up for a minute; the characters and the backgrounds are unique, lavish and exciting and so, of course, is the plot. Doris Day is excellent as a distraught mother. VistaVision.—Para.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

"Hotsie" Gobel finds a wife

■ Heir to a hot dog kingdom, George Gobel escapes this misfortune by collecting snakes in Africa, but occasionally he must come home. At sea George meets Mitzi Gaynor, who is traveling with her father (David Niven) and another card thief (Reginald Gardiner). The three of them wish to take Hotsie (that's George) for as much as they can get. But Mitzi ruins all by falling in love. Before she can explain her background Hotsie's valet buddy (Harry Bellaver) exposes her. George goes home to Connecticut and apparently sulks. One night his Pop (Fred Clark) throws a fancy party to which are invited a French Count and his daughter. The daughter looks exactly like Mitzi and, except for a beard and monocle, the Count is a double for Niven. This is because that's who they are (another in their schemes to take George for all they can). Of course, Hotsie succumbs again and marries Mitzi before Harry Bellaver can expose her. But he does, by George. At times George Gobel is hilarious but he is not quite the man to carry this whole picture. VistaVision—Para.

THE HARDER THEY FALL

hard-hitting drama of the fight racket

■ Underneath it all Humphrey Bogart is a decent, honorable man, but it just so happens that he needs money. To get it he takes a job as press agent for Rod Steiger—a smart, ruthless, crooked operator who wants to promote a huge hunk of brawn as the heavyweight champion of the world. Toro (Mike Lane) comes from Argentina, looks like a giant killer, but is actually a gentle young man and the world's worst boxer. That doesn't matter. Bogart writes the newspaper stories, Steiger's henchmen fix fights and Toro rides to fame. Naturally, Steiger makes a fortune, not one penny of which reaches Toro. When he gets a chance to fight for the title, champion Max Baer informs Bogart and Steiger that he will murder the boy. Steiger doesn't mind since his bet will be safe, but Bogart's latent nobility finally asserts itself. He prepares Toro for the brutal beating and later sneaks him aboard a plane for home. Steiger, who has just sold Toro's contract at a nice profit is quite upset but he can't scare Bogart. When last seen that gentleman is hunched over a typewriter exposing the fight racket while wife Jan Sterling is keeping the coffee warm. Plenty of good atmosphere, good acting and horrible characters.—Col. (Continued on page 12)

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movie previews

(Continued from page 10)

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY

. . . his life and loves

■ Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin, the brilliant young pianist whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Arrived from Boston—brash, naive and ambitious, he lands a job in the fashionable Central Park Casino because a young influential heiress (Kim Novak) is immediately attracted to him. Eddy becomes famous, marries Kim and is ecstatically happy until the birth of their son, Peter, at which time Eddy's wife dies. Shattered and lost Eddy leaves his son with his in-laws, tours the continent five years but can't overcome his grief. Finally, during World War II he joins the Navy, thirsty for action. Afterward, somewhat reconciled to life he comes home, anxious to be a father to ten-year-old Peter. But Eddy is like a stranger to Peter, who is attached to pretty Victoria Shaw, a guest in the family home. Eddy struggles to reclaim his son and in the process falls in love with Victoria. But their life together is short-lived for Eddy is suffering from leukemia. Though the movie often leans toward the melodramatic, parts are genuinely moving and the production is handsome. With James Whitmore. CinemaScope—Col.

SERENADE

a sweet and sour love song

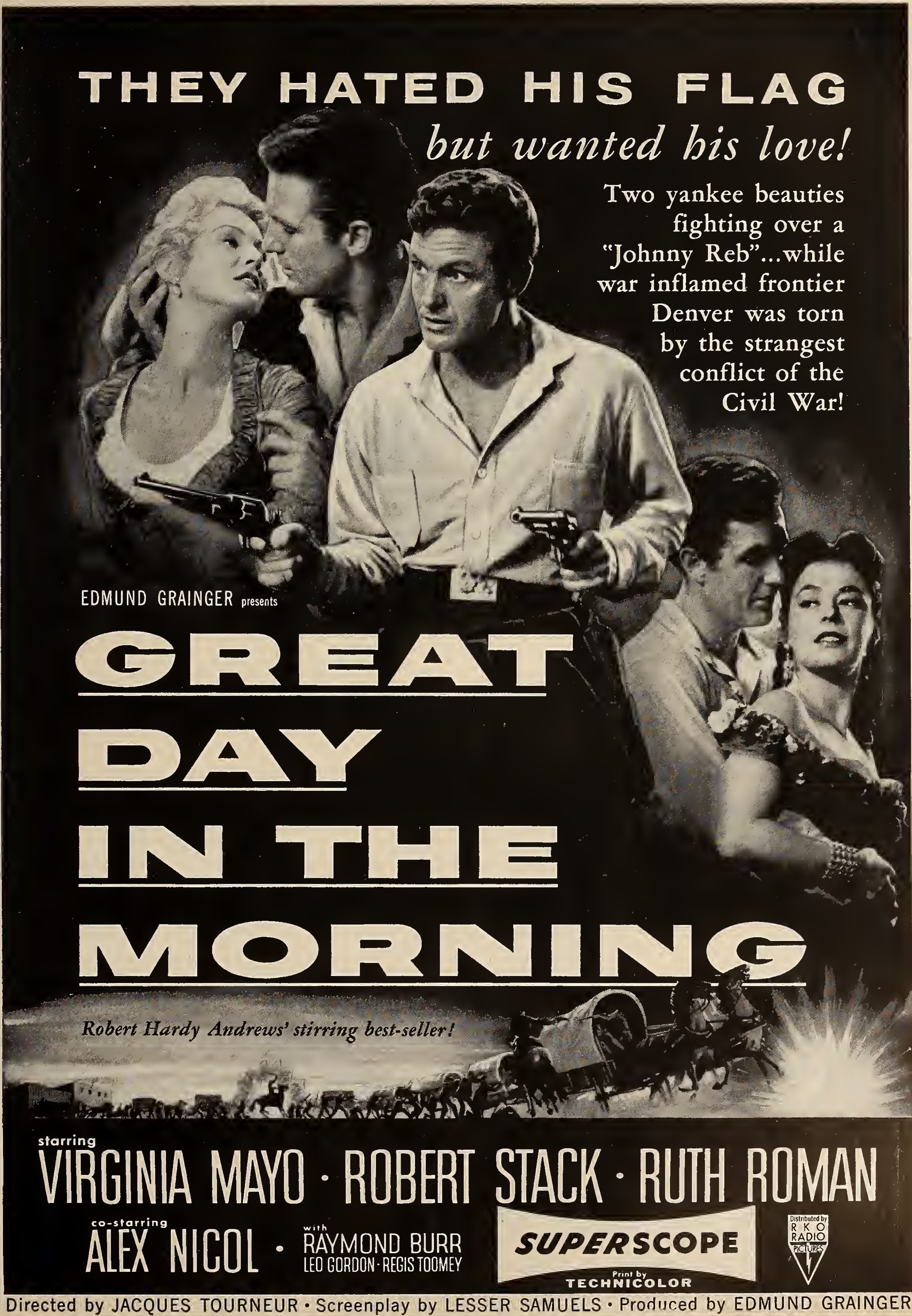
■ There is this woman Joan Fontaine—rich, beautiful and fatal, it says here—who helps men to fame and then destroys them. Mario Lanza, case in point. The first time she sees him he's working in a California vineyard; the second time, he's singing in a restaurant; the third time, he's in her lush apartment getting himself a famous singing teacher, promises of bookings from Vincent Price and the sultry eye from Joan. He can hardly believe his good luck, but aside from hot and cold running chills and a general air of hysteria Mario stays with it. Everything's hunky-dory until the night of his debut at the Met. That's when Joan lowers the boom by her absence. (She's heard her last aria and is dallying with a sculptor.) Mario races off the stage, has a tantrum, winds up in Mexico, loses his voice and nearly dies in the arms of Sarita Montiel. Sarita has her own problems having to do with her father who was gored to death by a bull (a matador, he, but call him coward and she'll stab you). Well, Mario's voice returns and with Sarita he comes home for a comeback. But don't expect jilting Joan Fontaine to stand there and let that happen! CinemaScope—Warners.

FORBIDDEN PLANET

exciting science fiction

■ One of the best science fiction movies to date, *Forbidden Planet* is a richly imaginative view of a superior civilization that once existed on the planet Altair, and left its legacy of knowledge to an earth scientist (Walter Pidgeon). Now, an expedition (headed by Leslie Nielsen) lands its disc-like spaceship on desolate, green-skyed Altair in a search for Walter Pidgeon and other survivors. Robby the Robot appears on an atomic-powered motor scooter and delivers Nielsen, Warren Stevens and Jack Kelly to Pidgeon. Robby, an electronically controled marvel, speaks 180 languages, generally makes the human brain seem moronic, is

(*Continued on page 14*)



THEY HATED HIS FLAG

but wanted his love!

Two yankee beauties
fighting over a
"Johnny Reb"...while
war inflamed frontier
Denver was torn
by the strangest
conflict of the
Civil War!

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Robert Hardy Andrews' stirring best-seller!

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ALEX NICOL · with RAYMOND BURR
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Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR · Screenplay by LESSER SAMUELS · Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER

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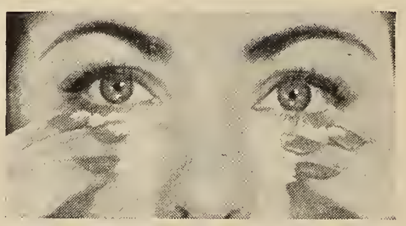

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HOMOGENIZED ★ RICH TEXTURED

movie previews

(Continued from page 12)

capable of performing any number of amazing tasks (including the building and furnishing of Pidgeon's exquisite, atomic age home) and has the added virtue of not being able to destroy rational beings. As it turns out Pidgeon put him together after first getting a brain boost from one of the toys he discovered in his Altairian lab. Pidgeon claims he and his wife were the only survivors (his wife's dead and now only daughter Anne Francis remains). The others were destroyed by a horrible, mysterious force he can't explain. Why Pidgeon was immune to the force—what it is—and why it appears again are all answered here against backdrops that are magnificently contrived. CinemaScope—MGM.

23 PACES TO BAKER STREET

a blind man plays detective

■ Van Johnson's a successful American playwright living in London where his play is a hit. The trouble is—he's bitter and angry because he's blind. When his ex-fiancée, Vera Miles, pays him a visit, his pride interferes with his delight and he sends her away. Then he stalks out to a local pub and there eavesdrops on a conversation which excites and disturbs him. A nursemaid is being pressured into some kind of underhanded scheme and is obviously terrified by her companion. Johnson has nothing to go on but bits of dialogue, the scent of perfume and his own reactions. Back in his flat he records the conversation on a tape recorder, excitedly calls in Scotland Yard. The detectives view him as an overimaginative invalid. Enraged, but determined to prevent whatever is going to happen, he enlists the aid of his valet (Cecil Parker) and Vera, who are thrilled that he has come to life again. Needless to say, Johnson is on to something big and twice comes near to being murdered. It's an unusual suspense film. Among the cast are Patricia Laffan, Estelle Winwood, Murray Denham. CinemaScope.—20th-Fox.

THE PRICE OF FEAR

crime in the upper brackets

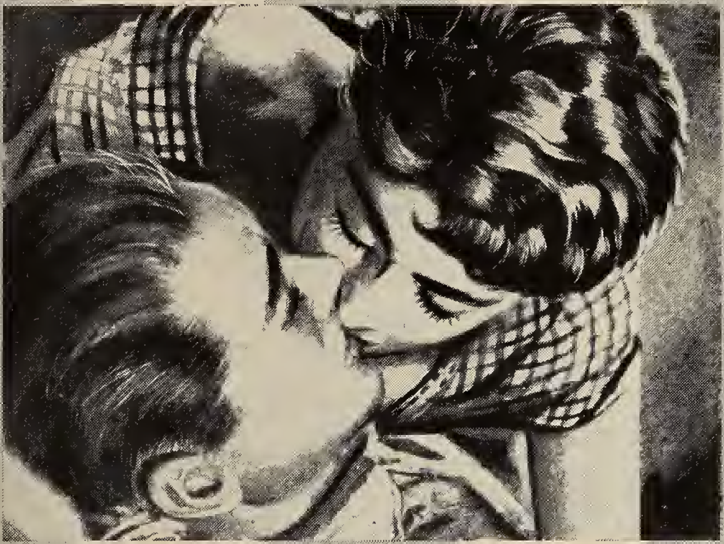
■ Career woman Merle Oberon is driving home from a date one night when she runs into a professor (with her car, that is). Gritting her pearly teeth Merle decides to report herself to the police but just as she drops a dime into the public phone, handsome Lex Barker jumps into her convertible and roars away. He is being pursued by a couple of gunmen sent by racketeer Warren Stevens. Stevens doesn't like Lex because Lex won't sell him his dog track. Well, Lex is not only booked for hit and run driving but he's suspected of murdering his own business partner who sold out to Stevens. You'd think he wouldn't have time to fall in love with Merle. That girl's a real doll; she loves Lex so much she plots with Stevens to convict him on one charge or another. I can't help it, she tells Lex, I'm weak. And there you are.—U-I.

GOODBYE, MY LADY

a boy, a dog and Walter Brennan

■ A boy (Brandon De Wilde), his dog (a rare African Basenji hound) and Walter Brennan are rightly calculated to create a

(Continued on page 16)



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JOHN SMITH · RACE GENTRY

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Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER
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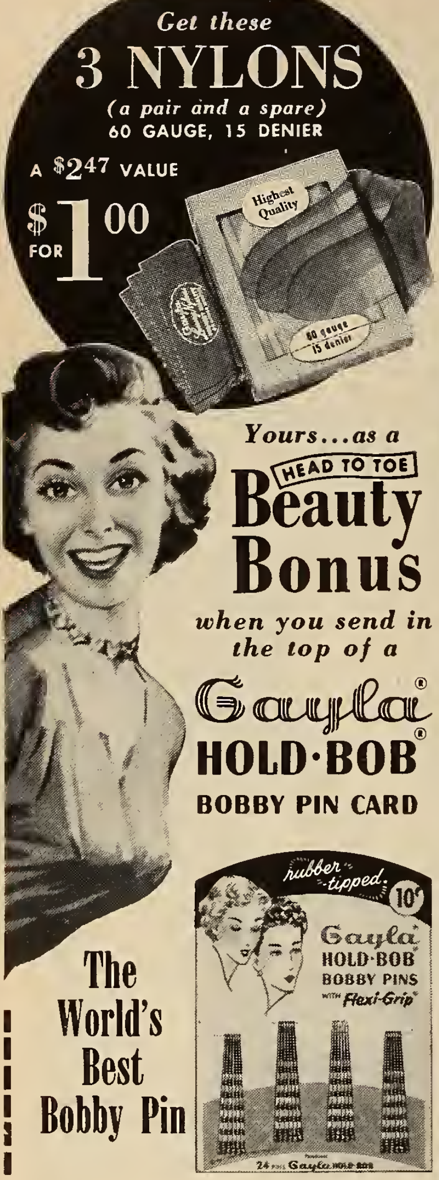

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movie previews

(Continued from page 14)

movie brimming with warmth and charm. Brennan and his nephew Brandon live in a shack in a Mississippi swamp. Their best friends are Phil Harris, storekeeper and dog fancier and Sidney Poitier, a college graduate who lives with his family across the river. Brandon finds the Basenji in the swamplands—it is not only his first dog, but his first possession. He trains her to hunt birds and her reputation brings admiring tourists from all over the swamp. It's a touching film you'll love.—Warners.

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN

justice out west

■ When ex-grocery clerk Don Dubbins comes a'riding into the West he discovers that most of it belongs to Jeremy Rodock (James Cagney)—and not only the land and the horses, but the law, too. When Rodock catches a rustler he strings him up on the nearest tree. Rodock is obviously a very stubborn and domineering man. His foreman (Stephen McNally) hates him, his former partner (James Bell) plots against him, but Irene Papas, the girl he gave a home to, loves him despite that "hanging fever." Rodock takes to Dubbins like a father and Dubbins gets quite an education. In addition to a hanging, he watches as Rodock forces three rustlers to march in stocking feet across a rocky plain to town—and justice. (Rodock would've hanged the varmints if incidents hadn't softened him up.) Despite this concession, however, Cagney still can't bend enough to keep Irene Papas happy—he has to learn the hard way that "no man is an island." CinemaScope—MGM.

GABY

wartime romance

■ Most of the piquancy of *Waterloo Bridge*, from which this film was derived, is lost, but *Gaby* can still be enjoyed as a slick, sentimentalized story of post-adolescent love. Gaby (Leslie Caron) is a French ballerina orphaned by World War II and working in London. John Kerr, a paratrooper from Nebraska, meets her by chance, woos and nearly weds her, but before she can become his lawful wife he's sent on a mission. When Gaby gets news of his death she hates herself for not having loved him completely and, more or less in atonement, offers herself to numerous lads whose lives war may claim on the morrow. But on one of those morrows John Kerr returns—wounded, but otherwise still with us. Gaby's conscience nearly kills her and fiancé Kerr is hardly ecstatic when he learns of her contribution to the war effort. CinemaScope—MGM.

A DAY OF FURY

on the day the "old West" died

■ One Sunday morning Marshal Jock Mahoney's life is saved by gunfighter Dale Robertson. Jock is planning to marry a reformed dance hall girl, Mara Corday. Wouldn't you know she's Dale's old flame. She sizzles when she sees him. Please go, she says, I and the town are not safe with you in it. Dale smiles contemptuously. That very afternoon he opens the saloon, fills it with Jezebels, takes all comers in a poker game and proves to Mara that the townspeople are even more corrupt than he. Meanwhile, the Marshal protects him (debt of honor), so everybody wants to lynch the Marshal. When preacher John Dehner intervenes he's shot by a wild kid named Billy Brand (Jan Merlin) and this more or less brings everyone to his senses. They don't lynch the Marshal and in preserving law and order save themselves. Technicolor—U-I.

AWAY ALL BOATS

saga of a ship

■ Here's the story of an Attack Transport and the men who served her in the Pacific during World War II. Mostly it tells of the officers and of how they shine or fail when the chips are down. There's Captain Hawks (Jeff Chandler)—strong, lonely and awe-inspiring, Commander Quigley (Lex Barker) ex-socialite snubbed by his buddies, Lieutenant MacDougall (George Nader) former Merchant Marine Captain who accepted a demotion to sail on the new, untried *U.S.S. Belinda*. Life on the *Belinda* is naturally no picnic and the captain has first to overcome the crew's boredom in order to whip them into a fighting team. He achieves this by the seemingly selfish request to have a sailboat built. But by the time they reach Okinawa and Kamikazes swoop down in suicidal attack, the crew valiantly sustains heavy losses. Chandler, though mortally wounded, inspires Nader with fierce loyalty to the *Belinda* when it appears that only a miracle can keep it afloat. The miracle is in the cumulative effect of Chandler's driving courage. Cast includes Julie Adams (as Nader's wife who, in letters, recalls their courtship), Richard Boone, Keith Andes, Don Keefer. CinemaScope—U-I.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE

U.S. Air Force enters the jet age

■ That present day science is even more fascinating than science fiction (possibly because it will eventually make science fiction a reality) is proved in this film about the U.S. Air Force. The plot of the movie lags behind the more documentary passages which include seat ejection tests from jet bombers, a sled run powered by rockets that simulates the effects of a pilot bailing out at supersonic speeds, and the launching of balloons carrying gondolas to 100,000 feet (with men in the gondolas to study survival possibilities). All of these tests are thrilling. The cast is headed by Guy Madison (a doctor who has gone to parachute school); Virginia Leith, a sculptress who designs test helmets and wishes her fiancé—Guy—would stop taking risks; the late John Hodiak, whose caution in okaying certain experimental research convinces Madison he's a coward (later this opinion is reversed), and Dean Jagger, a visionary scientist. The climax occurs when Madison, alone in a gondola, discovers he's run out of oxygen. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE CONQUEROR (RKO): A spectacle to end all spectacles! John Wayne and Susan Hayward spend most of their time fighting one another in a film loaded with action and thrills. You'll love the scenery and spectacle of an uninhibited age reproduced in all its savage glory.

RICHARD III (Lopert Films): Shakespeare's spectacular melodrama is brought to nearly impeccable life in this movie produced and directed by Laurence Olivier who also plays the title role. Claire Bloom, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and John Gielgud also star.

COME NEXT SPRING (Rep.): You hardly see pictures like this any more. It's a kind of folktale that recalls a whole era in American history and reaffirms the importance of human dignity, neighborliness, hard work and family solidarity. With Steve Cochran and Ann Sheridan.

CAROUSEL (20th-Fox): Gordon MacRae leaves Heaven to help daughter Susan Luckey who's having a tough time living down his reputation. When alive, he married Shirley Jones and when she became pregnant he staged a holdup (he needed the money). The songs are familiar and the cast also includes Barbara Ruick, Cameron Mitchell, Gene Lockhart.

PATTERNS (U.A.): Van Heflin is faced with the meaning of his own ambition and to what lengths he will go to achieve it in this drama of big business. The film also stars Ed Begley, Everett Sloane, Beatrice Straight, Joanna Roos.

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS (MGM): A delightful musical with Dan Dailey as a rancher whose good luck charm is ballerina Cyd Charisse. Paul Henreid, Lili Darvas, Oscar Karlweis add their warmth and humor. The choreography is tops.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (I.F.E.): You'll cry when you see the tragedy of the Japanese girl who marries an American Lieutenant only to lose him again. The Italian opera stars do an excellent job with Puccini's music. Kaoru Yachigusa is wonderful as Madame Butterfly.

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The pink lipstick with a heart of flame to make you look born beautiful!

You'll never guess the kindling power of this pink till you wear it! All innocence until it touches your lips then . . . pink FIRE! For this exciting lipstick from DuBarry is more than new color. It's a deep softener that *refreshes* your lips—makes them *look* younger, *feel* younger. Formulated with a precious natural moisturizer, it gives your lips the sweet freshness of a moist petal. Nothing in the world can warm your smile and keep it glowing *day and night* like Pink Fire. It makes you look born beautiful! In Moisturized Lipstick, $1.10* or continental Color Glide Lipstick, $1.25*—both long-lasting.

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Pinker than red—
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it bursts into flame
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Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

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Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Mild and Gentle
PALMOLIVE
Mild and Gentle

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher: the Mama and Papa to be!

IN THIS SECTION

- Good News
- Oscar Night
- In praise of Anita
- Marilyn and The Hat
- The letter box

This was Oscar Night . . .

Ernest Borgnine was so cute when he won. "Write anything you want about me," he told me, "but don't call me handsome! I won by being homely!"

My girl Susan Hayward brought her sons. They were so proud (though they made faces!) when John Conte interviewed them before the awards—and so stricken when their mother lost. I hear that when Anna Magnani won over Susan, her first reaction was to call her *son.*

Jerry Lewis was the most marvelous m.c. That sock he's holding up for Patti has $1.40 he won from Ernest Borgnine—who bet against himself!

Natalie Wood—who didn't win—came with Tab Hunter. She and Tab created that hair-do for her just before the ceremony!

These are the men responsible for Marty's *winning the Best Film Oscar—Burt Lancaster, Harold Hecht and of course, Ernie.*

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

AFTER-THOUGHTS ON OSCAR night: I was never so proud of Susan Hayward in my life (and she's one of my pets) as I was at the party at her home after she lost the Academy Award. Susan wanted that Oscar as she never wanted anything before in her life. If her heart broke a little she didn't let any of us, her few closest friends, know about it.

Susie had changed into a pretty hostess robe by the time we arrived. She was gay, charming—and very cute in consoling her heartbroken twin sons who had accompanied their mother so proudly to the theatre.

Later, she sang several songs for us—and because of her attitude we all had a gay, not a sad, time. My personal salute to a gallant girl!

At the Burt Lancaster-Harold Hecht wingding at the Beverly Hills Hotel, there were 450 wild-eyed congratulators heaping praise on the heads of the producers, lovable Ernest Borgnine and everyone else who came off with an Oscar for *Marty*.

I loved Mrs. Borgnine's comment when she was asked what she thought of her husband's unprecedented surge to top stardom in such a short time. "I like it," smiled the wholesome Mrs. Borgnine, "as long as it's just a business with Ernie and he gets home on time as though he were coming home from an office and doesn't start to take himself seriously—which he won't."

It seemed to me that Jerry Lewis paid such a sincere glowing and sweet tribute to Grace Kelly—"It is the wish of the entire industry that you have always Good Health, Good Luck and a Good Life"—that she might have taken a moment more to thank him, give him a little kiss or something before leaving the stage so abruptly.

Most of the glamour girls wore elaborate white gowns—disproving that old idea that white doesn't look well on TV.

. . . Even the losers had a wonderful time

Jack Lemmon and Jo Van Fleet won Supporting Oscars. Jack has already played starring roles—and maybe this will get them for Jo.

Grace was the center of attention—even though she was just giving, not getting an Oscar. It embarrased her and she kept trying to leave.

And this was a surprise—Kim Novak came with Mac Krim—and they say the romance is on. In fact, they say now that it was never off!

And this did my heart good—to see Dean and Jean Martin there together (Dean sang "Tender Trap") so happy after all their trouble.

Rosalind Russell was sweet, and disappointed about Susan's not winning. "I know how she feels perhaps better than anyone else," Roz said feelingly. "I came close myself once—and lost."

Jerry Lewis was just great as the emcee—sincere, humorous, yet never being smarty—and he got a terrific laugh (following an unbearably long commercial) by saying, "And now a brief word from the Academy."

Frank Sinatra dropped by to see his children before going to the theatre, and young Nancy, young Frankie and Tina presented their dad with a gold charm shaped in the form of a Golden Arm, "Whether you win or not." Frankie is so proud of them.

I was sincerely touched when Ernest Borgnine came over to my table to personally thank me for what he said was my invaluable aid in helping him get his honor.

Well, the twenty-eighth edition of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science Awards is history now—and it's a year before Hollywood generates so much excitement in one night again. There's just one last word I'd like to say to those of you who wrote and even wired your disappointment over the fact that your beloved James Dean did not win a special award.

You must remember that the Academy is not a public vote. You, the public, registered your choice in voting Jimmy the Best Actor Award in the Audience Awards vote.

This is a vote from actors to actors—and the choice is not always in agreement with the public on personalities or pictures. But never fear that James Dean is forgotten by the people of his profession. He was honored, as I believe he would have wanted to be honored, by being a nominee in the Best-Actor category. I think Jimmy would have preferred that, and taken his chances, rather than being remembered with any sort of a special award from the Academy.

They just wanted to be alone to think about the baby . . .

The minute the Fishers made the announcement they were swamped with friends and calls. They grabbed

the dog and ran to Central Park, where it was (they thought) private. But a couple of kids spotted

them and they finished their walk with a whole procession following them back to their hotel.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Open letter to ANITA EKBERG:

■ I come to praise, not to pan you—not only for your fabulous face and figure but because you are being plenty smart in the way you are conducting yourself now that you have hit the big league and become engaged.

Your relationship with the press is ideal. You're never too tired or too lazy or too indifferent or too hard-working not to have a moment to spare for a reporter in search of a story. You talk colorfully and amusingly about yourself.

When you were criticized for referring to yourself as merely "Ekberg" (as though you were a Garbo or Duse) you laughed and said, "Maybe I'll get to the one-name plateau yet!"

Although your salary has jumped from a few thousand per week to a hot $75,000 per picture (and it's sure to go higher) you are still willing to pose for the good old "cheesecake" pictures showing off your curves and tall figure as though you were still in the starlet bracket.

I'm not saying you don't do a few foolish things, such as shaving off your eyebrows and drawing them on, Oriental style, with a pencil—but this is still good copy and sets people to talking, pro or con.

Not since the late, lovely Barbara Lamarr has Hollywood had such a potential top stunner as yourself. Keep up the good work of being colorful, surprising, unusual and "hot copy"—and if you'll keep on trying to improve yourself as an actress, there's no limit to the heights you may yet reach.

Love,
Louella.

SHE SAYS THEY'RE ENGAGED. As far as Josiane Berenger is concerned she's still "engaged" to Marlon Brando. She told a friend of mine, "We have never talked about breaking our engagement. Everything is as it was." (???)

She was asked, "When did you see Marlon last?"

Josiane hesitated and said honestly, "Not for quite a time."

"Have you heard from him since he left for the Orient to make *Teahouse Of The August Moon?*"

"No," she admitted.

"Is this the conduct you expect from a man to whom you are engaged?"

Josiane said, "Marlon is an unusual person. He isn't to be compared to other men. He's

A very romantic month, even

Jayne Mansfield gets around more than any girl I know. Usually her escort is airline pilot Robbie Robertson but he has competition.

Veronique Passani, whom I like very much, made her first big public appearance as Mrs. Peck at the Foreign Press Association party.

always been an individualist. He just doesn't conform to the usual rules and regulations." (She can say that again—and again.)

"Are you just going to sit around and wait for him to make a move?" was the next frank question fired at this girl, who is something of a non-conformist and rugged individualist herself.

"I'm very interested in my own career," she said. "I want to continue my training in every field of my profession—drama, dancing—particularly dancing—and singing. Marlon admires talented people who can deliver. I think he admires talent more than anything else. That's why he is continually driving himself to become even more perfect in his work than he is.

"While he is gone these next few months I shall have plenty of time to devote to my own development."

Thus ended this strange talk. I just can't see an American girl accepting these terms of an "engagement," can you?

But then Josiane isn't an American—and she's still most obviously in love with Marlon.

WEDDING BELLS AFTER ALL. I'm going to come right out and admit that the marriage of Marisa Pavan and Jean-Pierre Aumont surprised me! It seemed to me that there were many outstanding factors against it.

For one thing, and very important considering how religious Marisa is, Jean-Pierre is not of her faith and I believed this would be a barrier to marriage plans.

Another point not to be ignored is that Marisa is twenty-three years old and Aumont is forty-six. That's quite a span of years.

All this, plus the fact that Jean-Pierre is a most sophisticated continental and Marisa is still quite a naive girl despite her successful career—well, it just didn't add up to wedding bells in my calculations.

But Marisa sounded like a girl breathlessly in love when I talked with her on the telephone. "I want you to see my engagement ring, it is so unusual. Jean-Pierre had it designed like a rose made entirely of small diamonds."

Although it had been printed that day that the wedding would take place in the summer, Marisa said, "It will be right away. We will have two ceremonies, a civil ceremony—and later on, a religious ceremony in Rome. I want

for Hollywood—though some of these new and old loves have me a little confused!

Despite all that talk about her being "serious" with someone else, Maggie O'Brien is often seen with Don Robertson. (Low-cut dress for Margaret, isn't it?)

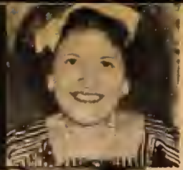
Ben Cooper and new little actress, Jane Howard, are a new twosome. I suppose Jane has Ben's sister Bunny's approval —she screens all of his dates—and Ben really loves it.

Carol Ohmart was Jay Robinson's date at the party Jay gave in honor of their new pic

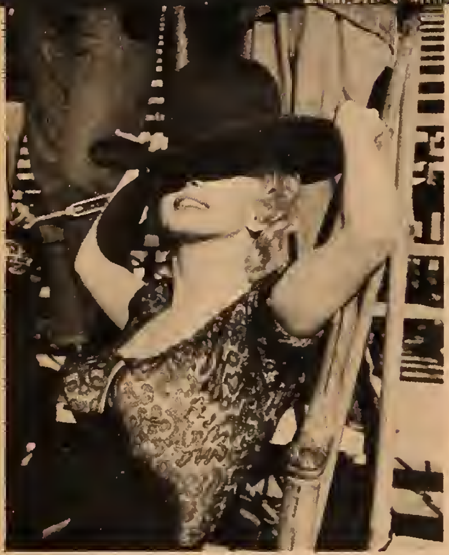
I wonder about Rita Hayworth. One minute she's supposed to be in love with Egyptian Raymond Hakim, then she went off to the Alps with her ex-husband Aly Khan!

Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton reconciled briefly, but now Barbara's suing for divorce.

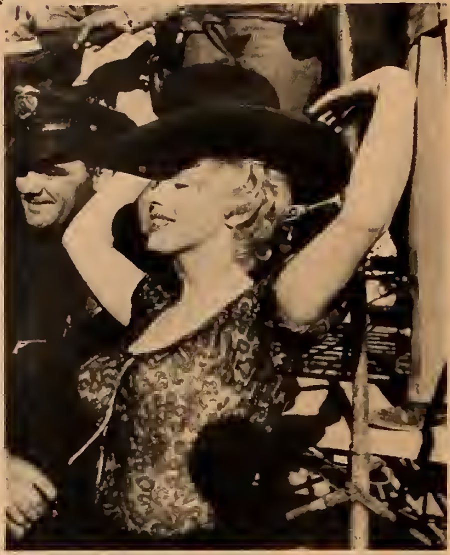
And here are Jean-Pierre and Marisa just before they got married. (Look at that ring!) Love certainly has made quiet Marisa gay!



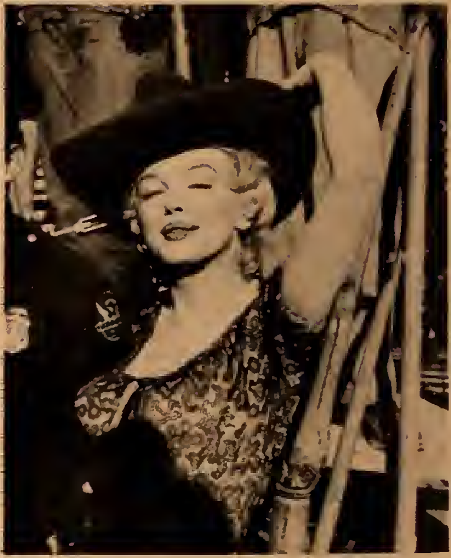
The funniest things happened to poor Marilyn when she



Marilyn Monroe always hated hats. Even in the Texas sun she wouldn't wear one. Then an extra dropped his 10-gallon on her head . . .



I must say, Marilyn came through the kidding beautifully. "Look, you-all," she said, "me-all Miss Texas!" So someone grabbed a camera . . .



And the kidding went on for half an hour. But a little while later—maybe she was in a daze from the hot sun again—or from the hat . . .

my sister Anna (Pier Angeli), and Vic Damone and my whole family to be present at both."

I wondered what Marisa thought about the difference in their ages.

"Never crosses my mind," she laughed. "Jean-Pierre is very young at heart—perhaps younger than I am."

Those are the words of a woman in love, my friends.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR is a completely changed girl since Mike Wilding came home. Liz, who had seemed depressed and was in and out of the hospital several times during his absence, has been happier and feeling better than in ages. "Of course it's because Mike's home," she laughs.

"I'm the kind of woman who can't be really happy without a man around the house—and I don't care who knows it."

This remark, straight from headquarters, should put a stop to all the talk that the Wildings aren't hitting it off.

FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS: Grace Kelly seemed far more like her old self, relaxed, cheerful, glad to see her old friends, than at any time since her engagement to Prince Rainier III was announced, at the farewell party hosted in her honor by Sol Siegel in the Penthouse at Romanoff's.

Her "trademark," the long white kid gloves, were conspicuously absent as she twirled about the dance floor in number after number, looking almost informal in a short white dinner dress. Her partners were such old movie pals as Jimmy Stewart, Frank Sinatra, her director on *High Society* Chuck Walters, and of course Sol Siegel, producer of what may be her last picture.

She asked me again, "Aren't you going to cover my wedding in Monaco?" and I explained to her (again) that I was afraid I would not be able to take on such an arduous assignment, but I was flattered that she wanted me.

Grace's co-star, Frank Sinatra, was very much present, although her other screen beau, Bing Crosby, was missing, due to an emergency operation to remove a cyst from his eye.

I saw Grace in quite a huddle with Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess and Ursula was overheard to say, "You won't miss giving up pictures one bit." (Ursula made one movie after marrying Bob—but methinks she's definitely through now.)

Every one of her friends was there to say *au revoir* to Grace, and I saw Margalo Gillmore, Celeste Holm, the Jack Bennys, Clifton Webb, Ann Blyth, Doris Day (who looked lovely), Laraine Day, Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding and Susan Hayward. Speaking of Susie, she was thrilled when Grace told her she thought Susie would win the Academy Award.

RAN INTO FRANK SINATRA and told him I heard that he was taking his two eldest children, Nancy and Frankie Jr. to Spain when he goes there to make *The Pride And The Passion.*

"No," he shook his head, "they won't go, at least when I leave. Nancy's having a lot of fun with her schoolmates and Frankie belongs to a boys' club which has lots of plans for the summer months."

I laughed, "Has young Nancy got a steady beau?"

"No," smiled Frankie, "she went steady when she was eleven! Now that she's sixteen she's playing the field."

I would have liked very much to ask Mr. S. if he plans to see Ava Gardner in Spain. But Frank bolts like a colt at any mention of his estranged, but not divorced wife.

He's been a pretty good boy lately as far as the press is concerned, talking about almost everything—but Ava.

WENT TO THE RACES at Santa Anita with Bob Wagner and Mrs. Walter Lang and had a ball. I'd never really known Bob too well or had the chance to learn what a thoroughly interesting, considerate and amusing young man he is.

What's more—thanks to a mistake in not being able to read a figure I had written down for him on a horse I wanted to bet, he bought a "wrong" ticket which turned out to be a "right" one when the horse romped home a big winner.

Between races we chatted at our table on the terrace and I asked Bob about his romantic life and if he'd set an age limit (as Rock Hudson did—thirty) before thinking of getting married.

"No," laughed Bob, "I'm still convinced I'd make any girl a bad husband." There are plenty of pretty girls who don't agree, Bob.

PERRY COMO has more movie babies named after him than any other male star. Mamie Van Doran and Ray Anthony named their six-pound son after Signor Como. So did Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. Take a bow, Perry.

COME OUT, MARILYN! A friend of mine who came back to Hollywood from New York on the same plane with Marilyn Monroe had me chuckling with her first-hand account of being in such limited space with the one and only M.M.

"If the rest of us got off the plane in Los Angeles looking frowsy, and unkempt, our teeth unbrushed and hair uncombed, it's because of dear Marilyn's obsession for remaining in the ladies' room, powder room or whatever you want to call it for *hours* at a time.

"When I crawled out of my berth the morning of our arrival and headed hopefully in the direction of the happy sign LADIES, it was already firmly locked. I sat on the edge of a

went on location for *Bus Stop*

She fell off the grandstand into the arena at the Rodeo set—and landed skinning her knees. I think they'll keep it in the film!

nearby seat and was soon joined by several other females bearing toothbrushes, combs and make-up kits.

"Fifteen minutes went by, thirty minutes, forty-five minutes—and there we sat uncombed, un-primped and uncurled. The stewardess kept assuring us that Miss Monroe would be out in a minute but it was necessary for her to fix herself up because of the large number of the press expected to be on hand for her arrival.

"Some of us just gave up about brushing our teeth or combing our hair and began to put on our make-up by the mirrors in our kits. Finally, and I mean *finally*, when we were about ten minutes out of Los Angeles the door opened and our dream girl came out!

"Was she groomed within an inch of her life? Was she a picture of early morning glamour, every hair in place, every eyelash freshly beaded. *No!*

"The Queen of Glamour emerged from that tiny, all-important room with her hair standing up in all directions all over her head, no make-up except eyeshadow and ruby red lipstick and the seams of her stockings crooked.

"But we assumed she had brushed her teeth!"

TELL-TALE PARTY? At the very pretty luncheon Kathy Grant gave at Bing Crosby's big house in honor of her good friend Mrs. Bill Morrow (Bill is Bing's writer) no one would have turned a hair if there had been an engagement announcement about Bing and Kathy—that's how intimate the whole affair was.

Bing even went so far as to make a special record of "Love And Marriage" which he autographed, and a copy was presented to each guest. The card in the gift presented to the guest of honor (a lacy bedspread) read "Lots of love from Kathy and Bing."

I nominate for stardom: IRENE PAPAS

■ Irene is the lovely Greek actress imported by MGM to co-star with Jimmy Cagney in *Tribute To A Bad Man*. She is being hailed on the lot as a "beautiful Anna Magnani" —that's how good an actress she is.

I met Irene (she pronounces it Ee-ree-nee) at Sol Siegel's farewell party for Grace Kelly and I don't know when I have been more impressed with a young actress. Although she is about twenty-four, she has the poise and wit of a much more mature woman.

To give you a sample of her humor she tells this story on herself. "I am still having some trouble with my English, although I am working hard. The other day an American friend said to me, 'What's a Grecian urn?' And, in my innocence I said, 'It would depend upon what he does.' They laugh so hard at me."

But the producers are taking Ee-ree-nee very seriously. Already there is talk that she will have the leading feminine role in the remake of *Ben Hur*.

Born in the village of Chilimidion, Greece, she is one of four daughters of Stovros and Elini Lelekos. Her parents are professors of ancient languages at the University of Athens. They are a cultured family and the beautiful Irene was encouraged to study architecture. But her heart wasn't in it. Once she had made up her mind to be an actress, she was given the finest training.

She made her first visit to America in the fall of '54—"and I fell in love with the American theatre, Hollywood films and American production methods."

Sol Siegel, who made her first film test, gave her the big scene in *Country Girl* to test her mettle. "You can imagine a Greek playing an American country girl," Irene laughs. But Siegel must have seen great talent behind this incongruity. He cabled MGM:

SIGN THIS GIRL!

the letter box

The stars you mention most frequently in your letters this month are, in the order named, Marlon Brando (topping the late James Dean for the first time since Jimmy's death), Doris Day (top femme leader), Frank Sinatra (coming up fast) and Sal Mineo (the newcomer attracting the most attention).

I'd like to set "J.J., CHICAGO" *right about Sinatra* "permitting" *movie theatres to charge such high prices to see his* Man With The Golden Arm. *Frank has absolutely nothing to do with theatre admission prices,* J.J.

"Is Doris Day fearful of discussing her religion?" *asks* DORIS DAYTON *(similar name) also of* Chicago. *Doris Day is a Christian Scientist and most certainly* not *fearful of admitting it. She just prefers not discussing religion in any way in her interviews, feeling it is too personal a thing in everyone's life.*

*As for Sal Mineo—*Wow! *Such praise for his work in* Rebel Without A Cause. *There are many, many letters praising Sal as a fine young actor going places in a big way.*

LINDA SUTHERLAND, DIXON, CALIFORNIA, *writes:* "I'd like to call your attention to that very fine actor Jack Sernas, in *Helen Of Troy. And, I'd like to call your attention, Linda, to the fact that his name is Jacques Sernas, again.*

MRS. LAURA WARD, *of* BOSTON, *asks:* "Why isn't more written about Kim Novak, a beauty who can really act? This girl deserves far more attention than she's getting." *You must be kidding!*

Very much present was Bing's mother, and her gracious presence completely knocked off those rumors that Mrs. Crosby is opposed to her famous son's romance with the twenty-two year old Kathy. Helping Kathy receive was Mrs. Mary Rose Pool, Bing's sister, who came down from her northern California home to help receive the fifty-odd guests.

The house was ablaze with beautiful spring flowers and Kathy pinned a big white gardenia on each guest.

Certainly no other girl Bing has gone with since he became a widower has ever so completely taken charge of a social affair in his own home. It makes you wonder if his feeling for this very charming, poised young beauty isn't far more serious than his dating of other beauties, including Mona Freeman and Mary Murphy.

It's true that Kathy is only one year older than Bing's eldest, Gary. But for such a young girl she has remarkable maturity and plenty of good common sense. She's a graduate of Teachers' College in Denton, Texas and make no mistake about it—she is no lightweight.

Kathy is under contract to Columbia Pictures (the very next day following the party she was starting a picture) but I'll bet anything that if Bing wanted her to she'd give up all thoughts of a movie career to be Mrs. Bing Crosby.

I'M SORRY FOR BOB MITCHUM. He was a heartbroken man when I talked with him long distance to New York soon after his fifteen-year-old son Jimmy got in serious trouble, along with Johnny Weissmuller's son and two other school boys.

The youths took a car which did not belong to them for a joyride and are charged with pushing it over a cliff.

Said Bob, "This has hit me harder than anything else in my life." He hardly had to tell me that. All his usual I-don't-care bravado was out of his voice. He sounded shocked and sad.

"Dorothy and I came to New York to celebrate our sixteenth wedding anniversary," Bob told me, "and also I had important business appointments about the picture I'm going to make in Europe for Cubby Broccoli and Irving Allen.

"When the news came that Jimmy was in trouble, Dorothy flew straight home. I wanted to come with her," he gulped, and the usually carefree Bob was pretty close to tears when he added, "but I thought I might hurt my boy more than help him."

There's a very sad implication in those words—but then Bob is a very sad and crushed father.

OH, ERROL—HOW YOU'VE changed. I've been having a ball with Errol Flynn and Patrice Wymore, going out to dinner with them and visiting them in their home. It's good to have a guy as colorful as Errol back in our midst. This man has been accused of many things—but never of being dull.

While we were dining at La Rue, Patrice put on her big horn-rimmed eyeglasses to read the menu. Errol said to me, "Look at that dame with the eyeglasses. You know she's not really my type. I'm just crazy in love with her, that's all. Can't stand to be away from her. She's the only woman I've ever missed."

I've never thought of Errol as a family man, and I'm sure you haven't. But when I went up to the house to call on the Flynns, the place was running over with relatives, Pat's mother and father out from Kansas, and in addition to their youngster, Errol's daughters by Nora Flynn Haymes, Rory and Diedre, were very much present.

There was the dashing Flynn lapping it all up. "I'm as domesticated as a tabby," he grinned.

He told me that the day before he had given a party for Rory on the set of *Istanbul*. About twenty kids (Rory's classmates) showed up.

"We served the very finest ice cream and most wholesome cake," said Errol dead pan. "Not a Martini served during the entire wingding," he chuckled.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO PROUD AND HAPPY *in my life as I was the night* Climax *did the story of my life on TV. Teresa Wright played me and I just don't know how to thank her for the wonderful job she did. So did everyone. My daughter Harriet was on hand to enjoy it with me. Of course, I felt as if a lot of things were left out—but it was all so nice I didn't care.*

HOW TO WRITE TO A STAR

"Dear Editor:

I wrote a long letter to three of my favorite movie stars and asked them for autographed pictures. That was two months ago, and not one single one answered. Don't they care at all about their fans?

Lucille F., Raleigh, N. C."

*M*ODERN *S*CREEN *has received quite a few letters like this, and we decided to let a star answer it herself. Here is the letter Gene Tierney wrote.*

Dear Lucille and everyone,

I'm so glad you wrote and asked this, because it's something I've been wanting to talk about for a long time. First of all, I want to say Thank You to everyone who's been writing to me. Your letters telling me what you think and what you'd like to know and all the good wishes you send—they mean a lot to me. And I do try to answer them. So do most movie stars. But sometimes you don't let us.

For instance—sometimes I can't read your address. Almost everyone has a funny handwriting these days—me, too—and addresses get squeezed into such a little space. So if you could *print* your name and address, it would be a help. Also if you could write in ink instead of pencil, because pencil gets so blurry. Besides this—and this is so important—*please* put your whole name and address on the letter as well as on the envelope. It's so easy to lose an envelope, you know—and then there I am, with a sweet letter and maybe a request for a picture—and I don't know where to send an answer.

There's just one more thing. I keep a bunch of pictures of myself to send to you when you ask, and I am so happy to do it. But sometimes you ask me to send pictures of other movie stars, too, and I can't, though I'd love to. Even if I wrote to everyone you wanted and got a picture, it would take a long time before it would get from them to me to you. Besides, my Hollywood friends would love to hear from you themselves.

That's all I wanted to say. Except—thanks again. I hope you never stop writing to me. And I certainly will never stop answering you.

Gene E. Tierney

See? It's like washing your hair in *naturally soft rainwater*

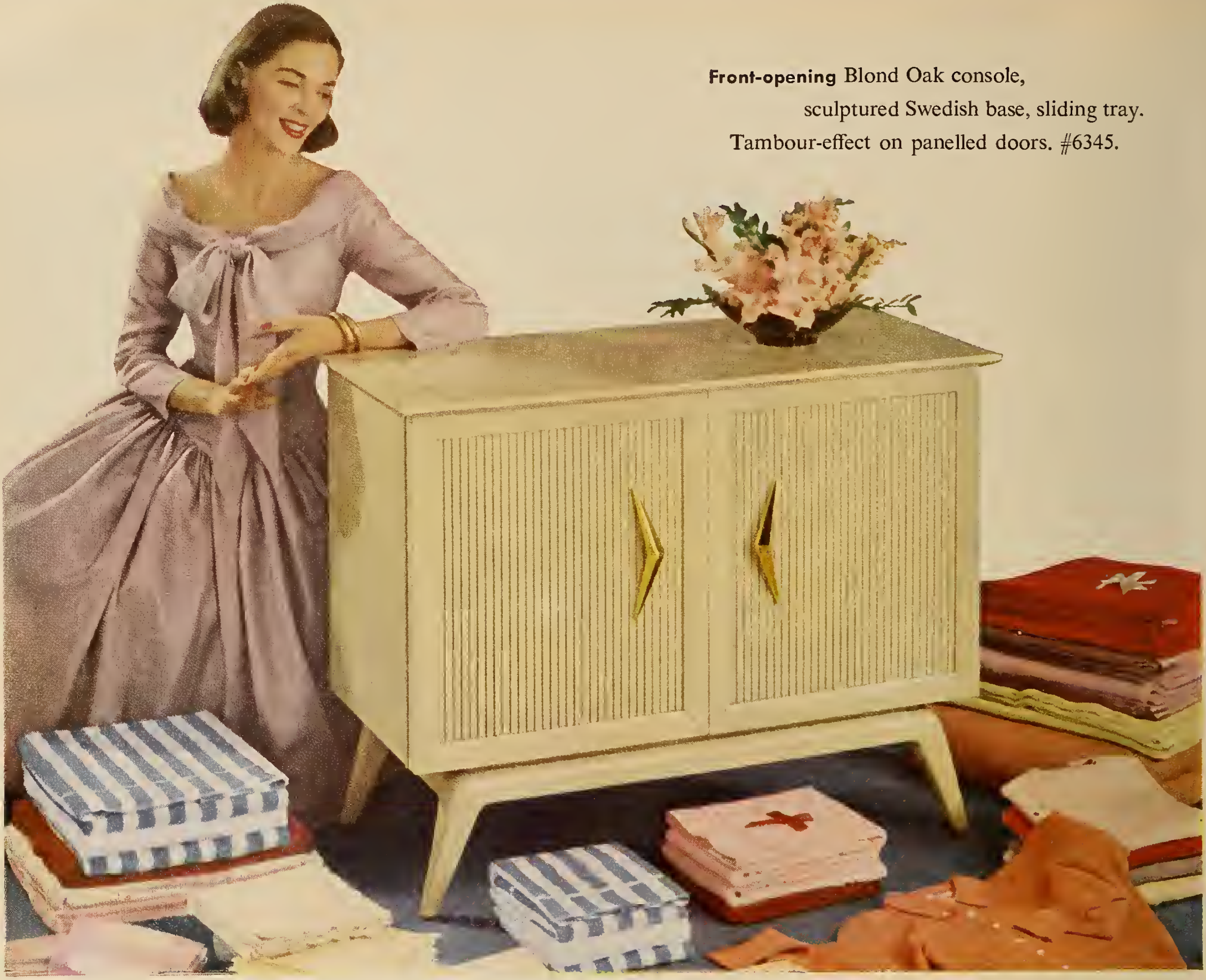
Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!

Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW WHITE RAIN LOTION SHAMPOO

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .
Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

WHITE RAIN
LOTION SHAMPOO
Toni



Front-opening Blond Oak console, sculptured Swedish base, sliding tray. Tambour-effect on panelled doors. #6345.

Nothing tells **your** *love story like a* **LANE!**

Every man knows you're actually two women: the one who dreams by candlelight, and the one who sets the alarm for morning chores. Your ring, your new dress speak of romance. Ironing board and linens tell of your practical side.

There's just one treasure that symbolizes your *entire* self: your Lane Cedar Chest.

As vivid a symbol of love as a diamond—yet night and day, it protects blankets and woolens as no other storage method.

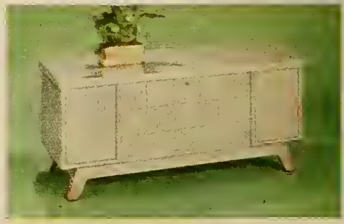
A masterpiece of fine furniture, it solves home-planning problems, collects trousseau treasures. Nothing tells so much about you as a woman—both before and after marriage—as a Lane.

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

Lovely Colonial look in mellow Maple. Hand-rubbed satin finish. Rich solid Maple trim. Opens from the top. Self-lifting tray. #6241.

Modern design in Seafoam, brass accents. Serpentine front on base drawer. Also Pearl Gray, Cordovan, or Charcoal Mahogany. #6164.

Smart modern style in Softone Walnut, with roomy base drawer; tambour-effect simulated doors. Also in charming Blond Oak. #6063.



Pearl Mahogany matched front chest, self-lifting tray. Also in Blond Oak, Seafoam Mahogany and Softone Walnut finish. #6071.

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JEANNE, DEAR, WON'T YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?

This is the letter we sent to Jeanne Crain on Good Friday, March 30

Dear Jeanne,

Today you told the world that you are getting a divorce and your words fled across the country like the cry of a heart in pain—"I read about Paul—in one of those—magazines . . ."

Jeanne, listen to me. I am heartsick for you. I know what you are suffering and I feel it with you, the aching, anguished horror of it. But listen, Jeanne—I have something to ask you. How far back does your memory go today—only as far as last July when the things that "that magazine" claims to know are supposed to have happened? Or can you send it back a little further, to 1945 when you were nineteen years old?

You had known Paul Brinkman for two years then, and you were terribly in love with him, the way only so young and lovely a child can be. And you remember what you did for your love? You defied your mother. That's right. Although she was infinitely dear to you and had protected you and loved you for all your young life—you were saying "No" to her, because you had to. Because she didn't want you to marry Paul. She had reasons. He wanted to be an actor then, but his earnings were small, his future in doubt. And you were young and beautiful, with the whole world before you. Why, your mother begged, should you give yourself to this boy? And you told her—Because I love him. Because he is good and honorable and he loves me. Because we need each other. And though it was hard for you to do, you left your home one Christmas Eve without your mother's consent, and you married Paul, because he was all those things you said he was. Do you remember that Christmas week, when you begged the Bishop for a dispensation so you could marry Paul quickly, because without the permission of the Church that meant so much to both of you, you would not have dreamt of marrying? It is Good Friday today as I write this—and today you say you will get a divorce. Jeanne—do you remember the Church?

Today you have four children. Paul, Jr. is nine and your youngest, Jeanine, is four. In your anguish, what are your thoughts of them? Have you remembered the times of their births, when the cup of your love ran over and the happiness you and Paul shared was almost too great to bear? Certainly I do. I remember that Paul gave up acting and went into business—a sacrifice he made out of his love of you—so that he could support you and your children. I remember the people who said, "When they're done throwing stones at Hollywood marriages we'll still have this family to point to and say—this is a love that lasts!"

Listen, Jeanne. When I heard your cry I did something hard to do. I got "that magazine" and read the story. If it's any help to you, I know a paste-pot job when I see one, compounded of half-truths and rumors and downright filthy lies, pieced together with tape and hate. But that isn't the point. I don't care how much of that story is true or false. Because nothing—*nothing* in this world—can be as bad as what your sorrow is bringing you to do now. Nothing is so bad that love and faith cannot find forgiveness for it somewhere, in some time. But if you destroy your marriage, Jeanne, destroy your children's hope of happiness, destroy your faith in your Church, which forbids divorce—then what is left?

Please, Jeanne—remember for a little while what you have had, and can never lose—what can be again. Don't let it end this way.

Chuck Saxon

Editor

THE CASE OF THE BASHFUL GIANT

The Hollywood press corps—a fine and fearless body of men and women indeed—has been getting a little frustrated by Rock Hudson, also a fine body of man and a creature they regard as being partly of their own creation. The frustration is mutual. It stems from a simple-sounding misunderstanding: like everybody else, the reporters know that Roy Harold Fitzgerald (real name) and Rock Hudson (career name) are one and the same person. Only he doesn't!

■ This is the way he explains it. Roy and Rock—they're two distinct people and he aims to keep them that way. And that's the big trouble; you can interview Rock about Rock, the 9-to-5 movie star and get along fine. But try to interview Rock about Roy, the 5 p.m. to 9 a.m. private citizen, and you're out in left field. He frowns, clams up, wants to change the subject. "Maybe I'm unique," he says, "but I think marriage is a private affair, even for an actor."

He's not just unique; he's a wee bit unrealistic. He'll get over this, but meanwhile he just isn't ready to accept the fact that part of the price of fame is a partial surrender of the right of privacy. But meanwhile, too, his fans won't be denied. They have an understandable interest in Roy as well as in Rock. (And if that interest ever lags, Rock as well as Roy will feel the difference.) They *care*. And so do we.

So what to do? So Modern Screen sent a reporter to interview *Roy* about Roy. Roy being the one from Olney, Illinois, near Winnetka, who married that nice Phyllis Gates from Montevideo, Minnesota. Here is the transcript:

Q. Well, Roy, what do you do with yourself these days when you're not being Rock?

Roy: Live pretty quietly, to tell you the truth. Phyllis and I—and I hate to hear people call her "Phyl"—kind of like to stick around home. Thank Heaven she's a good cook! Oh, we have people in, small groups, but we don't go out in public much. "Glamorous" and "home life" are words that don't fit together in my book. You know what we do? We've gone berserk lately over great, big, complicated jigsaw puzzles. So at night we put them together. Or look at TV. Or play records. I put on some of the calypso stuff we brought home from Montego Bay, and we're right back in Jamaica.

Q. And so to bed?

Roy: Well, Phyllis is early-to-bed, early-to-rise. Me, I'm a stayer-upper. By habit. Till around midnight. I read a lot, play the piano a little—softly, if Phyllis has gone to bed.

Q. And on Sundays?

Roy: Ah, Sundays! We sleep till noon. Read the papers. Then it's time for a nap. Maybe a sunbath in the back yard. We wake up, it's time for dinner. Then it's time to go to bed again—that early call Monday. Oh, it's a life, I tell you.

Q. What happens when Rock Hudson's fans storm your citadel?

Roy: Actually they've been very nice about leaving us be. Oh, we still get beer steins in the mail, and player-piano records for my collection. (They come addressed to Rock Hudson, and I just keep them.) But no more hanging around the front porch kind of thing. Except the other night: I came home dog-tired from work. The doorbell rang. I opened the door and it was a young girl. She'd walked all the way from Santa Monica to see Rock Hudson, and was kind of tired herself. Why did she come? Just to talk, I guess. As gently as I could, I told her she'd better get herself back home where she belonged. Then I watched her from the window. She walked down the driveway, crying, the poor kid. So I felt like a heel, and ran after her and tried to explain that it was nice to see her but that I was just too tired to ask her in for a visit. She seemed to feel better then—and so did I.

Q. Roy, what kind of people do you like to spend time with?

Roy: Why, both of us like—*comfortable* people. Like in Nogales, making *Battle Hymn*, I found out the bartender at the Rancho Grande Hotel grew up in Winnetka. That was all I needed! We got into a bull session and I clean forgot I had a dinner appointment—kept some visiting reporters waiting an hour. Then when I went for the interview I took this bartender along. We kept talking—and when we'd (*Continued on page 66*)

Jane Powell Nerney and I are old, old friends. But in all the years I've known her I've never seen her so full of joy as now, when for the third time she's . . .

BRINGING BABY HOME

by ANNE ERICSON

Jane's children are so cute about the new baby. Geary Jr. is furious because she's not a boy—he wanted to name "him" after a shoe store!—and he thinks it's all Sissie's fault. (No one knows why.) Jane, of course, is snowed under with formulas and burping-schedules—and then she insisted on cooking dinner for twelve one week after she got home from the hospital!

■ I guess I've known Jane Powell ten years, maybe more. I don't remember actually meeting her, but somewhere along the line up in Portland, she and I were in the same class at Beaumont School. We've kept in touch since, but lightly, the way childhood friends do. Since I married and moved to Los Angeles I've seen her on and off, but it's only recently that we seem to have recaptured some of the old friendship.

I don't know why this is. It could very well be that beginning in 1951 when Peter and I settled in Southern California, until a year or so ago, Janie seemed sort of strained. It wasn't anything I could put my finger on, but every time I saw her she seemed so preoccupied. I don't mean to say that she was rude in any way; it was simply that she was under pressure. She didn't say so, for Janie has never been one to use friends for wailing walls, but I could tell, just the same.

Now, she's different. Peter and I have spent quite a bit of time with Janie and Pat, and the warmth is there again between us, the way it used to be when we skated on Beaumont's tennis courts (I remember I thought she was something extra special because she could skate faster backward than I could forward)—and the way it was when we used to bake potatoes in a bonfire at night, and look up and see the snow on Mt. Hood gleaming in the moonlight.

The Nerneys (*Continued on page 86*)

These are the months until July, when Janet and Tony expect their baby. The months of joy—and a touch of fear . . .

the Months of Waiting

■ "Honey," Janet Leigh said, "tell me the truth. Did I always used to look terrible?" "Terrible?" said Tony Curtis, "you?" "There must have been something wrong," Janet said. She ran her hand through her hair. "You know—something no one ever told me about." "This," Tony remarked, "must be one of those phases pregnant women go through. Tell Papa, dear. Who told you you were King Kong?" "Be serious," Janet begged. "Now—look at me. Look good. How do I strike you?" "Right between the eyes," Tony said. "Stunning. Better than ever." "That's it," Janet wailed, "that's what everyone says. Here I am, walking around with practically no make-up

Photos by Peter Basch

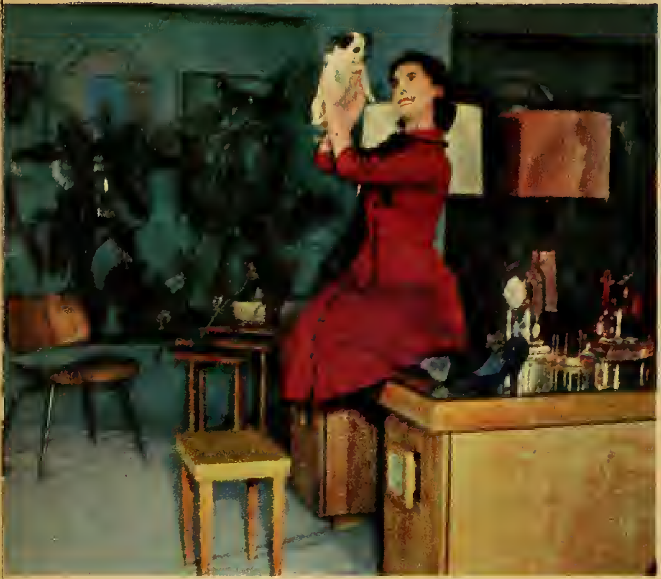
When they returned from Europe, Tony and Janet were homeless. A rented house stopped the gap for a while, but the happiest hour they knew was when their agent phoned: "You can buy that house you saw!" Tony dragged the phone to Janet, watched her face light up. "We've got a home for the baby," she sang!

on, my figure gone, my clothes bulging—and everyone says they've never seen me looking this good. Either they're all blind or liars or else I always used to be a monster." "Maybe," Tony suggested, "it's because there's so much more of you to appreciate now! Hey!" he hollered, ducking, as Janet threw a pillow at him. But when he came up again, his face was grave. " 'Nuff of that, sweetie," he said. "No excitement, no violence—remember? Maybe you ought to lie down a while anyway. Get some rest." The gaiety was drained from the room. "Yes," Janet said, "I will." Carefully she stretched out on the sofa. Tony sat beside her, supporting her with his arm, and she leaned back and shut her eyes. "Don't let me forget," she whispered. "Keep me safe. If anything should happen—" Behind the lowered lids she saw the hospital, the white-coated nurses, the awful fear on Tony's face when they told him her liver was infected, they might—just might—lose the baby. She felt once more the sickening terror—"Not my second baby," she had prayed, because once before she had lost an unborn child. And her prayer had been heard, the infection cured, the baby saved. But the months of waiting were not over yet. The long, hopeful, prayer-filled months when anything might happen. "Keep me safe," she whispered, and felt Tony's arm tighten about her shoulders, reassuringly. They sat in silence. Across the room, shadows deepened. "I've been thinking," Janet said softly. "How wonderful it will be when I can walk in the street and see a woman pushing a baby carriage—and not feel as though I'm incomplete, with something missing." She turned her face to Tony. "The day will come," she said. Slowly Tony smiled. He ran his finger along her cheek. "I know why they say you look beautiful," he whispered. "It's not your make-up or your hair. It's a glow you have, Janet, coming from inside. It's the most beautiful thing in the world." **END**

Hollywood's Young Bachelor Girls . . .

Foot-loose, Young and Single

■ They are too glamorous to be called spinsters and too busy to care what you call 'em. They range in age from eighteen to where they're not telling. Some, like Margaret O'Brien, live with their parents, tasting the first stages of independence. Some, like Piper Laurie, had to leave home to find themselves. For others, like Joan Collins, there are the bitter memories of an unhappy marriage; some, like Barbara Rush, are raising children. Some, like Dorothy Malone, are rabid do-it-yourself decorators, for others—like Joan Collins—home is a place to hang your hat. For some, independence is a state of mind, for others living alone is more circumstance than design. The one thing they all have in common is no husband —for the moment—and no matter how pleasant the state of being single, all the bachelor girls agree it is only the inbetween before marriage.



Margaret O'Brien lives with mother, decisions are her own

As a child, Margaret was accompanied everywhere by her mother. Today it's not surprising to see her attending premières in formal gown and wearing make-up. She never owned or learned to ride a bike but today she drives a '56 Ford. She shops alone, goes to press interviews, and reads for parts. She hasn't learned to cook but her decorating ideas are used. She has also put away most of the movie fan pictures that used to dot her wall and in their place has snapshots of boys she dates—like Don Robinson. A devoted daughter, she is gradually taking over her private and professional life.

Joan Collins lives alone—No Ties, No Housework

Joan Collins is the most un-domestic of all the bachelor girls. "I don't own furniture, I avoid long leases," says Joan. The girl who has probably lived in more locations is afraid to put down roots since she may be off again any time. Joan, who had her share of cooking, dusting and washing dishes when she was married, rents a furnished apartment with maid service. During a picture she eats at the studio and comes home only to sleep. When things get rough, she simply drives to the beach and walks the blues out of her system. Dating is no problem with Sidney Chaplin and Arthur Loew, Jr., her two steady beaus.

MORE ➤

Dorothy Malone—plays house alone

Dorothy Malone always wanted to fix up a place of her own but everyone talked her out of it. Finally she said, "Nuts to waiting for a huband. I'm tired of living in hotels," and found herself a home so close to Beverly Hills' City Hall that she is thinking of running for mayor. When she signed the lease, she didn't own a washcloth, but what she couldn't buy second hand at auctions, she either made or bought sample models. Her peppermint pink bedroom is her pride and joy. Dorothy lives alone, except for Ethel who is her housekeeper, personal maid, companion and confidante, and she can't figure out why she didn't do this years ago.

Barbara Rush—bachelor girl mother

After her divorce, friends worried whether Barbara Rush would retire into a shell. With her four-year-old son Christopher and a small house, Barbara, instead, became busier than before. She is the cook for her son and her mother and sister who live with her and so expert at it, General Foods wanted to sponsor her in a TV *cooking class but she backed out. Barbara has resumed her painting and studying of French. Her career has boomed in all directions. She says, "No marriage for me for a long time."*

Piper Laurie—she needed freedom to grow up

Wanting to do things on her own instead of being taken care of by her parents, Piper Laurie thinks moving into her own apartment has been the most significant event in her life. "I blush when I think how helpless and irresponsible I was. I never knew how my clothes got to the cleaners or who repaired my shoes. Now I know what it takes to prepare a home-cooked meal, make curtains, repair a leak, raise puppies and get places on time. Having my own place has also given me courage to satisfy whims, no matter how silly. I own a movie camera and I even learned to splice film. I've always wanted to own a candy store, so on my mantel is one long line of candy jars filled with forty-three pounds of jelly beans, and crystal mints. My freezer holds more varieties of ice-cream than anything else." Piper wonders if a husband would put up with this kind of girlish nonsense but adds, "I've got an intellectual side, too. I'm collecting Rembrandt etchings and Alberina glass." Included in her apartment, where she feels she's also learned many things about herself, is a library-size globe Gene Nelson gave her for her birthday. Gene may not be the boy Mrs. Jacobs would have picked for her daughter, but she knows now that Piper must choose alone. It works beautifully.

END

The star was sick and Shirley MacLaine stepped in. Success followed like a thunderbolt. But why not? Love

The Trouble with Shirley

happened the same way / by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ The cop at the Hollywood Academy Awards was separating the sheep from the goats. When the freckle-faced girl with the red-headed boys' haircut came up, there wasn't a flicker of a doubt in his mind where she belonged. "That way," he waved, "to the balcony."

Shirley MacLaine had figured it differently. She'd borrowed a formal from the wardrobe department, also a fur stole. She'd even had her tangle-top hair-do washed and set.

"I'm supposed to sit downstairs," she protested. "The studio said—Paramount—I mean. I'm an actress," she explained lamely. The cop yawned. "I'm a—a star!" Rashly she shot the works. That did it.

"Listen, sister," barked the law. "I've been pounding this movie beat since before you were born. I know a star when I see one—and that certainly ain't you. Upstairs now, where you belong!"

So Shirley went upstairs, to the Pantages balcony, where—star or not—she really did belong.

That happened a year ago, but in Hollywood Shirley MacLaine is still sitting in the balcony, so to speak. What's more she likes it just fine. You can do what you please up there and nobody cares. It's comfortable, though glamourless—and the view is swell. Shirley MacLaine would rather look than be looked at anyway.

Not that there's anything wrong with Shirley's looks. On the contrary, she's a cute dish with twinkling blue eyes, deep dimples, a saucy nose over a wide, turned up mouth—and that copper hair, of course, *(Continued on page 66)*

"The trouble with California is me," says Shirley. She burns easily (and freckles a lot afterwards) so her husband Steve is always on hand with sun tan oil.

Shirley and Steve love Palm Springs. On vacation, they hiked to Tahquitz Falls and Shirley waded where other expectant mothers fear to tread.

by SUSAN WENDER

This is the story of a lost love, of a man and a woman who knew they had to say goodbye just when they needed each other most. It is a story that has never fully been told until now, although some people knew of it, some guessed about it—and many prayed for the happy ending that never came. The name of the man is Richard Egan. The woman—Ann Sothern

■ Ann Sothern is forty-four years old. She looks thirty-four. She has a beautiful face, round, happy cheeks, an enchanting smile, a pair of sparkling, provocative eyes. Her hair is blonde and lovely. She has devoted the last twenty-one years to singing, dancing, acting, turning herself into a great comedienne and a fine business woman.

But six years ago she was close to death.

Seven years ago she met Richard Egan.

He was twenty-eight then. Good-looking, with two college degrees, a captaincy in the Army, a teaching background and a quoting knowledge of every writer from Shakespeare to T. S. Eliot. He wasn't worried about whether he was ready for Hollywood. The question was, was Hollywood ready for him? He was eager, confident, unworried. Too much so. Much too much.

Because Richard Egan figured he had it made. He was in Hollywood at the request of a Warner Brothers talent scout, and he considered it was pretty shrewd of Warners to grab him before some other company, like, say, MGM, made a bigger offer. "I admired Warners' caginess," he grins now. "And I spent a lot of time telling myself how they'd be even happier when they saw how good I was.

"Well, I made the test. And that *was* shrewd of Warners. I pity them if they'd just given me a part without the test. I flunked that test and I flunked subsequent ones at every major studio that makes movies. It wasn't that I was bad. I was awful."

By the time he made his test at MGM, Egan was getting a little shaky on the inside. But only on the inside. Outside, he was still the brash young man who couldn't miss. And since he was good-looking, charming and educated, nobody bothered—or wanted—or knew how—to tell him he could, and was.

And then he met Ann.

It was a studio party, the kind designed to introduce new actors to big stars. "Come here, Dick," one of the publicity men said. "Meet one of the nicest gals in the business." And then, "Miss Sothern, may I present Richard Egan?" And promptly disappeared.

"Hi," Ann said, glancing up. She'd met the new ones before. To her, handsome young movie men were that and nothing more. Professionally, however, she was impressed with the tall, smiling Irishman. She liked his (*Continued on page 91*)

"I CAN NEVER MARRY YOU"

Moments to Remember

by JACK BEAN

It started as a parlor game. We said to Jack Bean: "If you were being sent to the moon alone, and could only take along ten pictures of Mitzi, which ten would you pick?" "I won't go," answered Jack. It started out as fun. Then it became something far deeper, a story of tender and wonderful milestones of their life. It's one of the nicest stories we've ever read by a husband about his wife. We think you'll love it, too. **the editors**

I'd begin with Mitzi and her Christmas presents the year before we were married. Mitzi loves to give—if there's no occasion, she'll invent one. Being human she also likes to receive—anything, as long as it's in a box. But you say, "Mitzi, I bought you something, but you mustn't open it till after lunch," and right away she's miserable. "What's in the box?" she'll moan every two minutes. "You know I *hate* to be surprised!" My own theory is she can't stand the suspense. But that Christmas I didn't have any theory. We'd been going together several months without being committed and I was trying to create an impression. So I went out and bought a lot of things. I started taking them over to her apartment. "It's for under the tree," I'd say. "*Not* to be opened—" She never heard me. She was in a world of her own, shaking the box. From its shape it could have been anything—but Mitzi came out of her trance every time with the answer. "It's a sweater!" "It's a bottle of Joy perfume!" "Put that under the tree," I'd order, frustrated. I made up my mind there was going to be one she couldn't guess. I remembered a knitted dress she'd worn in a style show and loved. I bought the dress, took it to a florist's and explained my plight. They hauled out the biggest box in the place, packed the dress so it couldn't shake and covered it with green tissue so Mitzi couldn't peek. The name they let show. I gave it to Mitzi. She shook it. Nothing happened. "It's a plant," she said. Mitzi's fond of plants—but you give them to your tenth cousin, not your girl. "Is it a plant?" "All I can say," I said smugly, "is keep it away from heat—heat'll be the death of it." Comes Christmas Eve. "And this," chirps Mitzi, "is the plant!" She rips open the package and sees the dress. Wham!—she socks me in the arm. "Don't *ever* do that to me again!" she says. "I thought you liked the dress!" I moan. "I'm crazy about it," she says. I stare at her. "So what are you punching me for?" "Because," says my bride-to-be, "you surprised me!"

The next is Mitzi's birthday—September 24, 1954. We knew we were going to be married—but not when. Mitzi wore no ring because I hadn't given her one. I had it, though—a sapphire surrounded by diamonds. I'd bought it in Vienna in '45 because it was beautiful and

I thought some day I'd give it to someone I loved. And by fate or chance—sapphire is Mitzi's birthstone. I bought a birthday card. I cut a slit in it and slipped the ring through. I handed her the card. She's a pushover for cards. She reads the verse out loud, sighs, croons, "Isn't that sweet?" She began reading this one but didn't finish. Her eye caught the blue glimmer, she broke off in the middle of a line and pulled the ring out. A dozen emotions crossed her face. I couldn't make them out. Later she told me every girl feels those ways at that time. "She wants to cry, she's happy, she thinks He's mine, I'm His, her heart's doing nip-ups. So how do you expect her to look?" I had no complaints. She flew into my arms, pulled away to gaze at the sapphire, back again, out again—then I slipped it on the fourth finger, left hand. Mitzi dashed to the phone. In high moments and low she calls her mother. "I've got a ring," she sang. Anyway, it sounded like singing. "I've got a ring-ring-ring-ring-ring—" and waltzed all over the room with the phone in her hand.

THE next picture I'd carry with me isn't glamorous. Anything but. It's Mitzi on the set of *Anything Goes* the day she met Bing Crosby. See, this movie was a turning point for her. For four years she'd been under contract to another studio. That experience was basic—like starting in kindergarten and reaching the twelfth grade. But now she's graduated, now she's got to go out and make it for herself on equal terms with Jeanmaire and Bing and Donald O'Connor. With Don she felt easy right away. They'd worked together before, they were good friends. She and Jeanmaire took to each other at once. Besides being a great ballet star, Jeanmaire's a great character—the kind Mitzi digs—chic and alive and sparkling with Gallic wit. Since English isn't native to her, she makes endearing malaprops and then roars at them herself when she figures them out. This alone would have won Mitzi. But it went deeper. They admired each other as artists and they didn't compete. They pulled for each other all the way. But that leaves Bing. I don't have to mention that Bing's a legend. The idea of playing opposite him gave Mitzi goosepimples—half from thrill and half from scare. Bing was sick when the picture started, so Mitzi didn't meet him right away. And she kept dreaming up that meeting. She saw herself in the commissary, all gussied up, toying with a lettuce leaf, when surprise, surprise!—who should come ambling over but Mr. Crosby! Well, it didn't happen exactly like that. One day Mitzi's rehearsing. You should get a load of how she looks, how any dancer looks, in rehearsal. Hair a wreck, stockings falling down, perspiration dripping. She looks like the girl athlete who just won the Olympics and is ready to drop in her tracks. So at this moment comes the messenger. "Would you take a few minutes out to meet Mr. Crosby?" "Like *this*?" she gasps, and takes a flying leap to the dressing room, thinking, "Shower—dress—hair—lettuce leaf!" Only one thing gets in her way. Bing Crosby. He's sitting in the dressing room, pipe in hand, waiting to meet the charming Miss Gaynor. Mitzi practically falls over him as she dashes in. Little girl, what now? Well, being Mitzi, she pats her hair, digs a smile up from somewhere and puts it on her shiny face. Then she sits down to chat with The Legend. And Bing, being a friendly, casual type, starts talking easy, paying no mind at all to the state she's in. He's *seen* dancers rehearse. He's even danced a little himself. You can't tell Bing about work. By the time he's ready to go Mitzi's walking on air herself. Maybe that's really why I carry this memory of Mitzi so fondly. Because somehow she manages to come through the bad times so well!

UP there on the moon I'll need to remember that Mitzi's among friends. And she will be. She has to be. She can't live, much less work, unless there's warmth in the air. If you dislike her, or she dislikes you, she won't fight—she'd rather bow out. Her whole gang—her stand-in, her choreographer, her hair-dresser—these people get her affection and they give as good as they get. She's at peace when she works because of them. And that's important to me.

continued on following page

MEETING your in-laws is hard on any girl. Or on any guy, for that matter. I kept telling Mitzi my family would break its collective neck to welcome her. I could have saved my breath. She was out to make an impression. First she bought a trousseau to end all trousseaux, including eight hats. The hullabaloo that went on with matching them to eight outfits I won't go into. Just let me say my bride breezed through the entire trip bareheaded. I'm the patsy who got stuck with the hats. All the way. It was our honeymoon but we were also publicizing a picture—which meant a lot of climbing in and out of planes. The fool hatbox was so big it wouldn't fit overhead or under the seat. Where did it land? "On your lap, naturally," said Mitzi. "You're my husband, aren't you?" I couldn't even eat. "Like a cup of coffee?" the stewardess would ask. "Thanks," I'd say. "Just balance it on top of the box." In Detroit I met Mitzi's father and stepmother. That went off fine. Next stop, Minneapolis, my home. Outside it was freezing. Inside the plane it was hot. Trying to maneuver my coat off while clutching the hatbox, my elbow came in contact with Mitzi's nose. Her outrage was a wonder to behold. "You hit me!" "It was an accident." "You did it on purpose. You're angry because of the hatbox!" It took her half an hour to get over it and then she forgave me by saying, "Well, don't hit me again." Respecting her nerves, I managed to keep my face straight. The one thing on her mind was making a good impression. She spread her skirts on the seat so they wouldn't wrinkle. She sat like an image, afraid her make-up might smudge or a hair might stray. She looked like a kid all dressed up and waiting for company. She looked like a doll. So we land in Minneapolis. We're asked to wait till the other passengers get off because besides my folks, the press is here. It's local-boy-makes-good stuff. Local boy's bringing home a little moom-pitcha star. I spot the family. Mitzi grabs my arm. "I'd recognize your mother and sister anywhere. They look exactly like you around the eyes." If Mitzi's jittery, I know she's got nothing on Mother. Meeting your daughter-in-law the movie star—that's no picnic either. Both of them thinking—will she like me, won't she like me? By now we're down the steps and Mitzi's running. Dad, who's fazed by nothing, gives her a big smacker. Mother stands there, her smile a shade shaky. Mitzi smiles back. "Hello, Mom—" she says. That's all my mother needs. The pressure's off. "Mom!" she echoes, like you'd just handed her the world on a string, and Mitzi's in her arms, hugging and being hugged, till Mom turns her over to Sis for a little more of the same. I'm the forgotten man with the hatbox. I'm the porter looking after the luggage. Which bothers me not at all. There was another touch of comic relief. One of the papers reported this way—and I don't know if the reporter snickered while writing it. "Miss Gaynor," he said, "was greeted by Mr. Bean, who gave her a very warm buss. She was kissed by Jack's mother and sister. The brother-in-law then stepped forward and shook hands." Oh, brother-in-law! That has become the family's gag—that bashful handshake from my anything-but-bashful brother-in-law! Comic relief and all, it remains an unforgettable memory. When the girl I love took the family I love to her heart—and my folks fell in love with my wife.

WHEN Mitzi laughs, she laughs with all her heart and most of her body. No school-girl giggle, no elegant titter from my wife. She breaks apart, she holds her aching sides—I have even known her (this is the truth) to fall right out of her chair and go on laughing on the rug. Maybe the joke doesn't seem so great to you, or maybe you heard it last week on television. But I defy you not to be caught up on the tide of Mitzi's mirth. As far as I'm concerned, her laughter warms and exhilarates me. Show business packs plenty of headaches. When Mitzi laughs, I know she's forgotten them. I know she's the most alive, responsive girl in the world. I want a picture, laughing.

Mitzi leaving the première of *Anything Goes*. That's right, leaving. At Paramount, enthusiasm for the film and everyone in it ran high. But we didn't know how the press and public would react. And until you know that, you don't know anything. Mitzi was keyed up on a number of counts. With Jeanmaire back in France, Don working in Las Vegas, Bing somewhere else, she'd be the only principal present. On the personal side this was to be her father's first première. To her great delight, he and his wife came out here to live last August. They're on the friendliest terms with her mother, and the whole family, including her aunt, were attending together. That, added to everything else, made the evening one in a million for us. But how will the picture go over? It's scheduled for 8:30. Mitzi starts getting ready at 3. In between she lies down for a nap with her eyes open. The tension's too much and all of a sudden she's in tears. "Honey," I plead, "don't worry, the picture's finished." Even to me this sounds like cold comfort, but the tears stop. "I can't cry when you've got your arms around me," she offers. Knowing the remedy, I apply it as necessary. . . We set off in good time. We near the theatre. "Now, there are two parking lots," warns Mitzi, who knows I'm allergic to parking lots for premières. First, you can't get in. Then you can't get out, being surrounded by ten cars whose owners like to linger in lobbies. So I keep my eyes peeled along the street. About four blocks from the theatre I discover a wonderful spot and slide in. "No!" wails my wife, and continues to wail as we walk along Western Avenue. "My *hair's* falling down! Why do you have to be so difficult?" She grumbles so much she forgets about being nervous. We arrive in good shape. Her hair isn't falling down. She gets a nice hand from the fans, going in. But as I said, the picture I want is Mitzi *leaving* the theatre. Because now we *know*. We know from the audience reaction, we know from the newspaper men who wait to shake hands instead of fading into the night. Often at premières, people try to be kind. But it never really works. Between forced kindness and real excitement there's a big difference, and you don't have to be a genius to get it. Mitzi turned to me as we left, all radiant and relaxed. "I'm so glad it's over," she said. "It was over," I grinned, "before we got here." That was my line, and I stuck to it. But inside, I felt exactly the way she looked.

We planned a second honeymoon at Carmel. We planned to leave at 6:30 a.m. when the traffic's light and arrive in time for a nice leisurely dinner. It was 2:30 p.m. before we climbed into Mitzi's brand-new lox-colored Cad convertible. I don't hold her responsible for the delay. If you're a woman, last-minute things come naturally. We're bowling along the coast road when she lets out a gasp and gives me that stricken look. "I forgot my stole." Some other wrap would have served, only she hadn't taken any other wrap. Back we go and get started again at 4. We dine at Oxnard—a long way from Carmel. But who's worrying? The night's fine, the road's broad and motels offer shelter whenever you want to stop. We don't feel like stopping. Mitzi pulls out the map and acts as navigator. Mitzi is no Columbus. In no time she jumps us from Route 101 to 1. For those who don't know Route 1, let me give you a rundown. It's narrow, it winds and the paving's not so hot. It's also lonely. On your left the ocean booms, on your right the forest rustles. By day maybe it's romantic. By night it's eerie. Out of the forest step shadows—deer and raccoon—nice animals, but till you get used to their habits, you'd just as lief they kept their delegations home. "Ooh!" goes Mitzi. "You could die here and nobody'd find you." She's so scared she decides to fall asleep on my shoulder. Proving either she trusts me or wants to meet her fate unconscious. I drive cautiously—there's no other way to drive. I spot a light in a little roadside cabin. I honk the horn, which wakes Mitzi up and brings out a guy in a steel helmet. The helmet figures because it makes no sense and deepens the unreality of the night. "Can you tell us how far to Big Sûr Inn?" I asked him. "Twenty-seven miles." The way I'm driving, that means an hour and a half. It's now 11. "I'd like to call ahead for reservations. May I use your phone?" "Don't have a phone." He fades, helmet last, like the Cheshire cat with his grin. We proceed for an hour. No sign of Big Sûr Inn. We're hungry. "A mere peanut butter sandwich," sighs Mitzi, "is all I ask—" With that, as if she'd rubbed Aladdin's lamp, we catch a glimpse of lights gleaming in the forest. Or is it black magic? We look at each other. We hear what sounds like a faraway strain of music. We can't both be dreaming. Besides, a path's cleared through the woods toward this mirage. Taking a chance, we turn in. The lights grow brighter, the music clearer, we draw up in front of a picturesque modern building. A fellow in a beret

(*Continued on page 102*)

My name is Barbara Turner Haskin.
Some of the things you'll read here
about Art Gelien may sound incredible.
But take my word for it they are true.
I know because....

I went to High School

This is Tab's home room class. I wasn't in it—my home room was down the hall—but he *sure was. I don't suppose you need my help to spot him.*

■ The first time I ever saw Tab Hunter he was trapped. Surrounded. Practically at bay.

And though he was only a boy of fifteen, his expression was that of a desperate man. For he was encircled by nearly a hundred freshmen girl students who didn't even know his name.

I was fourteen. It was our first day of classes at Mount Vernon High School in Los Angeles. I was excited I guess. You know how it always is on that first day when 2,000 teen agers gather in one spot for a mass attack on higher learning.

I had just found my locker in the corridor when my girlfriend, Lynn Springer, rushed up to me and squealed, "Oh, Bobby, have you seen him? Have you seen him? Bobby, he's positively gorgeous." She closed her eyes and breathed in a sigh so deep I thought she was going to float right down the corridor.

"Who," I asked, "is so gorgeous?"

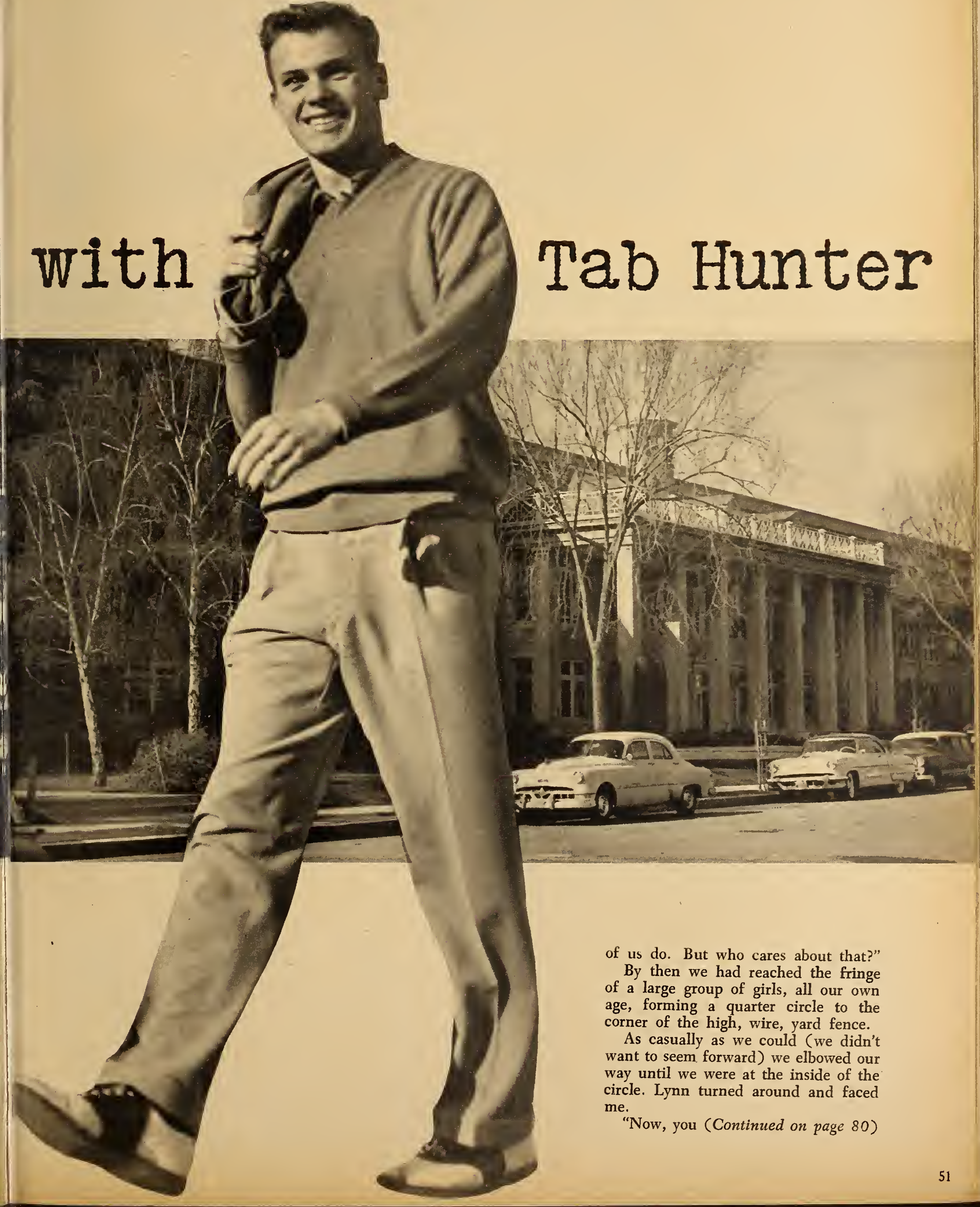
"Why, Superman, of course," she replied. "Come on out and see him. We've got him surrounded!"

Lynn's excitement was contagious and I suddenly found myself running out into the school yard with her.

"What's his name?" I asked, now nearly as breathless as Lynn.

"I don't know," Lynn replied, "none

with Tab Hunter



of us do. But who cares about that?"

By then we had reached the fringe of a large group of girls, all our own age, forming a quarter circle to the corner of the high, wire, yard fence.

As casually as we could (we didn't want to seem forward) we elbowed our way until we were at the inside of the circle. Lynn turned around and faced me.

"Now, you (*Continued on page 80*)

BING

GARY

PHILLIP

DENNIS

LINDSAY

the whole Crosby

CATHY & BOB

family

For over twenty years one of the most beloved figures in Hollywood, Bing Crosby has been one of the most unapproachable. As his boys grew, so grew the wall of privacy around them. MODERN SCREEN, in this exclusive picture story, gives you a rare look and a candid report on every member of this fabulous Clan.

Photos by Bert Parry

Friends Bing trusts most are golfing men like champion Ben Hogan, but he is suspicious of others, sometimes cool even to his four brothers.

His dates have been secret. He respects but dodges photographers. Kelly (above) was just a friend but Kathy Grant became the one and only.

BING: Since that tragic day in 1953 when Bing Crosby knew that Dixie was gone, The Groaner was a changed man, tense with the vow to bring up his four sons "just as Dixie would have wanted." But he was a stranger to his own boys, who had grown so close to their mother during the furious early days of his career. Only in the company of old friends did he relax. Sons and father reached out for each other clumsily, but there was no looking back to the days when Dixie's devotion held the family together. The sons were courteous to Bing's female companionships such as Mona Freeman, but no more. The girl most likely to become their stepmother is young enough to be their sister. But by embracing Bing's religion, by recently playing dignified hostess in Bing's home, by quietly devoting herself to this much misunderstood man, twenty-three-year-old Kathy Grant has won a permanent place in his heart.

continued on following page

In Bing's Pebble Beach home (never shown before) Uncle Larry Crosby handles Gary's publicity.

His first years singing, Gary had a hit

Blessed with the Crosby talent and the Crosby charm, Cathy and Gary are

GARY: Bing's oldest is twenty-three, an impulsive, stocky boy. At Stanford U. he caused Bing grief by geting bad grades, spending too much time in the car he had given him. Bing took the car away, tried discipline, tried a loose rein, finally gave in to Gary's craving to quit school and go into show business. His trouble is that he wants desperately to be an individual, free from the Crosby tag, but he's too much like Bing to get away with it yet. He sings like him, walks like him, and though basically warm-hearted, takes advice willingly from no one—except his father and their friend Bill Morrow . . . and indirectly from his young brothers, whom he loves.

CATHY: Bing's niece, Bob's oldest daughter, Cathy probably has an even better chance in show business than Gary. She's training herself more purposefully than he, singing with her father's orchestra every chance she gets, taking acting, dancing and voice lessons besides working with a tutor for her high school degree. But she's had it easier than Gary, has less reason to be confused. She wasn't brought up behind a high stone wall as her cousins were, but developed quite normally into the pretty, pleasant-mannered sixteen-year-old she is today. Easy to meet and talk to, she's developed an interest in boys ("But nothing serious," her father says; "the only thing she shares with boys is ice cream."), likes her cousins. She may also develop into a beauty.

Cathy made her debut dueting with Gary—they were a sensation. Bob promptly sent his daughter back to school. "Wait till you're ready," he said.

record with Bing, a show of his own—too fast. A slump followed till one-nighters with Les Brown (Uncle Bob's idea) put him back on his feet.

finding the Crosby name a mixed blessing as they try for careers of their own

As a kid Cathy saw little of her Uncle Bing—Bob, struggling, felt that Bing offered him little help.

Today Bob regards Cathy as "Lucky. She's the first female Crosby—so there's no one to compare her to."

continued on following page

Bing's youngest are seldom seen—which is the way they like it. When they get

PHILLIP: More than any of his brothers, Phillip hates being pointed out as "one of Bing's kids" wherever he goes. Last March when he and Gary made a trip to Las Vegas to see Uncle Bob and Cathy, the whole jaunt was ruined for Phil by the curious crowds who mobbed them. The two boys even sat down with Bob to discuss ways and means to avoid what Phil termed "this unpleasantness," though Gary is not one to object to fans. Obviously, Phil doesn't want to go into show business, though Bing says he sings well and plays a mean trumpet. Like his twin, Dennis, Phil studied animal husbandry at Washington State College before going into service, and the management of Bing's cattle ranch at Elko, Nevada, will eventually go to the twins. Last year Phil landed in the hospital with three cracked vertebrae from an automobile accident, but made a fairly quick recovery—Bing was originally told his son would spend a year in a cast! When he had fully recovered, the Army transferred him to Germany so he could join Dennis—not because he is a Crosby, but because it is SOP to keep twins together when they request it. According to Bing, Phil is the one who looks the most like Dixie.

In the Army Medical Corps Phil did well, enjoyed service life till his accident. "Us Crosbys," he told his father when still a kid, "can't take ourselves seriously—or we're lost."

DENNIS: Like his brothers, Dennis seems to get into trouble whenever there's a car around. Just before he left for Germany he was arrested on a drunk-driving charge, but police reported he was a nice, polite boy, and the judge dismissed the case because he'd never been in trouble before. He probably won't be again. Since his induction, Dennis has shown a real aptitude for soldiering—on one maneuver he covered thirty miles over rough, unfamiliar terrain and reached the destination before anyone else in his company. He is also the most athletic of the boys—something very important to Bing, who would have liked to see one of the boys hit the top in sports—but in college he seemed to develop a deep distaste for the playing field. Bing couldn't complain though, since he stuck to his books, and knows that when Dennis and Phil get their degrees, they will be leading outdoor lives on the ranch. Also like his brothers, Dennis has good manners and is careful of his clothes (Dixie's influence) but tends toward violent sports shirts and casual attire (obviously Bing's example) whenever possible. Bing regards Dennis as the handsomest of his sons, but is constantly amazed by the similarity of his interests to Phillip's.

Usually as upset as his twin at being "conspicuous," Dennis relaxed in the Army, posed when asked by Army lensmen, buddies, even wore a jacket with "Crosby" appliqued on it.

together, it's on Bing's cattle ranch

LINDSAY: Eighteen years old, the youngest, happiest, best-adjusted of Bing's boys, Lindsay Harry is probably everybody's favorite. Bing gets the biggest kick out of him, regards him as the wittiest and possibly the most talented of the four. So do others—CBS had Lindsay in for a recording session when he was only sixteen and announced that if you think Gary had it, you should hear this one! He also plays the piano, acts—and ad-libs at least as well as Bob Hope, according to Bing. But Lindsay isn't interested. When he graduates from Loyola high school this year he plans to go to Gonzaga U. and study for the priesthood—though a recently awakened interest in girls may change his mind. He's the serious one of the crew and Bing credits him with Dixie's conversion just before she died. In school he was president of the junior class and makes good grades. To further endear himself to his pop, he's a top-notch golfer and did so well in his father's last tournament that Gary elected to follow him around the course rather than watch Bing. Gary is Lindsay's self-appointed protector anyway, but Lindsay doesn't seem to need much protection. "He," Bing sighs happily, "will always be all right."

The most popular Crosby, Lindsay went over the Pebble Beach course with a high school chum, the son of the Mayor of Monterey, caddying for him.

Since they were children, Bing has brought his sons to his Elko, Nevada, cattle ranch every summer, and made a fetish of treating them exactly like ranch hands. They lived with the cowpokes, kept the same hours, did the same work—and got exactly the same pay. Gary no longer shows up much, but the twins live for their time on the ranch, and Lindsay considers it home.

END

Esther gives a Birthday

photos by Bert Parry

"Come on, now, Mrs. Gage," Jane said sternly. "There won't be anything left for the other children!"

"Make a wish, Susie," Esther said as her youngest puffed away at her three candles, perched on a rose-decorated cake.

Kim blew out his six candles (one to grow on, of course) with a healthy snort. His cake bore candy cowboys, with hats.

Party

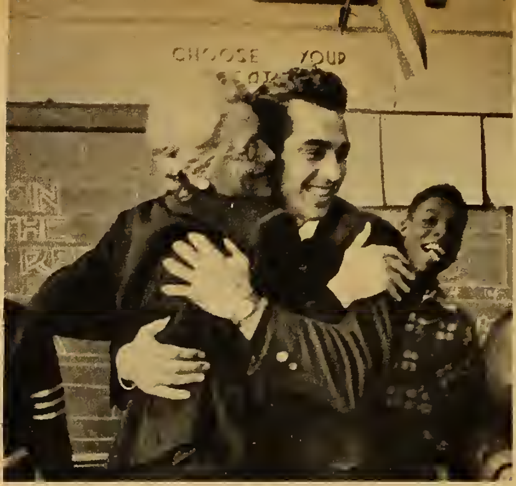
But Esther had tears in her eyes for one minute, when Susie kissed her and whispered, "Now I'm all grown up!"

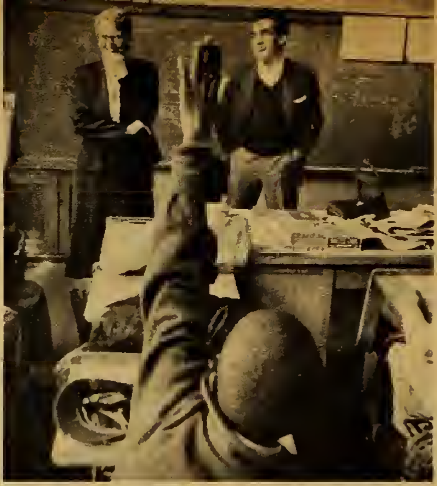
And all the festivities were recorded by Ben's camera. "It's not my wife's second childhood," he explained, showing the photos later. "It's still her first!"

The Birthday Kids were Susie and Kim—but it was Esther who had the most fun of all at their party

■ "There will be no grown-ups at this party," said Esther Williams firmly. "Just us kids." Her gesture included Ben Gage and the three junior Gages. ("Me?" Ben wailed.) "And I want lots of children," she continued. "Kim, you can ask, oh, a dozen or so of your friends—" ("A dozen will do," Ben amended hastily. Esther gave him a dirty look. "Old wet blanket," she said.) "We'll have Jane to help serve—" ("And chaperone us juveniles," Ben put in) "and we'll have ice cream and cake and balloons and *fun!*" his wife concluded triumphantly. "Kim, you ask the guests and tell them their folks can pick them up and bring them over—but they can't stay." "Sure," said Kim, awed, "OK, Pop?" Ben nodded, stricken dumb.

For two weeks before the party Esther dashed around, buying decorations, worrying over the refreshments and arguing with Ben over whether the party would be confined to the pool or spread to the playground. And when it was all over and Esther had waved goodbye to the last of the little ones, she folded up the streamers and put them away. "Till Benjie's turn," she told Ben. "Praises be," muttered he, "that two of the kids have birthdays in the same month. I couldn't navigate the fountain of youth three times a year and survive." "You'd better," Esther said. "Just wait till we have dozens and dozens of grandchildren and I can do this practically every week!" **END**

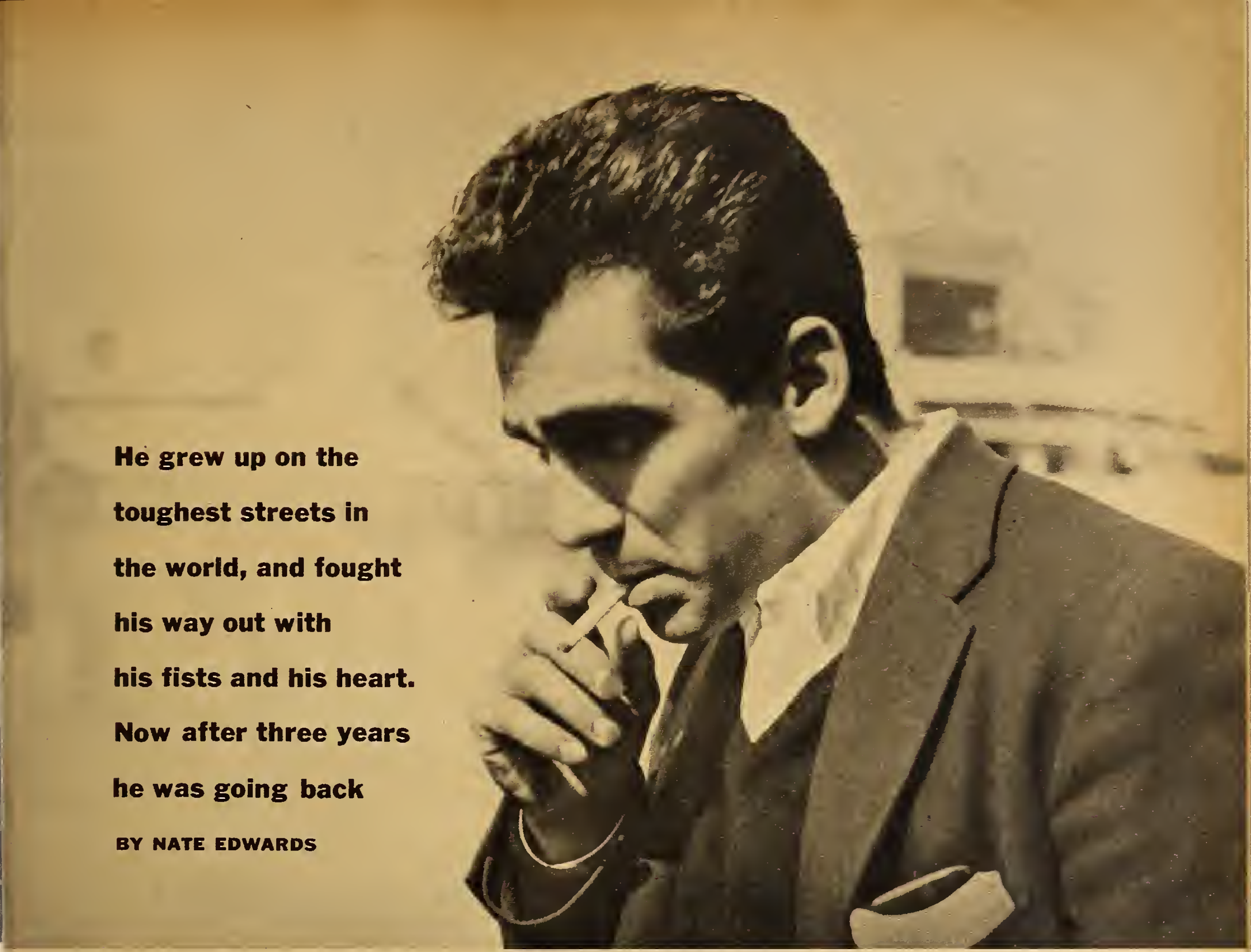




His grammar school was a tough one, but his art teacher remembered Perry —hugged him to his great embarrassment. "He was never as bad as he thought he was," she said, "he pulled himself up." But Lou Gomez (below), who worked out with Perry, remembered him differently. "He had fists," he said. "With them you could do anything!"

photos by Jacques Lowe

And then home. "My hummingbird Ma!" Perry cried. "My sweetheart!" Clad in bluejeans and a sweater, she ran to him, kissed him for the first time in 3 years, fed him— and sobbed in his arms until Perry wept, too.



He grew up on the toughest streets in the world, and fought his way out with his fists and his heart. Now after three years he was going back

BY NATE EDWARDS

Last year his neighbors voted Perry's dad "Father of the Year of all Holbrook." A quiet, patient, simple man, who has built the house they live in, he called Perry to tell him. "Now, Perry," he said, "now what am I supposed to do?"

PERRY LOPEZ:

A TIME FOR REMEMBERING

■ At nine-thirty in the morning Perry Lopez stood outside the Warwick Hotel in New York City and stared into the drizzle. He wore a black sweater, a black-and-white striped shirt, no tie, gray flannel trousers and a red baseball hat. With him stood a publicity man from Warners, nervously tugging at his sleeve. "C'mon, Perry," he urged from time to time, "get under the umbrella, huh?"

"It's all right," Perry said.

"You're getting soaked. C'mon, kid, your hat'll run all over your face."

(Continued on page 97)

George Gobel is a funnyman. But he learned laughter the hard way—by smiling in the face of a chilly world. After all . . .

what can a little guy do?

by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ "You're a little guy," the night-club manager said to George Gobel, "so you better make them laugh. If a little guy doesn't make them laugh—what's he got left?"

George made them laugh. He made them split their sides. But he walked away believing with all his heart that that manager was wrong. He has spent his whole life proving that a little guy, a plain guy, can be a lot more than funny.

He started proving it one day at the age of six, when his mother ordered him to sit on a stool in the corner of the room, nose to the wall, for being naughty. From this position he spoke up to her after a thoughtful five minutes.

"Mom, let's be friends," he said. "From now on I'll be good to you and you be good to me."

Mrs. Gobel still remembers it: "What choice did I have? The disciplinary period was over. From that day to this we *have* been good friends—and George has never been spanked once since."

"That's not the reason," George grins, "I was too small to be hit!" But his mother sees it differently.

"George found out early in life that he liked people, including his mother and father, and he wanted them to like him," she said. "When he found out he could make people laugh he was happy about it long before he found out he could make money out of it."

There was a demonstration of this when George was only fourteen years old. He had gone one night to the Loop (*Continued on page 84*)

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TV TALK

The Emmys cause dissension . . . Nanette gives a bad performance . . . Kennedy uncooperative? . . . M.M. vs. R.S.V.P.

Julius LaRosa and his bride Rory Meyer take a few days off for some fun and relaxation.

. . . Nobody can quite figure out the whole reason why, but the Emmy awards—even with the two hours of network TV time they got—were an anticlimax this year. The main reason, of course, was all the hassling that went on beforehand, with brickbats being tossed at the Television Academy by such stars as **Groucho Marx** and **Jack Webb.** Also, some of the award winners already had Emmys at home—*Omnibus,* **Lucille Ball, Perry Como, Art Carney,** *Disneyland*—and repeaters don't make for excitement. (And, for the second year in a row, *Omnibus* producer **Bob Saudek** marched up to get his statuette without being identified; Saudek should be introduced next year all by himself whether he gets another Emmy or not.) To us, the saddest thing was **Bob Cummings'** monologue, which fell flatter than six pancakes; we know that every performer has off nights when his timing just won't get right, but Bob is such a likeable and talented comedian that it hurt to see him flop coast to coast. We also thought **Nanette Fabray** gave her only bad performance of the year when she accepted her two awards with tears worthy of ten Oscars; however, maybe Nanette did feel emotional after her split-up with **Sid Caesar** (a split-up that was caused by arguments over her salary and Sid's firm belief in his own judgment on all matters). And—although we'd be the last to cast any reflection on the auditing firm of Price-Waterhouse—**Perry Como** sure looked as though he was sitting around his stage after his show waiting to pick up a couple of Emmys. But neither we nor anybody else is going to argue one point: This year will go down as the **Phil Silvers** Year in television, and he deserved all three of his Emmys. Phil is so well liked he could have taken all the Emmys home and no one would have griped. . . . One of the most-respected, most-hired actors in all of television—and on the stage, too—is—**E. G. Marshall.** You see him on TV all the time; in fact, he's used so much that he's one of the few video actors who don't have to worry about where the next pay check is coming from. But, strangely enough, E. G. is almost unknown to the public at large. He made a huge hit in **Arthur Miller's** *The Crucible* on the Broadway stage; he's been in so many *You Are There's* that he can't count them; he played opposite **Eva Marie Saint** in the original TV version of *Middle Of The Night*—but, although well into his forties, he is still not a "personality." One reason is that he looks different in every role he takes. You could almost call him the Alec Guinness of America because his acting skill—with some help from the make-up man—makes him almost unrecognizable time after time. The other reason is that E. G. steers away from publicity. He devotes himself to his work and doesn't try to get into all the columns. He is so oblivious to popularity that he even holds himself incommunicado from his agent sometimes! When he and his family—his modern-dancing wife and their two daughters—go up to their shack in Vermont to relax and ski, E. G. is 100% unreachable. The biggest role of his career could be offered to him and he wouldn't know until he stopped skiing and chatting with his Vermont neighbors and returned to New York. And, when he is interviewed, he refuses to Tell All. He absolutely *will not* tell what "E. G." stands for. His best friends don't know, and it's a cinch that the public will never find out. His younger daughter used to divulge the big secret in that naive, talkative way children have, but the recipients refuse to spread the word and E. G. has clamped down on his daughter! . . . Another actor who is not a "personality" is **Arthur Kennedy.** Arthur, in fact—or Johnny, as he's known to all his friends—is a press agent's nightmare. Where E. G. Marshall is perfectly amiable about being interviewed if it doesn't interfere with his work or his skiing, Johnny Kennedy refuses to be bothered. And, when literally forced to answer a few questions, he refuses to say The Right Thing. He may go into a diatribe about another actor—a deserved one, perhaps, but not the sort of thing actors are advised to do—or he may deliver himself of a few opinions that are the very thing to keep people *away* from the box office! His honesty may be commendable—and refreshingly rare—but it produces nothing but groans from his movie studio or Broadway backers. Johnny *can* be charming, but he is so wrapped up in his work as an actor that he does not see the need for selling himself as an individual. Merely because of this refusal, he cannot command the salary or the following that many far less accomplished actors can. To prove how far Kennedy carries his aversion to personal publicity: He refused to go on the **Ed Sullivan** show. And, as you know, except for **Frank Sinatra,** everyone *begs* to get on that program . . . **Marilyn Monroe** is not only always late for all appointments, she also sometimes doesn't answer invitations, even from close friends. They've all learned not to be surprised if they don't hear a word from M. M. in response to their R.S.V.P.'s . . . **Marcie Rinehart** may be **Fess Parker's** pretty steady girl in Hollywood, but when he's in New York he plays the field. Last trip, he saw quite a bit of a former beauty queen he'd known in college . . . Poor **Mrs. Pat Weaver.** No one who saw the back of her dress unzipped on *Person To Person* will ever forget it. What they don't know is that Mrs. Weaver had pestered the costume department of NBC for weeks before the telecast asking them exactly what she should wear. After all that worry and trouble, her slip showed more than her dress! . . . All the old English movies on TV have made British actors like **Jack Hawkins** and **Trevor Howard** as famous as any homegrown star at Broadway opening nights. Hawkins looks exactly the same on the sidewalk as he does on the screen—sturdy and impressive. Howard, on the other hand, looks smaller and redder-faced than you'd expect.

Happy recipients of Emmys—TV's most coveted award: Jan Clayton, Tommy Rettig, Dinah Shore and Lloyd Nolan (above). Phil Silvers (right) romped off with three awards for his wonderful series depicting the Army's funnier side.

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EKBERG: engaged to be engaged

Back in Hollywood, Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel announced their engagement. At the time, no date had been set for the wedding.

■ London newsmen rushed over to the Hotel Savoy to cover the arrival of sultry Anita Ekberg. Scheduled for 10:30 in the morning, she appeared in one of the most informal breakfast costumes of the year, but the thing that made them scurry to the telephone was the unscheduled arrival of English actor Anthony Steel, who admitted, between bites of soft-boiled egg, that he and Miss Ekberg had been visiting her parents in Sweden and were "quite serious" about each other. Two weeks later they became engaged, and very far from giving up her career, Anita talked Anthony into coming to Hollywood to try his luck there. As for Anita, she doesn't need luck—*War And Peace* will make her the hottest Swede since Bergman!

case of the bashful giant

(*Continued from page 33*) chewed and digested Winnetka we tackled Chicago. I guess I talked my head off—but it was me (Roy) talking. When the reporters started to ask about the home life of a movie actor, then I (Rock) lost my tongue. Just didn't have anything to say. But we'd had such a good time by then, they didn't seem to mind.

Q. Yes, the reporters who went to Nogales thinking of you as a strong, silent clam came away thinking of you—I mean Rock—as a different sort of guy. Strong but not silent. By the way, Roy, what *is* wrong with Rock? He's getting a reputation as a real hard nut to crack on an interview.

Roy: You ever stop to think maybe he's wrung dry—talked out—and tired out? He'd made more than thirty pictures with darn little time off, except for the honeymoon interval between *Giant* and *Written On The Wind*. He's told and retold his life story—the truck driver from Winnetka bit, and the kid who bombarded Henry Willson with portraits—until he feels everybody, not just him, must be bored to death with it. He doesn't want to be tongue-tied with people like you—and God knows he isn't stuck up and has no intention of getting that way—but he does want to get his first and only marriage off to a good, wholesome, *private* start, away from the limelight. He wants something he can call *his own*. And so does his wife.

Q. Sure, sure, Roy. But if you catch him at a good moment you might tell Rock to try to look at it this way: that you're both public property now, and that when you get used to it, living in a goldfish bowl isn't too terrible a life. Especially when the pebbles on the bottom are real gold. And that in fact, the most experienced goldfish in the Hollywood bowl—some of 'em from towns as small as Winnetka—have found that if you must relax and enjoy it, why it's great to be in the swim!

Roy: Yeah, I'll tell him. But it may take a while for it to sink in. **END**

the trouble with shirley

(*Continued from page 43*) gleaming like a new penny. Moreover, her figure owes apologies to no one, including Marilyn Monroe. But with all this—well—Shirley just doesn't look like a movie star, nor act like one either. Glamour fits MacLaine about as well as it does Raggedy Ann, the tomboy you met at the lake last summer, or that freckle-faced kid from Kalamazoo.

The great Alfred Hitchcock tags her right on the buzzer: "Most newcomers can be compared to someone else already in Hollywood," he says. "But Shirley's in a new class all by herself." Hitchcock should know. He brought Shirley to Hollywood. In the process she did what few people have done to the roly-poly Englishman who likes to frighten people: She scared Hitchcock half to death first time she met him.

That was one rainy day in New York, two years ago when the famous director arrived on his way to Vermont to make *The Trouble With Harry*. He'd signed Shirley to star strictly on a scout's report and long distance personality test, sight unseen. When she showed up in a baggy trench coat, galoshes and scarf, then peeled them off to reveal a sweater and jeans, no make-up and a coiffure that seemed fashioned by a Waring mixer, Hitchcock paled. When every experience he probed for drew a blank "Nothing" he mopped his sweating brow. All Shirley could do was sing and dance, it turned out—and there wasn't a song or a dance in his picture. What's more, it was an offbeat movie about a corpse that Paramount hadn't been too happy about making.

Later he told her, "You had me shaking in my boots!"

But still later he also confessed, "We wouldn't have had a picture without you."

Since *The Trouble With Harry* the trouble with Shirley MacLaine is that—Hollywood or not—she can't be anybody but herself. She's made *Artists And Models* and *Around The World In 80 Days*. She's collected a flock of "most promising newcomer" awards and watched her fan mail turn into a Paramount problem. She's starred on TV's *Shower Of Stars*.

At a recent MGM luncheon, Vic Damone was among the entertainers when he spied Frank Sinatra in the audience. Vic thought Frank was busy on the set of *The Tender Trap*. Vic finished the song he was doing and then said to the guests: "I never thought I'd perform before Frank Sinatra." Then Damone prevailed upon Frankie to get up and sing: Sinatra did "I Get A Kick Out Of You," and no one in that guest audience applauded harder than Damone.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

But when the publicity boys put the pressure on Shirley to show up at the premiere of *Strategic Air Command* some months ago, she borrowed another studio gown and ran the flashlight gauntlet through the lobby. Once inside, she right-faced and slipped out a side door where her husband, Steve Parker, was waiting to take her home. "I was half-way through a terrific book," she explained. "Besides, I'd already seen the picture."

Shirley still has to borrow her glad rags when she steps out. She doesn't own a formal. Until Hal Wallis, her boss, gave her an MG on her birthday, she rattled around in a $700 second-hand Buick. She sews her own clothes, and in one idle spell knitted a coat. To date she's been in one night club, Ciro's (to see an old pal of Steve's) and to no Hollywood social musters. She lives with Steve, a boxer pup named Caesar and a cat called Bolo in a two-room apartment on the tag end of Malibu beach, thirty miles from Hollywood. For a while she considered a job in a Malibu dime store between pictures.

Right now, to top it all, Shirley's pregnant. This has yanked her out of action just as her career gets rolling. That news is said to have turned Hal Wallis slightly green around the gills because he'd counted on Shirley for *Hollywood Or Bust* with Dean and Jerry. But Shirley thinks it's wonderful. "You know what I want?" she says eagerly. "Twins!"

Shirley was born in 1934, at 4 p.m. on the 24th day of the fourth month, April. Naturally, four's her lucky number and in her maternal mood, she'd like four children, twins at a time. There's a good chance, too, because twins run in Shirley's family. So does something else—talent.

Her mother, Kathryn, acted and taught dramatics and her dad, Ira, played about every instrument you can name in his own dance band before they met, married and settled down. Shirley has a hunch she was named after Shirley Temple, whose kiddie career was brightest

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the PRINCE . . . the PRINCESS . . . the PADRE . . .

■ Her subjects in Monaco wonder if their new Princess Grace has been fully briefed on the palace intrigue surrounding her husband these many years. Crux of the intrigue revolves around Rainier's sister, the Princess Antoinette, former wife of tennis star Alexo Nogues. Before Rainier became engaged to Grace, the Princess, according to intimates, hoped that he would never get married, that his throne somehow would revert to her children.

Rainier is also not on the best of terms with his father, Prince Pierre de Polignano, who was absent from the engagement festivities.

According to one prominent Monagasque, however, "'Friar Tuck' will pretty much continue to run things. He is really the power behind the throne."

'Friar Tuck' is in reality Father J. Francis Tucker, the Catholic priest from Delaware who came to Monaco a few years ago to make peace between the pro-French and pro-Italian cliques in the tiny principality.

Not many people know it, but Prince Rainier himself asked the Pope to send an American priest to Monaco. When Tucker arrived he shocked the natives by wearing a suit instead of a cassock, turning up one Sunday on Larvotto beach wearing shorts, racing through town on a scooter and handing out free chewing gum to the children.

The priest and the prince became fast friends until Father Tucker intervened in Rainier's love affair with Gisele Pascal, the red-headed French film star.

Rainier and Gisele would undoubtedly have gotten married—the local populace was in favor of such a marriage—until an obstetrician spread the story that Gisele could never provide Monaco with an heir. Unless Rainier has an heir, his kingdom by treaty reverts to France. Naturally, the Monagasques don't want to become French tax-payers. The citizens of Monaco changed their minds about Gisele.

The Palace Chaplain went to see the Prince. Day after day they argued. If he couldn't marry Gisele, threatened Rainier, he would abdicate. Father Tucker said that would be silly and irresponsible. It was a heated and prolonged argument. But in the end Father Tucker won. Gisele Pascal left Monaco, eventually married Robert Pellegrin, a childhood friend of Rainier.

Disheartened and disappointed, Rainier sulked for months. Father Tucker told him there were plenty of beautiful women left in the world, even promised that he himself would find a bride for his young friend. Last December the priest and the prince took off from Monaco on their matrimonial search.

On April 18, Father Tucker fulfilled his promise. Having arranged the marriage between Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier, he will become even more influential than ever before. In time he may well turn out to be the Cardinal Richelieu of Monaco.

---

about the time she arrived in Richmond, Virginia, where Ira, by then, was the respectable principal of Westhampton school.

If so, it was a solid idea. Because by the time Shirley MacLaine Beaty (as they christened her) turned three years old she was doing just what Curlytop did at the same age—making the bigger kids blush for shame at dancing school.

"The original objective," Shirley recalls, however, "was not a career—but to straighten out my feet." Shirley was slewfooting around like a duck and it worried her mom. To her dismay all the classic ballet positions turned her toes out even wider. But Shirley took to ballet like a duck to water and from then on, until just the other day when the obstetrician ordered "Stop," Shirley's been working out at the bars, doing *arabesques, jetés, relevés, entre-chats* and other muscle stretching contortions. "I wore out leotards like most kids wear out shoes."

As a result, although she's a big five-foot-seven girl today and properly padded, Shirley moves about like a cat. She was also strong enough to take Jerry Lewis' dare, hoist him up and gallop him around piggy back on the set of *Artists And Models*. But that's the result of another kind of training, for when she wasn't doing splits, Shirl the girl was making like a junior Babe Didrickson. Scotch-Irish and redheaded, "Powerhouse" Beaty (as the kids called her) was not the jacks and hopscotch type. She preferred mixing it up with the boys in soccer, touch football, baseball and track. She was pretty handy with her dukes, too. Her frustrated brother, Warren, three years younger, seldom got a chance to enjoy a good scrap. "I was always stepping in and fighting them for him," admits Shirley.

Kids and men

At thirteen, however, Shirley was modeling misses'-size clothes in a department store. About the same time she started dancing on an early TV setup at the Wardman Park Hotel for $12 a night. And, if in her junior year she rah-rahed the Washington and Lee High football team on to victory as cheer leader on Saturday afternoons—come evening, Shirley Beaty wouldn't be seen dead with such kids. She stepped out with college men from Georgetown University.

Most of this took place, obviously, around Washington, D. C. Shirley's dad moved the family near there when she was eleven, giving up education to sell real estate, which he still does. This was a relief to Shirley, who always found it embarrassing to be sent into the principal only to find herself face to face with her old man. But while her house was just across the Potomac in Arlington, Va., the capital sights that most school kids journey miles to see never met Shirley's blue eyes. Washington to Shirley was just one thing—the School of Ballet. "By then I was on a single track," she confesses. "Dancing was all I ever wanted to do." When she was only fifteen she started trotting off to New York all by herself to plug away summer vacations at the American School of Ballet and the Ballet Theatre.

It was during her third New York summer session, after her junior year, that Shirley got her feet wet—and caught the show business bug. A revival of *Oklahoma!* needed chorus girl replacements and Shirley thought she might as well try to help out on expenses. 500 applicants boiled down to sixteen, and the sixteen boiled down to one. But Shirley was it. "Sometimes," she observes philosophically, "it helps to be tall and redheaded."

But by summer's end, Shirley proved that she had something attached to her head besides hair. It was pretty tempting to be asked to go abroad that fall to the Berlin Art Festival with *Oklahoma!* But it also meant signing for a road tour afterwards, which meant not graduating from high school. Shirley called the folks down south for advice. "Make up your own mind," they told her. Shirley did. She settled for the diploma instead of $75 a week and the European trip. She's never regretted it. But the minute she got it she beelined back to New York. This time she stayed—and strictly on her own. She had just turned eighteen.

Things started off okay. Shirley got a summer job with St. John Terrell's Music Circus at Lambertville, New Jersey. She danced one musical by night and rehearsed for the next by day, and loved it. But that fall Broadway lowered the boom.

"Fifty-one was a very rough season," Shirley remembers. "Out of 8000 Actors' Equity members, only 800 were working. I belonged to the 7200."

She snatched the want-ads practically off the newspaper trucks, haunted theatrical agencies until the secretaries got insulting and auditioned for anyone who'd look and listen. But it was only, "We'll call you" which is the same thing as "Sorry Kid." She cut off her last name, also her red hair. No use. Then she was asked to travel as danseuse for a trade show.

Glamorizing refrigerators wasn't exactly what Shirley had slaved all those years for, but by then she wasn't picky. So the rest of the year Shirley barnstormed the South and Midwest on one night stands, pirouetting around her frigid partners while the salesman delivered his pitch. "We set up in every two-bit place you could think of," says Shirley. "Tank town hotels, auditoriums, drafty halls and casinos. We slept on busses and at flea-bag hotels. I got an infected foot but had to dance anyway. It wasn't elegant but it was a living." It was more than that. She made $165 a week and expenses. By spring she'd piled up a stake for another crack at New York. Ironically, when she got it she didn't need it. "Because right then," Shirley grins, "I got lucky."

"Hey, Red!"

The first job she tried out for she bagged—in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Me and Juliet*—although she was the last chorus girl picked. In fact, Shirley was halfway out the door when Bob Alton, the choreographer yelled, "Hey, Red—you didn't leave your name and address."

"Why?" inquired Shirley bitterly.

"Don't you want your job?" She's always thought that was a silly question.

Shirley wasn't too surprised at this luck. It was fourth day of the fourth month, April—her birthday.

Me And Juliet kept Shirley in a steady job for almost a year. Then kind fate provided her with a steady date—a man named Steve Parker. That's Shirley MacLaine's legal handle today—Mrs. Stephen Frederick Parker.

She met Steve in the Theatre Bar across from the stage door of the Majestic. A chorus mate took her there one September night after the show. It was the first bar Shirley had ever entered. She doesn't drink. But when the girl friend, who knew Steve, introduced him, Shirley remembers a sudden dizzy spell which couldn't have come from her 7-Up. "I just flipped," she sighs. "It was boom!—like that."

Steve Parker's a handsome, dark-haired Vermonter, twelve years older than Shirley. He was already a veteran actor, stage director and producer. At that point he was staging the famous Lambs' Club shows. He seemed to know everybody in and everything about show business. As

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WHEN A HUSBAND LEAVES HOME

■ One hot afternoon last fall, John Derek left his wife and family. On the spur of the moment he tossed some necessary belongings into a couple of suitcases and tore out of the driveway of his Encino ranch home.

Trouble between the Dereks had been brewing for months. The possibility of leaving his home had often occurred to John. But suddenly the difference between thinking about it, and taking the actual step, struck him.

Where would he go? Moving in with the married couples he knew was out of the question. Most of his single friends were out of town. Besides, their places were too small. Clubs, such as in the east, are non-existent in California. And who would cook his meals, take care of his laundry, his telephone calls? The hundreds of little details Pati had looked after?

When he reached Ventura Boulevard, John turned toward the studio. Driving toward Hollywood, he noticed a motel on the right side of the street. He pulled up in front, and registered for the night.

The rest of the day passed by slowly, painfully. He didn't want to see anyone. He missed his children. Where and how was he to settle down?

The next day John rented an apartment. Used to plenty of space around him, he couldn't take the confinement of a couple of rooms in town for long. Less than a month later he found a house in the Hollywood hills. This wasn't the end of the problem. Just the beginning.

John had never taken any interest in running a house, or even finding out how it was done. The first time he fixed a steak, he burned it on both sides.

Washing the dishes was a chore he had learned to dislike in the army. He simply let them pile up in the sink till they were all used up, then ate out.

His clothes fared little better. Never a particularly neat person, he considered it easier to drop them where he took them off, rather than put them away. When he ran out of shirts, he bought new ones. This went on till the day his business manager drove up with some papers for John to sign. One look at the mess made him call half a dozen employment agencies. Nowadays a maid comes in once a week—which means John's house is clean on Wednesdays, then gets progressively dirtier till she comes again.

Shopping for food proved bothersome, too. With neither the inclination nor the patience to cook, John usually came home with cookies and milk.

In recent months John's living expenses have gone up all out of proportion to even his sizeable income. His own expenditures were higher than anticipated. To that had to be added the monthly payments awarded to Pati.

But hardest of all was the separation from his children, Russ, 5½, and Sean, 2½. For their sakes John and Pati had agreed to stay at least on cordial terms. John sees them often, phones them every day for an hour.

Naturally, John has considered the possibility of Pati's remarrying. In a way, he is all for it. He won't have to continue the huge amount of alimony to which he has agreed. On the other hand, the thought that his children might call anyone but him "Daddy" makes him clench his fists in anger. "I won't stand for it!"

As for himself—no matter how much in love he is, or will be, till Pati finds another husband he excludes marriage from his thoughts. "I can't afford it," he sighs. The world is not rosy for John Derek.

---

he talked, Shirley was fascinated. What fascinated Steve about Shirley she can't imagine unless it was a feat she performed of cramming a beer glass into her generous mouth (She later cowed Jerry Lewis with the same stunt which even that flap-mouthed comedian can't do). Anyway, Steve took her home. Shirley dates about everything important that's happened to her from that night.

"Steve gave me a completely new slant on show business," explains Shirley. "He made me realize what a really big world it was. Until then I'd thought dancing was everything. But when Steve talked my head buzzed with TV, movies, stage plays. I guess you'd say Steve gave me big-time ambition." Something else, too—love—the real thing at last.

Going steady with Steve Parker built up Shirley's confidence. In February she quit *Me And Juliet* cold to gamble for a better job in *The Pajama Game* which George Abbott was lining up for Broadway. 1000 girls had the same idea, then seventy-two, then twelve and finally six. Shirley was one of the six, with a song and dance bit of her own and—the big item—understudy for star Carol Haney. But at first she didn't think about that.

"From the start that Haney gal looked like the type who'd go on with a broken neck," Shirley reveals. "But I crammed up on her part. Lucky I did."

Because just before the third night on Broadway indestructible Haney ripped loose the ligaments in her ankle. The same night Shirley's subway broke down and she arrived barely a minute ahead of curtain time. Bob Fosse, Carol's partner, was clutching his hair with one hand and Haney's costumes with the other. He practically shoved Shirley out on the stage. She just had time to yell to her roommate (in the same show) to call Steve and get him over there fast.

"He arrived in a T-shirt, stood in the wings and cheered me through," says Shirley gratefully. After her performance Steve had a pile of scribbled notes on her faults two-feet high. They went back to Shirley's apartment and worked all night. Next evening she was sharp as a tack.

Shirley stayed up on her toes another way: She scattered front-center tickets to all agents, producers, Hollywood representatives and the Mister Bigs of show business that Steve knew, figuring she'd shine in the spot a week at the most and she'd better make hay. But it was a month before Carol Haney recovered. "At $7.20 a seat I spent more that month than I made," recalls Shirley ruefully. "But it was a good idea. I was so unimportant that I couldn't get an agent to handle me."

The hot ones

She had plenty of offers after that. But the hot ones came from customers who paid their way in. Hal Wallis, the Hollywood producer, saw Shirley first. He gave her a skimpy screen test in New York and signed her on a contract to come to Hollywood and stick around when the show closed. But Shirley's luck was running and the next man who looked had more definite ideas. "Doc" Erickson, Alfred Hitchcock's assistant, happened in *Pajama Game* the only other time Shirley stepped out of the chorus to pinch-hit for Carol Haney—one lone night two months later when Carol caught a virus.

That night Erickson called Hitchcock at a dinner party in Hollywood. "I've got your girl for *The Trouble With Harry*," he announced.

"What's her name?" asked Hitch.

"Carol Haney," Erickson said.

Only later did the change-of-cast insert in the program fall out to wise Mr. Erickson to his mistake. He hotfooted it over to the boxoffice and found out one trouble with Shirley—she was already signed by Hal Wallis. But the contract provided for an outside picture and so Shirley signed again—or Steve did, because he was her manager by then. In a few days he was her husband as well.

They got hitched at the Marble Collegiate Church on a Friday. Shirley quit *The Pajama Game* on Saturday and Sunday she left with Steve for Stowe, Vermont, to make *The Trouble With Harry.* Halfway through, the news about Shirley traveled to Hollywood. Hal Wallis put director Frank Tashlin to work writing in a part for her in *Artists And Models* and Mike Todd grabbed her next for *Around The World In 80 Days.* Hired one morning, Shirley was on the plane for Durango, Colorado, that night, with her red hair dyed black to play an Indian princess, of all things.

Around The World in 80 Days has almost turned into a case of around the calendar in 365 days for Shirley. But in between she and Steve got a trip to Japan, a terrific thrill to them both in more ways than one. Shirley first felt woozy bobbing in a fishing boat off the base of Fujiyama. But the Tokyo doctor said, "intestinal flu." The "flu" got worse on the plane home across the Pacific and a rabbit test in Hollywood told the truth. Shirley's due to be a mama in September.

Dorothy McGuire was signed for Hollywood and became a star after her appearance in the title role of the Broadway hit, *Claudia.* When she applied for the role, Miss McGuire was ending her run with John Barrymore in *My Dear Children.* She went to the office of producer John Golden who told her: "Drop your hair. Yes, you're Claudia." . . . He later explained his quick decision: "She was the first girl who didn't apply in mink coat and nail polish."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

This keeps her closer than ever to the Malibu duplex, which hangs over the waves right next to the stretch of beach the Parkers have bought to put up their own place soon.

The funny part about this California beachcombing existence is that Shirley can't stand the sun. It only makes her Irish complexion puff up pink like a boiled lobster and then brings out a few million more of her "spotted tan," freckles to you.

A while back when a car out of control ploughed into her MG, Steve got his neck in a brace from the bump and Shirley got a wrenched back. Although the accident happened in Hollywood, it turned out the lady who lost control lived right next door to them at Malibu. Moreover, when Shirley's lawyer came out to settle details, the same flustered lady backed out of her garage and smacked him!

Shirley tells that one only to prove that you never know what will happen, where or when—especially if you get panicky. Already plenty has happened to the powerhouse kid from Dixie. But she's keeping her red head cool, her fingers crossed and her ballet shoes hanging handy. "For all I know I might be back on Broadway dancing in a chorus again some day," she ponders. "It's up to the public. That's why I don't see much sense in getting all in a sweat."

For a girl who just wound up her twenty-first year this April, that's pretty sound philosophy, if a little fatalistic. There's only one flaw: Shirley forgets that the public has already spoken. They seem to say they like Shirley MacLaine just like she is. END

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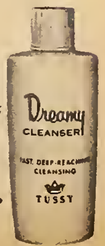

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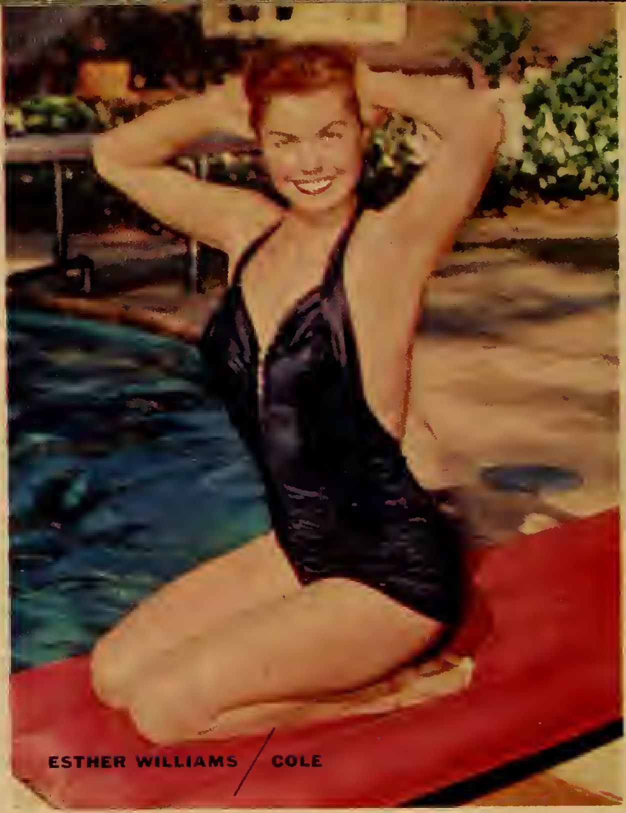
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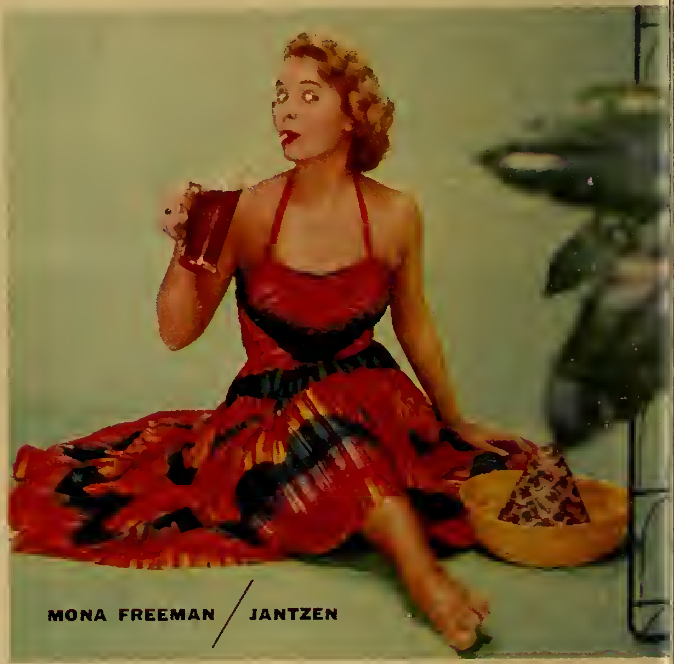
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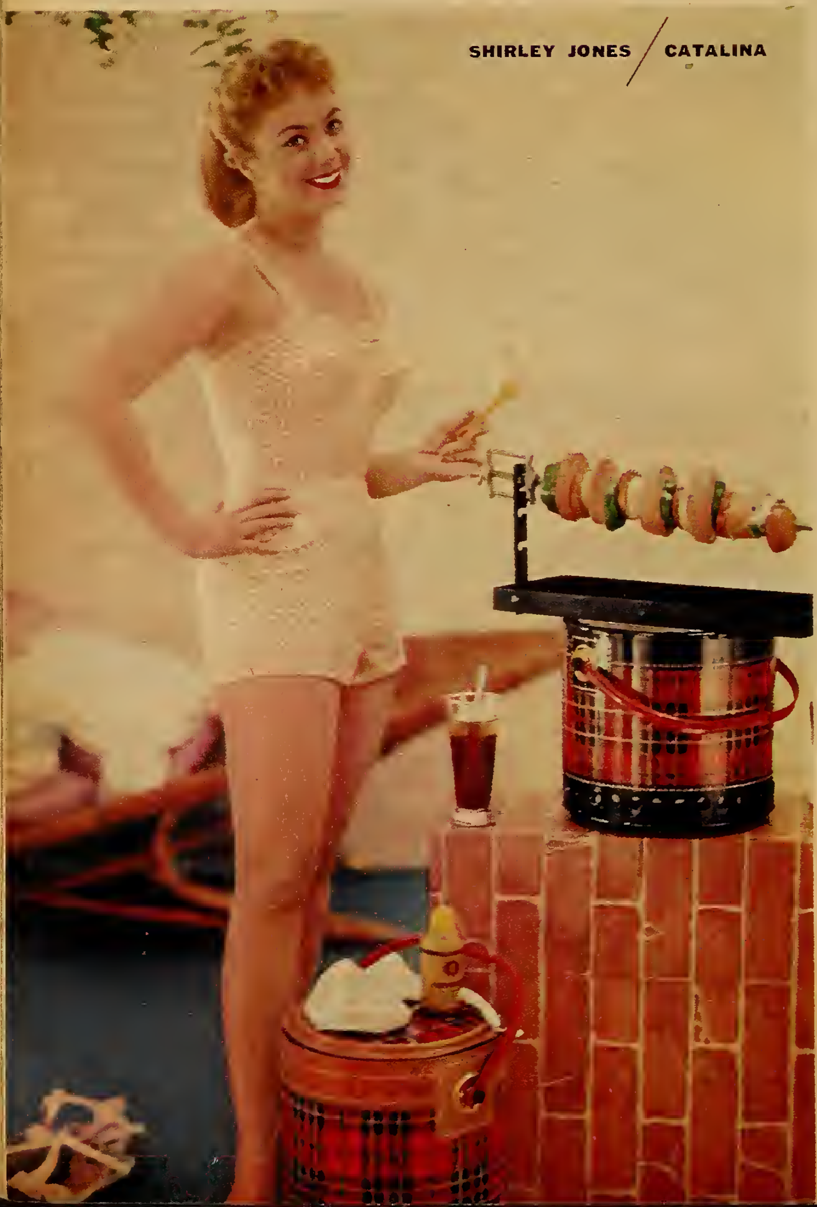
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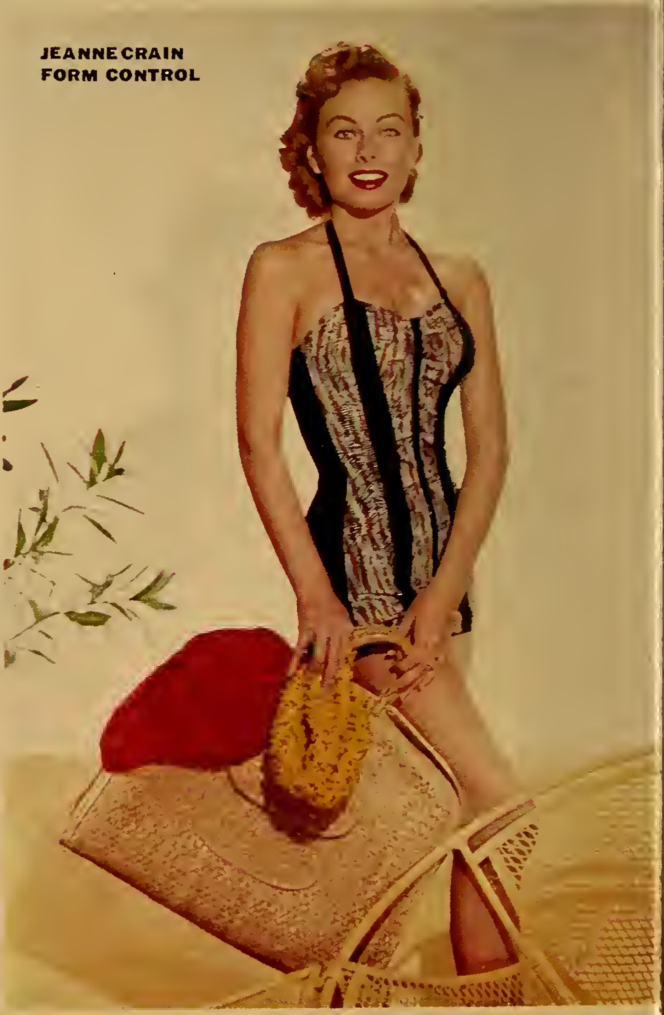
JEANNE CRAIN
FORM CONTROL

Engstead

BEAUTY on the BEACH

Summer lure in new water togs—all sorts of styles, all sorts of colors! Just one swimsuit won't do—you'll want two—or more!

■ VACATION BEAUTY TIPS: Busy days, the smartest swimsuits, the gayest do-dads—summer is the most fun of all! But—take heed—the watery playgrounds, the tempting carefree hours under the sun can easily take you off your beauty guard! Our glamorous Hollywood stars challenge the ravages of summer heat and sun—protect their beauty by following these routines. They are easy, so resolve—right now—to perform these beautiy rituals, faithfully, all the days of summertime! *Your hair:* Keep sweetly scented with frequent shampoos—use any one of the prepared *(cont'd. pg. 74)*

Esther's suit, of course, so swimable, and—so fashionable! Made of lustrous woven cotton satin. The suit features the very new low, low front and back. about $15. By Cole of California.

Mona's suit and skirt costume, Acapulco, *is ablaze with exciting colors woven into a mercerized cotton plaid (Sanforized). The suit features a shirred front, slightly boned bodice. About $16 each—from Jantzen's International Group. Mona's next picture is United Artists'* Huk.

Shirley models a love of a "little boy" suit called Eyes Front. *It is made of yellow checked gingham Laton taffeta (Eastman Chromspun, the color is locked-in for protection against fading and running) and—it features Catalina's new Phantom leg lining. Also in black or brown. About $17. By Catalina. Shirley's flats by Hussco, her swim cap—* U. S. Howland. *Shirley is whipping up one of her famous* Quick 'n Fun *specialties on a Skotch Grill—see page 78 for the recipe that makes mouths water and guys come running. See Shirley again and again in 20th's CinemaScope '55 spectacular,* Carousel.

Jeanne poses in Waikiki, *a sleek Lastex suit with front panels of an exotic jungle design hand-screened print. This is a famous Form Control suit with the patented Phan-Tum built-in front girdle. Solid black or brown with print. About $15. The glittering be-flowered swim cap by Kleinert. Jeanne can be seen in MGM's* The Fastest Gun Alive.

→

Sophisticated simplicity—Rhonda Fleming's sleek Lastex sheath suit with white cord and button trim is cut to give you the long-bodied look that is so much in the news! This suit is available in a rainbow of colors—yellow, pink, sky blue, coral, orchid, mint green or red as well as in black or navy. About $10. By Sea Nymph.

BATHING SUITS AND ACCESSORIES ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

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Wicker chair, Decorative Imports

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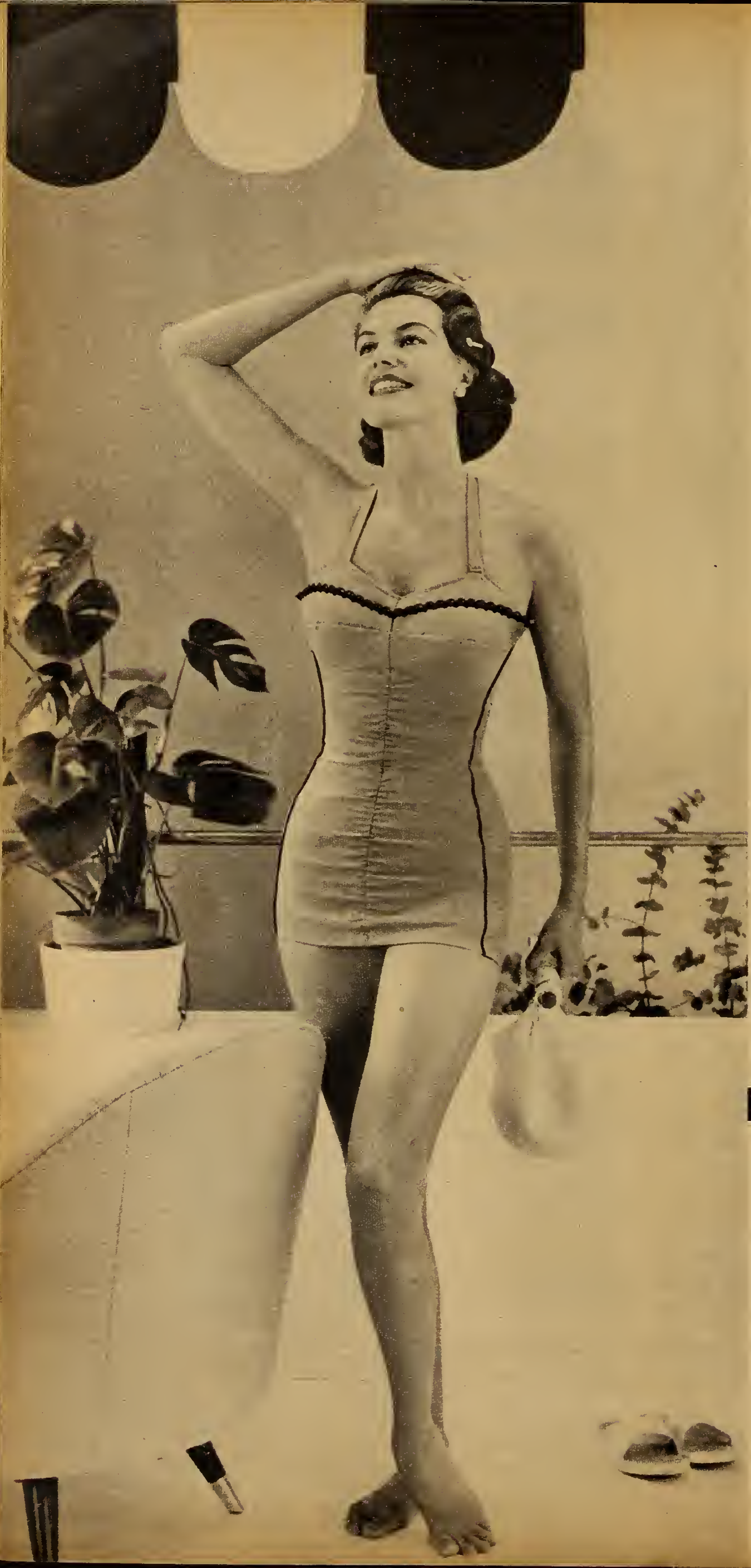


BEAUTY on the BEACH *continued*

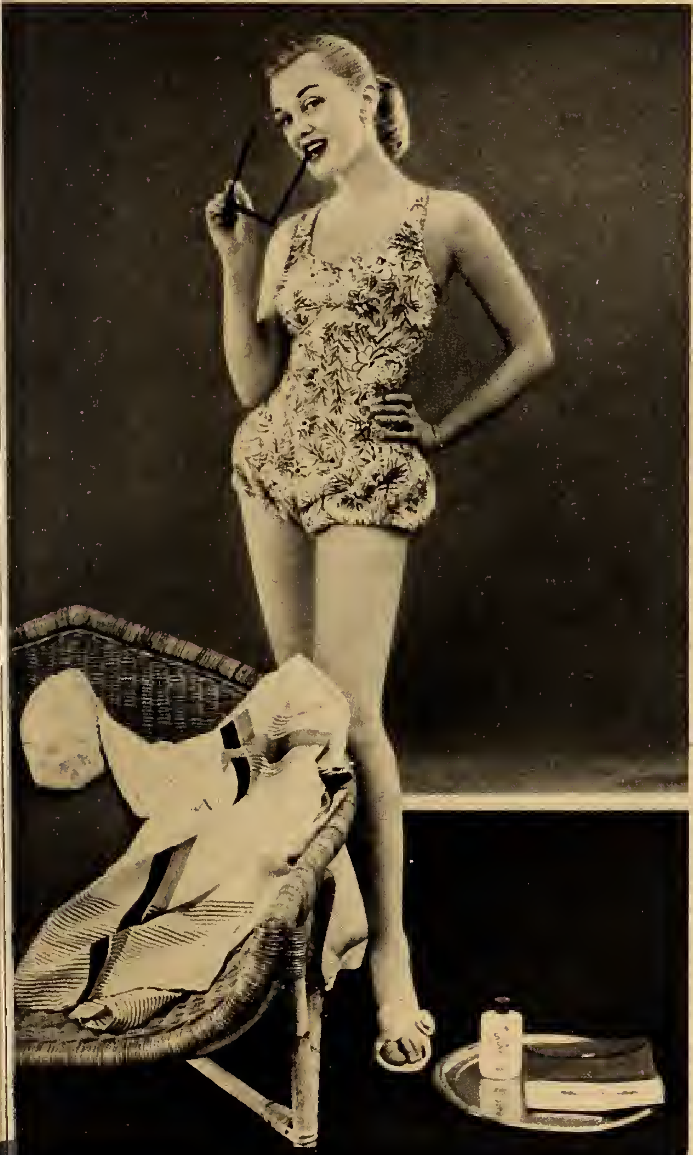
(*Continued from pg. 73*) shampoos, liquid or cream—even if you decide on a "jiffy do" in the shower, don't use your bath soap! To manage your hair more easily use a rinse after your shampoo. Brighten it as well with a color rinse. Change the color with one of the new color tints, shampoos or dyes. After it's beautifully set, film it with a spray to hold it in perfect place. Of course, brush and brush your tresses, keep them trimmed, cover them in the sun and wear a swim cap whenever you dip and splash. If you aren't blessed with natural curls—you should worry—in almost minutes you can give yourself a home permanent. Make any kind of curls you want, tight or loose—either way they will look for real. *Your Make-up:* You can't be beautiful, even with make-up, if your skin is not clear and clean—and smooth! So cleanse your face (*continued, pg. 77*)

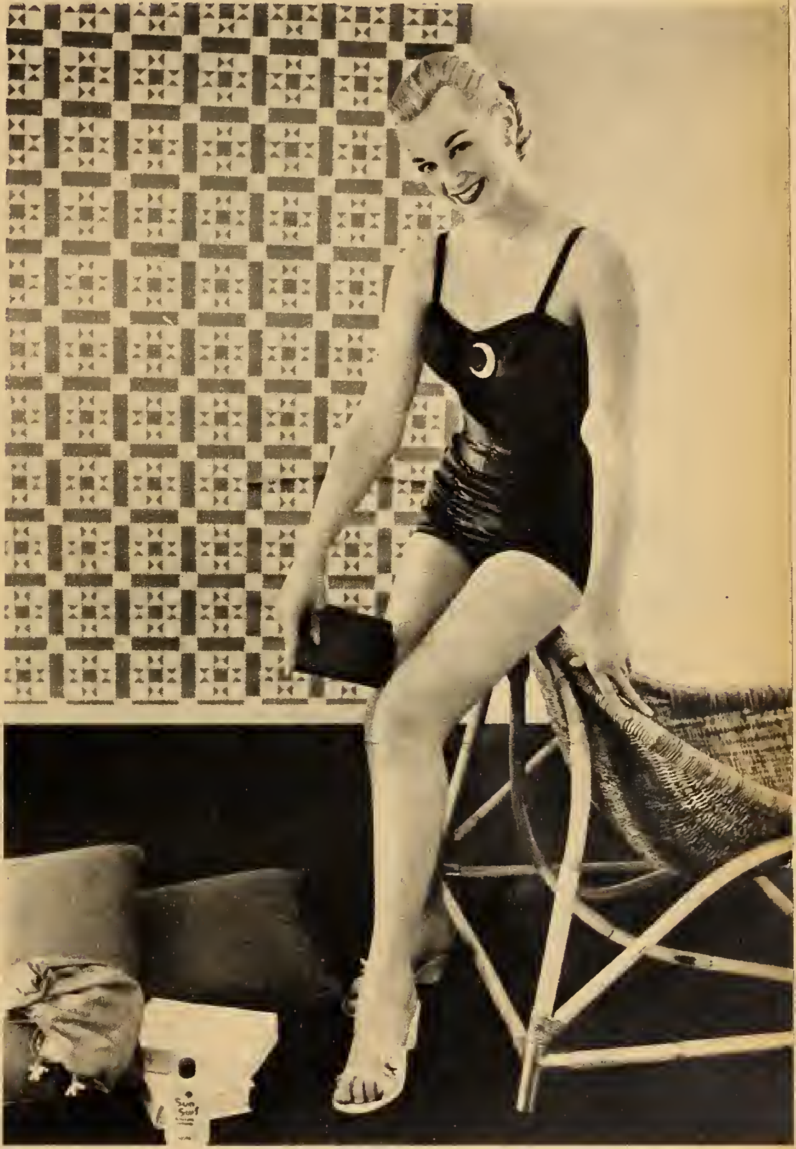
Curtain calls for Cyd Charisse in MGM'S Meet Me In Las Vegas *and —for the Cup Lift suit with shirred front and contrast trim made of elasticized faille woven of Chromspun acetate and cotton with color locked-in. By Surf Togs. About $13. Applause, too, for Trifari's fabulous fake diamond clip that holds Cyd's wave. $5 a pair—set your hair with them—or wear them for dress-up. The 1956 ultra-modern whirligig TV chair,* Bolero, *by Kroehler—Valentine Seaver Original.*

Cyd's and Jan's swim caps by U. S. Rubber
Cyd's U. S. Royal *beach sandals by U. S. Rubber*

BATHING SUITS AND ACCESSORIES ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

this season there's wonderful news in silhouettes—fabrics and trimmings





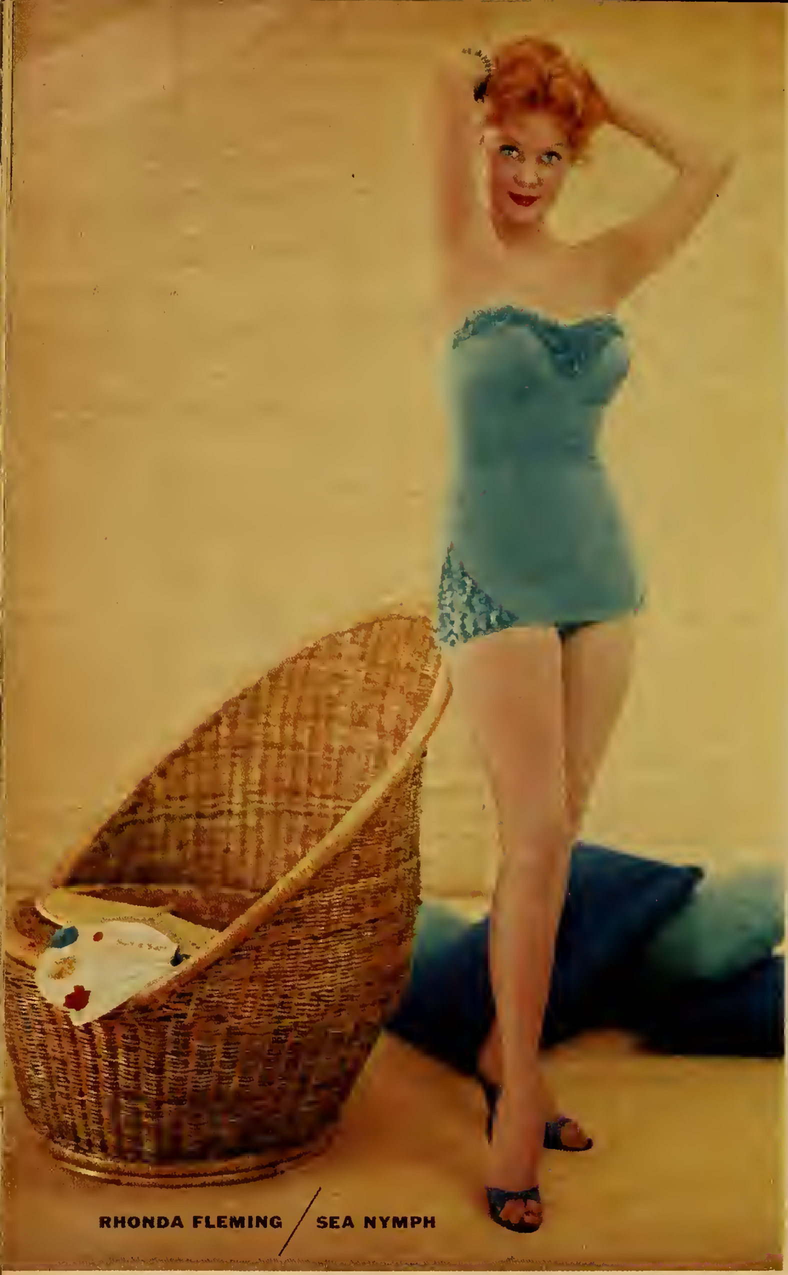
Wicker chair, Decorative Imports.

Photographs, Prigent

Above left: *Jan Sterling, in Rose Marie Reid's* April Showers, *a delectable, washable, print suit of Kona cloth (hand-screened). Rhinestone studded neckline and strap buckle (elastic-shirred back). About $18. On the tray: Jan's cowhide* Boodle Bag *by Rolfs (open), newest carry-all for sports and dress-up. About $5.* Above: *Jan wears* Enchantress—*Rose Marie Reid's new draped sheath silhouette for 1956 in an exclusive fabric, Soirette, of Chromspun crystal acetate and elasticized cotton with color locked-in. The drapery swathes around the hipline, the soft bodice folds are caught up with glitter (built-in bra). About $35. Bamboo wedgies by Honeydebs, $4.99. Jan holds the* Boodle Bag *(closed).* Left: *Trend setting! A man's sports shirt is the newest cover-up for beachwear and sports togs. Jan's rayon and linen shirt is an exclusive print by Coopers. About $5. See Jan in Columbia's* 1984.

To help you have a beautiful tan try one of the new tanning preparations such as Squibb's Sun 'n' Surf non-greasy Suntan Lotion—or if you prefer, Sunburn Cream

More ➤


RHONDA FLEMING / SEA NYMPH

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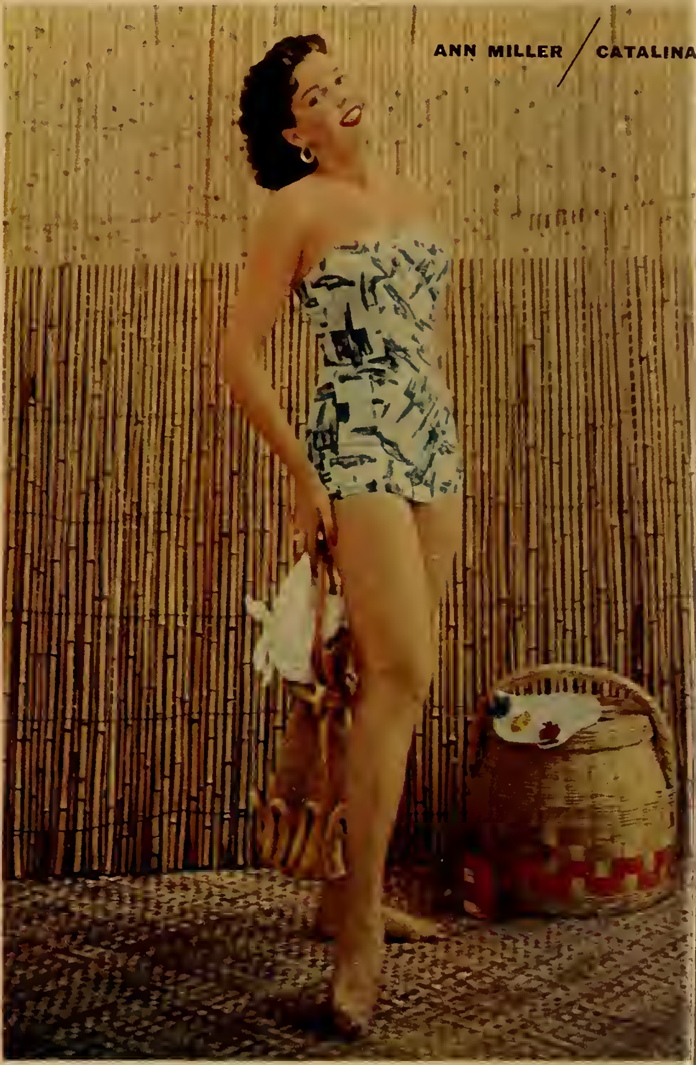
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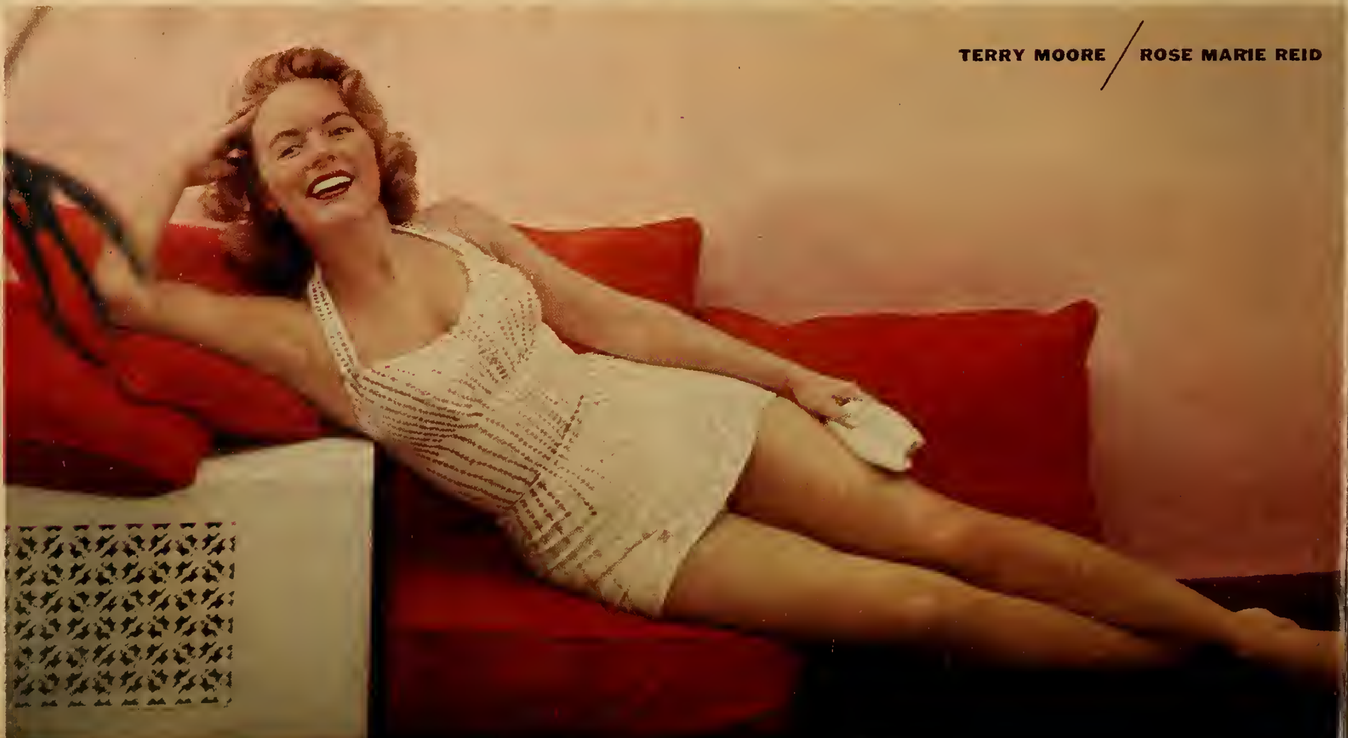
TERRY MOORE / ROSE MARIE REID

BEAUTY on the BEACH *continued*

So here you are, a sunshine hit in our glamour suits if — you meet their challenge by keeping up on beauty care

(*cont'd from pg. 74*) frequently with a cold cream, liquid cleanser or complexion soap and, no matter how young, keep it soft and smooth with a skin cream. These creams or liquids come especially prepared for normal, dry or oily skins. If you have blemishes there are products to help you clear them (diet and exercise will help, too). With a clean, smooth skin, your make-up will go on more beautifully. (*cont'd, pg. 78*)

Rhonda poses in Sea Nymph's figure-slimming faille sheath. It has accents of matching nylon lace frills (built-in Sarong girdle front panel). About $18. Rhonda's cap—Sea Sprite, *an* Aqua-Modes *style by U. S. Rubber (nylon tricot and rubber); a brand new tanning aid for sun-seekers—Sun 'n' Surf Sunburn Cream by Squibb. Bracelet, Capri. Wicker chair from the Suva group by Decorative Imports. Rhonda is now in RKO's* While The City Sleeps.

Ann wears Catalina's Water Luau, *slender slimmer with exciting fashion news in the fabric—California hand-screened print on dull satin Lastex. It has a draped cowl bra and a sarong styled front. About $20. Ann also holds an* Aqua-Modes *cap,* Water Caper, *by U. S. Rubber. Ann is next appearing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's* Opposite Sex.

New vogue for brides and glamour, glamour gals—glittering sequin sprinkled Starlight—*Terry Moore in an elegant white princess suit of elasticized bengaline by Rose Marie Reid (part of Mrs. Gene McGrath's trousseau and what a choice). About $50. Terry's white Playtex cap—sure fire protection for her lovely soft hair-do. Terry will next be seen in the Twentieth Century-Fox production* The Day the Century Ended.

→

Designed for fun in 1956—hop, skip, run and jump in this golden two-piece Orlon and Lastex knit charmer, Sans Souci, *worn by Shirley Jones. For snug fit rib-knit bands on bra and shorts, button-back bra (lightly boned), pearl button and fake pocket trim. About $16. By Catalina. Shirley's beach accessories: Glamour support for skip and jump—the famous Dr. Scholl's newest sandal with arch support* exclusively *introduced by* Modern Screen. *About $10.* Posie Ribbon, *hand-painted* U. S. Royal *Water-Tite cap by U. S. Rubber. Sun 'n' Surf Suntan Lotion by Squibb.*

Pretty figure shape—Shirley in a tunic suit with flange bra and semi-bloomer beneath bell-shaped skirt called Sesame. *It comes in an exciting range of fashion colors—it is made of firming Lastex faille with contrast binding trim. About $18. By Catalina. Blue denim slippers by Honeybugs.*

BATHING SUITS AND ACCESSORIES ARE AVAILABLE
AT ALL FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

Photographs, Prigent

beauty tips

(*Continued from page 77*) Of course, summertime means a glorious tan (made even lovelier with the aid of a tanning preparation) but a carefully applied make-up is still a must!

Select a make-up base—darker now, of course, since you have added sun color. There is nothing so unbecoming as a wrong shade of make-up. Your base can be a liquid or solid, whichever you prefer. Try both types and several colors until you find the correct make-up base and color just right for your particular skin type. This trial and error test may take time but you'll find it was well worth it when the compliments head your way! With your new make-up base choose a new powder—loose or cake—a shade or so lighter than your base.

Some of the cake powders combine a make-up base *with* powder, and all are great for a quick and even skin covering—a delight for the beach, in your purse, in the office, for week-end jaunts, as well as in your bathroom.

There is no *lick and a promise* in Hollywood when it comes to make-up. Correct base and powder is but the beginning! You must work with care and a lipstick brush—to shape a lovely and beautiful mouth. Try the exciting new bright lipstick colors that seem to match summer's tans and fashion colors best of all. Don't forget to match your fingertips—and toes—to your lips!

Accent your eyes! Use plenty of mascara—and not just black or brown. Try color for a change—and try curling your lashes if they are too, too straight. Your eye shadow is equally important—alternate colors to match or accent your clothes—and don't forget a brow pencil *and* brush, to work the line in evenly!

Intimate little tips: Remember a beautiful mouth frames your teeth. So keep them sparkling bright, wonder white—brush often—treat them like precious jewels!

Your body! That needs care a'plenty, too. A soapy bath or shower is just a starter! Keep your hands and elbows smooth and soft with lotion, remove unwanted hair (a cream is easy to apply, washes off in seconds). Use a deodorant—cream, stick or liquid—for freshness, as well as protection to your clothes.

Final beauty tip. Use many, many splashes of cologne, dashes of perfume!

You can see that being a glamour gal is a business—and the price seems to come high in time, study, patience and practice. But once you've found preparations and colors you like, accomplished the little tricks and learned to follow a regular beauty routine—easy will do it!

quick 'n fun recipe

(*Continued from page 73*) Shirley Jones, says, "A summer beach party or picnic can have a long guest list with little fuss and more fun (and on a budget figure) than any other type of get-together." Here is Shirley's favorite out-of-doors recipe.

Whittle green twigs to points on the ends or use regular stainless steel skewers. Cut cubes of *Skinless* frankfurters, sausages (or slices of bologna). On each skewer (use one to a person) alternate a piece of meat with a wedge of green pepper, slices of onions, cubes of canned pineapple, slices of tomato—add a mushroom here and there! Brush with cooking oil or a prepared barbecue sauce—and "zingo" all's ready for a luscious fun meal. Try it, you'll be the favorite of the gang!

1000 FREE SUPER CHARTS

Here's the second chance for MODERN SCREEN readers to obtain up-to-date editions of the famous MODERN SCREEN SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART! The editors have prepared a brand-new, limited supply of 1956 Charts—to be sent absolutely free to the first one thousand readers who fill out and send in the questionnaire below. These amazing encyclopedias of information tell you all about almost five hundred stars—their marital status, vital statistics, current pictures, pastimes—everything! So hurry!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE JEANNE CRAIN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enought to say
I READ ☐ all of the Open Letter ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JANE POWELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of the Curtis-Leigh story
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I READ: ☐ all of Hollywood's Young Bachelor Girls ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE SHIRLEY MacLAINE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE MITZI GAYNOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE BING CROSBY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE PERRY LOPEZ:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE GEORGE GOBEL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:
☐ all of Music From Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ:
☐ all of TV Talk ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. I READ:
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) ________________ MALE (1) ________________ FEMALE
(2) ________________ MALE (2) ________________ FEMALE
(3) ________________ MALE (3) ________________ FEMALE

18. To which movie magazines do you subscribe? ____________________

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....**CITY**..........................**STATE**.............

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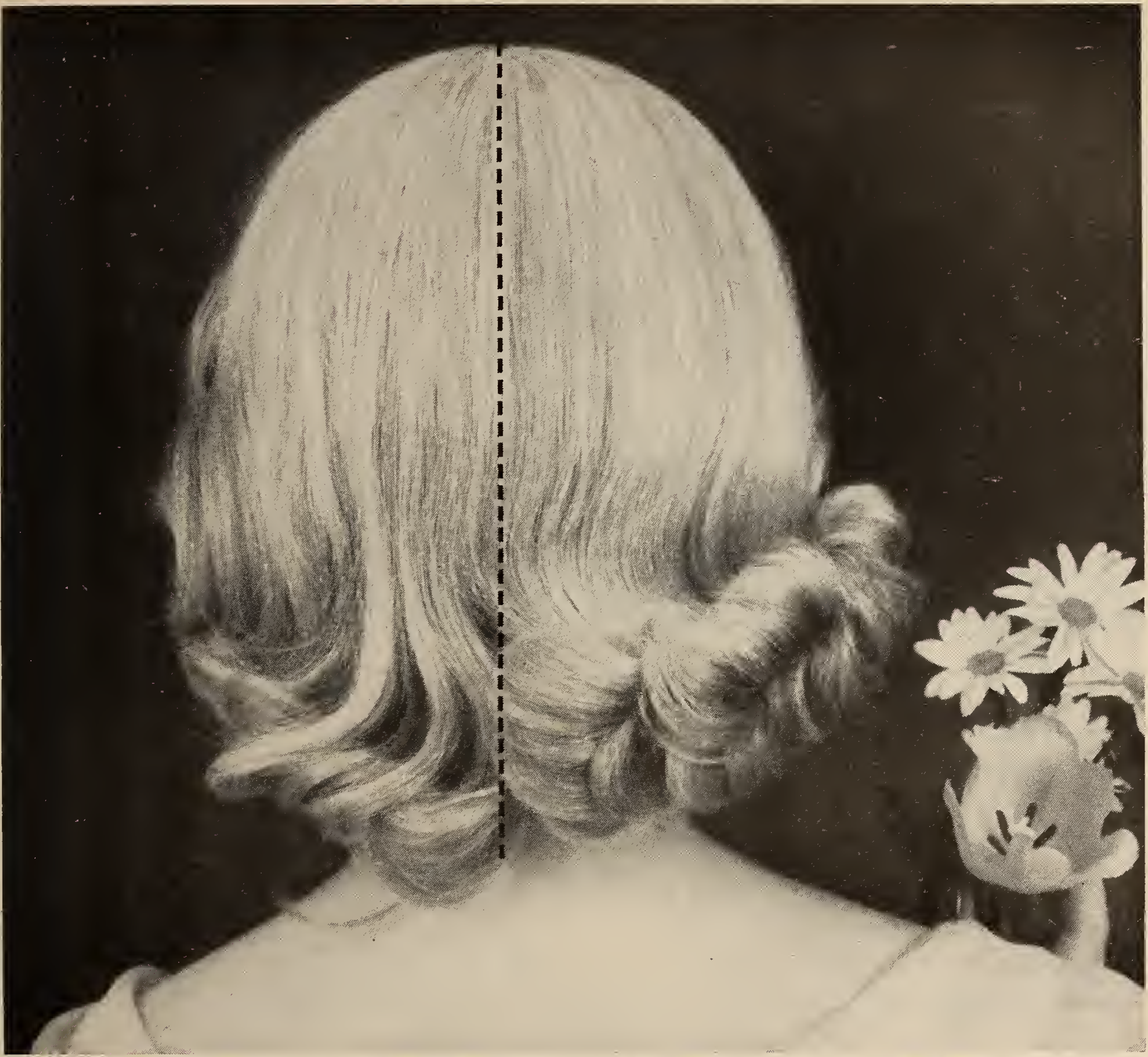

Actual photo of Mollie Ann Bourn, Claymont, Delaware. Right side washed with Woodbury; left with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer* — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than *half* as much as any other leading shampoo. A generous bottle costs only 39¢. Use Woodbury today. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do. Your money back otherwise.

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tab hunter

(Continued from page 51) can look over my shoulder and see him. Isn't he the utter finale?" said Lynn.

And there over in a corner was Art, with his back to the fence, talking with another fellow. You could see he was nervous from all the attention he was getting. He kept glancing at the ring of girls out of the corner of his eye, hoping, I guess, that they would disperse.

But all he saw was a tight circle of girls, moving around him as if they were hounds who had cornered a fox.

Between the inner circle and Art, however, was an open space of about fifty feet. A sort of "no-girls" land.

"Some of us started to get nearer to him before," Lynn explained, "but then he looked like he was going to run right up the fence. So we're staying away."

I looked around at the other girls. They were all trying to be very casual, but all doing the same thing. Each girl would steal a sly glance at Art, hold it for a moment and then turn back quickly to a girl friend and begin gabbing like mad.

And as miserable and unhappy as Art looked, it was easy to see why the girls were so excited.

For Art was just about a perfect fit for any teen-ager's dream of an ideal boy.

He was about five-foot-eleven then, tall for his age and very muscular. He had broad shoulders, a strong neck and a perfectly shaped head. His hair was blond, a little lighter than it is now. He had a broad sturdy forehead, hazel eyes, a finely formed nose and mouth, white, even teeth and a full jaw, that jutted ever so slightly in profile.

He had a big, wide smile and one peculiar little expression that raised the outer ends of each eyebrow, giving him the appearance of a young, tow-headed devil. He still does it.

I guess you can tell from my description that, at fourteen, I, too, was on the duck-bump kick with all the other girls over Art.

A few moments later the class bell rang and there was a loud groan as Art took off like a frightened buck deer and disappeared into the school building with a swarm of squealing girls at his heels.

Just before noon we were let out for the day and as the girls came out of school they broke up into little groups. In the center of each bunch was a girl answering questions like mad.

She was a girl lucky enough to be in Art's home room.

Now all this fuss about Art might seem a little unnecessary, even foolish to adults, amounting to nothing more than an early semester fad. But as the days went by the interest in Art's activities and personal statistics increased.

Each day we pooled the information we could get about him. Exactly how tall he was or how much he weighed. Some of them even went to the trouble of finding his clothes sizes. One of the girls was a veritable mine of facts on Art and swore that when she grew up she was going to marry him.

So the interest in Art never did diminish although we did learn to behave more like ladies in his presence, as time went by.

Art and me—a hot item

One morning a bulletin advised the students that a swing band was being formed and it would need a girl-vocalist. I'd always wanted to sing with an orchestra and on impulse I reported for an audition in the auditorium.

The teacher supervising the project, Mrs. Joost, showed me the music the band had and I selected "My Blue Heaven" to sing.

When I was finished I heard someone applauding in the back and then I saw this blond boy trotting down the aisle telling me, "Gee, Bobby, that was great."

Yes, it was Art. The look of surprise on my face must have been very obvious. Mrs. Joost said, "It's all right, Bobby, you and Art are going to sing together with the band."

And for the next hour or so Art and I sang duets. Mrs. Joost explained later that Art had been picked as the male singer from his work in the glee club, but she didn't mention it in the bulletin for fear that every girl in the school would show up for the auditions.

Of course after the announcement the next day I had more girl friends than I needed and that very week in the school paper, "Bobby Turner and Art Gelien" were summed up by a fourteen-year-old gossip columnist as a "hot item."

Girls I'd never seen before would stop me in the corridors and ask questions about Art. "What is he like?" "Is he really nice?" "What color are his eyes?" "Has he kissed you yet?"

One little girl, after getting me off in a quiet spot, said that I simply must get a lock of Art's hair for her.

"Why don't you get it yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, I'd die of fright, Bobby. I just couldn't get near him. It would be too much," she answered, very, very seriously.

In the beginning I was a little frightened myself. Here I was paired, by perfectly natural circumstances, with the school's dreamboat. It was easy enough to stand afar, like the other girls, and admire Art. But what was I supposed to do now that we were a "hot item"?

It was Art who solved that problem.

He just didn't have time for girls. He loved horses. And, I might add, this fact, when it got around, was a near-fatal blow to united girlhood at Mount Vernon High.

Later, as you shall see, I would wish that Art Gelien had never met a horse.

But thoroughbred horses, at that time, were Art's main interest. He wanted to breed them, train them and show them. Week ends he spent at the stables at Griffith Park. During the week he would hoard every penny he could save, going without lunch, walking to school to save carfare, earning money at odd jobs, to be able to pay the stable fees.

He used to tell me that by noon on Saturday all his money would be gone and he just hung around the riding academy hoping the owner would take pity on him and give him a canter just to get rid of him.

And I got to know more about Art. And the more I knew, the more I liked.

We talk

I'll admit that in the beginning I had a few romantic notions about him, but somehow Art steered me onto the more practical advantages of a real friendship.

And as friends we could talk. About everything. The things we wanted to do and the persons we wanted to become.

I learned a lot about Art from those talks, as we walked around the campus during lunch hour or cut a class for a malt.

We never had dates as such. We just knew that we'd be at a party or a dance or the band rehearsal together. That was enough.

When I got to know Art better I found that despite all the feminine adulation, he was what men would call a "nice guy."

He was naturally modest and admitted that girls made him self-conscious. I told him how I had first seen him in the corner of the yard and he got very embarrassed and said, "Why do girls do things like that?" I told him I was hardly the one to answer the question *(Continued on page 82)*

THE GREATEST TALENT SEARCH OF THE CENTURY!

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HOLLYWOOD

Don't be a slave to old hair-setting habits that leave your hair frizzy or kinky, or with split ends. Next time, use Lady Ellen pin curl clips. Nine out of ten beauticians use and recommend Lady Ellen.

(*Continued from page 80*) since I was as guilty as the others.

We were at lots of parties. And, of course, we played all the kissing games like spin the bottle and parlor rugby. But the game that got the girls excited, with Art around, was post office.

We played it with numbers. One girl would know all the boys' numbers and one boy all the girls'.

Well, as soon as the numbers were distributed all the girls at the party would rush over to the girl who knew the answers, offering trinkets, examination questions, clothes and weekly allowances. Art's number frequently went to the highest bidder.

At one party a girl begged furiously and finally bid strong enough to get Art's number. Another girl, caught up in the mild hysteria, went up to the winning girl and said, "I'll give you my whole week's allowance if you'll just *tell* me what kissing Art is like after it's over."

(Incidentally after seeing all the Tab Hunter movies I can inform you that Art still has the old magnetism, only more so.)

One Kiss

One particular kiss involving Art at Mount Vernon almost caused a riot.

That year Art's class put on a semi-classical operetta called *The Dutch Shoes*.

A girl named Marilyn Gustafson was chosen to sing the heroine's role. Art sang the male lead, not only because he could sing so well, but he was a natural for the part of a Dutch youth.

The musical was a big thing for the class. Everybody wanted to be in it.

And once the girls got a look at Art in those blue, bell-bottomed trousers, wooden shoes and the little jacket with the brass buttons, the show was a sell-out, even though it was still rehearsing.

Now at the very end of the last act Marilyn and Art were to kiss. And I guess it was the first real in-the-flesh kiss any of us had ever seen on a stage. But the teacher who was directing the show wisely canceled the kiss out of the rehearsals until the real performance.

Well, at rehearsals the auditorium was jammed with girls, hundreds of them. The word had gotten around that Art was going to kiss a girl in public.

When they found that it wouldn't happen in rehearsals, the girls would stamp their feet and clap their hands and chant, "We want the kiss! We want the kiss!"

Finally we were barred from rehearsals. But that only stimulated our interest.

Then the afternoon of the show came. All went well with Art and Marilyn until the last of the third act.

This was what the audience of nearly a thousand teen-agers, mostly girls, had been waiting for.

Art finished singing his song to "his love" and then, in true dramatic fashion, he swept Marilyn into his arms and kissed her violently.

When he did that you would have thought that a thousand white mice had been let loose in the auditorium. There was squealing and moaning and loud cries of teen-age ecstasy, the like of which I've never heard since. Girls stood up on the seats and cheered while frantic teachers rushed up and down the aisles trying to restore order. Hats, sweaters and books were tossed into the air. The curtains closed and parted again for Art and Marilyn to take a bow.

The yelling and screaming got worse. It was deafening. It went on for five minutes, but it seemed like an eternity.

The next day, because of our "disgraceful conduct," the kiss was left out of the second showing of *Dutch Shoes*.

Art took it all good-naturedly, although he told me later that he couldn't help being a little embarrassed. I should think so.

Actually the girls had made it very difficult for Art and unwittingly spoiled his chances to lead a normal routine at school.

He would have made a great school athlete, but his "handsome" reputation with the girls was so well known, the fellows were not too pleased to have him around.

They weren't rude to Art, but since he was a pretty sensitive kid, he knew the score. Without ever intending it, Art, just by being present, would distract the other fellows' girls and kill the party. So he turned his energies to riding and ice skating. It was unfortunate that Art wasn't accepted easily by the other boys.

I knew that his father had left his mother with two children when Art was only eleven months old.

Art never talked about his father, but disliked him so much that he wouldn't even take his name. Gelien was his mother's maiden name. Because she was the sole support of Art, and his brother Walter, Mrs. Gelien, a very intelligent and charming woman, worked as a physiotherapist on a Pacific Ocean liner. Of necessity, she was away from home for long periods of time and Art really needed the companionship that the boys at school denied him.

But on the outside it didn't seem to bother him. He was always kind and gracious and though the girls just naturally idolized him, the boys, too, respected him.

I Fall for Art

And Art was a gentleman.

I found that out when he invited me horseback riding one Saturday morning.

Bright and early Art and I and about twenty other kids showed up at the stables. I wore my best riding clothes. I knew how to ride but I was no expert.

There were about twenty kids in the riding party. We mounted our horses and for the first hour all went well. Then someone decided that we should all ride bareback.

Well, I had to be game about it so I agreed although I had never ridden that way before. In the beginning, it wasn't too bad. At a light trot you can hold on to the horse's mane. But when they started to gallop, I threw my arms around the horse's neck and held on for dear life.

Everyone laughed to see the wild-eyed clutch I had on the horse and the more frightened I became the swifter they galloped.

Then we came to a jump, a fairly high log. The horse took it beautifully. I made a very hard, three-point landing on the ground.

When I fell, the rest turned around and came back.

Art was the first to reach me. He jumped off his horse and asked if I was hurt. I said, "No, only my landing gear." He got me back up on the horse and we started off again.

We barely started when I fell off again. Art helped me back on the horse again.

Well, I guess I fell off about ten times before we got back to the stables. But never once did Art complain, though it was certainly a bother for him to stop and help me up so many times.

That night we were singing together at a school dance. And all that evening, when Art would offer me a seat on the bandstand, I'd say, "No, thanks, Art, I'd rather stand." I don't think he ever realized why I *couldn't* sit down.

Later toward the end of the school year I noticed a slight change in Art. I didn't understand it then, but I think he was maturing more quickly than the other boys.

He gave me a hint of it one night on the way home from a band rehearsal.

I had never seen him so serious. He told me that he was going to a private school if he could earn enough for his tuition during the summer.

He said that a friend of his had suggested that he consider acting as a career and that at the new school he could study dramatics.

"If I could make some money at acting," he said with a faraway look in his eyes, "maybe I could own a few horses."

We laughed and Art added, "I don't know. I might even change my mind and join the Coast Guard." He had talked about that branch of the armed forces many times, and he did enlist about a year later. He had to leave when they found he was only sixteen.

The last day of school came and Mrs. Joost asked if Art and I would sing together in the class rooms to celebrate the coming vacation. We said sure and spent the morning going from class room to class room singing.

Just before we finished one of the girls asked for Art's autograph. Then another girl asked, then another. Mrs. Joost, who always had a sparkle of mischief in her eyes, had an idea. She had an announcement read in all the class rooms that "Our singing stars, Art Gelien and Bobby Turner," would be available for autographs in Art's home room after school.

It was a real tribute to Art that nearly three hundred girls formed a line that afternoon just to have him sign his name.

And I remember him whispering to me out of the corner of his mouth, "Here I am, Bobby, a perfect nobody, signing autographs."

After listening to Zsa Zsa do a scene, Mac Benoff commented: "She speaks a fluent accent with only a trace of English." But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood.

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

I said, "It's good practice for the days when you'll be a movie star." He said, "It would never happen to me, Bobby, never."

Later outside the school we said goodbye. One of those abrupt farewells that kids give each other.

He said, "So long, Bobby, we had fun, didn't we?"

I said we certainly did and wished him the best of luck.

He turned and walked down the street. I stood and watched him. Then about a block away, he turned and waved. I didn't see him again until three years later at the Polar Palace, an ice skating rink in Los Angeles.

I came in with a boy friend and saw the same old picture. All the girls standing around watching Art Gelien skate.

About a year ago I saw Art again, at the beach. I was with my husband.

Art and I talked about school days and the friends we had. I reminded him about the kiss in *The Dutch Shoes*. He shook his head in embarrassment and said, "Those were the crazy days, weren't they?" We talked for a long time. Art said, rather sadly, that that one year at Mount Vernon was the only year he'd had regular high school classes.

I'm twenty-four now, with three children, as pleased with life as any woman could be.

Some day in the future one of my two daughters will come home from her first day at high school and tell me in wide-eyed excitement that there's a very handsome boy in her school.

And I'll put my arms around her and tell her that I understand perfectly.

And I hope, for my daughter's sake, that she has as much fun as I did, when I went to school with Tab Hunter. **END**

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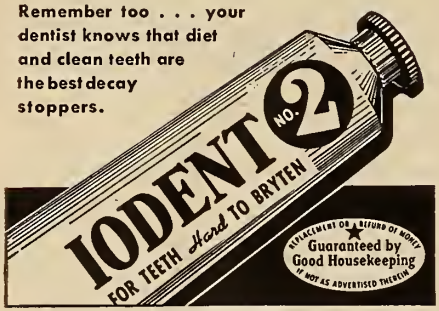
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george gobel

(*Continued from page 62*) (downtown) theatre, from their home on the northwest side of Chicago, promising to be back not later than 10 o'clock. But when he returned it was 11 o'clock. His father, Herman Gobel, a grocer, tired after a long day in his store, was already asleep. But his mother was waiting for George—with a scolding for staying out late.

"Mom, it was a funny show," George told her, and thereupon proceeded to reenact most of the vaudeville program he had seen. In two minutes Mrs. Gobel was laughing In three minutes she shook her husband awake.

"Listen to this, Herb," she told the startled man as she motioned George to do the show all over again.

It is probably one of the finest testimonials ever paid to George as a teller of stories that his father struggled out of his slumber to listen and to laugh.

Papa Gobel

Herman Gobel (Herb to his wife and friends) has since retired, but George has fond recollections of the store. He recalls that he used to think as a child that his father was a well-dressed man because he always wore a neat, clean apron as he served customers.

His father still lives in Chicago although George has long wanted his parents to move to California. But his father's refusal is typical of him.

Herman Gobel won't leave Chicago until he can sell the little house in which he lives. He set a price on it several years ago and soon received an offer within $1800 of the amount he wants. But he won't sell at the lower price. Herb thinks things have their value, which must be respected. And his son George, despite the fact that he would gladly make up the $1800 loss to bring his folks out, knows his father's self-respect is involved and he must not interfere. Herman has lived much longer in a world where $1800 is a small fortune, than George has lived on a level where big money is counted in terms of hundreds of thousands of dollars. "My father's conception of things must not be destroyed just to please me," George has said.

He can still remember his father's reaction to the first time George got a salary of $1000 a week. When he got home to report it, his father shook his head, as if completely perplexed.

"What's the matter, Pop?" asked George. "It's the truth. I'm getting a thousand a week now."

The elderly grocer, who had labored hard all his life and had come to the end of many a year without netting any particular profit, let alone a thousand, stared at his son.

"George, it's not right," he said. "It's just not right."

Herman Gobel is still a little dazed about his son's success—and the amount of money he makes. Well he might be, since George now commands not just a thousand a week, but as much as $10,000 for one day's performance at a fair.

A spectacular variation

The comedian who has a winning personality for his audience and a poisonous one in his private life is not uncommon in the entertainment world. Among such, George stands out as a spectacular variation. He practices friendliness and kindness to a fault. Even more, he hates dissension and sharp words, whatever the provocation, even though he himself may be the offended party.

His manager, David P. O'Malley, with

A LESSON FROM DEBBIE

■ Two young people in the MGM commissary sat back to back the other day, strangers to each other, yet each knowing who the other was. He, the most talked about newcomer to Hollywood, was Paul Newman, staring in *The Rack* at MGM and due soon to play the role of Rocky Graziano in MGM's film version of Rocky Graziano's story, *Someone Up There Likes Me*. The girl was one of the country's newest and most famous young wives, Debbie Reynolds, just completing *The Catered Affair*.

A studio official stopped by for a word with Paul and the latter swung half-way around in his chair to respond. This brought his head not a foot away from Debbie's. She sensed it and turned in her chair as well so that now they could see each other out of the corner of their eyes.

"I would love to meet you," Debbie let go, pointblank.

He was taken aback for a second and the man who had stopped to talk spoke up. "Why, Debbie, I thought you knew Paul Newman! Paul, this is Debbie Reynolds."

They smiled at each other and Debbie laughed. "Of course I didn't know you and that's the trouble with Hollywood," she said. "I mean, everybody thinks you know everybody! And the truth is you can go years without meeting anybody if you don't speak up for yourself!"

"Well, I'm glad you did," said Paul.

"I mean it, now," warned Debbie. "You're sort of new to Hollywood. Don't wait if there is someone you want to meet. Speak up."

"I will. I will," he assured her.

whom George incorporated himself into a company known as Gomalco Enterprises, can recite a dozen incidents when George would have been quite justified in blowing his top—and wouldn't. "I don't even think George can bear a grudge," he said.

When George was part of a musical quartet around Chicago it soon became known that his was the talent which sold the group—yet he never had much to say about the money end of the business, letting the others collect and distribute the act's salary. "He just didn't want to get into the acrimonious debates which flare up in show business over matters of billing and salary." O'Malley recalls.

Of course, when George became a single it was necessary for him to handle his affairs himself. Yet even so he managed to conduct himself gently. One Saturday he arrived at a prominent St. Louis hotel under the impression that he had been engaged to appear there for the week, only to find out that there had been a misunderstanding and no one knew anything about his coming.

Tired and upset, he asked for a room and was coldly told that none was available due to a heavy rush of reservations. No, no arrangements could be made. The hotel was completely *not* at his service.

George went back to the railroad station and caught a Chicago and Alton train home to Chicago. One year later the hotel found itself without a headliner for a holiday week and frantically wired for George, who had since established himself more strongly as a name attraction.

"Here's your chance to get even—and get a bonus for that run-around they gave you last year," his friends gloated.

George shook his head. "I'll go," he said, "for the regular salary."

"Hey! There's George!"

It may be that George's size *has* affected his personality in one way. He cannot be rude to anyone, because he cannot bear having anyone feel unimportant.

Early this spring George gave O'Malley and a group of TV network executives a good demonstration of how a democratic star really behaves. They had all piled into several cars in Hollywood one afternoon to drive to the Ambassador Hotel, where George's sponsor awaited them to discuss his program. When the car George was in reached the hotel he stepped out and was recognized by a small newsboy standing nearly fifty yards away.

"George Gobel!" came the delighted cry of the boy as he recognized the comedian. "Hey! That's George Gobel! Hi, George!" And the boy came a-running.

This sort of scene always poses a problem. Most stars try to duck it. They would probably wave at the boy and run into the hotel. Nobody is more unobtrusive than George Gobel, and nobody could wish more than he to avoid public demonstrations. They embarrass him. But walking away from the boy would have meant hurting him. He couldn't do it. Instead George stopped short so that the other members of his party pulled ahead—and then he returned to walk back to the boy and meet him half-way.

Together they stood, talking, the boy exploding with glee at being able to meet George Gobel in person, while at the hotel entrance the men who had come with George stood, shifting from foot to foot, as they waited.

It isn't any wonder probably that a writer, trying to describe George and George's way of life to his editor, finally epitomized it this way: "Well, he's a little man the first time you see him. But from then on he grows. And he never looks small to you again." **END**

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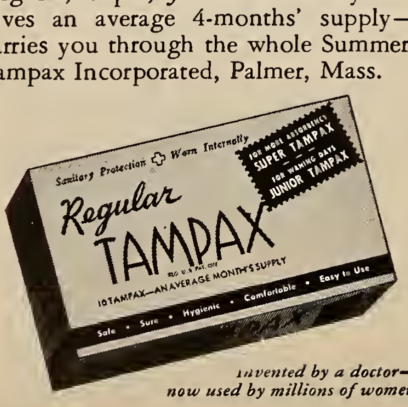

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now used by millions of women

bringing baby home

(*Continued from page 35*) are a great couple, and fun to be with. The last time we went over to their house we saw the new baby, who was then a month old. I'd been dying to see her, of course, but being a mother myself, I know how awful those first few weeks at home can be when the house is filled with people cooing at the baby and staying much too long for a new mother's nervous system. So Pete and I waited, and I'd like to report that the new Lindsay Averill Nerney is a doll. Not that she's much different than any other baby, but her head and ears are so beautifully shaped and—well, it's just that friends' babies always seem more interesting than just any old baby.

Jane harped for so long on the fact she was going to have a red-haired baby that I think she's a little disappointed that Lindsay didn't cooperate. The baby's hair is just plain brown, and Jane is confident it'll turn red soon and match Pat's. "If it doesn't," she says, "keep me away from all bottles containing henna rinse."

They'd wanted a boy, too, to give Pat his first son, and to even the number to two-and-two, what with Monie and Sissy outweighing Jay. Monie, by the way, spends every other week end with the family and Jay and Sissy absolutely adore her. Pat once gave Jane a pin in the shape of a golden tree with two small birds perched in the branches. "They're like Jaybird and Sissybird," he told the kids. Sissy demanded to know where Moniebird was!

Anyway, to get back to what I was saying, the Nerneys aren't the kind of people to be adamant about the baby's gender, and to see Janie cooing over the baby and laughing at her burps is to know she's already forgotten she ever hoped for a boy.

After we'd seen the baby and Pat had hauled Pete off to show him a new painting, I asked Janie what was Pat's newest penchant. This is a gag with all the Nerneys' friends, as Pat is forever going off into a new enthusiasm, and into each one he throws himself heart and soul. The last I'd heard of it was golf, with Janie fuming a bit because she was pregnant and couldn't keep up with Pat.

She laughed. "You'd never guess. Not in a million years."

"Basket weaving?" I ventured.

She shook her head. "In August we're going on an African safari."

My mouth opened and wouldn't close.

"You're kidding!" I said, but all the time I knew it was probably true, not only because Pat had had this bee in his bonnet before he and Janie were married, but because Pat can latch on to the most improbable things.

"Not only Africa," she said. "We're going to start the trip by going through the Scandinavian countries, which we missed on our honeymoon, then the safari which'll take twenty-one days, and then we're going to come home via the Orient."

"How long will you be gone?" I asked.

"Six weeks altogether. I worry about leaving the children for so long, but the doctor assures me everything will be all right. I can't believe this safari—it's too fantastic to happen to me."

"Amen," I said. "And now away from dark thoughts. Show me the diamond cross Pat gave you when the baby was born."

Diamonds and doctors

It's always something new with the Nerneys. Pat is forever giving Janie gifts, to such an extent that I think Pete is secretly a little nervous about it. Pat hands out things like diamond earrings, Hi-fi systems, necklaces, assorted rings, and

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

■ Last summer, many tourists in Texas got the shock of their vacations. Those who were anywhere between Bracketville and San Antonio were more than likely to come upon a wagon train—a string of Conestoga wagons and about 100 people. Most of these were cowboys.

None of the pop-eyed tourists ever knew that one of the lead riders, even dustier and warmer than, the rest, was a native New Yorker, an actor named Ben Cooper. The Texans knew it, though, and respected Ben.

The whole thing had happened as a surprise to Ben, who was sent to Bracketville to make a personal appearance to plug *The Last Command.* He stepped off the plane figuring this was going to be like any other p.a. He was then told about the wagon train, to take off from Bracketville and travel to San Antonio, 138 miles away. They were to use old abandoned trails wherever possible, and take to the highway only when necessary. And he, they told him, would be a lead rider. "But we don't expect you to really go the whole way."

It was obvious the Texans didn't know Ben Cooper. He mounted his horse at 4 a.m. the next morning and stuck with the drive all the way through, for 4½ days. They camped out at night, cooked their breakfast and were off again before dawn.

The Texans were astonished that a New Yorker could stick it out. Ben told them he'd ridden all his life and horses were his hobby, but they knew as well as he that an hour's canter can't be compared to four straight days in the saddle. They were all weary—even some of the Texans dropped out—but they couldn't get Cooper off that horse. One of the riders kept asking him the same question—"Son, are you *sure* you've never been to Texas before?"

When the trek was over and Ben walked on the stage of a San Antonio theatre for the p.a. stint, the entire audience stood up and cheered him.

after they agreed not to give each other anything last Christmas, Janie of course got a mink stole. In horrible contrast my old man is lucky if he remembers to bring home a bunch of wild flowers for our anniversary. Anyway, Janie showed me the diamond cross, and then she showed me her ears.

"I had them pierced while I was in the delivery room," she said.

It seems that Janie, who is daffy over earrings, had always wanted her ears pierced, and when Pat gave her diamond earrings recently, that settled it. She asked the doctor to take care of the operation while she was on the delivery table, whereupon the medic went into a snit.

"I've never done such a thing," he protested.

"It's easy," said Janie. "I'll mark where I want it done."

The delivery of Lindsay Averill was a cinch compared with the ear job. The nurses decided that Janie had put her X's in the wrong place and the doctor stood by, knife in hand, while the females fumed over the problem. Outside, Pat perspired freely, wondering what was taking everybody so long. The doctor had assured him this would be an easy birth.

"Hurry up and decide," the doctor told the nurses. "I haven't got all day." And with the ears properly marked, he went to work, perspiring much more than Pat. Afterward he told Janie he'd never do such a thing again. "You women!" he snorted. "It's absolutely barbaric!"

As for the birth, it *was* easy. With her usual aplomb, Janie had eaten four desserts for a midnight snack on January 31, and on the morning of February 1, dropped Jay off at school and wended her way, with Pat, to the hospital. At 3 o'clock Lindsay was born, and at 6:30 the next morning Mother Nerney was up and around her hospital room. The baby was born on a Wednesday, Janie returned home on Sunday, and on the following Thursday morning I telephoned her. She talked for a half hour, and then casually mentioned she was giving a dinner party that evening.

"One week after the birth? How many people?" I gasped.

"Twelve," said Janie, with the same self possession she might have used to announce her father was coming over for a hamburger. "I'm wearing a straight skirt," she added, and I figured that as she said it she was proudly patting her tummy.

Now, as we sat in the living room, five-year-old Jay walked in. Sissy followed and Jay scowled at her.

"They're still mad at each other," Janie explained. "Sissy wanted a girl and Jay wanted a boy. He was all set to name him Karl, after the local shoe stores. And he figures it's Sissy's fault that we had a girl." She bent down to Sissy, who had not had the nap she was supposed to have. "Say how-do-you-do," said Janie.

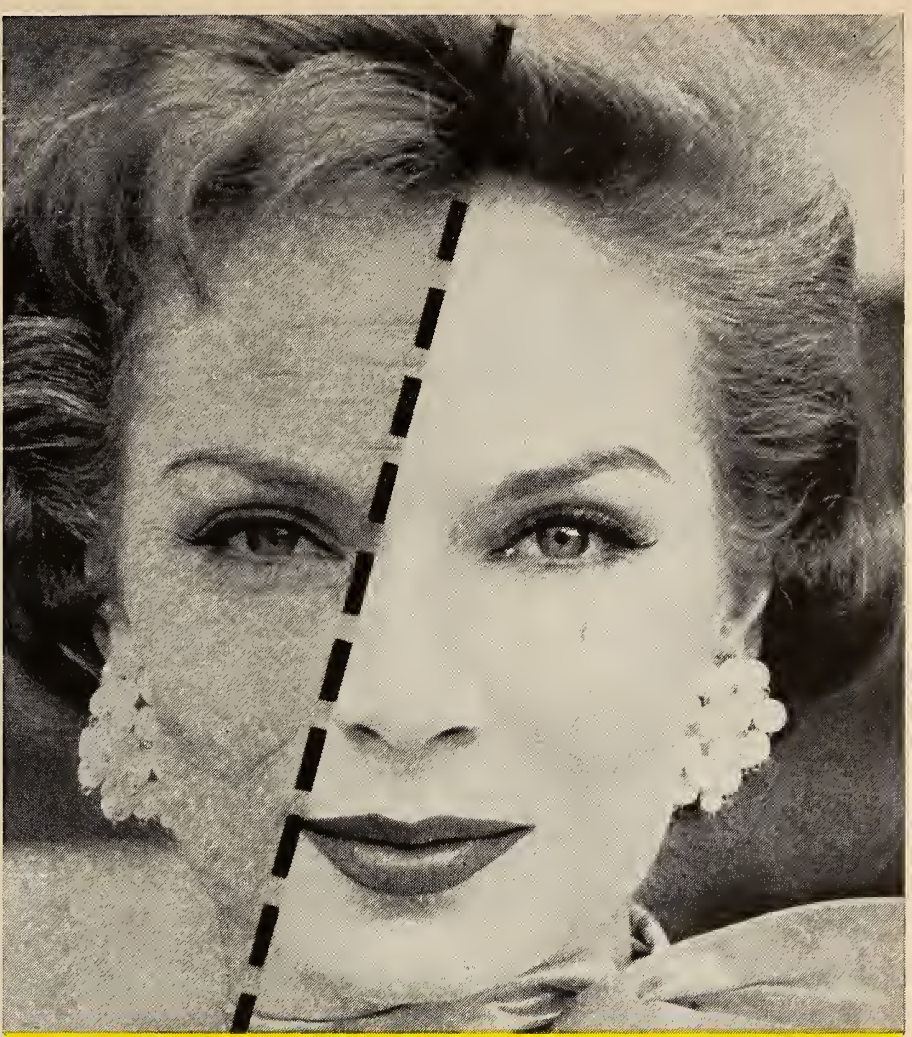
For answer Sissy only glowered at us from sleepy eyes.

Jane looked up at her eyebrows in disgust. "She's three," she said. "A very trying age. That's all I have to say—she's three."

When I knew Janie

When Pete and I left, I thought how much happier Janie was. The sense of humor was back, and the same levelheadedness she'd shown even back in Portland, when we were in school together. Of course, after she got into the movies, I didn't see much of her for a while.

But in 1951 Pete and I set up housekeeping in the San Fernando Valley, which is a fairly fat drive from where Janie was living, on Medio Drive in Brentwood. (*Continued on page 89*)



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IT HAPPENED TO ME:

A MEMENTO FROM JIMMY DEAN

■ When I met Jimmy Dean here in Texas, I didn't know who he was. The next day a friend took me to the set of *Giant* and there I saw Jimmy and recognized him—from the night before.

The night before, I was driving alone into Marifa when my car started missing as if it was about out of gas. It got so bad that I had to pull off the highway and stop. Naturally, I was frightened and I couldn't imagine what I could possibly do to find out what the trouble was. I knew I wasn't out of gas.

Dreading what was about to happen, I got out of the car. No sooner had I done this, when a white vehicle stopped behind me. The driver left his headlights on and got out of the car. He looked just like any other Texan—wearing a wide brimmed hat, jeans, and a dangling white shirt. He spoke so friendly and pleasant like, that I became grateful rather than scared.

He asked for a flashlight and I found one in my glove compartment. He raised the hood and after a quick examination, he laughed and pointed out the trouble to me. It was just a loose cable running from the battery. He fixed it for me.

"The motor is steaming," he said. "I bet you haven't checked the water lately."

"Nope," I answered. "I just go."

"Well, if you want the car to go when you say go, you had better have it checked at the next station." He laughed again and slammed the hood down.

"You drive fast, huh?" he asked.

I must have looked puzzled because he went on to explain that he had noticed me at a roadside restaurant only a few minutes before.

He then went around to my car window. Taking a card out of his pocket, he flipped it on the front seat.

"A little Texas memento. Read it! It could save the blond head! You go first," he continued, "and I'll follow you into the metropolis." We both laughed.

On Main Street in Marifa, I waved goodbye to Jimmy Dean. It was the first and last goodbye I would say to him.

The card that he gave me is a joke postcard. I shall keep it always, although I now find it very sad to read. And to remember. It goes like this:

At sixty miles an hour sing
This world is not my home anymore
At seventy miles an hour sing
Nearer to my Lord am I
At eighty miles an hour sing
Lord, I'm Comin' Home.

● Name Withheld

SOPHIA LOREN'S TRANSFORMATION

You may not recognize the Italian Monroe — she'll be wearing a wig in The Pride And The Passion, *her first U. S. film.*

(Continued from page 87) She was married to Geary Steffen at the time, and expecting her first baby. I called her up as soon as we were settled and she asked us to come over on Sunday for a swim in their pool. It was a pretty house, not anything pretentious, but the sensible kind of house I figured Janie would choose. Geary turned out to be an affable young man who was forever making notes in a small notebook and rushing into the house to make business calls. He seemed very boyish in comparison to Janie, who had matured into the glamorous creature she had never hoped to be. I remarked about it to her.

"I'm glad *some*body thinks I'm grown up. As far as the studio is concerned, I'm still their baby, and they still put me in teen-age roles."

We swam for a while—Janie told me everybody was shocked that she'd swim so much while pregnant, but the doctor had told her it was good for her—and that afternoon Janie must have eaten a dozen tangerines. I was mildly surprised because she always hated them, but in this case it was orders from the little man who wasn't yet there. Marshall Thompson and his wife Barbara came over later, and we ended up painting the picket gate that led into the driveway.

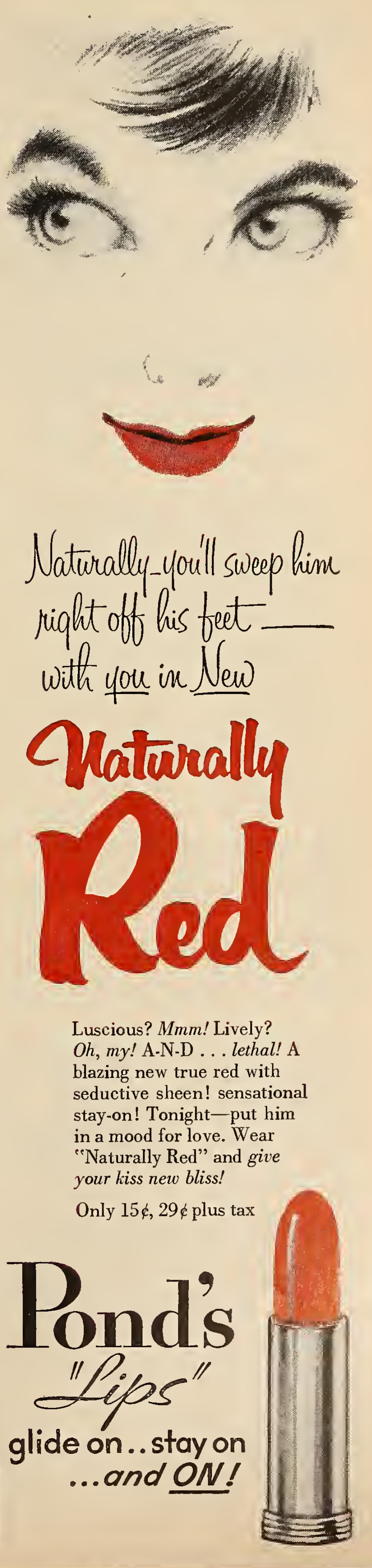
I had a job for a while at the MGM studio, and in the summer of 1952 rumors went around the studio grapevine that all was not well in the Steffen house. Janie never said beans to me, and of course I didn't bring up the subject, but she and Geary were away from each other a lot in those days. Then we had a baby of our own, and I didn't see Janie again until she was expecting her second. As a matter of fact, we were with the Steffens the night Janie was rushed to the hospital. She and Geary had dinner at Chasen's with some friends, and inasmuch as such expensive shenanigans don't fit into our budget, we met them afterward, to go to the Wilshire Ebell Theatre to see José Greco's troupe. I thought Janie looked a little pale around the gills, but attributed it to the fact that she had probably eaten not only her own dinner, but also a portion of everyone else's at the table. At the theatre I noticed she closed her eyes every once in a while, and during the second act she asked Geary to take her out for a glass of water. Being a mother myself, I figured she was ready for her own production, but I didn't say anything and just sat there admiring the girl's spunk. Geary asked if she didn't want to go home but she said no, she'd like to stay until the end of the show. After the curtain came down and she stood up, I knew she was feeling dizzy.

"You ought to face it," I said, breaking my silence for the first time. "You're ready for Freddie."

Pete ran to phone the doctor and I stayed with Janie until Geary drove the car to the front of the theatre. Two hours later Sissy was born, and Janie was well on her way to having the six children she always wanted.

Jane and trouble

I'm no doctor, but I think she went back to work too soon. Sissy was born on November 21, and on January 15 Janie reported at Warner Bros. to make *Three Sailors And A Girl.* Janie's chief fault, which harms only herself, is that she simply won't give up. She can be ready to drop from weariness but won't admit it, even to herself. She always sets her schedules too tight for comfort. The schedule of that film was too tight, too. Warners had decided to shut down for a few months and wanted to get the picture out of the way, with the result that shooting time was narrowed considerably.



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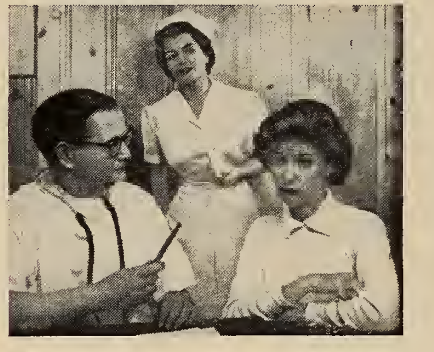

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This was when all the furor broke about Gene Nelson and Janie. As Janie's friend, I can only sum up what happened. They fell wildly but briefly in love, and each sued their mate for divorce, with full intentions of getting married to each other. The whole thing was unfortunate but unavoidable. The publicity let Janie in for a great deal of criticism, but I think the important thing was that her marriage to Geary was already a dead thing. It is not my place to dwell on the reasons thereof; perhaps I can state it best by saying that to me, as an old friend who knew Janie rather well, she and Geary never seemed to be well matched. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that Janie had long been considering divorce, and her meeting Gene only spurred it on. That she and Gene did not marry is perhaps a good thing. I should have hated to see her miss out on the happiness she has had with Pat Nerney. At any rate, having sued for six-week divorces, both Janie and Gene were instead given interlocutory decrees, and the imposed waiting cooled them off.

Jane and Pat

Janie's divorce decree began August 6 of 1953, and by November she was a lonely girl. Free, sure, but disillusioned and unhappy and without a foreseeable future. On November 8 I telephoned her. I remember the date because it turned out to be full of meaning.

"I think I've done something awful," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, Pat Nerney just called me for a dinner date tonight, and I said yes."

"What's so awful about that?" I wanted to know.

"But I don't know him. He says I met him at some dinner party, but I hardly remember him. Maybe I ought to call and break the date."

"Oh, go out with him!" I said. "It'll do you good."

And it did. Pat is a fun-loving guy who gets a boot out of life and people, and he was exactly the medicine Janie needed. The following January she bought the house they live in now. Pat was with her when she looked at it—it was the first house she looked at, too—and to this day Janie denies that at the time she had any thoughts of marrying him. At any rate, Pat liked it, and we did, too, when we saw it. It was in a new development built on land that used to be a polo field and it had, besides a good floor plan and fine construction, features that Janie liked. Pavements for the kids to skate on, and nearby neighbors whose children Jay and Sissy could play with, and a school not two blocks away. So she bought it on the spot and even now, with three children and frequent visits by Monie, Janie insists the house is plenty big enough. "Of course, when we have a few more children I suppose we'll burst the seams and have to have a bigger house, but I want to stay here as long as we can. I love this house."

Anyway, a year after their first date, Janie and Pat were married. He tried to rush her but Janie would have none of it. She had married the first time because she was lonely, and now she was lonely again, and she wanted to make sure that it was Pat himself she wanted, not mere companionship. Also, before she fully made up her mind, she thought she'd ask Geary, Jr. how he would like Pat's coming to live with them. Geary, Jr., a very good friend of Pat's, said, "Okay, he can have my bed." With that in mind plus Geary's insistence that Pat try out his bed for size, Jane decided the marriage would be fine with him. The wedding was in Ojai, and then they took off for a European honeymoon. It was Janie's first trip and when they returned, to be home for Christmas with the children, she was all agog over Venice and Rome and Paris. "That Venice," she sighed a half dozen times. "What a romantic city!"

Roses

Since then everything has been roses, with perhaps only one small dark cloud. Janie finished *Hit The Deck* at MGM just before she was married, and although still under contract to MGM they had no pictures for her. I suppose the studio, as it had for more than ten years, was still putting Janie into a mental age slot. Her biggest successes had been the teen-age type of thing, and it didn't occur to them that she might well graduate into adult roles. I never understood it, for when I worked there I knew that the majority of the males on the lot considered Janie quite a dish. At any rate, she began to fret in a situation where she was not working, yet still under the restrictions of her contract. She couldn't do TV or accept offers from other studios, and when she wanted to accept night-club engagements she always had to check for permission with the studio. So last year she asked to be released from her contract, and from now on things should be more to her liking. Janie has versatile talents, singing, acting and dancing, and now that she's signed with a couple of studios, she can branch out.

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Janie is the kind of person who has to know where she's going. If things are confused, or at a standstill, she's unhappy. "I can't stand living in a vacuum," she says.

It would seem she's out of the vacuum now. She is free to choose her work and to plan the work to sandwich in between future babies. With God's will, she'll be having more of them. "Let's try again for a boy, Mommy," says Jay, and to Pat, "What in the world are we going to do with all these women around the house?"

She has put her past unhappiness behind her, refers to it as "the trouble," and prefers not to talk or think about it. Janie has been lonely so much. She was lonely even in Portland, living so far away from the rest of the kids and being an only child, and she was lonely when she came to Hollywood and grew homesick for Portland. It's been said often, and I tend to believe it, that she was lonely when she married Geary Steffen. I asked her not long ago if she still had such moments, and she smiled slowly. "No. I'm not lonely. Not any more." **END**

I can never marry you

(*Continued from page 44*) voice, she returned his smile and in the beginning she enjoyed his blarney. But as the minutes passed, Ann realized that the conversation might be long, but it would never run short of Egan talking about Egan.

Patiently she listened.

"They tell me I look like Gable," Egan pointed out.

Ann looked him over carefully. From head to toe. Then, with her famous, sugary-sweet smile, she said, "Why not try acting like him?"

"Oh, I will, I will," said Egan confidently. He gazed into Ann's eyes happily. And then he saw the sarcasm she had intended.

His mouth opened. Nothing came out. Ann looked back at him with her straight, steady gaze. "I'm afraid, Mr. Egan," she said, "that your ego is showing."

Egan was shocked. Stunned, in fact. No one had said anything like that to him, ever. Was she joking? No, not looking at him like that, she wasn't. Could it be true? He had only to look at Ann again, still staring him down, to realize that she had no interest in being malicious—she hadn't even any interest in this staring contest going on between them. She was just being honest. And she probably knew what she was talking about.

Ann dropped her eyes. All of a sudden she was looking at a battered sense of security. There was such a thing, she reminded herself, as being over frank. Cruel, even. Well, she'd deflated the boy—now it was up to her to build him up again. And he looked as if he could take a little advice. She turned on her heel, walked to an empty corner of the room and sat down. Like a puppy on a leash, Richard Egan followed her meekly.

Carried away by it all

They talked. They talked until Ann, with a startled glance at her watch, realized that she had intended to leave long ago. But she'd gotten so carried away—and not just with her own advice. She'd been enjoying herself. He listened very well, that Dick Egan. He spoke very well. He—Ann got her coat and hurried out. She wasn't interested in men.

And Dick Egan went back to flunking tests. At MGM, Paramount, Universal. The independent producers wouldn't even see him, much less test him. In a few weeks he was beat. He decided to go back home and become a lawyer.

Only first, there was something he had to do. He had to apologize to one Ann Sothern for his bad manners. And he had to tell her she was right. He phoned and asked for a dinner date. Ann accepted it.

Why she said yes, she didn't really know. She was only recently divorced from Bob Sterling and she was getting along very nicely without a man around the house. She liked it that way. Her daughter Tish was away in school and she missed her—but the house wasn't too lonely. And if by any chance she did feel lonely, the answer wouldn't be a man ten years younger than herself. What a thought! No, the only reason she said yes was because he had sounded so discouraged, had said something about giving up and going home. And maybe she was responsible. But it was a funny thing—she hummed all the while she was getting dressed.

And all through dinner, they talked. Partly about Dick, but more about Ann. That is, Egan talked about her; Ann didn't want to. However content her life was at the moment, it was not crammed full of dinner-table amusement. She didn't feel well lately—some sort of virus attacks kept

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putting her to bed. The doctors were beginning to call it chronic. Not the sort of thing you discuss on a date with a rather strikingly handsome guy—who looked like Clark Gable. Whenever she could, Ann turned the conversation back to Dick.

She dragged out of him the fact that he didn't really want to be a lawyer anymore—that was a boyhood dream he had resurrected in desperation. She saw the tremendous sense of failure he would take with him if he left Hollywood now—it was written all over his face, it quivered in his voice. She made him admit that it wasn't financial difficulties that necessitated his leaving—his parents weren't wealthy but they could see him through a while more. And they wanted to. He was leaving only because he was discouraged.

"Listen," Ann said, "the stories I could tell you—" and she told him about her own first days in movies. Or rather, out of them. Her heartbreaks. Her I'm-going-home periods. And how she had pulled through. How he could do the same.

When they parted that night, Dick Egan knew he wasn't going to leave Hollywood. His arrogance had been destroyed, sure. But in its place he had something better. He had someone *with* him, on his side, telling him he could do it. Not offering him tricks and secrets and the uses of pull—but the honest sympathy of a friend who'd been through it all and come out on top. Something to build on.

Love comes

As often as she would let him, he saw Ann. Away from her, he worked, studied, made the rounds, auditioned, got rejected—but he lived through it. He got a couple of walk-ons. His successes, compared to what he wanted, were toothpicks next to redwoods. But they were bread-and-butter.

When something good happened, he phoned Ann. "Have dinner with me. Celebrate." "Come for a drive—I got a part!" "Come on—we're going visiting."

And when he got a few lines, it was to her he turned to share his joy. "It all belongs to you. You did it."

"I didn't do anything," she said.

"You did everything."

And out of friendship, love grew. First for Dick.

It was a mature kind of love. There was little moonshine about Dick, none of the puppy-love, out-of-this-world air. He didn't look like a man in love. He said he was—he didn't mind admitting it—but his friends didn't quite get it.

"You seem so matter-of-fact, Dick."

"I guess I am. I'm not a kid."

"Well, what's she like."

"Oh, she's beautiful . . . she's so intelligent . . . she's—"

"Dick? Hello—Dick?"

But Egan was done talking. It happened every time. A misty look came into the eyes, the mouth shut tight—and so did the ears, it seemed. He heard no more. He was thinking about Ann. If you didn't know better, you might have said it looked like puppy love.

His pals were stunned. What a switch. Egan in love with a girl who wasn't in love with him? Now, there was a "first" for you—he'd never in his life tumbled for a girl before she went mad for him, mainly because so many girls flipped so fast. His friends had what they termed "a funny feeling" about the romance—but Dick was so happy (in a matter-of-fact way, of course) that they shrugged off their doubts. They were happy for him.

And Ann?

All of a sudden she was unavailable. Her phone rang, and she didn't answer. When Rich, dialing frantically, finally got an answer, she was "busy." No, she couldn't go to dinner. Nor to the movies. Nor

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for a drive. No, he couldn't come over—she was going to sleep.

"Is she sick?" Dick asked her friends. "Is she keeping something from me?"

And they told him, "She doesn't want to fall in love with you, Rich. She doesn't mind liking you—but that's all. She just had a difficult marriage, she's depressed about the studio letting her go, she's not very well. Her life's complicated enough as is. It's just not a good time in her life for love."

But love is not a respecter of complicated lives, and Ann, for all her wisdom and worldliness, couldn't be busy forever. The first time she saw Dick again, it was all settled. She loved him—and that was that.

Like all people in love, they were happy. Unlike other people's, their happiness did not last.

"Who are you?"

Rich arrived at Ann's home one day to find that she wasn't there. She was in the hospital, having been rushed there, very ill. So ill he couldn't believe it. Her recurrent virus had finally been diagnosed—hepatitis.

For days Dick tried to comprehend. He couldn't see Ann, couldn't write to her nor talk to her. He called the hospital every day, but cautious doctors and nurses would give him little information. Who was he, after all? A relative? No. A husband? No.

He went to Ann's relatives for information. And they told him that she was close to death. They were kind, but after all—who was he to Ann?

He had never felt so alone in his life. In his moment of utter helplessness, he followed the teaching of his parents. He prayed.

Days later he learned that Ann too had passed her crisis. She had survived a major operation—she would live. Whether she would fully recover was another matter. With care and rest, she probably would. But she would be a convalescent for more than a year. She would have to take it easy—very easy—for longer than that. In two, maybe three years, she might be well again.

From the moment she was allowed to have visitors, Richard was there. He read her his favorite books, his favorite plays. They talked for hours. He spent every minute of his non-working time with her. He thought about her constantly. One thing he knew—the next time she was in trouble, he was going to be there. Not on the outside, not kept away from her by a barrage of relatives and strangers. He told Ann that as soon as she was better there were plans to be made.

Ann smiled. She took his hand. "It might be a long wait for you," she said.

"I don't mind."

And for a while it looked as though the happy ending was there, waiting to come true.

"I can never marry you"

But when, under the care of a nurse, Ann left the hospital for the Ocean House Hotel in Santa Monica, she had time to think. Recovery was slow. Dick was there most of the time, but when he was not Ann lay in her bed, staring at the ocean and thinking. Thinking till her head ached and her heart broke.

She was able, eventually, to leave her bed for short periods. Months later, she was back on her feet, though weak and not really well.

Then Dick asked her to marry him. He had wanted that since the moment he knew he loved her, he said. He had only waited for the right time to ask.

The right time to ask, Ann thought. She sat there, her hands in her lap and tried to hide her tears. Stop them, she couldn't. She told Richard that she could not marry him. She was older than he.

That was nonsense, he said. They both knew that. If she wanted statistics, the happiest marriages were those where the woman was older.

She was sick, she said, practically an invalid . . .

Nonsense again. She was on her feet already. She'd be well in time. Till then, he'd take care of her. He was a good nurse, wasn't he? They'd be married at once and—

"Richard," she said. And she told him the truth, the real reason. Maybe he'd forgotten it. But she hadn't. Richard was a Catholic.

Ann was not a Catholic. Even more serious, she was a divorcee. He couldn't marry her—not with the approval of the church. And could he marry without it?

They sat there, anguished. Richard Egan was brought up in a devoutly religious family. His older brother was a Jesuit priest. His religion had never been a casual affair to him; he lived with it and by it. He turned to it in time of trouble. It increased his joy in times of happiness. It had molded his character. It was and is a great part of him.

To marry her would be to make a spiritual sacrifice so great that it would cost him pain for the rest of his life, she knew. What would it do to them, to their marriage?

Among Bob Hope's fans is his good friend, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre.

"He's always had a kind and helpful word for me," says Bob. "In fact, after every one of my pictures he says 'Bob—keep praying.' "

E. E. Kenyon in
The American Weekly

Yes, she loved him. She hadn't wanted to, but she did. And she loved him too much to let him choose between her and his religion. She had made the decision. "I can never marry you," she said.

She dried her eyes. She smiled at him. The steady gaze he knew so well.

But Rich could not smile back. There would be a way out. There had to be. They would find a compromise somewhere. They would—

No, she said. No compromise, which would end by destroying them both. He would not be able to live with himself and a compromise. And she could not live with him and see his faith hurt. It was over. No more. Goodbye. Say goodbye.

When his last plea was made, Richard Egan went home to San Francisco. He couldn't go back to Hollywood. His career as an actor was no longer important. Nothing was. And Ann gazed at the ocean and cried.

What she suffered in those months of idleness and loneliness, she will not say. But time is a healer. When Richard had gone, Ann concentrated on her recovery. Finally well again, she immersed herself in her work. Television was coming into its own, and if movies had little for her, TV had a lot. The beloved "Maisie" was turned into *Private Secretary.* She became more popular than ever.

In 1952 Richard Egan returned to Hollywood. He was a different man, mature. He was no longer the youngster who thought that because he "looked like Gable" stardom was at his feet.

He made twenty-one movies before he became a star. But he stuck to it. He didn't believe it was his looks or his charm that finally made it for him. He believed it was his faith.

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He has his memories to prove it. **END**

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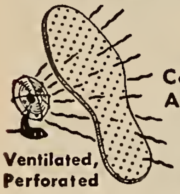

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the big DECISION

Why the ex-Mrs. Stewart Granger sent her sons to live with their father and Jean

■ Elspeth March, first wife of actor Stewart Granger sat alone in her small London flat the other day and wondered over and over if she had made the right decision. It concerned her two sons, the two boys she had had by Stewart Granger, Lindsay, ten, and Jamie, twelve.

When she and Granger had divorced and he had married Jean Simmons, the two boys became her companions and comfort in life. They had a wonderful time doing things together and theirs was a close mother-son relationship.

Last summer Jamie and Lindsay went to Hollywood to visit their dad. There they fell in love with the home, the Pacific Ocean, the sun, the beach and the sports cars. They told him they wanted to stay—permanently.

Granger said their mother would have to decide. And now, the decision was in her lap.

Many factors had to enter her decision. Work for an actress was scarce in London. In four years, she had worked only two weeks in the theatre. And next to her boys, the stage meant most to her. Her parents were dead. Her brother was away in the army. If she gave up the boys, what would be left? Sure, she had dozens of friends. Sure, she was studying beauty culture in the hope of a new career. But would these keep her from missing the boys she had raised?

Elspeth March thought and brooded. Last month, she came to her decision.

"I've got no right to stand in the way of my boys. They will have so many advantages with Jean and Jimmy." (Stewart Granger's real name is Jimmy Stewart.)

"In America," said Elspeth, "they will have sunshine, wonderful climate, and most important of all, the companionship of their father. When boys get to a certain age, they need their father very badly.

"Please don't make this sound melodramatic. I'm not surrendering my sons, anything like that. I just want the boys to be happiest. Jean is a sweet girl, a wonderful girl. I know she'll look after them. I don't think she could ever possibly replace me as a mother. She wouldn't want to. Her own baby will probably be born in August. And I most probably will come over to America and visit."

In the Grangers' new home in Bel Air, California, a home large enough to house Jamie and Lindsay and the expected new arrival, Jean Simmons kindly corroborated everything Elspeth March had to say.

"Of course, she's going to visit the boys. We wouldn't want it any other way, and neither would the children. They just happen to love it here. I used to play tennis almost every day with Jamie, and Lindsay has made so many new friends in school.

"It's worked out perfectly. No feeling of strangeness or anything. As for Jimmy and me, we're absolutely thrilled by my condition. I don't care whether I have a boy or girl, just so long as it's a baby. Having Jimmy's two sons with us and a baby on the way—well, I've never been happier."

In London, Elspeth March says that she, too, is happy. "Happy for my boys. But," she admits, "I miss them dreadfully. Perhaps the solution is to come to America and work. Jimmy tells me there are many companies of touring actors in the States. Then I'd be close to my sons."

music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 6*) Carol says: "The accepted, the demure, the feminine way has for years been for girls to close their eyes when warming up to an embrace. I've done my share of kissing on the stage, in television and in private in earnest; and I like my kisses with my eyes open. I like to see the man I'm kissing for one thing, and I like to look to the future. You can't do that with your eyes closed. The closed-eyes routine for kissing went out with Priscilla Alden. It was all part of the supposition that girls are the frail clinging-vine type. It was more or less expected of them; the fluttering eye-lids, the sigh, the air of resignation, the dependent bit. Girls today don't go along with this phony philosophy. They're much more realistic. They have a far clearer, healthier and natural approach to love-making. Mainly I like to see where I'm going as well as where I've been when I'm kissing a man. So I keep my eyes open. I also keep my ears open. You hear the funniest things that way." . . : Elaine Stritch took six weeks leave of absence from *Bus Stop* on Broadway to appear in *The Scarlet Hour.* She is best known for her show-stopping rendition of "Civilization" from the Broadway musical *Angels In The Wings.* Elaine will accompany herself on the piano in an ad-lib rendition of "When I Take My Sugar To Tea" during one of the scenes shot for the film. . . . Nat "King" Cole, who will play himself in the movie, has recorded the picture's theme song, "Never Let Me Go," which is being released by Capitol records.

Vocal star Johnny Johnston will star in Columbia's musical *Rock Around The Clock* along with Bill Haley, Alix Talton, Lisa Gaye and disc jockey Alan Freed. Johnny Johnston, who has appeared in many top movie musicals singing lead roles, will leave singing alone here and play the band manager of Bill Haley and His Comets. Haley is a modern-day musical phenomena. This boy from Booth's Corner, Pa., has captured the teen-age market to the tune of over six million copies of his recordings. Bill has popularized such tunes as "Rock Around The Clock," "Shake, Rattle And Roll," "Dim The Lights" and "Rock The Joint." Wherever the Comets play, the kids line up for hours in advance to dance to this loud, fast rhythm. Fascinated by this music, the youngsters fling themselves about like whirling dervishes. Proof of this can be furnished by Ben Kline, who for the first time in his life ordered a special rubber padding inserted under the camera to offset the vibrations caused by 400 teen-age rock-and-roll dance extras during the filming of the picture.

Janet Leigh,. on location making *Safari,* starring Victor Mature and herself, is living proof of the Cinderella legend. During her college days Janet majored in music and planned to become a music therapist. Her ambition was stimulated by her psychology courses and also by her work singing with choral groups. Janet joined a group called "The Troubadors" and sang for benefits, clubs and institutions. One Christmas she felt the power behind music at a benefit for the state mental hospital (San Joaquin). The quieting effect the music had on the patients decided her on musical therapy. However, she met and married a fellow-student Stanley Reames, who had an orchestra. Janet put aside her ambitions and traveled with the orchestra as its business manager. Unable to get bookings, the couple managed to exist only because a member of the band knew a photographer who used Janet as a fashion model. Janet and husband even moved to an apartment in back of a garage to hold down expenses. Janet's discovery is credited to Norma Shearer, who saw Janet's photograph on the receptionist's desk while vacationing at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge, Soda Springs, California. Deciding at once the delicate beauty of this girl belonged on the screen, Miss Shearer borrowed the photograph and showed it to her agent, who showed it to MGM, who promptly signed her to a long-term contract, although she had never had dramatic training. When the contract came through, Janet was down to her last dime. The last money she had received was $12.00 for a modeling assignment and this was all gone. Today she's a star and happily married to Tony Curtis. She laughingly insists she was "a mediocre soprano" in college days, but her voice studies with coach Harriet Lee have lowered her to mezzo soprano, with a good contralto range as well. Most of all, she admits, her singing studies lowered her speaking voice, and showed her how to sell a song.

Bette Davis, on location making *Storm Center* for Columbia, said, "Librarians almost always have been pictured as dowdy. Movies, novels, and short stories haven't done right by librarians, and it's time somebody did something about it." The star wasn't just making idle conversation. She had just finished a three-month scrutiny of every librarian she has been able to find. "Fact of the matter is, they're definitely smart, and I can't understand how the 'dowdy librarian' cliché ever originated," said Miss Davis, whose interest and research stems from the fact that she is playing one who is not only smart, but whose stiff backbone throws a town on its ear when she refuses to allow self-appointed censors to screen her library. "Need I say the librarian I play is smart?" continued the star. "She is going to be the antidote for every old and gaunt and drab librarian you have ever seen." One librarian who came under Miss Davis' searching gaze before she went into the role was Miss Ruth Hall of Santa Rosa in northern California. "Miss Hall influenced my idea of how I would look very much," said the actress. "My hair is going to look like her hair, and for those who want details, there will be no long hair tied in a bun behind. It is going to be short, like that of every other librarian I saw."

One of the rarest privileges a person can have is to be on hand to watch and hear Bob Hope during the filming of a picture. Bob is the nearest thing to perpetual motion and a tremendous off-the-cuff comedian. On the set during the filming of *That Certain Feeling,* Paramount's film remake of Broadway's hit *King Of Hearts,* co-starring George Sanders and Eva Marie Saint, Bob, as usual, livened up things to the point of distraction. For a key scene in the Norman Panama-Melvin Frank comedy, Hope has to walk into a living room carrying a green rowboat above his head. Please don't ask us to explain, it's much too complicated. As he enters the room, Bob sees his ex-wife, Eva (*Please turn page*)

Watch for Announcement of Modern Screen's Disc Jockey Derby Winners for third contest in next month's issue

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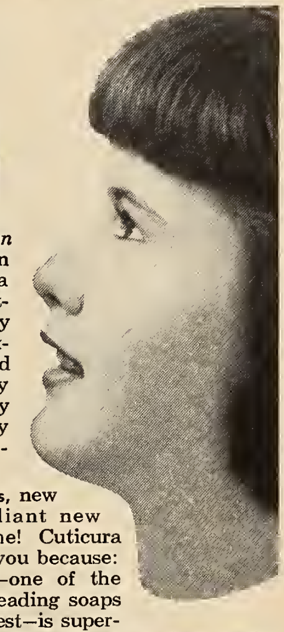

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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 95*) Marie Saint, kissing his cartoonist employer George Sanders. In a rage Hope slams the boat to the floor, just missing his feet. From a physical standpoint, this is Hope's most difficult scene in the picture. And director Norman Panama didn't make it any easier by insisting on several rehearsals. Spying his agent on the set, Hope calls out: "Will you have a chat with this director? He thinks he's working with Tony Curtis." As an after-thought Hope demands: "Who wrote this scene anyway? One of Crosby's writers?" Hope took his position again and hoisted the boat into the air. "All ready, Bob?" Panama asked. "Well, I don't usually stand around holding a rowboat over my head," Bob snapped. At that moment Melvin Frank, Panama's partner, got an idea to improve the scene and called the director aside. They huddled for several minutes while Hope stood there, the boat balanced precariously above his head. "Remember me, fellows, the boy with the boat?" puffed Hope. "What's the problem, Bob?" laughed Panama. "Jeff Chandler lifts boats all the time." "Yes," exploded Bob, "but Jeff Chandler is part Indian!" Finally, Panama called for action. Hope staggered into the room, looked at Sanders and Eva, hurled the green skiff to the floor. "Cut!" Panama cried. "That was perfect, Bob." Exhausted, Hope sank into a chair. "The things I'll do to make a lousy million," he muttered.

Kelly Hope, Bob's nine-year-old son, makes his acting debut in this production. After he finished his first scene, Kelly told his father he thought he deserved more money. "More money?" Hope screamed. "Who told you to say that?" Hope still doesn't know if his son was pulling his leg or not when he replied, "Bing Crosby!"

Incidentally, Bob plays a cartoonist with complexes, and he has several scenes in which he is psychoanalyzed. When he heard the plot of the picture, Bing Crosby sent Hope the following wire: "This confirms what I've always suspected."

Pearl Bailey has the best role of her career in this production. She plays Gussie, a housekeeper, and is the film's narrator. Long one of the nation's most popular singing stars, Pearl will sing the title tune "That Certain Feeling," "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart," and "Hit The Road To Dreamland."

MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD
Month's Best Movie Albums

"Eddie Fisher Academy Award Winning Songs"
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"The Fabulous Eddy Duchin and His Orchestra"
Vik Records Album #LX-1043. This album features the voices of Buddy Clark, Harold Arlen (the well-known composer), Lew Sherwood, Jerry Cooper and the DeMarco Sisters. With the Columbia Motion Picture release of *The Eddy Duchin Story* starring Tyrone Power and Kim Novak, you'll find quite a few record albums coming out tying in with the picture's promotion.

"Alone Together"
Joe Lilley presents his whispering choir and the Skylarks. Decca Records #DL-8223. Joseph J. Lilley has been musical director at Paramount Pictures ever since he was in his twenties. That was fifteen years ago, and he arranged and composed the scores for such pictures as *White Christmas*, *Seven Little Foys*, *Anything Goes*, etc. Joe Lilley also composed all the music and special material for the first six Martin and Lewis pictures. This album is a blend of musical instruments that will be enjoyed by people who are in love.

"The Man With The Golden Arm"
Decca Records #DL-8257. A complete sound track of the music by Elmer Bernstein, noted composer, from the Otto Preminger film starring Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker and Kim Novak. These jazz sequences are arranged and played by Shorty Rogers and jazz drummer Shelly Manne. It was Manne who taught Sinatra how to play the drums for his part as Frankie Machine in the movie.

"Richard III"
RCA Victor #LM-1940. The highlights as well as the complete sound track are available in two separate editions. William Shakespeare is well represented in this presentation, since a group of actors and actresses representing one of the greatest arrays of stage talent have been signed to enact roles in the motion picture. The picture, produced by Laurence Olivier in color and wide-screen projection, will live in the minds of lovers of Shakespeare for years to come. Certainly one of the most impressive movies ever made.

Disc Jockey Choices: "My Favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD"

Tom Edwards—WERE—Cleveland, Ohio
"My choice is the main title from *The Man With The Golden Arm* movie. The unusual five-note drive at the start of Billy May's version brings out all the modern jazz feeling."

Sherm Feller—WVDA—Boston, Mass.
"My favorite is that produced by Nelson Riddle. His music is clean and imaginative. Proof of this can be heard in his rendition of the two oldies, 'All Er Nothin' and 'Poor Jud Is Dead' from *Oklahoma!*"

Paul Brenner—WAAT—Newark, New Jersey
"I pick the Four Aces' recording of 'If You Can Dream' from *Meet Me In Las Vegas*. Its lovely melodic pattern is reminiscent of 'Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing'."

Joe Mitchell—KPOJ—Portland, Oregon
"I would take the theme from *Helen Of Troy* as recorded by its composer Max Steiner, because he successfully captures the exciting mood."

a time for remembering

(*Continued from page 61*) Perry didn't smile. "It's all right," he said again. He didn't seem to notice the rain. His eyes looked out into the gray streets of the city, but he didn't see them, either. His heart was two hours ahead of him in a town called Holbrook, where his parents lived. He was going home to them for the first time in three years. And he was scared.

Because all of a sudden, those three years were—a lifetime. Maybe more. Maybe a world of time and space had come between them the way they had between him and his old friends when he saw them yesterday. Yesterday . . .

Yesterday he'd gone back to the Italian neighborhood where he grew up. The studio wanted to take pictures of him in his old neighborhood, with his old buddies. He'd thought it was a good idea— he was dying to see the gang again. He'd been away so long and this was the first time he'd gotten back to New York—and what with the studio putting him up at the hotel and paying all his expenses—it was a ball.

So they went up to his old block in what was now part of Harlem. His family didn't live there any more, but the old school was still there and the kids looked about the same. More Spanish talking on the streets than he remembered, but otherwise—tough, dirty, bright-eyed kids—the kind he'd grown up with, the kind he used to be.

A famous graduate

And, man, at first it was fun. He went back to school and the principal introduced him to a staring, excited class as one of their three most famous graduates —John Garfield, Burt Lancaster and Perry Lopez.

It was an art class and the teacher, Miss Finan, remembered him. "It's so good to have you back," she kept saying, and she hugged him. Feature that—him, toughie, getting hugged by a teacher. Then he talked to the kids, in English and Spanish both, and told them how it felt to be a movie star (only he wasn't sure) and how you made a picture like *Battle Cry.* And he signed autographs for them—"Your buddy, Perry Lopez—Spanish Joe." The teacher said the kids hadn't been so impressed since Kid Gavilan visited the school.

So that was fine. But then they headed uptown still further, back to the place Perry's folks had moved to when he was fifteen or so. It was supposed to be a little better neighborhood—but boy, he remembered it as tougher, even. First day he'd ever been there he borrowed a jacket

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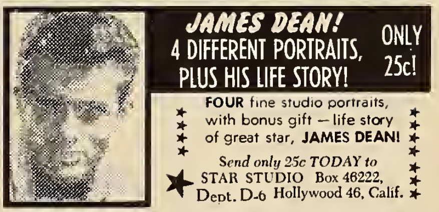

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WELCOME HOME LINDA!

■ It's been a long time, but Linda Darnell is coming home.

For two years she tried to make a marriage work, but it couldn't be done. And today she knows that the real reason she couldn't be happy doing the things expected of her, being a society hostess at fashionable soirées, was that it just wasn't her cup of tea. She's been a star since she was fifteen, and a star she'll always be.

And yet, her friends sorrow for her, knowing how hard she and Philip Liebmann tried to bring their two separate worlds together. But even Linda, used to the frantic comings and goings of Hollywood life, had never lived at such a frantic pace as her husband's world—that of a beer tycoon—demanded. "We went to Venezuela for our honeymoon," she told a friend, "and we were supposed to have six beautiful happy weeks. After six days he got a call to go to New York on business, and that was the end of the honeymoon."

Her voice was wistful. "If a girl is going to give up a busy, exciting career for love and marriage, she needs a home to manage, children to care for, and she wants to wait for her guy to come home every night." But then he'd call from New York and say, "I'm going to be in Munich Saturday night. Do you want to meet me there?"

And then when she'd get to Munich—or Paris or London—she would be surrounded by the old, rich families—beer society. "Of course they were perfectly nice to me," she said, "but in general they did rather look down their noses at a Hollywood movie star. I wasn't used to that. What kind of a life was it, anyway?"

So she decided to go home—home to the world she knew and loved. Regretfully, because love for him had not died, she asked Philip for a divorce, and he turned her down flat. When it seemed that nothing would move him, she resigned herself, went on with her duties and travels as his wife, buried herself in her devotion to her daughter Betty.

And then, suddenly, a few months ago, Philip said, "Go ahead. Get the divorce." She didn't know what had caused the sudden switch, but she wanted her freedom right away lest he change his mind. She got a Mexican divorce.

Five days later, Philip married another girl. "I never even knew about it," Linda said, "until I read it in the papers. Then I understood why he'd changed his mind. I hope she makes him happy. I loved him very dearly."

But she was home again, and it was blessedly good. She found her old friends waiting for her, their arms outstretched—people who talked her language, who understood the work she did and admired and respected her for doing it. And in many ways, the home she is making for Betty is a better one. If they were close before, they are inseparable now. Where Linda goes, Betty goes, always.

And something else—Linda is learning. When she came back, movies and TV were not enough for her—she wanted to grow. So she opened on the stage in *Tea And Sympathy* and the critics were sympathetic—but cool. Opening night was a blow. She had come back with such joy and love—and suddenly nothing was right. But that is why Linda Darnell will *always* be a star. Because instead of sulking or giving up, she sat down and found out what was wrong. She worked until she had changed her entire acting technique to suit the stage instead of the cameras, and by the time the show closed those who had said "No good!" were singing her praises.

And what of love? Well, the press agents have done their darndest to dream something up. They've had rumors about an Italian count and an American business man, and Linda has just laughed at them. No publicity is worth lying to her heart. And maybe, if her heart yearns anywhere, it's to Philip Liebmann. That's not so strange—she was his wife for two years, and she never said she stopped loving him—quite the contrary. But she has lost a love before, and this time she knows that she did the right thing. Eventually, the heartache will disappear and she will be ready for a new love—one built to last. Till then she has her daughter and her work and her world. Welcome back, Linda.

MY ROMANTIC HONEYMOON

by Russ Tamblyn

■ We'd been on our honeymoon for practically a week, but this was the first time Venetia and I knew we could sleep late the next day, because we'd been having to do a lot of publicity stuff and tour around. It was also our first night in New York, and Saturday besides, and the studio had gotten us this gorgeous suite in the Hotel Plaza and filled it with flowers. And the hotel sent up a bottle of champagne. So we thought we'd really live it up for one evening—have everything just like it is in the movies. We ordered dinner in the room and left a do-not-disturb notice at the switchboard. Venetia went into the bedroom to put on her best negligee and I wandered around the living room turning down the lamps and drawing the curtains and looking for candles to light. Couldn't find any—but the minute Venetia walked in the whole room glowed.

Well, the waiters came in with dinner and they set it out on a table. Everything was French, and each dish had its own little Bunsen burner—or something—underneath to keep the seconds warm.

I held Venetia's chair for her. "Dahling," I said, "shall we hahve the champagne fust?" "Dew let's," she said. "It would be chahming."

So I took out the bottle—it was wrapped in a napkin, of course—and I applied my thumbs to the cork. There's an art to opening champagne and I'd had plenty of practice during the last week, because we'd been almost drowned in it. And a good thing, too, because with the lights practically out, I sure couldn't see what I was doing. Venetia could, though. "Dahling," she said. "Uh—dahling—"

POW! goes the cork! Flew straight up in the air, smacked into the ceiling and came down like a shot—wham!—right into my bride's vichy soisse. Man, you never saw such a splash. Drenched! Us, the dinner—Venetia's negligee—and all over her head. Boy!

Well, the rest of the evening—it wasn't exactly like the movies. I sopped up the dinner and Venetia went and washed her hair. Time she got back all that dark was beginning to make me nervous, so I turned on the lights. And that is the true story of how I got to see my wife in pincurls for the first time.

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from some guy and went out to look up some pals who lived around there. Walked up a long flight of stairs to a pool room and some strange guy stopped him and said, "Where'd you get that jacket?" "I just got it, that's all," Perry said. So the guy clipped him and sent him rolling down the stairs where a bunch of other guys were waiting. They beat him silly. Turned out the jacket bore the insignia of a rival gang. He got rid of it quick, and the guys who knocked him down became his buddies. Then he met Lou Gomez.

Lou got him interested in training and Al Braverman, up at the boxing club, taught him what fighting was all about. Mr. Braverman was terrific. First time Perry saw him he said, "Lemme see your mitts, kid, make a fist!" Perry did. And he said, "If you've got this—fists—you can do it!" So Perry worked hard, got in shape, and every guy who had beaten him up, he got right back at! He became a good amateur lightweight, then quit because he knew boxing wasn't what he was meant for. But Lou Gomez—now he was a truck driver—kept telling people, "Perry coulda been good. Lots of heart, like Marciano."

But he was no cocky, chip-on-the-shoulder kid any more. He was neater than most, more home-loving than many, and a hungry reader. A lot of his books, like a set of O'Neill plays and *Dr. Faustus*, were still in the house in Holbrook. Perry was also a little shy. He won a swimming medal at the CYO and at a big athletic awards affair downtown, when master of cermonies Milton Berle called out the name of Perry Lopez, Perry actually sent another boy up to get the medal and thank Berle. Feature that!

And he thought maybe, as they headed uptown, maybe he'd bump into Lou Gomez today. But the first guy he recognized was a fellow washing his car on the street. Perry forgot all about the studio man and the pictures and went over. Only the guy didn't want to talk to him. Hardly even said hi. "What's the matter?" Perry said, suddenly furious. "Don't you want to talk to me because I'm a movie star?" "Oh, I dunno," the guy

(*Continued on page 101*)

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MAMA MAGNANI

To Anna, nothing —not even her Oscar— comes before her son.

■ Two weeks before *The Rose Tattoo* was scheduled to be premièred, its brilliant leading lady, Anna Magnani, received a phone call in Rome.

"Annarella," began Pilado Levi, Paramount's representative in Italy, "the studio is opening *Rose Tattoo* in New York. They want to fly you there"

"It's impossible," Anna Magnani said.

"But it's very important," Pilado Levi said. "You are the star. You must be at the première. They will pay everything."

There was a pause, and then Annarella shouted, "You must be crazy. Christmas is coming. Christmas I spend with Luca. There is nothing, nothing in the world that would take me away from my son on Christmas."

Anna Magnani has a thirteen-year-old boy named Luca, currently living with the family of Nina Gravatti in Lausanne, Switzerland. Luca is badly crippled, the result of a polio attack when he was two.

The boy cannot walk without heavy steel braces, and the doctors, for the most part, have given up hope that he ever will. But Anna Magnani fiercely insists that sometime her Luca will walk again.

Last December after she turned down the appearance at the New York première of *Tattoo*, she and a girl friend left for Switzerland.

They arrived the day before Christmas and were met at the Lausanne station by Professor Nicod and Luca. A few weeks previously, the professor had operated on the boy.

As Magnani stepped down from the train Luca held out his arms. Magnani ran to him, covered his face with kisses. Excitedly Luca told about his latest operation. His feet, formerly pointing outward, were now straight. With leg braces he would soon be able to stand for longer periods of time.

Anna suggested an immediate celebration, but Professor Nicod told her the boy was too tired. Why not postpone the party until after Christmas?

Reluctantly, Magnani agreed. But on Christmas Eve, dining with her friend in one of Lausanne's best restaurants, Anna was seized by a sudden, uncontrollable desire to see her boy, to be with him, to have Luca next to her. Jumping to her feet, she announced sharply, "It is impossible to be here without my son." And with that she bustled out of the restaurant.

Less than an hour later, Anna Magnani and her smiling Luca were sitting in the Grappe D'or. Luca ordered a chocolate sundae and downed it rapidly.

Next day at Gravattis', Luca opened the Christmas presents from his mother: books, clothes, and best of all a pellet-shooting air pistol. Watching her boy, Anna shamelessly shed tears of happiness. Bringing joy to her son meant so much more than any possible trip to New York, any joy to herself.

Christmas over, Anna Magnani returned to Rome, where much to her surprise she learned that a news magazine had awarded her "the golden violet" for being Italy's most exemplary mother.

And then when she heard she'd won the coveted Oscar, Anna in her excitement said, "Everything I have done is for my Luca." Whereupon she immediately put in a long-distance call to him, saying, "He'll be crazy about this. It will be his greatest Easter present."

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(*Continued from page 99*) said, and turned his back on him. But then, fortunately, someone else came over and did want to talk to him, and he didn't feel anymore as if he had egg on his face. They didn't have so much to talk about really. What's become of Joe, and that kind of thing—but after that, nothing. And his old gang—one was in the postoffice and one was a detective and a couple were on the other side of the law—inside looking out. And all of a sudden he'd felt with deep gratitude, there but for the grace of God—

And then he saw Lou. Ah, that was great. Lou rushing across the street to pound him on the back and grin and talk. "Have dinner with me," Perry begged.

"I can't," Lou said, shrugging, looking embarrassed because he didn't have a jacket on! "I look like a bum!"

"You crazy?" Perry cried—and finally Lou said yes, and man, they had a good time. It was worth the whole trip to see him—to find out there was one person you cared about who really, really cared about you, too. That was having a friend, boy.

But even seeing Lou couldn't quite take the taste of—distance out of his mouth. Where had he been these three years that he and the gang couldn't talk to each other any more? Even when they wanted to? How much could a guy change—or how much could his life change? A lot, it seemed.

What had he been doing? He had sold papers in Madison Square, worked in the stockroom at the exclusive Sulka men's shop, shined actors' shoes in Shubert Alley. That might have been his closest approach to the stage, but for an accident. He was a night student at New York University then and he stopped by the theatre where Joshua Logan was rehearsing the national company of *South Pacific.* He was picking up a friend, actress Diosa Costello, for a lunch date.

The director saw him there, sized him up, asked him to read a few lines—and gave Perry one of the Seabee roles. He sang and danced his way through three years of the *South Pacific* tour, and during the long Chicago run he got to study with the Westside Theatre Group and take ballet and voice lessons. He tried to tell someone once how he felt. "I'm so grateful to Josh Logan for that break. I just wish I could do something for him—wash his car—fix his roof. Anything—anything."

He was almost killed

A railroad accident almost snuffed out his career. The company was en route from Los Angeles to Kansas City when their streamliner, the Pony Express, collided with a switch engine at Green River, Wyoming. Perry, just getting into his berth, went sprawling as the car turned over. He was caught there five hours, long after they removed everybody else. He was half out, too weak to cry for help. Finally the state police found him and got him to a hospital. For two years after that he had bad headaches—and then a doctor found he'd had a fractured skull.

In the summer of 1953, while acting in a strawhat production of *Stalag 17* at Smithtown, Long Island, Perry hurt his leg in an automobile accident. He went out to Los Angeles to stay with some family friends to recuperate. He was about ready to return East when he read that Warners was casting *Battle Cry.* Perry had read the book, had seen himself in the role of Spanish Joe, and on impulse he went over to the studio and said he'd like the part.

"Sorry," a man said. "We need somebody a lot taller—more virile." Well, Perry argued, he felt he *knew* Spanish Joe and if they didn't mind his saying so, he also *knew* it was the part for him. It seemed only natural that they should take him to Director Raoul Walsh, that Walsh should arrange a test—and that he, Perry, should get the part.

It was less than a year later that the boy who had fought his way out of an asphalt jungle, and graduated from a blackboard jungle, won his first starring role—in the picture called *Steel Jungle.* Three wonderful years.

But when a guy went home to his mother and father after three years? What if they didn't have anything to say, either? What then? In the drizzle outside the Warwick, Perry Lopez shut his eyes against the thought, and never noticed the rain coming down.

A few minutes later the car pulled up and they got in—the studio sure took care of everything. Perry sat in the back and when someone talked to him, he answered, pleasant but quiet. It was a two hour ride to Holbrook. Two hours to go, and the three years would be up.

They stopped at a diner for coffee. Perry ordered something and a minute after he gave the order he couldn't remember what it was. When it came, he barely touched it. He got up and walked outside and started playing with a couple of dogs who roamed by. It was still raining.

Nervous and excited

An hour later they were near Holbrook, and he was excited. Nervous and excited and he couldn't stop talking about his mother. "Wait till you see her," he kept saying. "She'll come swooping out of that house just like a humming bird. I always call her that—my humming bird."

They pulled up in front of the house. "Blow the horn," he told the driver. "Now—watch the door!"

And she did come swooping out, his humming bird mother. Perry rushed from the car and met her halfway up the path and hugged her and hugged her. Then Mr. Lopez came out and the kids. Perry and Mom broke it up, and the others got their share.

The publicity man got out of the car and stood there, grinning, till Perry remembered to introduce him. Then they were in the house and for a while things were just like any homecoming. He kept looking around at the place, and grinning all over and he couldn't keep his hands off the folks, patting the kids on their behinds and his folks on their cheeks. And of course, his father had to give everyone a drink. "At this hour?" Perry teased him, "what will people think?"

"I don't care," Mr. Lopez said. "We have guests. You gotta offer a guest a drink."

Perry grinned. "My father is not a drinking man," he said, "but he sure is hospitable."

His mother disappeared into the kitchen and the kids surrounded Perry. The house was overflowing with them, just like always. Jimmy wasn't home, of course, being in the Navy in San Francisco, but his brother Joe was home, and the other kids who lived with the family ("Off and on, but mostly on,") were there, crowding around him and shouting, "Hey, Perry, one of my teachers doesn't believe you're in the movies!" "Hey, Perry, I saw you kiss the pretty girl in the picture!" "Hey, Perry, I'm gonna be an actor!" He rubbed their heads and answered their questions and then he ducked out and followed his Mom into the kitchen and they just stood there, talking about nothing, the two of them, and laughing like two happy fools.

Then the girls started coming in. Every teen-age girl in the area it looked like at first, but when the dust settled down there were only six or seven, and nice kids at that. He hardly knew them—they were just kids when he left—and they seemed

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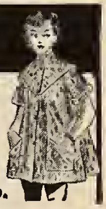

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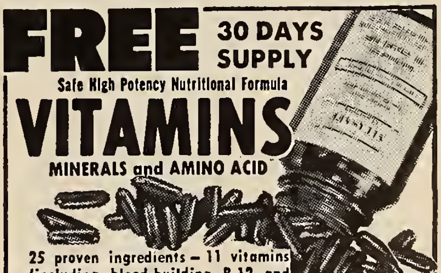

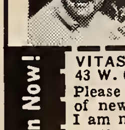

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so uncomfortable that he felt pretty easy all of a sudden. They kept saying things like, "Gee, I guess I should have worn my lounging pajamas—the silk ones—like at Hollywood parties," but that was just because they were embarrassed. He liked having them there—only he knew he was disappointing them sometimes—practically everytime they asked did he know such-and-such a movie star and he had to say no. They left around dinner time, and everyone went into the kitchen to eat. Mrs. Lopez was too excited to eat, and she just stood behind Perry, watching him eat like he hadn't tasted home cooking in years. Which he hadn't. It was good having her there—he was ready to burst with the joy of it. "Yeah, Ma," he said, "some day, some day soon, you'll be coming out to California, you and the rest of the family, and we'll have a nice house out there and we'll all be together and . . ." and then he saw that she was crying a little. He put down his fork. "Hey, Ma," he said, "what are you crying about?"

His mother shook her head. She couldn't talk, she didn't even want to try.

"Hey, Ma!"

And then he let go. Suddenly he began to sob, great rocking sobs, and his arms went around her in an instinctive, lunging embrace. "Mama . . . Mama . . ."

His mother buried her face in his. "It's been so long since I see my boy," she wept.

"Mama," Perry said, "I don't want to leave you any more . . . No more, Mama . . ."

And everyone else got up and left the table and went into the living room and let them cry it out together.

When it was over, ten minutes later, he couldn't seem to talk naturally anymore. He didn't feel like he was home—because he knew he'd have to leave again, and he couldn't bear to. They stayed another couple of hours, and he wanted to die. He kept thinking of leaving and of coming home again and of the three years that had gone and the ones to come before they were together. It was too much. You can only take so much.

When it was time to go, his father asked him when they'd see him again.

Perry twisted his hands. "I can't see you before I go, Pop," he said .

"But there's Sunday," his father said slowly, "and there's Monday . . . and Tuesday till you get the plane—"

"Pop," Perry said, his voice breaking, "I can't—" and the studio man stepped in and gave him the complete schedule, every blessed minute, filled with interviews and press parties and publicity stuff.

"Yes," his father said. "I see. I understand." But his voice was low, and Perry thought about his father sitting in the movies and crying every time he saw him on the screen, and his mother cutting out of the papers every mention of her son. And of the three long years.

At the door there were no more tears, because they were cried out by then. He held his mother in his arms and they whispered to each other in Spanish, promises of better days to come. And he walked through the drizzle to the car, thinking all of a sudden about the day Josh Logan had met him outside the stage door where he was waiting for a date and made him an actor. And it was all so long ago, and so much had come from that. It had taken him away from what he knew, but someday it would give him back his family, better than it had been before.

Someday they would be together and they would he happy. And in the meanwhile, in the years that would come, there would be a time for remembering. **END**

---

moments to remember

(*Continued from page 49*) comes out. Berets somehow seem cheerfuller than steel helmets. By good fortune, we've happened on a place called Nepenthe, meaning Forgetfulness. For our money, it couldn't be better named. The man who built it built it with his own hands to his own taste. Candles are stuck in driftwood, a fire burns, a small orchestra plays. We're fed, warmed and comforted. We spend the night at Nepenthe. Next day we drive to Carmel. It's our first carefree vacation. But I don't want most to remember Mitzi at play in the sunlight. I want her reading that darned road-map!

You've seen her dance, so I needn't explain why I want Mitzi dancing. I want the finished performance as it shows on the screen—with all her charm and vitality, her impishness and grace, her blend of simplicity and sophistication. Many people can master techniques. Few can translate their own spirits into art. This picture gives me not only the dancer, but the girl.

Now I'm in trouble. My final shot would be of Mitzi at home. But, which picture?

There's Mitzi the hausfrau, a little whirlwind in denims, washing rugs, scouring pots, waxing the daylights out of the kitchen linoleum. As a child, she learned to keep house and love it.

I remember the time we returned from our honeymoon. By a comedy of errors we wound up in Mitzi's old apartment. I looked around. "This is awful," I told her.

Which put a bee in her bonnet. "He doesn't like it because it's a little beat-up. I'll take care of *that*." For four days she scrubbed and scraped and polished. I noticed nothing, and that suited her fine. She wanted to present me with the finished job. On the evening of the fourth day it was done. I walked in. "Yeah," I said, "this place is sure a mess. I can't wait till we get out."

She broke into sobs. Against my chest, a couple of strangled phrases gave me the clue. "Honey," I begged, "why don't you *show* me what you did?"

She showed me. I was properly—and sincerely—penitent. We've been living there very happily now for a year.

I remember the time a friend from New Orleans called. We asked him to dinner. "I think we'll have fish," said Mitzi, and sent me out to buy it. As I recall, it was something simple, like sole. She'd never fixed it before, but so what? According to Mitzi, all you need is instinct. You toss in a little of this, a little of that, with mushrooms, with sauterne, with a dab of imagination, and you serve it up. Our guest flipped. "Give me the recipe?"

"I can't," she said. "I made it up by ear."

Then there's Mitzi waiting for me at night. With kisses and canapés. We sit down for a quiet half hour before dinner and fill each other in on the day's events. After dinner I do the dishes—wash, dry, the whole deal. That's one chore she dislikes. Since she's the cook, I figure my being the bottle-washer makes us even-steven. We watch TV, we read, we talk. we plan. The point is we're together.

All these pictures I cherish—and more too numerous to mention. Of Mitzi at home I'd have to take a montage.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dear Jack—we're sneaking in an extra. This is *our* favorite picture of you and Mitzi. Because when we told her about this moon bit she reached out to touch you, her imagination working overtime. "To the *moon?*" she breathed. "But he is coming *back*, isn't he?" **END**

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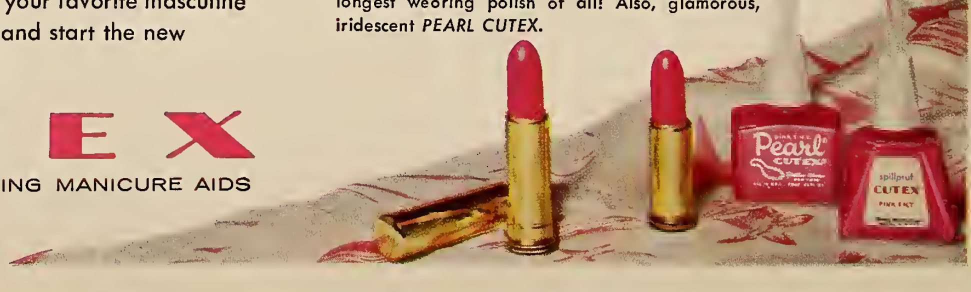


JUN 20 1956

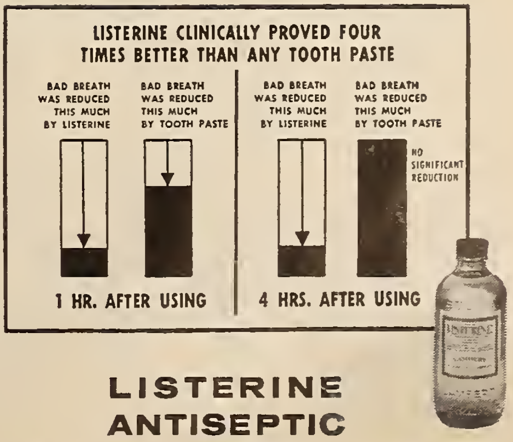
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath . . . no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions. The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact! Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions . . . instantly halts the fermentation that they cause. Keeps breath sweet and clean usually for hours on end. In clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces. Listerine kills germs on the teeth, mouth and throat. No tooth paste offers proof like Listerine of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

NEW MUM® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

July, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the cover: Color portrait of Kim Novak by John Engstead. Kim can currently be seen in Columbia's *The Eddy Duchin Story*. Other photographers' credits on page 92.

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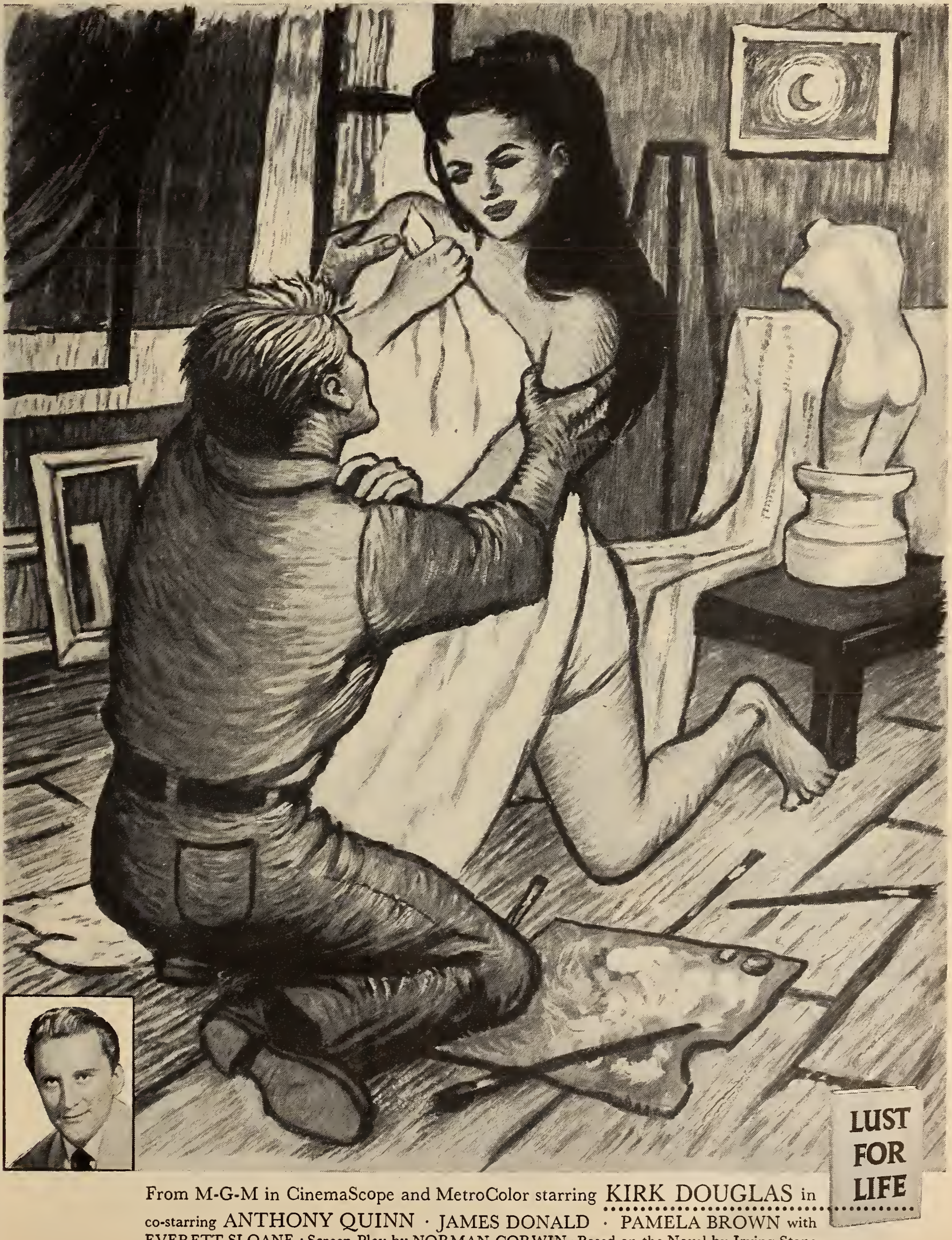
AFLAME WITH GENIUS AND DESIRE, Vincent Van Gogh wished, like other men, to be loved, to be famous. But his genius—his demon—drove him into a life of incredible violence. His search for a wife was frustrated by his own frenzy. People called him a madman. His paintings were laughed at. Today they are priceless—acclaimed as the work of an incomparably great artist. This truly extraordinary motion picture tells the story of his tumultuous life....from the frank and revealing novel, "Lust For Life."



From M-G-M in CinemaScope and MetroColor starring KIRK DOUGLAS in **LUST FOR LIFE**

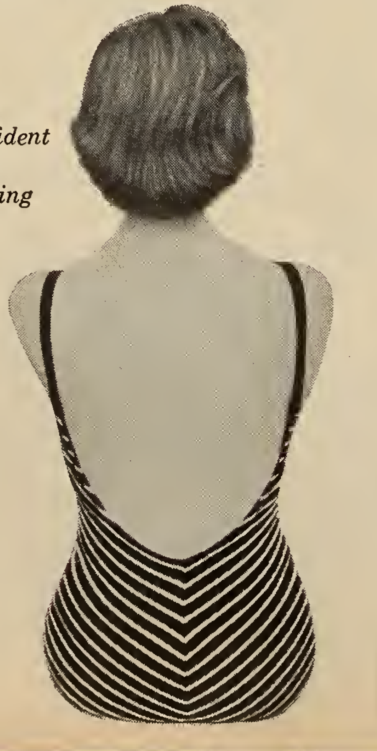
co-starring ANTHONY QUINN · JAMES DONALD · PAMELA BROWN with
EVERETT SLOANE · Screen Play by NORMAN CORWIN · Based on the Novel by Irving Stone
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI · Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN · An M-G-M Picture

Don't
be
home-bound
when
you
should
be
beach bound!

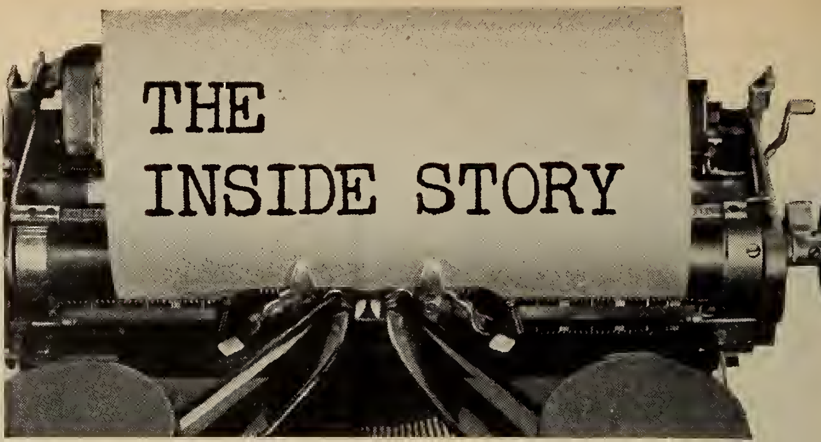
The lame excuses, the *you-run-along's* and *count-me-out's* are as dated as the flapper dress. Today's smart girls never let time-of-the-month interfere with a beach party. They rely on Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you *can* go swimming with Tampax. But you don't have to, if you don't feel like it! The main advantage of Tampax is that it's completely invisible under either a wet or a dry bathing suit. You can simply sit on the beach, and no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other advantages that keep you feeling secure. It prevents odor from forming. Never chafes or irritates. Is easy to dispose of. In fact, in every way, it's nicer, daintier, more fastidious. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Feel confident in a bathing suit



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly's wife, Betsy Blair, was recently arrested in Madrid? —H.B., Boston, Mass.

A. *No. She was making a film in Valencia with Spanish director Juan Antonio Bardem when Bardem was arrested by the secret police, held for a while, then released.*

Q. Can you tell me if Lou Costello of Abbott & Costello ever said, "When I first knew Dean Martin his face looked like a banana split without ice cream?" If so, why?—D.L., Youngstown, Ohio

A. *Costello once had Martin under personal contract, shelled out $900 to have Martin's nose bobbed by a plastic surgeon.*

Q. What is Jeff Hunter's real name? —F.F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Henry McKinnies, Jr.*

Q. When Jeff Chandler played Las Vegas did a woman throw a glass of wine in his face and insult him? Wasn't the whole thing hushed up? —V.F., Reno, Nev.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Has Judy Garland been in a sanitarium? Aren't she and Sid Luft in debt to the government?—B.E., N.Y.C.

A. *Judy stayed at Orchard Gables Sanitarium for a short period. The federal government has a lien for 1952-53 taxes against Mr. and Mrs. Sid Luft for $20,891.09.*

Q. How are things with Rita Hayworth's ex, crooner Dick Haymes? —D.L., Denver, Col.

A. *Not so good. His $5,000 convertible sports car has been attached by a Hollywood supermarket for non-payment of a $516 bill.*

Q. Can you tell me why Lana Turner, Ann Blyth, Esther Williams, Jane Powell and Elaine Stewart are no longer under exclusive contract to MGM? —S.N., Baltimore, Md.

A. *The studio doesn't have enough pictures to keep them occupied.*

Q. Did Jean-Pierre Aumont marry Marisa Pavan out of spite because Grace Kelly kissed him off? How old is Aumont? —T.K., New Orleans, La.

A. *Aumont, 46, and Miss Pavan are deeply in love.*

Q. Is it true that Jerry Lewis and Milton Berle will no longer talk to each other? If so, why? —D.M., N.Y.C.

A. *True. Basis of the feud is a misunderstanding concerning a personal appearance on the Berle program.*

Q. What is the real reason Gloria Vanderbilt walked out of the Frank Sinatra picture, *Johnny Concho*? —D.V., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Sinatra was not quite as attentive as Miss Vanderbilt thought he should have been.*

Q. I've been told on good authority that Tony Curtis is suffering from a swelled head, will no longer give fan magazine interviews. Is it true? —D.H., Hollywood, Cal.

A. *Tony and wife Janet Leigh have asked their press agent to turn down fan magazine writers assigned to probe their love life or Tony's visits to a psychiatrist. He does not refuse interviews.*

Q. Can you tell me how much money Clark Gable will make from *The Tall Men?* —L.T., Troy, N.Y.

A. *Gable owns 10% of the picture. To date it has grossed $3,800,000. A world-wide gross of $5,000,000 is expected. Gable's share will be $500,000.*

Q. Can you tell me what ever happened to that great director, Frank Capra? —C.L., Youngstown, Ohio

A. *Capra retired temporarily, has signed to do a single picture at Columbia Studios.*

Q. Is the Peggy Lee-Dewey Martin romance serious or a stunt? —B.H., Denver, Col.

A. *Serious.*

Q. There is a rumor going around that Perry Como has been signed to make three Hollywood pictures, one with George Gobel. Please comment. —B.E., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Como has no intention in the near future of making motion pictures in Hollywood.*

Paramount presents

BOB HOPE EVA MARIE SAINT GEORGE SANDERS

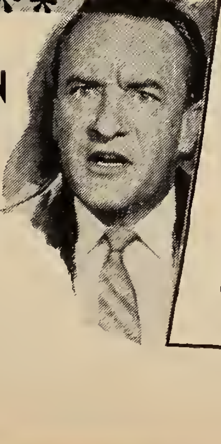
IN

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

IT GIVES YOU THAT WONDERFUL FEELING

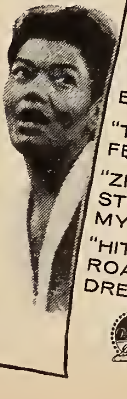
It's all heart! Bob Hope, one of the greatest of all comic performers, in a picture that tops "The Seven Little Foys" in tenderness, warmth and feeling! Based on the terrific Broadway play, it's about a boy and his dog, a guy who'd failed and a girl who loved him enough to turn him into a nationally famed cartoonist!



VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

with **PEARL BAILEY**

Produced and Directed by
NORMAN PANAMA
and MELVIN FRANK
Screenplay by
NORMAN PANAMA
and MELVIN FRANK,
I. A. L. DIAMOND,
WILLIAM ALTMAN
Based on a play by Jean Kerr and
Eleanor Brooke



Pearl Sings... and Everybody Swings!
"THAT CERTAIN FEELING"
"ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART"
"HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND"

Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg
WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION
2% fresh whole egg

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

silkier... softer... easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.
Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

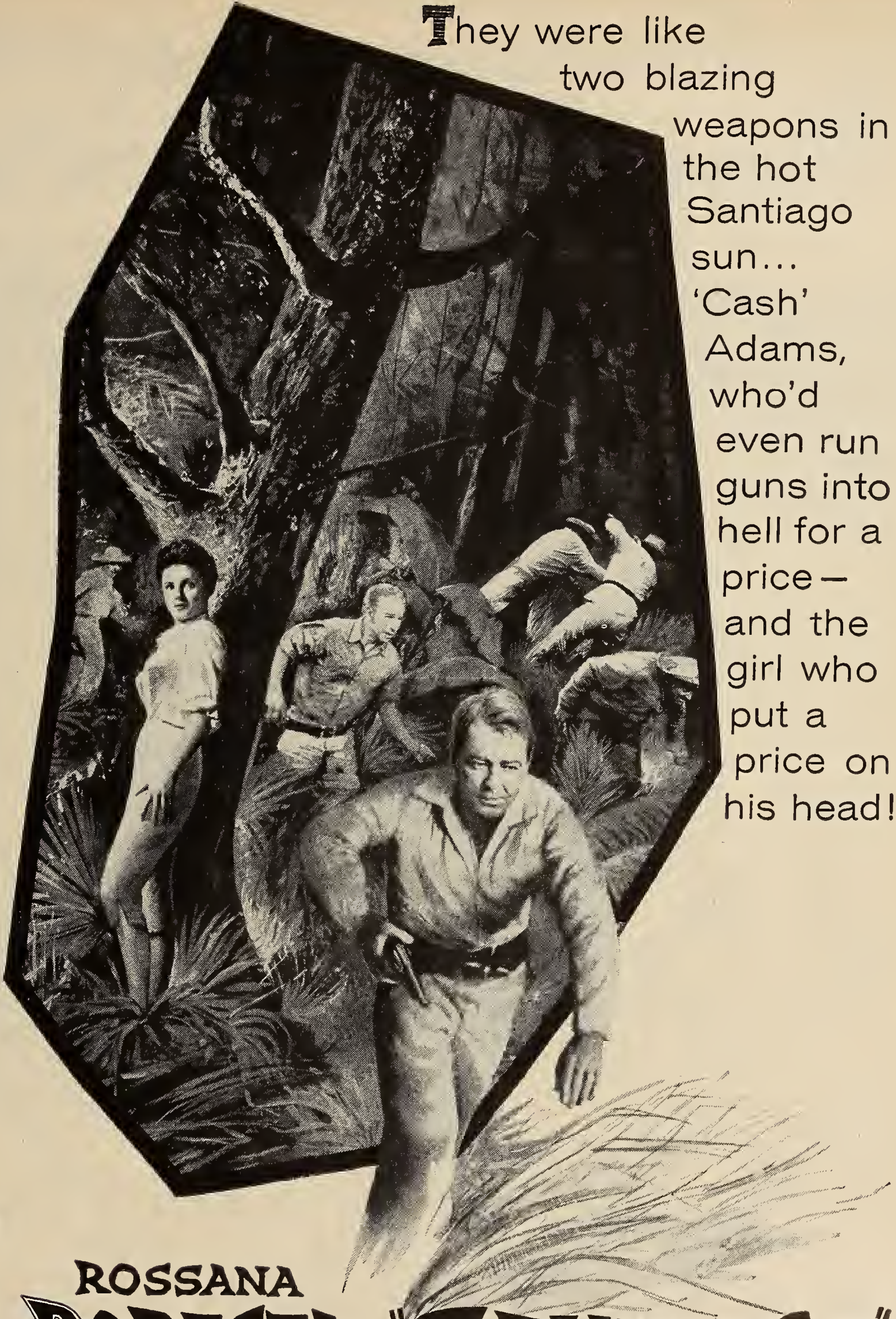
Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg 2%

SUPER FAST RINSING!

TV TALK

Godfrey-Parker feud? . . . It pays to be a dog . . . The truth about Grace

Sometimes the sets that TV stars work on reflect their own homes. The rooms on the *Ozzie And Harriet* show, for instance, are fairly similar to the real-life house of the **Nelsons; Harriet** took a hand in both decorating jobs, and her love of comfortable Colonial surroundings is evident in both places. But you'd never expect a set like that on the **Ernie Kovacs Show** to have anything to do with Ernie's own personal tastes. Most people who see his morning NBC show and notice the rather medieval air about it—the swords and the armor—take it for granted that it's just a gag. Far from it. It just so happens that Ernie and his wife, **Edith Adams,** are crazy about medieval furnishings, and their home is chock full of antiques out of the 15th Century. They, and Ernie's two children, live in a huge fourteen-room duplex apartment overlooking Central Park in New York. . . . The changes in the **Arthur Godfrey** television schedule were bound to come. He may be getting older and we know he is ill and in pain, but he is too much of a showman to keep on with a format when the rating's slipping, slipping, slipping. He's also too fond of the Good Old TV Days, when he was kingpin, to be happy being reminded constantly by the press that no longer is he in the Top Ten. What we can't understand is why anybody who's been making some $900,000 a year (that's right, $900,000) for umpty-ump years should work at all any more. The answer, of course, is the actor's ego, which forces him to perform in order to be happy. So don't expect Godfrey to drop everything and disappear. And don't believe anything you read about his feuding with **Frank Parker.** As we've told you, Godfrey will take things from Frank that he'll take from no one else; they are friends, and they'll remain friends. Godfrey gets mad when he reads rumors about his feuding with other people; he laughs off the ones about Frank because he knows they're not true . . . It's hard to believe, but **Robert Cummings** honestly thinks that his television show is educational—that it can help parents in raising their children and help teen agers know how to behave. . . . Everybody knows that **Lassie** is a male dog, but few people know why: It's because female dogs are more likely to shed and get bare spots than males are, and a television dog has to be telegenic! It pays to be a TV dog, by the way: The original Lassie earned more than a half million dollars for his owner. The current one, the star of the *Lassie* show, does quite nicely, too, thank you—and gets rewarded by getting nothing but broiled T-bone steak for food. His meals are so good that little **Tommy Rettig,** who plays Lassie's master, often shares Lassie's lunch with him. . . . **Edward R. Murrow** has always had a rather old-fashioned, workmanlike office in comparison with the other officials at CBS, but all that's been changed now. While he was in Africa for two weeks doing a *See It Now,* CBS decided to give him a surprise welcome-home present: a new office. His secretary oversaw the redecorating . . . It was bound to come out, and it has: **Grace Kelly** is not always faultlessly groomed and coiffed. She has been seen, on vacations, with her hair dried out and stringy and with her nails bitten down to the quick. Maybe that's why she always wears gloves!



They were like
two blazing
weapons in
the hot
Santiago
sun…
'Cash'
Adams,
who'd
even run
guns into
hell for a
price—
and the
girl who
put a
price on
his head!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IN
WARNERCOLOR

ALAN
LADD · **ROSSANA**
PODESTA IN **"SANTIAGO"**

THAT 'HELEN OF TROY' GIRL

ALSO STARRING **LLOYD NOLAN** AND **CHILL WILLS**

SCREEN PLAY BY MARTIN RACKIN AND JOHN TWIST
PRODUCED BY MARTIN RACKIN
DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, fresher complexion today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

2. **Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!** *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

Mild and Gentle
PALMOLIVE
Mild and Gentle

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

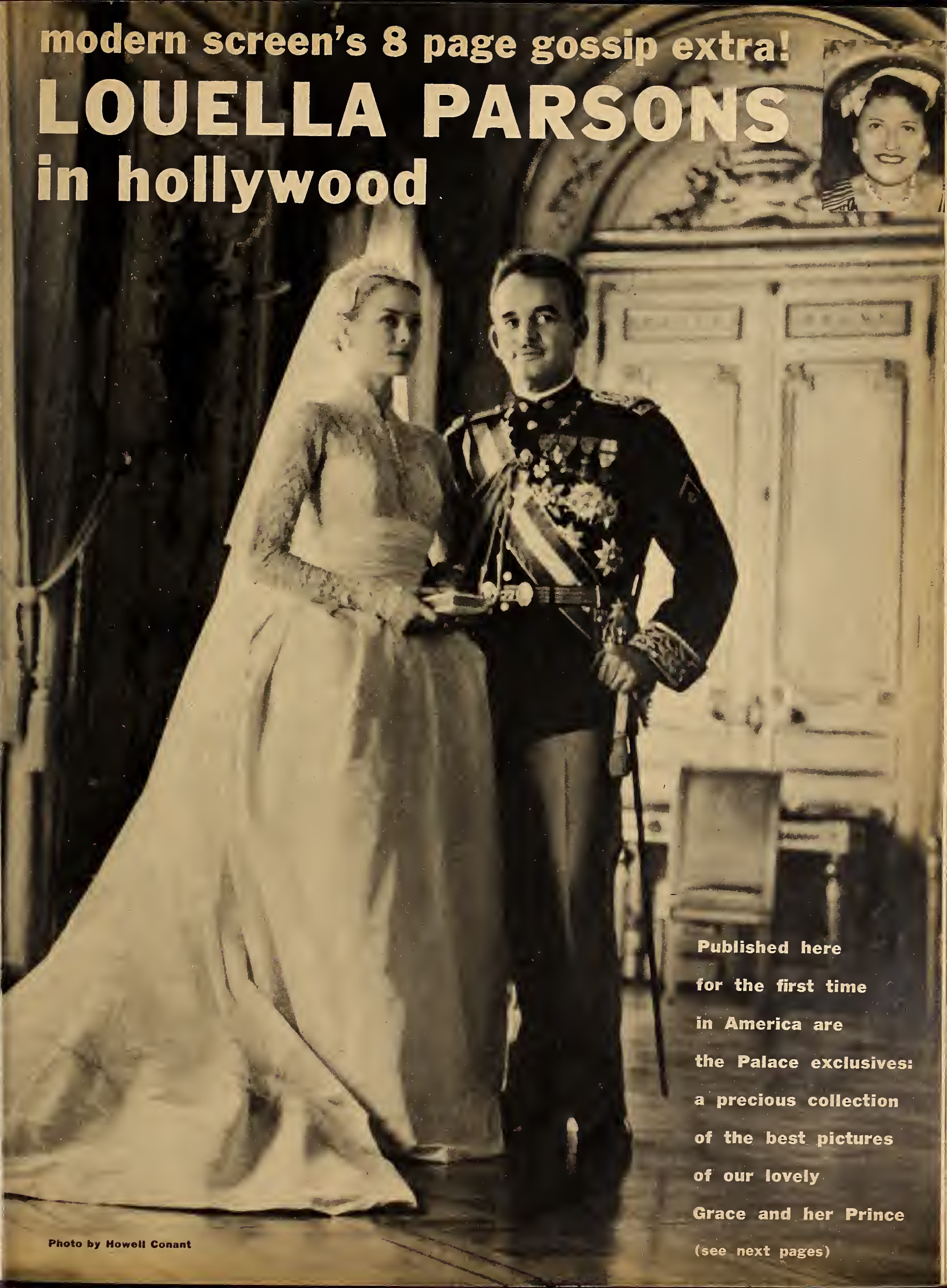


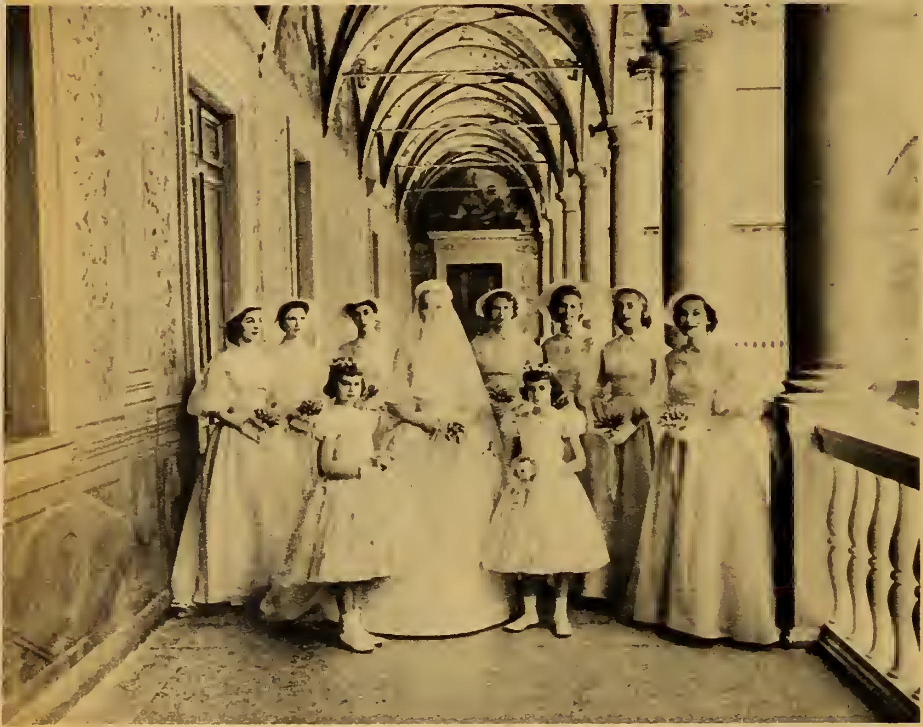
Photo by Howell Conant

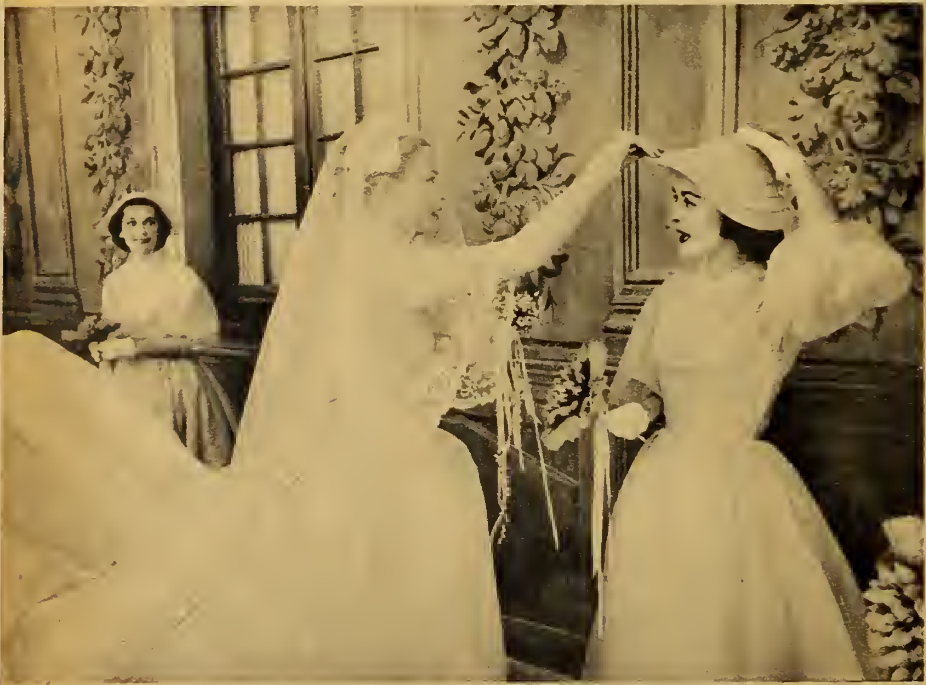
Published here for the first time in America are the Palace exclusives: a precious collection of the best pictures of our lovely Grace and her Prince

(see next pages)

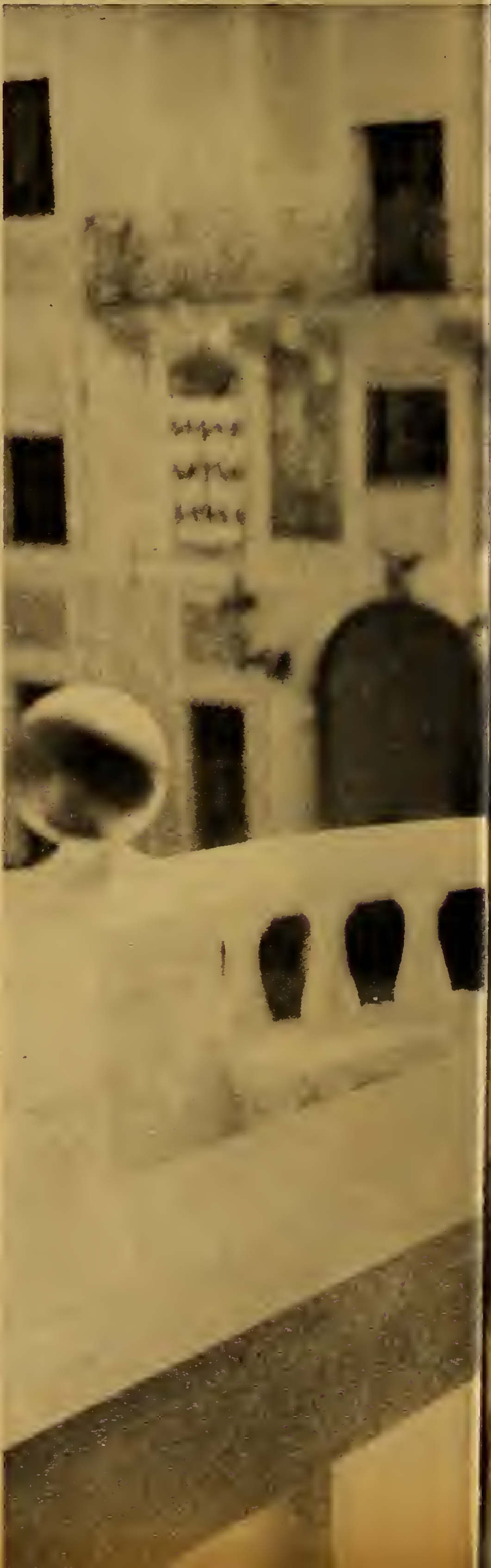
LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

The most beautiful picture of all is of



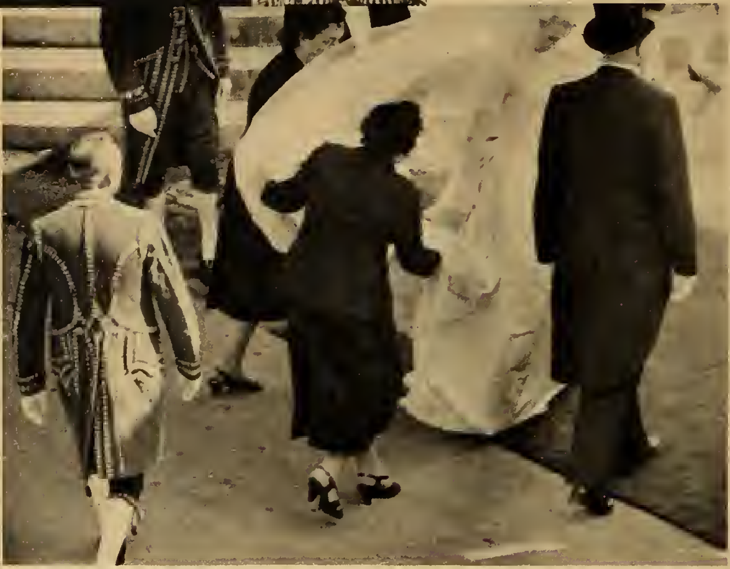


No one was there on the Palace balcony but Grace and her bridesmaids and Howell Conant, the only photographer allowed in her chambers. There Grace slipped away from the others, to spend her last moments as a bride-to-be alone with her dreams. Before that she had posed for Howell with all her attendants, and then even noticed a rumpled hat and helped fix it. And then Howell saw her standing alone, and took the picture of her on the right—the loveliest I've ever seen of any bride, looking out over her new world.

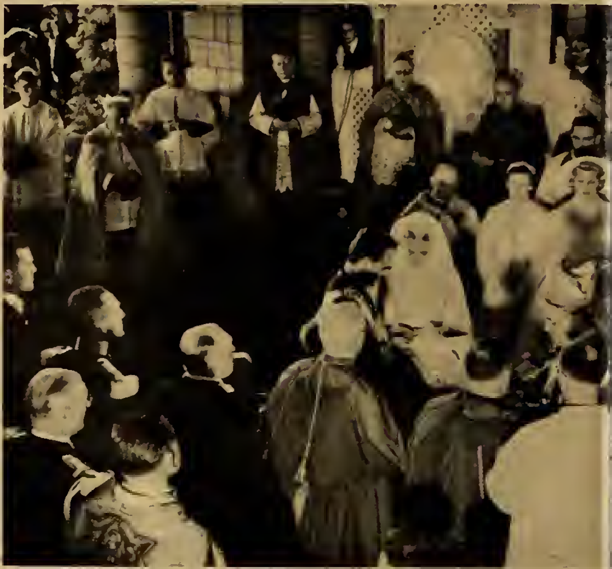


Grace's most private moment, just before she left for the wedding

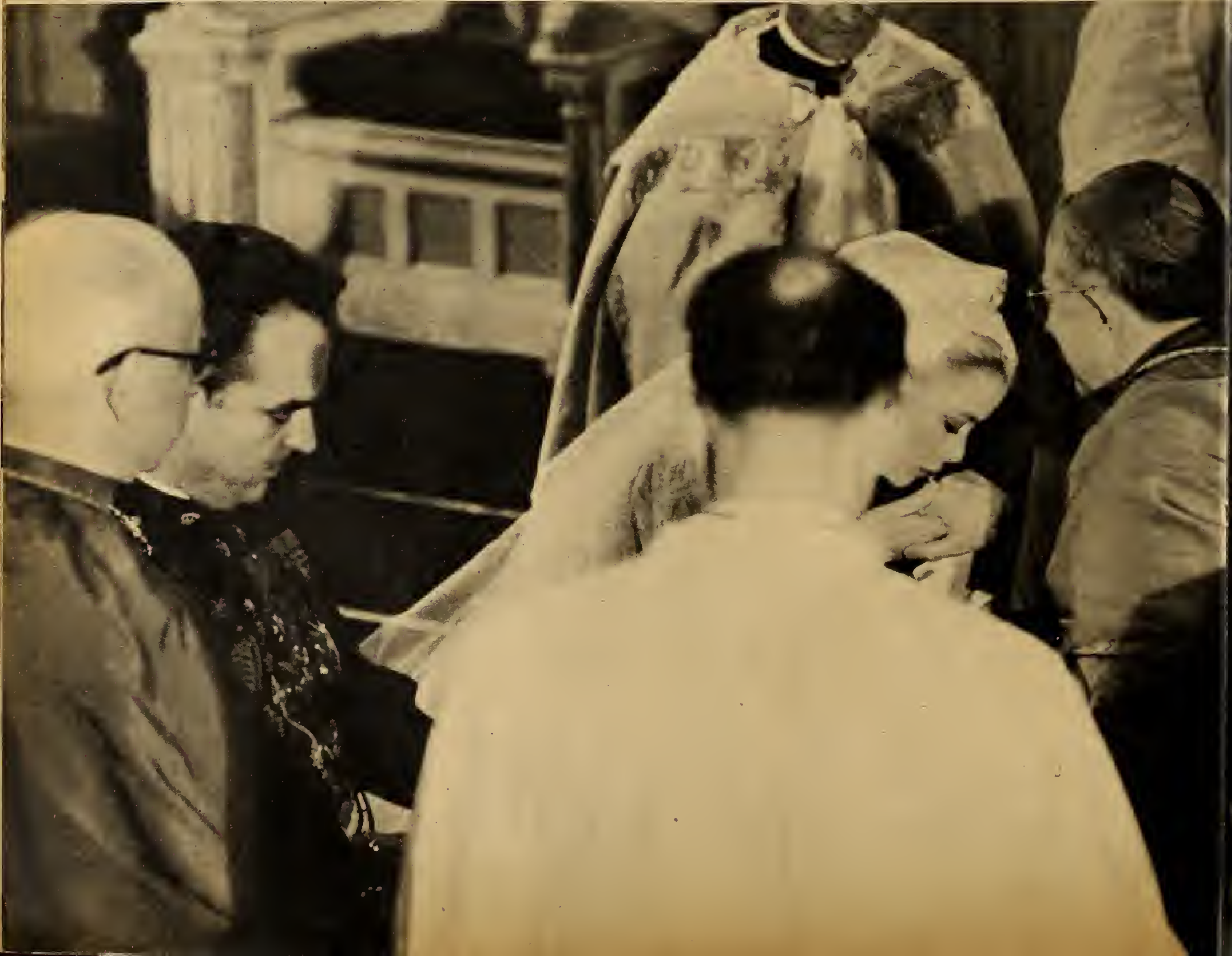
And here are the most exciting moments...



Grace's father arrived and they left for the Cathedral together. Because Rainier is royalty and Grace was still only a "half-way Princess" after her civil wedding the day before, she had to arrive first and wait for him at the altar. She didn't find out about that till the wedding rehearsal, but all she said was, "If that's the case, I'll do it."



As soon as she arrived at the altar, he started down the aisle. Then they took Holy Communion—and Grace wept. Everyone thought the Prince had trouble putting the ring on Grace's finger, but actually it was prearranged that she would help him—to show her willingness to marry. Then they received a Papal Blessing, read by the Vatican legate.



A lot of people noticed that at both weddings Grace kept looking lovingly at the Prince while he just stared straight ahead of him. And in the car leaving the Cathedral afterwards, she actually asked him—though she was laughing—to kiss her, and he shook his head "No!" Well, people think this means he is cold, but that isn't true. It's just that royalty never *shows affection in public, and Grace must learn that that's part of being a Princess. Well, as they say—may that be the worst of her troubles and she'll have a happy life. By the way, isn't Grace's mother (below at the luncheon) stunning?*

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

Two sad partings . . . one happy reconciliation

louella parsons in the NEWS!

As this is written, I am the only reporter who has talked with both Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman since Jeanne shocked the world by announcing divorce plans.

Jeanne said to me, "Never once did I mention to Paul that article printed in a 'whisper' magazine about us. That article which many people blamed for our break-up had nothing to do with it."

There was heartache in every fibre of her voice as she went on. "Beyond that, there is little I can discuss about the reason for what must seem to you and Hollywood and the whole world a sudden decision to end our marriage.

"It was not sudden, believe me. For two years the situation between Paul and me has been intolerable for *many* reasons. But because of my religion and my love for our four children I had hoped to keep up a front that all was well between us. It was only at long last when I realized it was no longer possible to keep up this pretense that I took the irrevocable step of divorce."

Jeanne confided all this to me just a short time after she left a hospital. She had been a patient there for five days. She would not say for what reason, and I did not press her.

I told her that I had talked with Paul over the telephone just a few hours previous to her call. Jeanne made no comment when I said that he broke down and sobbed like a baby trying to talk with me about their parting.

THEY PRETENDED TOO LONG—that's what Jeanne Crain told me. But I cannot believe that all their happiness was make believe.

"She won't talk to me—she won't talk to me," he kept saying over and over, "after eleven years of marriage, she won't even talk to me, despite all the happiness we have had together."

"Do you mean to say that right up to the time Jeanne left you there had been no trouble?" I asked Paul.

He said, "No. There has always been the problem of Jeanne's family not liking me. You remember the bitterness her mother felt at the time we eloped?" I certainly did. Jeanne's family was very explicit about *not* wanting Paul for a son-in-law or relative. Paul went on, "For eleven years I have had to battle family resentment."

I have no doubt that what he said was true. But nothing in the world will make me believe that Jeanne's family is the cause of the rift between them. Their lovely family of four adorable children is proof that these two could weather outside interference.

As sad as I feel to say it—the parting of the Brinkmans is a very serious thing. But time is a wonderful healer and an even more wonderful one is—prayer. I know their fans as well as their friends are hoping and praying that Jeanne and Paul can forgive and forget all this bitterness which has separated them.

TALK ABOUT BEING CYNICAL! Some of the titles being registered with the Title Registration Bureau of the Motion Picture Producers Association by some of the smaller and independent movie companies are eyebrow-lifting to say the least.

Libra company has put "dibs" on *The Broken-hearted Princess* (?????!!!)

Still another asking for copyright is *The Prince She Left Behind*. And *The Taming Of The Yankee Princess*.

Are these all just in case? Isn't anyone coming up with *They Lived Happily Ever After?*

BEST FRIENDS: An almost inseparable foursome around town are Lana Turner and Lex Barker and Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross. These happily married people dine at each other's house, play golf, go to neighborhood movie theatres and vie over which couple barbeques the best steaks. The friendship started when the Barkers and the Rosses were vacationing at Acapulco—and continued when they returned to Hollywood.

Who says that movie beauties can't be friends? Although Lana and Joan are both blonde beauties with lovely figures, Lana was the first to okay Joan to be in her picture, *The Rains Of Ranchipur*.

ANITA EKBERG has the Continental outlook where other romances in the life of her fiancé, Anthony Steel, are concerned. She was asked if Tony had told her about the beautiful secretary in London to whom he had paid ardent court until Anita came along.

"Of course not," snapped the beautiful Swede, "any more than I would discuss with him men who have been in love with me. I have no interest in the past of the man I love. Only in his future."

I bet American men wish American women would develop this same lack of curiosity.

TOGETHER AGAIN: The reconciled Dean Martins are trying a new recipe for happiness. They've bought a hideaway, a small ranch type house in the Valley, and there'll be no "drop in" friends such as used to make their Beverly Hills home a sort of second "club."

One of Jeanne's complaints at the time of her trouble is that she didn't share enough of Dean's life, particularly in his career. "Too many pals hanging around," she explained.

Now some of these same pals don't even have the new address or telephone number of the Martins, who really seem very happy these days being with each other.

TALK ABOUT PUZZLES! Jack Lemmon was at home suffering from a virus infection and bad cold, and Mrs. Lemmon was taking care of him at the very time he was saying to me over the telephone:

"Our separation is not as sudden as it seems. We have not been getting along for a long time. At last Cynthia and I decided that it was no longer possible for us to save our marriage and that it is not good for our child to grow up in an atmosphere of disharmony and bickering."

Just then it sounded as if someone—probably Cynthia—was handing him a hot cup of tea or coffee!

If the Lemmons have been battling for a long period, it's most assuredly a surprise to their closest friends. One of their pals said to me, "I've never heard them exchange a cross word—much less battle."

One point both are insistent about is that Jack's big success in *Mister Roberts*, his winning of an Oscar as the best supporting actor, and his new-found fame had nothing to do with their startling decision to seek a divorce.

I shall never forget how happy the Lemmons were as my guests at the opening night party at the Beverly Hilton. Cynthia looked so pretty and Jack beamed with pride everytime he looked at her.

He whispered to me, "Cynthia shopped at

THEY GAVE UP TOO SOON—and I hope the Jack Lemmons won't go on telling themselves their divorce is for the sake of their child!

the last minute and bought her dress for $69.50. I think she looks more beautiful than any of the women in their gowns which cost hundreds. Don't you?"

I sigh as I wonder: What in the world happens to these young people who have so much—and who give it up so easily?

IT HAPPENED AGAIN—as usual when Marilyn Monroe starts a picture. Marilyn became ill the second week of shooting on *Bus Stop* and her doctors put her in the hospital. Her condition was diagnosed as a virus, a chest cold, bronchitis, fatigue, tension—and one daring medico even went so far as to say, "It's her old ailment of insecurity and lack of confidence in herself, which subconsciously overtakes Marilyn every time she starts work on a new film."

Anyway, even her closest adviser, Milt Greene, was barred from her hospital room while the one and only Monroe recovered from—whatever was ailing her.

Before M.M. took sick, she was taking a lot of ribbing from the *Bus Stop* cast and crew because the new leading man, Don Murray, who makes love to Marilyn in the movie, up and married the pretty starlet in the picture, Hope Lange.

By way of proving that she really has a sense of humor, Marilyn would hum "The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else" every time the blushing Don arrived on the set.

A BOOK ABOUT JIMMY: I'm sure all you fans who are still so deeply devoted to the memory of James Dean will want to know that Nick Ray, Jimmy's close friend and director of *Rebel Without A Cause*, is writing a book on your idol.

Nick promises to reveal many heretofore untold incidents and facets of Jimmy's life and personality for the first time. I know you'll want to read it, even though for the life of me I can't think of what can be said about the beloved Jimmy that hasn't already been printed.

PARTY OF THE MONTH: Never had a better time in my life than I did at the cocktail party Pat and Charles Boyer gave at Romanoff's honoring that old smoothie, Maurice Chevalier.

Maybe this was because more stars turned out than I have seen at a single social affair in months. And you know me. No matter how much fun I'm having, I always have an eye out for the names that make news. Seems everybody wanted to welcome Maurice back to Hollywood, the town where he reigned as one of the biggest film stars twenty years ago.

Even the Ronald Colmans who never, or seldom, step out were on hand and I think it's a shame that Ronnie doesn't make more movies. He's even more fascinating—if possible—than the last time I saw him and Benita.

Gary Cooper, I think, has put on a few pounds—but it's becoming. He told me, "I don't know how the talk ever got started that I don't like to go to parties. All I ever need is the invitation," Gary laughed. "I wouldn't have missed this one for Chevalier."

I nominate for stardom: VERA MILES

■ Vera is the only young actress ever put under personal contract by Alfred Hitchcock and of her, he says "She's the next Grace Kelly."

She adores Hitch—but it infuriates her to be compared to Grace despite the facts that they are both poised, blonde beauties and "ladies" and both have extraordinary talent.

Vera even used to wear white gloves. But she gave them up when they became Princess Grace's trademark.

Vera is already the mother of two, a girl and a boy, born during her marriage to Bob Miles, Jr.

An amazing factor of Vera's career is that she has practically become a star without the public having had a chance to get a good look at her. As this is written, her first important picture, *The Searchers* with John Wayne, is just being released generally, *Autumn Leaves* with Joan Crawford is just coming out, *23 Paces To Baker Street* with Van Johnson won't be out for months and neither will her current film, *The Wrong Man*, in which she has the lead with Henry Fonda.

A native of Boise City, Oklahoma, Vera came up the beauty contest route—which led to good roles on TV. RKO and 20th Century-Fox both signed her to contracts—then dropped her. It wasn't until John Ford gave her the chief femme role in *The Searchers* that Hollywood began to whisper—loudly, "Here's our newest star."

P.S. While I'm on the subject—a lot of aspiring young actresses might take a hint from Vera and stop trying to look and act like Grace Kelly. Even Martha Hyer, who told me over the telephone that she isn't copying Grace, but is being completely herself, was recently told by a well-known producer who likes her, "Get off the Kelly kick before you hurt your career!"

All these girls seem to be posing for pictures with the same lady-like pose, the single strand of pearls, even the "serene" expression. Well, Hitch doesn't mind, but one top talent scout tells me his producer said, "Hollywood doesn't want *another* Grace Kelly. The original may be back. Tell 'em to be themselves!"

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

the letter box

The Letter of the Month comes from MARIE ADAMS *of* HILLSBORO, OREGON: "I have a problem. I am madly in love with George Sanders, which causes me to be extremely jealous of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Can you send me a picture of his first wife so I can see what other type of woman he might prefer, as I look nothing like Zsa Zsa Gabor?" *Relax, Marie. I told George about your letter and he said "I like all types—just as long as they're women!"*

CAROL DAWSON *has a suggestion for Hollywood producers:* "Why not revive the old Rudy Valentino hits with Fernando Lamas in Rudy's old roles. Lamas is the *most.*" *He'll be flattered, I'm sure.*

Nine-year-old PATTY MCNELIS, INDIANAPOLIS, *writes:* "My sister, who is eight weeks old, was very unadjusted (?) when she came home from the hospital after beginning life in an incubator. I wracked my brain and came up with the idea of stopping her crying by playing Doris Day records. Tell Doris that this unadjusted baby now gurgles when I play her records." *Cute?*

The Academy Award directors can go jump in the lake as far as JOYCE MILES, EBERFELD, INDIANA, *is concerned.* "How dare they not nominate Bob Hope for *The Seven Little Foys?* I don't know what people in Hollywood expect from a guy. Bob Hope is the greatest!"

BILL HOPPE, UNIONDALE, N.Y. *says:* "I saw my all-time favorite Judy Garland in her latest TV show and all I can say is that producers must be nuts not to have her working in a new picture. This girl has more talent in her little finger than most stars in their whole torso." *Calm yourself, Bill—there's a good chance that Judy will be in* The Helen Morgan Story *soon.*

That's all this month. Write me more of your interesting comments, as this Department will be enlarged.

Open letter to FRANKIE

Dear Frankie,

I honestly believe you are coming of age. I mean growing up emotionally as well as hitting your fortieth milestone.

Seems to me you are thinking things out now instead of acting on the spur of the moment and regretting your actions later.

One of the smartest things you've ever done is skipping the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier after you learned that Ava Gardner would be there. With 1500 members of the press and photographers on hand, you and Ava would have been a three-ring circus of your own, taking second place only to Grace and His Serene Nibs, the headliners in that other three-ring circus.

Such a meeting in the spotlight of the whole world would have been an intolerable strain and have put both you and your estranged wife in a most embarrassing position.

Lately, Frankie, you appear to have settled down and to be taking yourself and your work seriously. You have improved your relations with the press to a marked degree. The newspapermen who met your plane in London on your trip to Spain reported, "Sinatra Witty and Charming at Airport." Another penned, "Former toss-pot seems to have matured."

You were willing to talk about anything and everything under the sun with just two exceptions—Nancy and Ava.

And that was a plenty sweet cable you sent your three children: *Dear Brood—Love you, miss you, need you always. (Signed) Dad.*

Keep up this new dignity and maturity, Frank. You're doing all right.

Love,
Louella

Spotted around the room I saw Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Joel McCrea and his lovely Frances, the Fredric Marches, Groucho Marx, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen.

As Maurice surveyed the lovely ladies he whispered in my ear, "Amazing, isn't it? The stars who were tops in my day, twenty-two years ago, are still tops. Who says the American public is fickle?" And he added gallantly, "The ladies look even younger."

THE BIGGEST LAUGH around town among the datable starlets is getting to be those "dinner invitations" extended by a good-looking but parsimonious young actor in the leading man bracket.

He works it like this: He calls a pretty girl and asks her to have dinner with him. The night of the date he calls up and says it's so crowded in the night clubs and so smoky—why doesn't she take a cab and come up to his place for a "quiet evening?" So the gal takes the cab (at her expense). He's always on the telephone when the bill is being paid.

But here's the "kicker"—he's always engaged in some manual labor about his house. Unpacking books or new records, painting the doors, even sometimes just cleaning up after a big party from the night before.

The first thing you know the girl is up to her elbows in the sink washing dirty dishes and glasses, straightening up—and one of them even used the vacuum cleaner throughout the place! But that's just the beginning!

"Dinner" usually consists of bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, which *she* cooks! Luckier ones (if you can call it that) are asked to stop by a market and pick up some steaks—for which Monsieur forgets to reimburse them!

All I can say to this young man is—have fun while you can. The gals are comparing notes about you—and none of them good!

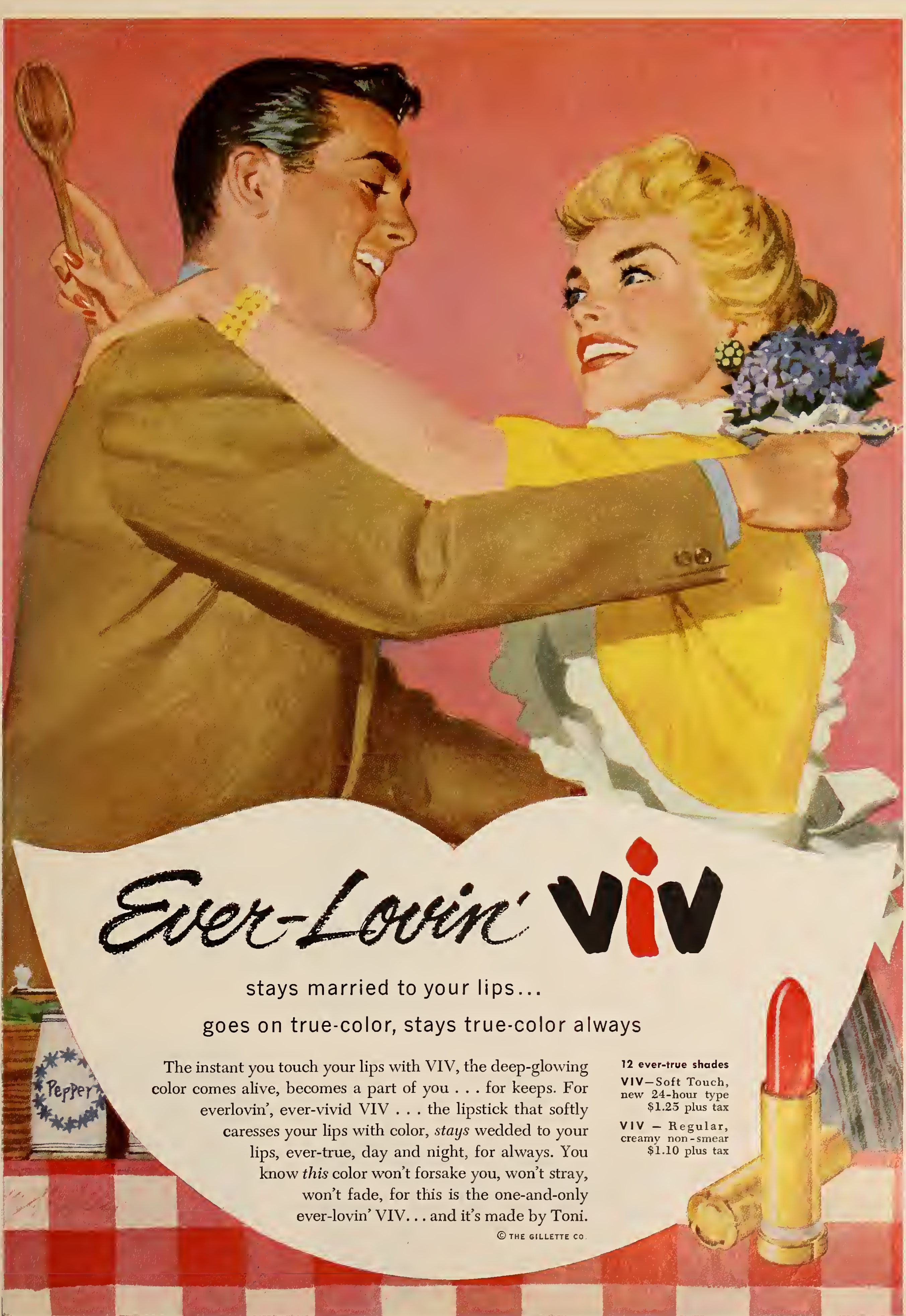
YOUNG MAN FROM THE SOUTH: If I hadn't lived through some bobby-sox crazes—including Frank Sinatra, Johnnie Ray, Perry Como and Eddie Fisher—I swear I think I'd be worried over the effect Elvis Presley is having on you kids.

It was almost shocking to me to see Elvis at work in a newsreel shot made in San Diego. As this young man flayed his arms and legs while he sang to over 1000 kids, the cameras switched to the faces of the girls in the crowd. Bridey Murphy couldn't have looked more out of this world than most of them! Some of them had their eyes closed, as their whole bodies trembled in a frenzy.

When he was recently approached to play an engagement at the New Frontier in Las Vegas the management stated it could give him a four weeks booking.

Drawled southern Mr. Presley, "I can give you only two weeks of my time." Well, shiver my timbers!

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Ever-Lovin' VIV

stays married to your lips...

goes on true-color, stays true-color always

The instant you touch your lips with VIV, the deep-glowing color comes alive, becomes a part of you . . . for keeps. For everlovin', ever-vivid VIV . . . the lipstick that softly caresses your lips with color, *stays* wedded to your lips, ever-true, day and night, for always. You know *this* color won't forsake you, won't stray, won't fade, for this is the one-and-only ever-lovin' VIV. . . and it's made by Toni.

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12 ever-true shades

VIV—Soft Touch, new 24-hour type $1.25 plus tax

VIV — Regular, creamy non-smear $1.10 plus tax

See? It's like washing your hair in *naturally soft rainwater*

Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!

Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW White Rain LOTION SHAMPOO

White Rain
LOTION SHAMPOO
Toni

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .
Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

GRACE KELLY TALKS ABOUT BEAUTY

Question: Did you ever have a big beauty problem?

Answer: I was once swaybacked—and I'll never forget it. When I was attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, there was a fine woman instructor. She insisted that I *would* learn to stand straight. She would make me lie on the floor, flat on my back. And when I was lying there as flat as I thought I possibly could, she would get down on the floor, too, and say, "I can see air!" And I would lie still flatter.

Actually, I am still swaybacked—and I work very hard at exercises to overcome it. Exercises and learning to "stand tall" (as my teacher would call it) correct posture defects. Sports like swimming and tennis help, too.

Question: Do you have any special beauty routines?

Answer: I don't have any special or favorite beauty routines; I think a pleasant appearance comes when make-up, grooming and personality blend to reflect the inner and outer person which is the real you. The more you learn about yourself, the easier it is to put your best foot forward, showing your best qualities and overcoming your bad ones.

But most important is this: If you are inwardly happy, it is bound to be reflected in the way you look. As you grow older, you learn that unhappiness leads only to unhappiness.

Question: Have you any rules for good grooming?

Answer: I'd say follow these three—

Cleanliness—freshness in everything, from hands and hair to clothes.

Neatness—simplicity and neatness make you look pleasing and feel good.

Feeling at home in what she wears aids a woman to be and look her best.

You should see
THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY *because...*

ALTHOUGH YOU COULD CARVE IT ON A TREE, SHOUT IT FROM THE ROOFTOPS, WRITE IT INTO A LOVE SONG, PUT IT INTO A LOCKET OR HAVE WESTERN UNION SING IT...THE BEST WAY BY FAR TO SAY "I LOVE YOU" IS TO TAKE THE ONE YOU LOVE TO SEE THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY!

TYRONE POWER
KIM NOVAK

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

CO-STARRING
REX THOMPSON · JAMES WHITMORE WITH SHEPPERD STRUDWICK A COLUMBIA PICTURE
AND INTRODUCING
VICTORIA SHAW · SCREEN PLAY BY SAMUEL TAYLOR · STORY BY LEO KATCHER · PIANO RECORDINGS BY CARMEN CAVALLARO
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD · DIRECTED BY GEORGE SIDNEY · ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JONIE TAPS

CAPT
SCREAMED FROM THE RAW THROATS OF FIGHTING MEN
TORN FROM THE HEARTS OF THEIR LOVE-LONESOME WOMEN
THE BATTLE CRY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC...!
Away All Boats!
Away all Boats!
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
IN VISTAVISION MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY ®

A Universal-International Picture starring

JEFF CHANDLER · GEORGE NADER · JULIE ADAMS · LEX BARKER

CO-STARRING KEITH ANDES · RICHARD BOONE · JOCK MAHONEY · WILLIAM REYNOLDS
CHARLES McGRAW · JOHN McINTIRE WITH FRANK FAYLEN

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY · Screenplay by TED SHERDEMAN · Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE

DISC JOCKEY DERBY WINNERS

Third Contest
(Female Singers From the Movies)

FIRST PRIZE:
RCA Victor Hi-Fi Phono

POLLY LOU SAWYER
1419 Myrtle Avenue
Norfolk 6, Virginia

SECOND PRIZE:
Slide-O-Matic Player

THELMA BLACK
Dallas 20, Texas

NORRIS CALHOUN
Employees Dormitory
State Sanatorium, Arkansas

MRS. DONALD SQUIRES
Rome, New York

MRS. MARY BOONE
Des Moines, Iowa

JUDY ROSEMARK
Poplar Bluff, Missouri

CAROL JOHNSON
Annandale, Minn.

GEORGENE B. HICKSON
Newark, New Jersey

MRS. FRANK CRISTELLI
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

RAY R. REGAN
Arlington, Virginia

SYLVIA ANN LYNCH
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

JOHNNIE LEE EVANS
Gainesville, Florida

SUZANNE TOEPFER
Madison 3, Wisconsin

MARY V. CURTIS
Orlando, Florida

MRS. FRANCES SOCKWELL
Daytona Beach, Florida

MRS. B. JOHNNY CROFT
Grand Ridge, Florida

MRS. PAUL DUFFY
Pontiac, Michigan

ROBERT T. COVERT
Detroit, Michigan

SUE WARREN
Schoals, Indiana

SUSIE PITTMAN
Dayton 5, Ohio

MRS. JAMES KREBS
Columbus 7, Ohio

MRS. JAMES A. BALCH
Chester Depot, Vermont

MRS. M. J. WATTENBARGER
St. Joseph, Missouri

HOWARD NEUJAHR
Surprise, Nebraska

FRAN GORMAN
Webster Groves, Missouri

ANN FRANCES HARDING
Ovid, New York

MRS. WARD REYNOLDS
Rochester 16, New York

NANCY STREEBECK
Los Angeles 48, California

JOYCE C. COLLETTI
Jeanerette, La.

MRS. SHIRLEY LIGHTELL
New Orleans, La.

JEAN GAUDET
Groton, Connecticut

CHARLES WALKER
Denver 19, Colorado

MRS. JACK CROW
Albuquerque, New Mexico

AGNES JEAN FOX
South Lifsnan, Ohio

JANETTA MONGOLD
Mathias, West Virginia

MARY TERRAN
Buffalo 13, New York

MRS. JEAN COOK
Charlotte 4, N. C.

HARRY M. SIMPSON
Salisbury, N. C.

BRENDA JOYCE TAYLOR
Portsmouth, Virginia

JOSEPHINE MESSER
Bessemer, Alabama

THIRD PRIZE:
Record Album

MRS. EDGAR GUYTON
Braggs, Oklahoma

JEANNE BRADY
Denison, Texas

MRS. KENNETH J. HAYES
Corpus Christi, Texas

JOYCE BLAKE
Clinton, New York

RICHARD E. LEE
Rome, New York

NANCY WALRATH
Brownville, New York

MRS. MYRTLE JOHNS
Cobleskill, New York

JACK BUTLER
Davenport, Iowa

MRS. DON PROCK
Des Moines, Iowa

LINDA EGGERT
Marengo, Iowa

MRS. K. ANKER
St. Paul 4, Minn.

MAUREEN GILL
Minneapolis 17, Minn.

JAMES R. SCHWEBEL
St. Paul 5, Minn.

(Continued on page 78)

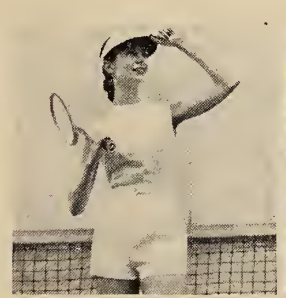
HAVE YOU ENTERED THE EXCITING LADY ELLEN PRINCESS CONTEST? *see page 78 for details*

The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach . . . even waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (but you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into bathing suit, dress, slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex® *Living*® Panty Brief of figure-slimming Fabricon!

The bra in the picture is the Playtex Living Bra!

From morn to dawn, revealing summer fashions need a Playtex Panty Brief!



Shorts are long on flattery with a Playtex Panty Brief of Fabricon! Amazing "hold-in" power...without a seam, stitch or bone to show thru!

Any view of you is super-slim, thanks to your Playtex of super-slimming Fabricon ...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex!

Wise night owls (*any* size) slip into a Living® Panty Brief—and take on a glamorous figure *in seconds* . . . thanks to Fabricon's "hold-in" power!

There's a Playtex® Panty Brief for Every Figure!

Playtex Lightweight for wonderful control .. $4.50

Playtex Magic-Controller*
"finger" panels for most control $6.95

Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube

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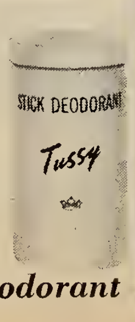
STICK DEODORANT
Tussy



Amazing stick deodorant!

keeps skin and clothes safe from acid-damage!

***The remarkable** non-acid* formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...*without* acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use, has convenient push-up container. Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing *non-acid* formula won't irritate normal skin!

Keeps even the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage! ***$1*** *plus tax*

TUSSY
stick deodorant

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SPECTACLE
Moby Dick
Alexander The Great

FOR LOVE
Bhowani Junction
Man In Gray Flannel Suit
D-Day, The Sixth Of June
The Proud And Profane
Autumn Leaves

FOR DRAMA
The Rack

FOR LAUGHS
Toy Tiger

FOR SUSPENSE
A Kiss Before Dying

* **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *Supervision by John Huston and stunning performances by Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart and Leo Genn make* Moby Dick *one of the all-time great films.*

* MOBY DICK
. . . The great white whale

■ This classic tale by Herman Melville has been translated into a classic film by John Huston. All the characters in it are uniquely alive yet retain their allegoric nature. The color, the photography and the faces photographed create a powerful mood of symbolic reality. Gregory Peck plays Ahab, Captain of the whaler "Pequod," a tortured man whose leg was torn off by a great white whale, Moby Dick. His whole life is now dedicated to the pursuit of Moby Dick and he offers a Spanish ounce of gold to the first man who spots him. His crew—Ishmael (Richard Basehart), Queequeg (Friedrich Ledebur), Daggoo (Edric Connor) and all the other strange, exotic characters are fascinated by him. Only Starbuck (Leo Genn) his first mate, becomes increasingly alarmed at Ahab's fanaticism, calling it ungodly. Ignoring profit-promising schools of whales, the deadly heat of the mid-Atlantic, the growing boredom of waiting, Ahab's soul is consumed by his desire for revenge and he binds his crew to him by superstition. At last, off the Cape Verde Islands, Moby Dick shows himself—a powerful, white ruler of the sea whose hide still carries shafts of harpoons in it. Four longboats are lowered into the sea and the chase, led by Ahab, begins. It is terrifying and awe-inspiring—and Ahab meets an inevitable and poetic doom. With Orson Welles. TechniColor—Warners.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
historical Spectacle

■ Alexander the Great, a military genius with unlimited ambition, conquered all of known Europe and Asia before he died at the age of thirty-three in the fourth century B.C. This is his story and the story of another great warrior—his father, Philip of Macedonia (Fredric March). It is a brilliant spectacle, recreating with thrilling accuracy a world that had known the highest form of civilization but could also be wildly barbaric. Alexander (Richard Burton) grew up convinced he was a god and accepting the fact that his life would be brief but glorious. His complex relations with his father and his mother (Danielle Darrieux) who was cast off by her husband, his love for Barsine (Claire Bloom) half-Persian wife of an Athenian General, his marriage to a Persian Princess, Roxane (Teresa Del Rio), his lust for power and his sweeping victories across the world are all presented here against magnificent backdrops. If they are not all wrapped up together in slick Hollywood tradition, it may be because writer-producer-director Robert Rossen chose to stick to the facts as they've come down to us—and this he's done beautifully. CinemaScope—U.A.

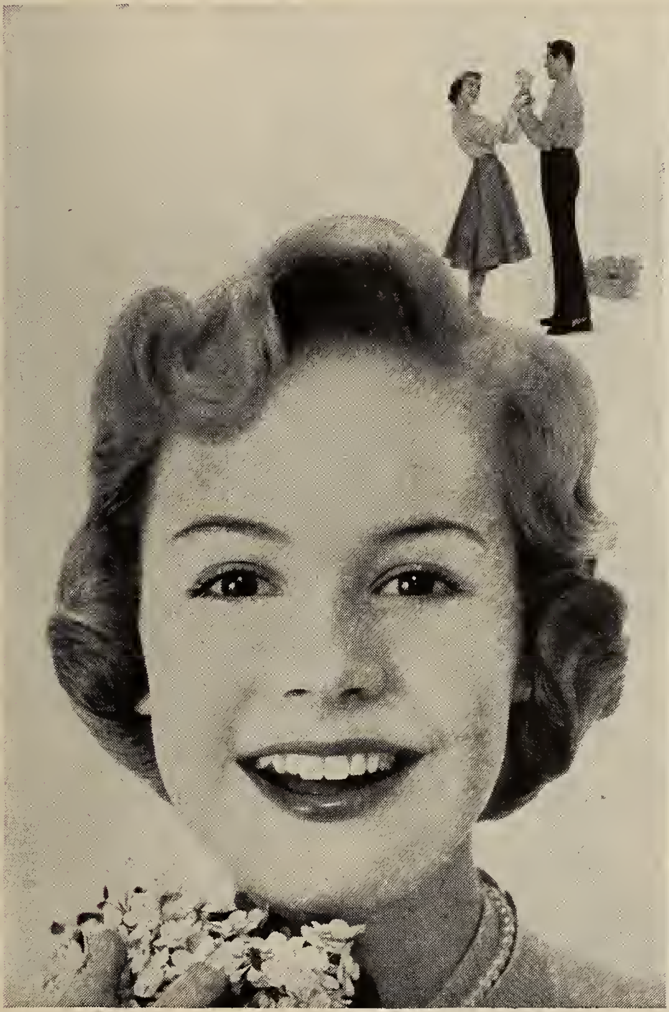
BHOWANI JUNCTION
Ava Gardner in a sari

■ Vivid, romantic, action packed—this is a movie of India's struggle for independence, and it manages to weave an exciting love story into exciting historical action. Victoria Jones (Ava Gardner) is an Anglo-Indian searching for her identity. The English snub her, the Indians resent her—especially now when various groups (some purely patriotic, others Communistic) combine to rush the British army home. Colonel Stewart Granger is an authoritative officer who doesn't shrink from humiliating the Indians when they obstruct his purpose (and those passive resisters don't shrink from lying across the railway tracks to prevent a supply train from arriving). Victoria works for him with a chip on her shoulder. Meanwhile, she turns from her Anglo-Indian boyfriend (Bill Travers) who has contempt for the

(*Continued on page 24*)

Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW **PIN-QUICK** OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT



3 MONTHS AGO

"From the first time I combed my Pin-Quick wave I've had the soft, casual curls I adore," says vivacious model, Sandra Dee. "Pin-Quick's *easy*—like setting your hair! *Fast*, too! I dried it *in minutes* with a dryer." (And see that lovely lanolin shine in Sandra's Pin-Quick curls!)

TODAY

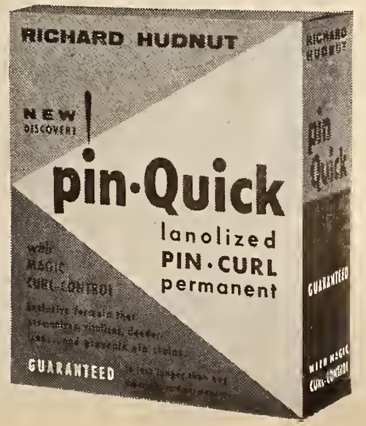
"Imagine!" exclaims Sandra. "After all these months and all those shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave is *still* lovely. My curls are like new—so soft and springy. That's Pin-Quick for you! It's *really* permanent!" And here's the answer: Pin-Quick's Magic Curl Control locks curls in to last.

Richard Hudnut guarantees

Pin-Quick to last longer

than any other pincurl permanent

...or your money back! 1^{50} PLUS TAX


RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW DISCOVERY
pin·Quick
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with MAGIC CURL CONTROL
GUARANTEED
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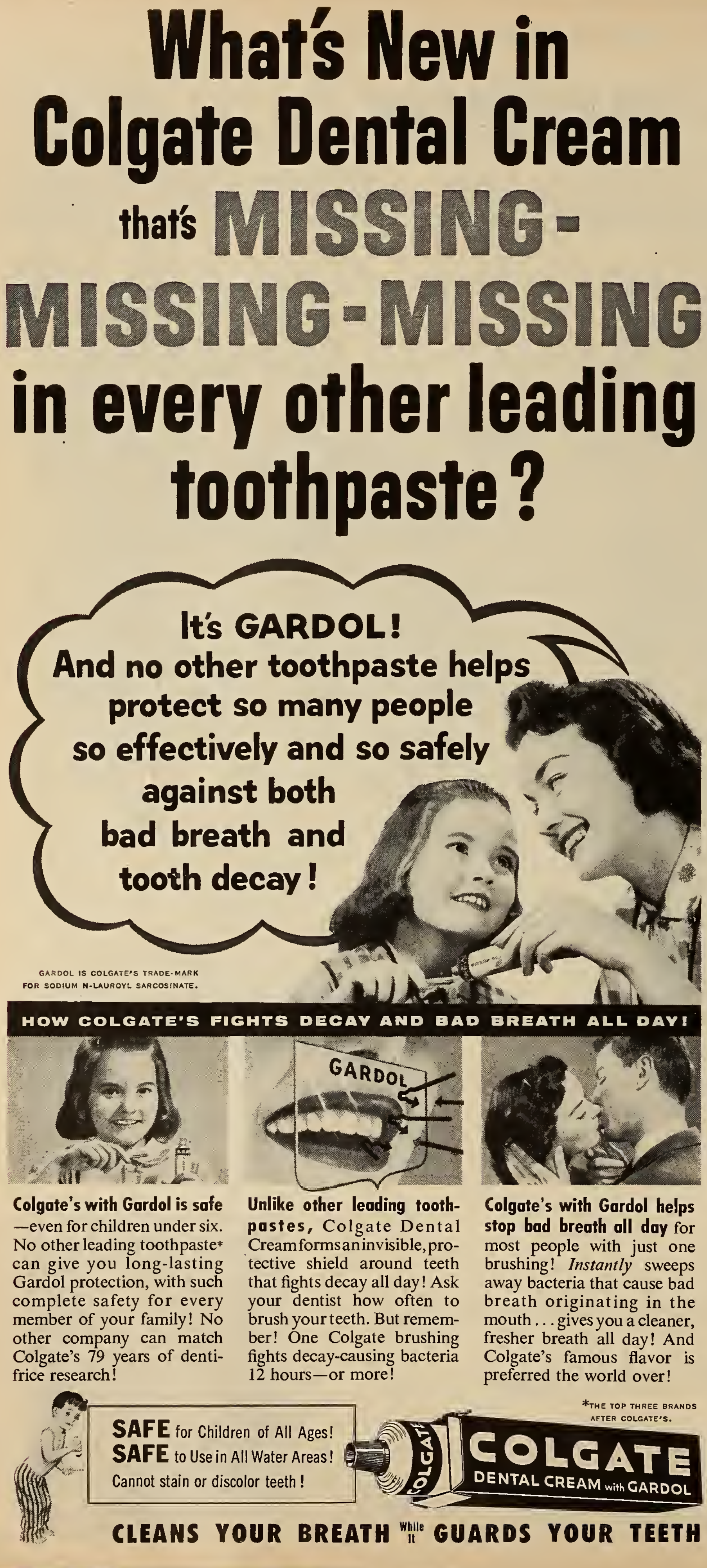
pin Quick
GUARANTEED
WITH MAGIC CURL CONTROL



What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And no other toothpaste helps protect so many people so effectively and so safely against both bad breath and tooth decay!

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

HOW COLGATE'S FIGHTS DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

GARDOL

Colgate's with Gardol is safe—even for children under six. No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that fights decay all day! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth... gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred the world over!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
Cannot stain or discolor teeth!

COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

CLEANS YOUR BREATH While it GUARDS YOUR TEETH

movie previews

(Continued from page 22)

Indian in him, to a native who embraces ancient traditions. How she finally recognizes her love for Granger is threaded in among exciting scenes of violence, terror and pathos. CinemaScope—MGM.

THE RACK

brainwashing in Korea

■ *The Rack* is an excellent film concerning the court-martial of a young American officer who was brainwashed by the Communists in a Korean prison camp. With an honorable record behind him and a military tradition in his family (his father, Walter Pidgeon, is a retired officer) Paul Newman comes home in disgrace. His only brother was killed in action, leaving Anne Francis a widow. Newman wishes he'd been killed instead. So, at first, does his father. The question is: Is a man really guilty when he's been tortured, physically or mentally, to the breaking point and as a result betrays his comrades? In an exciting trial (with Edmond O'Brien for the defense and Wendell Corey as prosecutor) the question is argued. Veteran Lee Marvin was tortured, too, but he never broke and is back to accuse Newman. For Newman's defense there is the story of his life, a story of isolation and loneliness. Disturbing, thought provoking, *The Rack* confronts us with a new definition of guilt and a new concept of warfare.—MGM.

THE PROUD AND PROFANE

the lady (Deborah Kerr) and the Colonel (William Holden)

■ When Deborah Kerr, Red Cross worker, arrives in New Caledonia in 1943, the Marines fall for her to a man. But she is reserved, providing a sharp contrast to Thelma Ritter, boss lady and substitute mom to the wounded men who are constantly being toted ashore. Deborah can't stand violence or the sight of blood, which makes one wonder what she's doing there. Actually, she's working her way to Guadalcanal where her late husband, a Marine, lies buried. Before she gets to his grave she's waylaid by Lieutenant Colonel Black (William Holden) a violent, crude, sadistic chap whose selfish passion nearly destroys her. He doesn't care much for Red Cross ladies in general—says they baby his men, spoil them for fighting Among his men are Dewey Martin, who idealizes Deborah, and Chaplain William Redfield, whose preaching zeal irritates Holden. Well, Deborah learns the meaning of love and Holden learns the meaning of humility and William Redfield, at least, is happy in the end.—Para.

TOY TIGER

heartwarming comedy

■ Laraine Day is on the cover of Newsweek, but where is her little boy (Tim Hovey)? In a boarding school is where, lonely and neglected because Mom is too busy running an advertising agency. In that agency is Jeff Chandler—he's a lonely art director who'd rather be an artist but can't break away from his growing bank account. Laraine sends him upstate to fetch an unwilling artist that a client insists on for a certain job, and when Jeff gets off the bus first thing he knows he's a father. Seems that Tim has told a lot of tall tales to his upstate schoolmates, including one about having a famous explorer for a father. Now all those kids are waiting at the bus stop for Pop to show up on a visit. Jeff doesn't even know that Laraine has a son; Laraine never even suspects that Chandler has a heart, but trust Tim Hovey to carry off his hoax and make it legal, too. Cecil Kellaway, Richard Haydn. Technicolor—U.I.

AUTUMN LEAVES

an older woman's story

■ Milly the manuscript typist (Joan Crawford) is approaching the fall of her life without once being married. So there she sits—typing, typing in her lonely room. For a woman like that even a psychopath has charm. 'Course Milly doesn't know Burt's nuts; he (Cliff Robertson) never told her. Never told her he was married before, either, or that his father stole his bride. It all comes out, though. Burt lies, Burt steals, Burt hurls a typewriter at Milly's head after kicking her to the floor. She figures that's what marriage is. And when the men in white jackets come to carry him off she isn't relieved at all. She has this idea that psychiatric hospitals have something to do with the Spanish Inquisition. Will Burt come back to Milly? Or will the men in white destroy his love with those funny little needles and shock treatments? —Col.

A KISS BEFORE DYING

murder on a campus

■ Co-ed Joanne Woodward is so in love with classmate Robert Wagner she doesn't mind she's pregnant. Anyway, he says he'll marry her. But when she forgets to take the poison he fixed for her special, he walks her up to the roof of the marriage license bureau and flips her over the

(Continued on page 26)

A FOOLISH GIRL...

A DANGEROUS BOY...

A FATAL MOMENT!

But who is the more ruthless? The killer... or the newsmen *and women* who risk jobs, loves, *lives*... to be the first to find him!

Suspense as startling as a strangled scream!

While the City Sleeps

10 Top Stars! 10 Peak Performances

starring DANA ANDREWS / RHONDA FLEMING
GEORGE SANDERS / HOWARD DUFF / THOMAS MITCHELL
VINCENT PRICE / SALLY FORREST / JOHN BARRYMORE, Jr.
JAMES CRAIG and IDA LUPINO

RKO RADIO PICTURES
Directed by FRITZ LANG · Screenplay by CASEY ROBINSON
Produced by BERT FRIEDLOB · Music by HERSCHEL BURKE GILBERT

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with

no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay —the softest way!

New SUPER-SOFT

Lustre-Net

the spray-set with lanolin esters!

SUPER SOFT
Lustre-Net
HAIR CONTROL SPRAY
LANOLIN

GINGER ROGERS starring in "THE FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY"
An RKO Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor.

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness—contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining!

Actually helps prevent dryness, helps preserve softness with lanolin esters!

Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!

THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

Lustre-Net
REGULAR
Lustre-Net

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only $1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

movie previews

(Continued from page 24)

top. Her sister (Virginia Leith) isn't sure it's suicide, but her daddy who owns copper mines is pretty sure and besides, he doesn't need the publicity of a murder case. Virginia puts two and two together as she loafs around the swimming pool and comes up with a disc jockey. I didn't kill your sister, he tells her. Next thing you know he's got a bullet in his head. Virginia and the police (Jeff Hunter) think his conscience killed him and Virginia happily announces her engagement to Robert Wagner, who'd do anything to get those copper mines! It's a blood curdling tale. With Mary Astor. CinemaScope—U.A

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT

a bright young man faces life

■ That's Gregory Peck who looks as if he could buy Madison Avenue, but what he's pushing for is a ten-thousand-a-year job. And pushing *him* is wife Jennifer Jones, who'd like her husband to go places so that their three little children won't have to go to a city college. Peck gets a job with the United Broadcasting Company, whose top man (Fredric March) hasn't seen *his* wife (Ann Harding) in years, and when he finally does see her it's because their teen-age daughter (Gigi Perreau) has become one of those obnoxious debutantes intent on marrying a lounge lizard twice her age. Peck is a World War II veteran whose traumatic experiences in the service keep coming back to haunt him. A man who's killed other men in cold blood and who was flung so far from home that he could fall deeply in love with another woman, not his wife (but Marisa Pavan), does not easily revert to Madison Avenue values. The fact is that whatever else war did to Peck (besides making him the father of a son in Italy) it gave him perspective enough not to want to become a lonely tycoon (like Fredric March). How Peck maintains his integrity without losing his grip on the material world is the theme of this slick, absorbing drama. With Keenan Wynn, Henry Daniell, Lee J. Cobb. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

D-DAY, THE SIXTH OF JUNE

wartime romance

■ D-Day, 1944—half a million men are waiting to cross the English Channel. For two of them (Robert Taylor and Richard Todd) it's the longest wait in the world, partly because they have to sit out a flashback before they go into action. In that flashback is a love story involving Dana Wynter. Dana met Todd first. In fact, she more or less promised to wait for him the night he left to fight in Egypt. Then the Americans came to London, bringing airman Bob Taylor and all his colorful Americanisms. He was married so he thought it would be safe to go out with Dana. Safe, indeed. I won't give you up, he tells her. You must give me up, she tells him. Well, there's a lot that goes on, largely having to do with the military ambitions of Edmond O'Brien, Taylor's superior officer, but love is the main chance. The acting's fine, but it does go on and on. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED REVIEWS

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (Para.): Hitchcock at his best—and that's about as good as anyone can get. The suspense doesn't let up for a minute; the characters and the backgrounds are unique, lavish and exciting, and so is the plot. Doris Day and James Stewart are excellent in this fine film.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Col.): Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw handle their roles as Eddy's two great loves beautifully. You'll like it.

GABY (MGM): Derived from *Waterloo Bridge*, *Gaby* is a tender, moving story of two youngsters who fall in love in London during the war. Leslie Caron and John Kerr star as the lovers.

CAROUSEL (20th-Fox): Gordon MacRae leaves Heaven to help daughter Susan Luckey who's having a tough time living down his reputation. When alive, he married Shirley Jones and when she became pregnant he staged a holdup (he needed the money). The songs are familiar and wonderful and the cast also includes Barbara Ruick, Cameron Mitchell, Gene Lockhart.

PATTERNS (U.A.): Van Heflin is faced with the meaning of his own ambition and to what lengths he will go to achieve it in this drama of big business. The film also stars Ed Begley, Everett Sloane, Beatrice Straight, Joanna Roos.

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS (MGM): A delightful musical with Dan Dailey as a rancher whose good luck charm is ballerina Cyd Charisse. Paul Henreid, Lili Darvas, Oscar Karlweis add their warmth and humor. The choreography is tops.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (I.F.E.): Italian opera stars do an excellent job with Puccini's music and story of a Japanese girl who marries an American lieutenant.

Ida Lupino tells:

HOW TO BRING UP A CHILD PRODIGY

■ "I'm afraid our three-and-a-half-year-old Bridget has dramatic tendencies. She wants to act. In some children it might be too soon to tell, but not for Bridget. She was furious about not getting a part in *The Intruder*, because I play a woman with two children in it. 'Why do you have to use make-believe,' she kept complaining, 'when I *am* your child?' And it was hard to find an answer!

"Bridget goes to nursery school, and one day the teacher asked her how she felt. 'Terrible,' my daughter said. 'My feet are killing me right up to my eyebrows. I've had *such* a day under those hot lights!'

"Then one day I came home and found her in front of a mirror, impersonating Howard Duff! That wouldn't be so bad, but she was complaining about Ida Lupino using the phone so much!

"I guess we should have seen it coming. Howard has a way of snapping his thumbs when he wants to emphasize something, and when Bridget was a year old she was snapping her thumbs in the nursery. And there's not a television commercial she doesn't know—and she lets you know she knows them!

"Anyway, ever since she got turned down on *The Intruders*, she's been harping on a TV series Howard and I are planning—*Mr. Adam And Eve*. She wants to play our daughter. We've finally decided that although it's supposed to be autobiographical, we're not going to *have* any children in it! If we did, Bridget would worm her way in. Nothing doing! I want her to grow up like a little girl, with proper schooling and a normal life. We don't repress her, but there's still plenty of time for her to make up her mind.

"After all—maybe she's not a prodigy. Maybe it's just ham!"

Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN
in lotion form
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN
Hollywood Star Special
Reg. $2.00 jar NOW $1.59

Cream or Lotion

GET THIS SPECIAL JAR
...limited time only!
$2.00 value for only $1.59

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Dana Wynter. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Dana Wynter starring in "THE SIXTH OF JUNE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

Have Perspiration Stains Ever Ruined Your Dress?

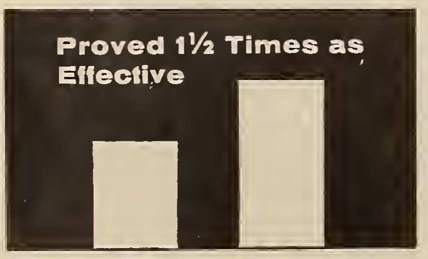
New ARRID with PERSTOP*
Stops Perspiration Stains and Odor
DRAMATIC STEAMBATH TEST SHOWS HOW

This woman was put in a steambath at 104 degrees. Arrid with Perstop* was rubbed into her forehead. Fifteen minutes later . . .

. . . she was dripping with perspiration—but Arrid kept her forehead *dry*. Arrid will do the same for your underarms, too.

Just rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe, even on hot, sticky days.

Used daily, Arrid keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains, keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.



Arrid is 1½ times as effective as any other leading deodorant tested against perspiration and odor as proved by doctors.

ARRID
WITH
PERSTOP*
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING

So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use new Arrid with Perstop* to be sure. 43¢ plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

How Susan is . . .

SHAKING THE BLUES AWAY

by MIKE CONNOLLY

■Old Chinese proverb: You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.

That's Susan Hayward as I know her today, shed at last of Jess Barker after twelve tempestuous years of a marriage that was doomed from the start. Susan today, trying to keep the birds of sadness out of her hair by running off to Europe, by flinging herself into her work, by devoting herself to her children. Susan, who at long last has washed one man out of that unruly mass of beautiful red hair—and who just *might* be interested in marrying another, but *not* another actor! Susan, who just before she flew to Europe to attend the Cannes Film Festival's screening of *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, told me, "Only one thing's sure for this kid from Brooklyn—it'll be a long time before I get married again!"

But Susan is the one star I know who is really and truly beset by men. They hang on for dear life, hoping that she'll date them. They send her flowers, jewels; telegrams. There are so many of them sometimes I think she can't see the forest for the trees.

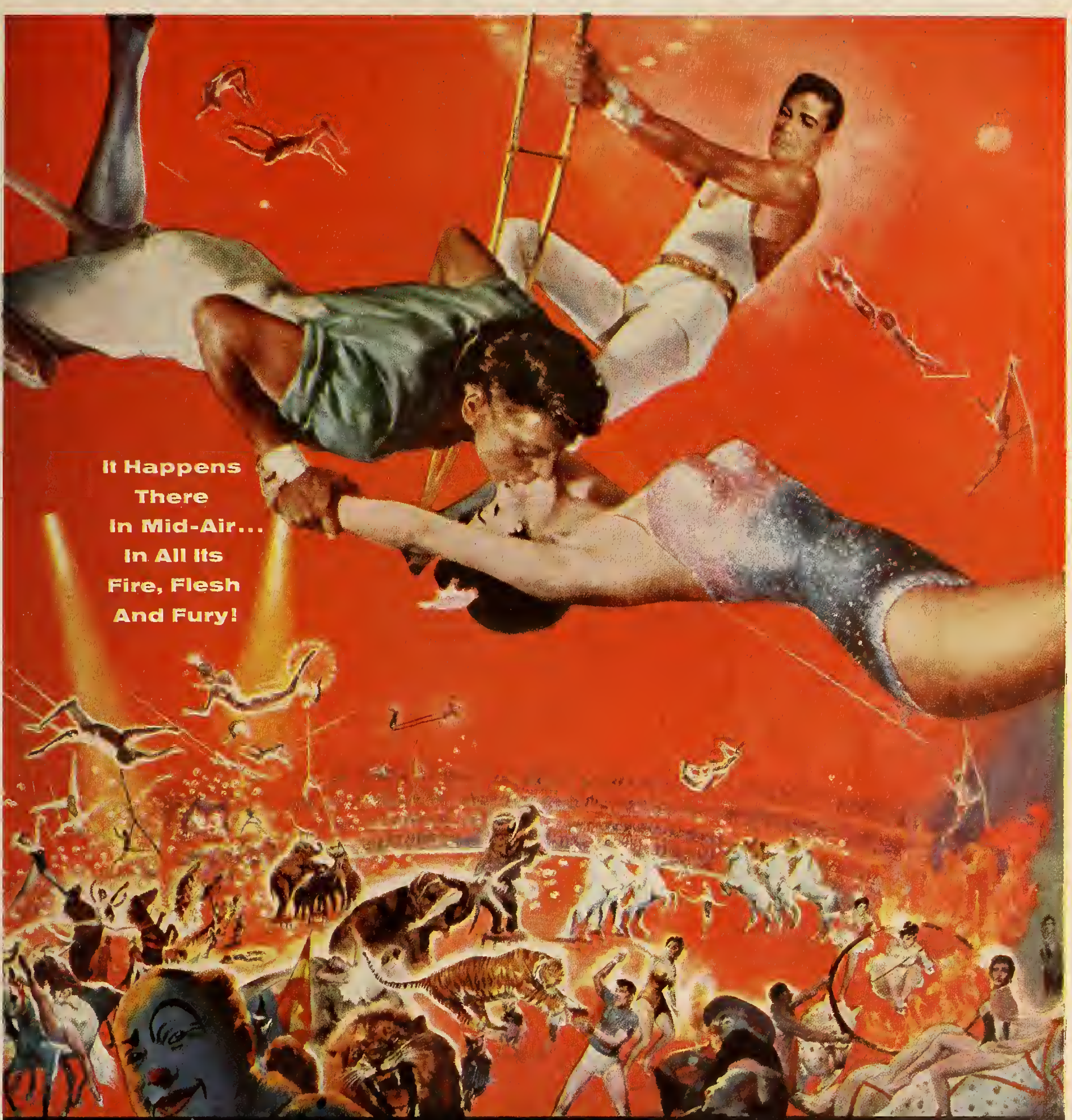
There's something about smouldering, pouting, petulant, put-upon Susan Hayward that draws men like sugar draws flies. They've been the bane of her life. That's why she swears it'll be a long, long time before she falls again. And yet I'm not too sure.

Susan can't cover her feelings, try as she will. Her emotions are on the surface. I can tell what kind of mood she's in by talking to her on the phone. Susan is "black Irish." She's either up, 'way up, emotionally, or down, 'way down.

Her reputation for "toughness," it's only where acting is

(*Continued on page 30*)

THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!


It Happens
There
In Mid-Air...
In All Its
Fire, Flesh
And Fury!

HECHT AND LANCASTER
present

TRAPEZE

BURT LANCASTER **TONY CURTIS**

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

IN CINEMASCOPE COLOR by De Luxe

Also Starring KATY JURADO · THOMAS GOMEZ With JOHN PULEO · MINOR WATSON · Directed by **CAROL REED** Produced by **JAMES HILL**

Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB · Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN · A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS INC. Picture · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

ANN BLYTH, LOVELY SCREEN STAR

the Ann Blyth look! Yours with...

Woodbury
Dream Stuff
powder-and-foundation in compact form

WOODBURY
DREAM STUFF

Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day! Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smoothness of alluring skin like Ann Blyth's. Flatters like a powder . . . clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that *stay* color-true. In non-spill compact form.

Woodbury Dream Stuff is only 49c in pretty blue-and-gold box. Ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, $1.

woodbury powder is also blended with special make-up base for satin-smoothness, longer cling — for "at home" use and your loose powder compact. $1.00 size, special 59c. Also 30c & 15c. *(Prices plus tax)*

concerned. She's a perfectionist about acting. She's so perfect in everything she does in front of the cameras, she expects everyone else to be perfect, too. She can't tolerate persons who shirk their jobs. If Susan is tough, it's only professionally.

Susan has worked hard on her singing and dancing since her success as a singer in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. Nobody believed she would ever dare to sing. Everyone thought Lillian Roth would be brought in by MGM (including Lillian!) to sing the songs on the sound track, just as Jane Froman had been hired by 20th-Fox to sing the songs that Susan mouthed in Jane's life story, *With A Song In My Heart*. But Susan fooled 'em. They hadn't counted on her dogged determination to excel in everything she does.

Susan is generous. There isn't anything she wouldn't do for her children and for her friends and relatives. The old saying, "She'd give you the shirt off her back," applies to this girl in spades. Recently she bought the twins a small car, a real one, with a motor, that goes thirty miles an hour. The only stipulation is that they keep it off the street.

Susan is sentimental. Places and objects that have sentimental attachments move her to tears. I guess it's the Irish in her. After all, her grandmother was Kate Harrigan of County Cork, Ireland! Her sentimental side is what made Susan move from her house in the San Fernando Valley. It brought back too many memories. But she loves the neighborhood. And so she moved just a few houses away. Now the twins have the same playmates they had before.

This house is bigger than the other. It has acres and acres in the rear, where the twins play. It has a swimming pool and a gym for the twins, who love to play basketball, as well as drive their car all over hell's half acre!

Barker has visitation rights with the twins. He picks them up and takes them off for camping trips every other week end. They pitch a tent and he has taught them to shoot cans off of rocks. Once, when I went to pick up some medicine at Schwab's drug store on the Sunset Strip, I ran into the twins, playing in back of the store, around the parked cars. It was Jess' week end with them. The neighborhood around Schwab's isn't the most ideal place in the city of Los Angeles for children to play, especially in view of their ideal living conditions with their mother. But maybe Jess knows what he's doing. Maybe it's best they know the other side of the tracks, too.

Susan wants to make a sentimental journey to Ireland, to look up her kinfolk. Once before, three years ago, when she and Jess took a "second honeymoon" trip to Europe, she wanted to go to Ireland, but she never made it. I heard it was because Jess didn't want to go. When I saw them in Paris, dining at the Tour d'Argent, they seemed to be having a ball. The more sophisticated cities of Europe were apparently what Jess liked. Susan, always the Brooklynite, will love Ireland, I'm sure, as much as I did, when she finally gets there, for its simplicity and uncomplicated way of life.

Susan is restless. She flew to Hawaii for a month's vacation, stayed a few days, flew right back home. She flew to New York for the world première of *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, stayed two days, didn't even wait for the première, flew right back home. Maybe impulsive is a better word than restless. But, whatever you call it, it makes her that much more interesting.

Susan is observant. This is one of the things that makes her a great actress. She is basically a shy person but sometimes she's less shy than other times. Sometimes what people mistake for shyness is merely Susan withdrawn, watching out of the corner of her eye, sopping up "atmosphere" for her next role.

I caught her doing this one night at the Cocoanut Grove, when I took her to the Hollywood Foreign Correspondents' dinner. There were four of us at our table: Grace Kelly and her escort from M-G-M, Morgan Hudgins, and Susan and myself. There were so many flashbulbs popping that the four of us were almost blinded. Most of them, of course, were for Grace, and not for Susan, who giggled about the whole thing. I leaned across the table and said to Grace, jokingly, "Grace, as last year's Oscar winner, say hello to this year's!" Grace laughed and said, "I hope you're right! And Susan, I loved you in *I'll Cry Tomorrow.*" I told about the incident later and I'm afraid I did a little embellishing. I said that Grace had told Susan she hoped Susan would win the Oscar. But Susan, always the soul of honesty and always observant, said, "That isn't what I heard!"

Same night, still the same observant Susan: Zsa Zsa Gabor and Errol Flynn were on the dais receiving their Foreign Correspondents' Awards when Anita Ekberg, beautifully gowned and cleavaged almost beyond reason, made a fabulous grand entrance. The photogs now turned from Miss Kelly and started popping their flashbulbs at The Ek. I didn't notice this particular incident but Susan did: leaning across the table Susan said to Grace, "Look at Zsa Zsa—she's pulling the disappearing act!" Sure enough, Grace and Morgan and I looked to where Susan was pointing, and there was Zsa Zsa, disappearing off the stand as unobtrusively as she could, with Errol guiding her. After all, Anita Ekberg is a little too much competition even for Zsa Zsa Gabor. And Susan Hayward, who caught the byplay, is the most observant gal I know.

Susan is not only observant, she's fond of most the people she observes through those wide-eyed, sea-green eyes of hers. We were at Dave Chasen's one night with Louella Parsons, in Dave's private party room, watching Teresa Wright play Louella's life on television, in the *Climax!* show. It was on a delayed kinescope. Susan and I were due over at the Beverly Hilton Hotel for the annual Screen Writers' Guild party. It was getting later and later. The minute her show was over I said to Louella, "It was wonderful, and we loved it, and now I think we'd better go because we're due at the Writers' party." Louella, one of Susan's oldest friends, seemed disappointed that we weren't staying for dinner. Susan whispered in my ear, "Let's stay a little while. It's Mother's big night and I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world!" (Susan has called Louella "Mother" since they traveled in a vaudeville act once, when Susan was a starlet.) So we stayed. And just as Louella's guests were sitting down to a somewhat delayed dinner we left. We arrived at the Writers' party just as their dinner was over. We got no dinner that night. Susan laughed about it. "I don't care—I'm glad we stayed," she said. "Louella would have done the same for me."

The night of the last Oscar Parade, Susan had a win-or-lose party at her home. Odd though it may seem, this was the first party she had ever thrown in Hollywood. She and Jess, it seems, just never got around to entertaining.

On this particular night she invited 30 of her best friends, including Eaton Chalkley, the attorney. Eaton, incidentally, seems to be the man Susan is most interested in right now. Maybe he'll bring this spunky dedicated actress the personal happiness she deserves. **END**

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Cleaner
Softer
Brighter

—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo

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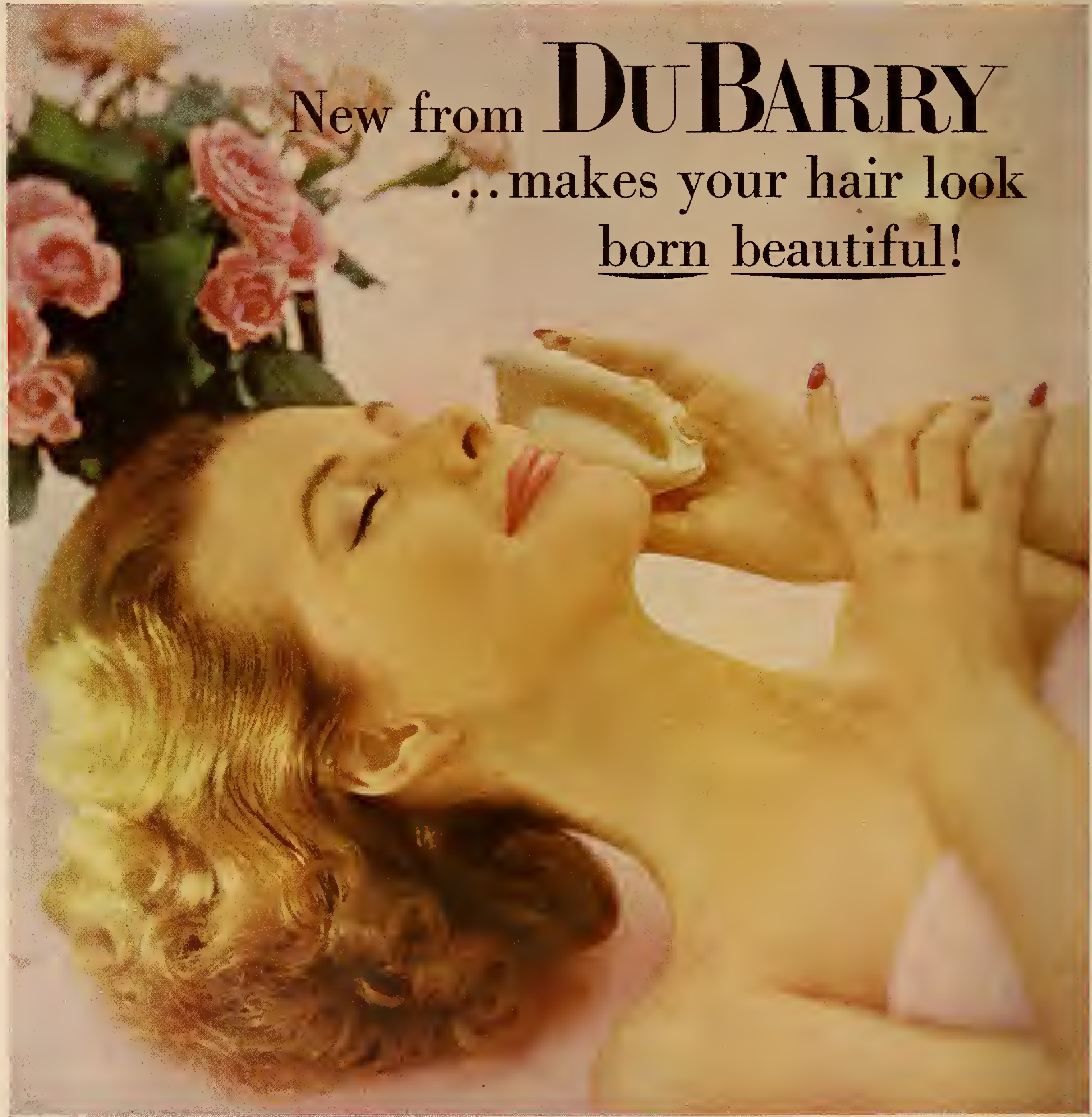
Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo. Get safe, gentle Halo today!

Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!


New from DuBarry
...makes your hair look
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The only all-lanolized home permanent

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Never before a home permanent like DuBarry! Actually curls lanolin-softness right into your hair at every step! For only DuBarry is lanolized *all ways.* Curls are softer, silkier, shinier—yet so *strong* and *lasting* you can't lose them unless you cut them off! And it's the simplest wave ever! Just wind, wave, neutralize! No test curls or drip-drying. No eye-stinging ammonia fumes. You're done in *minutes* . . . set for months with soft curls that look *born beautiful!* Only at fine drug and department stores.

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PERFECT PERMANENT
LANOLIZED 3 WAYS!
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perfect pin-curl PERMANENT
SPEED-DRY NEUTRALIZER

Perfect Home Permanent
(Gentle, Regular, Super)
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Each $1.75 plus tax

You can help Kim Novak make the biggest decision of her life

■ Love or career? It's an eternal problem. Every woman has thought about it and every woman thinks she knows the answer. Love—of course. Only sometimes it isn't that easy. Even for a woman deeply, dreamily in love—sometimes it can't be answered that fast. For sometimes there are childhood dreams which call out an answer other than love, honest loyalties that say—remember who you will hurt if you choose your love. On the next pages there is a very special story about Kim Novak. It is there to give you all the facts about the choice she must make now. And I think that when you have read it, you will see how hard a decision it is to make. You may even change your mind about your answer. So read it carefully. Because whatever your decision, you can help Kim. When you know all the facts, you can turn yourself for a little while into Kim Novak—and you can make up your mind. When you have done that, write to her, in care of MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York City. Give her your answer. Every letter will go to her. The best one will be published in MODERN SCREEN, and the writer will get a $100 Savings Bond. But please—don't write your letter to win the Bond. Write it to help Kim, because she needs you. Write to her now and say, "Kim—if I were you . . ."

Chuck Saxon
EDITOR

by Susan Wender

Kim's Dilemma:

■ A few months ago, Kim Novak went home to Chicago. Her mother met her at the railroad station and took her home, strangely silent all the way. Kim asked about her sister, who is pregnant, gossiped about the girls her mother had met in Hollywood, questioned her about the house, her health—everything she could think of. She got one-word answers, and an absent look.

At home, Kim changed into a sweater and skirt and went downstairs. Her mother was in the kitchen, sitting at the table, stirring a cup of tea. Kim sat down opposite her and waited. Mrs. Novak added sugar, then milk. Finally she said, "What's your next picture?"

"I don't know yet," Kim said, "we were so rushed on the last three nobody's had a minute to think about the next."

"Um-hum," said Mrs. Novak, still stirring. "Well, if they have no new picture for you, maybe you better find yourself a husband, huh? Someone who is a nice person." She put down her spoon and looked straight at her daughter. "And *soon!*" she said.

That was the first time, but it wasn't the last. It's been that way ever since, every time Kim goes home. By now she has a set of stock answers. "Suits me," she tells her mother. "Marriage it is." Her mother grunts, unconvinced and thinks about it some more. Eventually Kim gets in her second word. "Of course I've got to be sure I've found the right man . . . and that he's found me." Her mother glances sideways at her and goes on talking. And never once does she mention the name of Mac Krim.

But, she doesn't have to. Both Kim and Mrs. Novak know that the conversation is really about Mac. Both of them know that Mrs. Novak met him in Hollywood and liked him.

And both of them know that however many other men Kim may date, when she thinks of marriage, she thinks of Mac.

In a funny way, too—the more she dates, the more she knows the reason is Mac. Because if she didn't go out with other men, if she spent all her time, as she used to and as she still longs to, with Mac Krim—she'd marry him. She'd have to, because she loves him too much to do anything else. The other dates are a desperate kind of escape from him, and from the questions she can't answer.

The guys she dates sense that, too. They aren't exactly insulted, because it is quite an honor to be picked by Kim Novak even as An Escape. But they don't let themselves fall for her, not if they can help it. They go right on seeing other women, too. The columnists, of (*Continued on page 71*)

THE CAREER:
Working on her lines (left), studying constantly, Kim lives in her dream of being a really good actress—but if she marries, she may never make it.

THE LOVE:
Mac Krim is the only person who makes her "feel like a woman," conquers her shyness. She loves him deeply—but doesn't know how long he'll wait.

THE "OTHER MAN:"
Tony Kastner, whom she met skiing, is a frequent date—but Kim's friends say he's not a new love—only an escape from the old one.

THE GLAMOROUS SIDE:
Being a star is not as important to Kim as acting—but it means excitement, knowing people like Sinatra, Martin. If she marries—will she have to give it up?

I have lived for three years with the

■ Our house is on a hill in Encino, California. There is a long macadam driveway that stretches from the front door to the electric gate at the foot of the hill. And the street beyond the gate curves like a scythe around our land and disappears into a cluster of eucalyptus trees about a quarter of a mile from our gate. In the warm weather, about dusk, I sit on a patio and watch the grove of trees for the first sight of Duke's car, or in the winter I sit at the picture window in his den. And when it starts the turn I go to the front door just in time to see

WHEN WE'RE ALONE

by Pilar Wayne

funniest, tenderest, bravest man in the world—my husband, John Wayne

him go through the comic antics it takes to get a man as big as him out of a modern car. It's like extricating a reluctant python from a shipping crate. And every night I think, "They've got to make bigger cars or smaller husbands."

And then there is one of the small things that make for good memories. He drops his brief case and holds me and says, "Hello, Honey. . . ." and then everything that happened wrong during the day is all right.

That is one of my memories-to-be, one of the best ones. Lately there is a song that has come to mean a lot to me. When I hear it I automatically turn up the radio and relish every word of the lyric. It is called "Memories Are Made Of This"—and every time I hear it sung the impact is greater, because it fits the way I think. My husband and I are in our third year of marriage now and most of the time our lives together appear to be just routine living, and yet when a song or something else sets the wheels working backward in my mind I realize that this is a time of preparation for the future; each (*Continued on page 76*)

Marilyn confesses to Elsa Maxwell:

"I'LL NEVER BE THE

■ The most exciting girl I know—in all the world—is Marilyn Monroe.

First, she's exciting because in spite of having the guts (no politer word will do) to gamble on herself the way tough, aggressive business executives do, she's still shy and uncertain. She reminds me, so often, of the girl who stays on and on in the powder room, fluffing her dress, combing her hair and repairing her make-up—to postpone the moment she must join the party and sink or swim.

Secondly, she's exciting because she aspires to work with the greatest, as she will when she makes *The Sleeping Prince* with Sir Laurence Olivier. Be it said to her undying credit that at her New York press conference with Olivier she did not, in an effort to live up to this elegant occasion, imitate his clipped British tones or broad "A's" but talked with quiet naturalness. However, her clothes for this conference were all wrong. She was dressed like the movie character the movie producers wanted her to be and which she refused to remain.

Thirdly, she's exciting because she's so hungry—greedy almost, but not quite—for all the wonderful things in the world, things like association with stimulating people, fascinating books, a chance to see the planet she lives on, a knowledge of music and art and food and wine. Like a child with a big box of candy she can't quite decide which treat to sample first.

All of which brings me to a bet I made on Marilyn. It was about two years ago . . .

"You're a fool to be photographed with Monroe," The Man said. He was an executive of Twentieth Century-Fox, the movie company from which Marilyn had just bowed out of a contract that still had seven years to run. "You keep writing about her in your newspaper column, too! You don't seem to get the idea that she's on the way out. A year off the screen and she'll be washed up! We can find a dozen like her!"

I laughed at him. "You'll never find a dozen *like her!*" I said. "You may find a dozen beautiful hunks of protoplasm topped off with blonde hair. But they won't be Marilyn Monroes. (*Continued on page 91*)

Milton Greene, right, was a major influence in Marilyn's first flight from Hollywood, has come back with her as her constant companion and guide. Director Josh Logan (top) and playwright Arthur Miller (above) may play key parts in Marilyn's new life as actress and as woman.

SAME"

Elsa Maxwell, world-famous as a hostess and intimate friend of celebrities, calls Marilyn the most exciting person she's ever known. In this exclusive article for Modern Screen, *Elsa tells why.*

How he Proposed

She may be an old married lady, like Janet and Jane and Debbie—she may be a brand-new bride like Marisa and Terry and Anita—but when June comes around, she remembers . . .

JANET LEIGH:

"The phone rang and I had this funny feeling . . ."

■ It happened in June, 1951. Janet was in New York, working, Tony was on a personal appearance tour through the midwest. Every night he'd call her from a different city—Omaha, Detroit, Fort Wayne. With each call Janet grew more miserable. "What's it like in Chicago?" she'd ask.

"Lonely and terrible," Tony would reply. "How is New York?"

"Empty and awful."

Then came the night she choked, getting the words out. For a minute Tony thought she had a cold in the head. Then he realized it wasn't sniffles—it was crying. "This is murder," he shouted across country. "I'm cutting the tour short. I'll be in New York next week end, and we're getting married!"

"We're what?" Janet cried.

Tony calmed down. "Will you marry me?" he asked, slowly and distinctly. And for a girl with a stuffed nose, Janet's "Yes" was pretty distinct, too.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

"How many girls get proposed to three times . . . ?"

■ The first time Eddie Fisher proposed was in the autumn, in New York, and he must have enjoyed it, because he went on and on. Possibly also he was worried, because Debbie said "Let's make sure," instead of "Yes." So he told her he loved her in taxis, in night clubs, over Cokes—anywhere. When he still didn't get an affirmative answer, he proposed to her father. That was on a Burbank golf course, and he did it most earnestly and respectfully, and got Papa's impressed consent. Permission granted, he dashed back to New York for the ring, and to let Debbie miss him. On his return he met her at Lori Nelson's house, where the girls were burning a couple of steaks for him and Joey Foreman. He dragged her out of the kitchen and into the bedroom and plunked the 7½ carat diamond in her hands. She shrieked and burst into tears, Lori and Joey came dashing in to see, the steaks burned to a crisp, and Debbie never did get around to saying "Yes." But nobody minded.

MORE →

JANE RUSSELL:

"I liked the ring all right, but I kept giving it back . . ."

■ Most high school romances chart a pretty rocky course. That of Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield was positively no exception —in fact, it practically led the field. When they were in their senior year, hoping it would calm matters down, Bob gave his girl a small diamond as a kind of pledge of their future. Big help that was. Every time they had an argument, back went the ring. Some times Jane gave it back, sometimes Bob *took* it back. It was snapped from hand to hand so often that it was more like a yo-yo. Eventually Bob decided he'd had enough. He had the ring in his possession at the time, so he just sat back and waited. Finally Jane apologized and asked for it back.

"I pawned it," he told her. "I needed money to go fishing."

"Oh," Jane gulped, nonplussed. "Get anything?"

"Not a thing," Bob growled.

"Oh, yes, you did," said his repentant girl. "You've still got me!"

So what could he do? Obviously, he gave her back her ring—this time as an official proposal—and then he married the girl.

TERRY MOORE:

"His proposal wasn't so unusual, but the marriage sure was . . ."

■ Terry Moore was introduced to Eugene McGrath at a party, at a time when according to all the best gossip columns, she was planning to marry Nicky Hilton. If she was, the idea went out the window—along with Terry's heart, which flipped at first sight. So did Eugene's, but he wasn't reckless enough to mention marriage—he'd played it safe for his first 33 years, and habit is habit. Instead he invited Terry and her mother to come along on a South American business trip, meet his family and see his world. After Miami, Havana and Panama they got to Caracas. There he plunked Terry down under a palm tree and proposed. A week later she had an emerald-cut diamond, and a month after that they each had a plain gold band—bestowed between courses at dinner with Debbie and Eddie on New Year's Day! After which the happy couple removed the bands and kept the whole thing secret for months!

ANITA EKBERG:

"Seems like I was the last to know . . ."

■ The night she got engaged to Anthony Steel, Esq., of London, Anita Ekberg was the most surprised girl at the party. For it happened at a party. Tony and Nita (his nickname for her) were having dinner at the home of director John Farrow and his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan. The talk centered on business—movie business—but Tony couldn't keep his mind on it. His thoughts kept wandering to the square-cut emerald ring encircled with diamonds that he was carrying in his pocket. He was still thinking about it when Maureen asked him how much longer he expected to visit in Hollywood. "Until I ask Nita to marry me," he said, without thinking.

"What?" gasped Miss Ekberg.

Covered with confusion, Tony produced the ring. "Well," he gulped, "will you?" And before the assembled guests, Anita said, "Yes." Relieved, he put the ring on her little finger (that's the Swedish tradition) and that was that.

MARISA PAVAN:

"We told everybody we were going steady . . ."

■ Jean-Pierre Aumont and Marisa had been dating a solid month when they got engaged—which struck them both as considerably longer than necessary, since from their first American date (they'd met briefly in Paris two and a half years before) they'd known that this was it. Actually, Jean-Pierre brought the subject up as a sort of joke on about the fourth date, which occurred the sixth night after the first!

At the end of a month he took Marisa out for a late dinner and proposed—not joking. Her "yes" wasn't for laughs either, so they went home to tell Mama Pierangeli, who was pleased, but nervous when they mentioned an immediate wedding. "Wait," she begged, "it looks too fast." They compromised on telling people they were "going steady" instead of engaged and then a columnist did them a favor and broke the truth. No one knew how she got it, but no one cared. "*Now* what should we wait for?" asked the impatient pair, and since no one had an answer, they didn't.

END

He was a rough-cut lumberjack, she was a sophisticated night-club star. He never dreamed she could be happy in

HIS WORLD OF LOVE

Rory and Lita share their love of the outdoors at their 160-acre ranch. The Calhouns relax by fishing for trout in the well-stocked stream that runs through their property.

"One of us," says Rory, "must be part dog. Either that, or our neighborhood hounds are human." They have a dog of their own, but any stray can get a handout.

Rory and Lita (with a neighbor's boy) are hoping to adopt a boy of four or five. The lucky youngster will find the Calhouns wonderful cooks. Both do it well!

by RUTH HARRIS

For four years, while she didn't know he existed, Rory carried with him the memory of Lita's face. To call it love would be unrealistic nonsense. Outside of some character in a fairytale, who falls in love with a girl he's never talked to and never expects to set eyes on again? Nobody, including Calhoun. On the other hand, neither did he ever forget her.

It happened in '43. Young Timothy Durgin worked at a logging camp. "Let's go to San José," said a fellow-logger. "I want to hear Cugat's band."

"Uh-uh. I don't dance."

"Then come along for the ride."

In itself, the ride was something to remember. Since his pal's 1918 Harley-Davidson boasted no buddy-seat, Tim straddled the fender, arriving with jolted bones and a corrugated rear, wondering why he'd agreed to this form of self-torture, dreading the ride back.

The ride back, however, proved painless, for his mind was on the girl who'd sung with Coogie's band—a creamy-skinned little brunette dazzler in a white sheath gown. Yet it wasn't her beauty that had moved him so much as a quality half glimpsed, half sensed—an almost childlike purity of feature, a kindness in the dark eyes, a sweet warmth in the smile, a dignity of bearing. Despite his teen-age tussles with the law—or even because of them—he'd developed a sure instinct for true metal in people. He felt it in this girl. He never expected to see her again but her memory stayed fragrant.

A year later he was Rory Calhoun of Hollywood. That story's been told. How, on vacation, he visited his grandmother in Los Angeles and went riding in the hills. How he bumped into Alan Ladd. How they stopped to talk. How Alan asked: "Are you an actor? Well, you ought to be," and took him home to meet Sue. How he wound up under contract to David Selznick.

Selznick believed in signing and training personalities. He produced few pictures. Working here and there on loanout, Rory failed to make much of a dent. He grew increasingly restive, increasingly certain that Hollywood wasn't for him. His was the outdoor world he'd loved and left. He clamored for release. "Let's tear up the contract. I want to go back to the hills."

"No," said his boss.

"What good am I to you? I'm not doing a thing."

"Have patience. You will."

"When?"

"When you've learned to act."

"That'll be the day," groaned Rory, stomping off in defeat.

By '47 the scene had changed. Idol of the bobbysoxers now, his stock was rising. He continued to feel more at home in the woods, whither he repaired whenever possible with his boon companions, Guy Madison and Howard Hill, the archer. But at least he no longer felt useless in Hollywood.

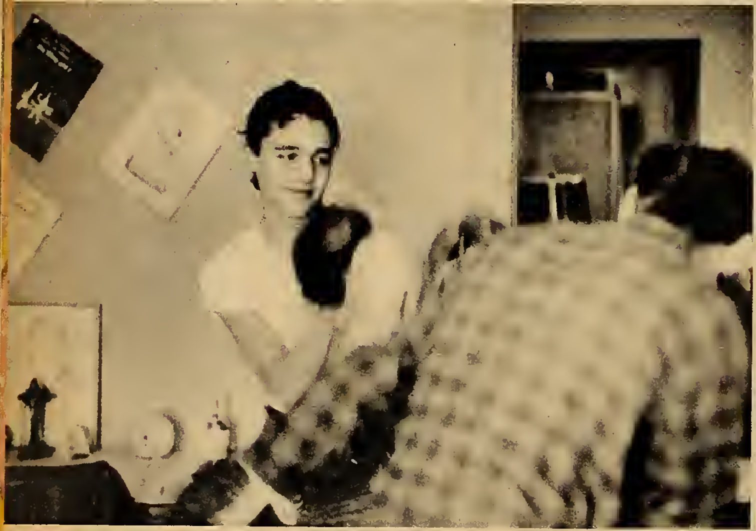
By '47 he'd also learned to dance. One night he took a girl to Le Pavillon, a supper club that featured a rumba band, led by someone billed simply as Isabelita. (*Continued on page 87*)

■ His name is Sal Mineo, and he's the hottest kid in Hollywood. Not just because he's been in five movies, two Broadway hits, dozens of TV shows and has been nominated for an Academy Award. Not even just because he looks like a fallen angel, with his jet black hair tumbled on his forehead, his full black eyebrows over huge, deep eyes, his broad, full mouth tucked into dimples at his cheeks. But because when you meet Sal, you flip. Right away. On the spot. It's the glow, the dance, the wistful laughter that seems to pour out of him that does it—that makes him the most exciting boy from here to anywhere. It's always been like that—and nine years ago, when he was eight, it set him on the road he was meant to follow.

"I was going to St. Mary's Parochial School in the Bronx and the sisters asked me to play the Saviour as a boy. You can't imagine what went on inside me. I was like a kid struck dumb. I had seen the movies and knew there was such a thing as acting. But to have these women, who had dedicated their lives to God, ask *me* to portray Jesus, as a youth—well, that was something beyond my understanding.

"I was scared at first. I didn't know why, but I was afraid that it would be wrong. The sisters, they were the Dominican order, knew I was frightened. They were very gentle. They kept telling me it was all right, I had nothing to be afraid of.

"That afternoon I took (*Continued on page* 79)



The Mineos live in the Bronx, in the house they bought long before Sal was a movie star. There's nothing elaborate or even expensive about it—but the slip-covered furniture and the warm kitchen get a lot of living. The kitchen walls are covered with pictures of Sal his mother cuts from magazines, and the back porch has been turned into a mail room, where Sal, his brother Mike and two friends of Mrs. Mineo all work at answering his fans. Upstairs are the boys' rooms. Sal's used to be a kitchen and still has a sink and a stove in it. He has programs of plays he's been in on the walls, a framed sketch he did himself—and a box full of weights and boxing gloves, with which he and Mike work out whenever they get a minute.

He's seventeen . . . He has big brown eyes . . . he's got everything but a girl—

HAVE YOU MET SAL?

these are some of your questions...

Who's the boss in our family?

What are my favorite foods?—Do I diet?

Do I travel alone or with Marty?

Who decides what I wear?

Who are my real Hollywood friends?

...HERE ARE MY ANSWERS

by Doris Day

as told to Len Weissman

Carmel, California:

Dear Friends:

I'm most grateful for this opportunity to get closer to you through the pages of MODERN SCREEN.

You know, as I sit here on location of *Julie* with my three leading men, Louis Jourdan, Barry Sullivan and Frank Lovejoy, I reflect that it was only eight years ago that I was given my first screen test at Warners and signed to a long term contract. During these past years I have been bombarded with thousands and thousands of questions about my life and my career. I have been pointed at, and accused of being snooty and uncooperative with fellow workers and with the press. However, I have been a runner up for the Golden Apple award for being the most cooperative actress, so I guess I could say being in the movies is wonderful. It's exciting and has its many rewards, but with it come the rumors, the false impressions and accusations.

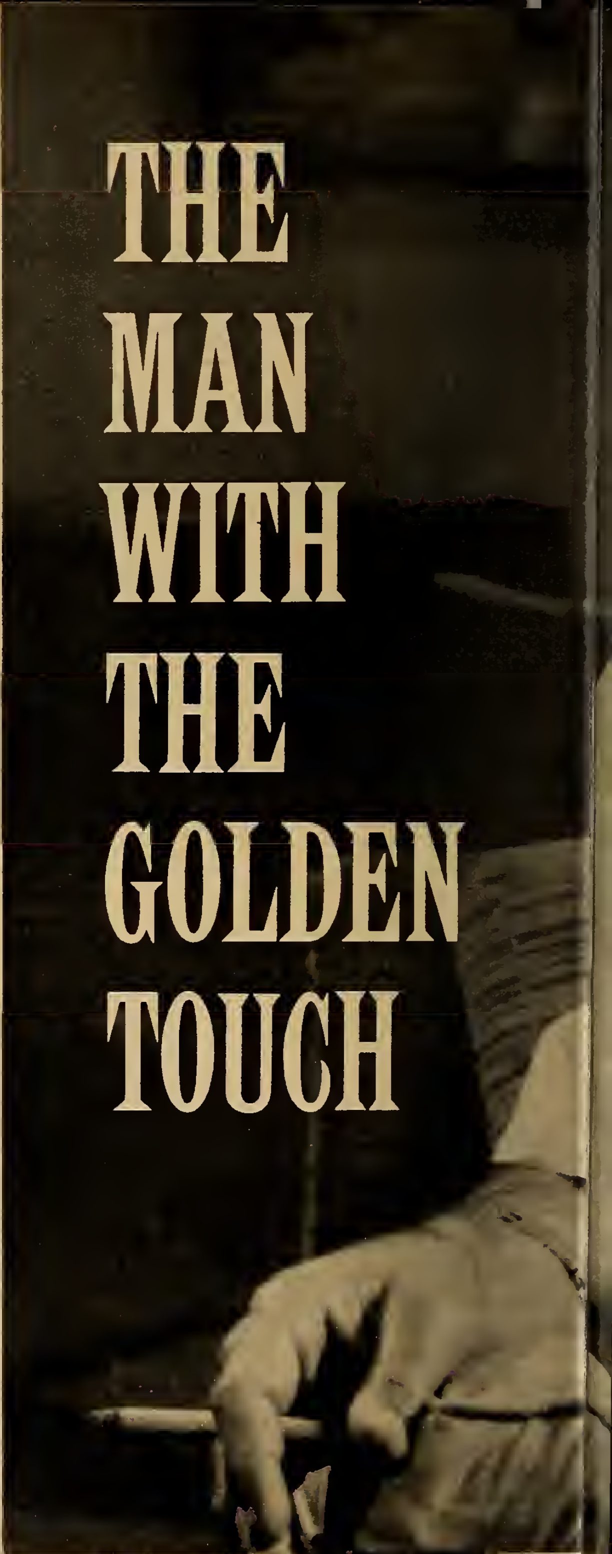
Did you ever take a ride on the elevator of a skyscraper? Of course, well, you know how it feels when the elevator surges upward . . . phew, your head sinks to your toes—but soon, with a little effort everything returns to normal and you're on a level keel again. And so it is with most stars, as they rise rapidly their heads swim but with a little effort the leveling off period is not far away. Sure, some stars never level off. I feel I am most fortunate being married to a man like Marty, my husband and manager and loving critic. He has helped me, I think, to stay on that level keel, at least I've had my two feet on the ground.

Well as long as I'm in the mood to answer the most important questions, from your letters—let's go. Over ten thousand letters were turned over to MODERN SCREEN, to get a sample of the questions. As you may know, my mother handles all my fan mail . . . need I say more than to say this is a labor of love? If you've come this far, I certainly don't want to lose you

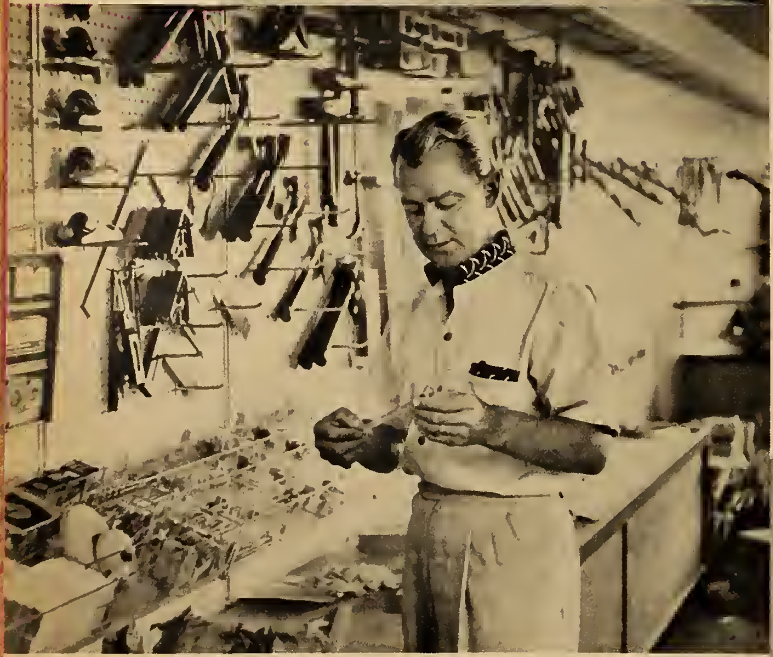
(*Continued on page 64*)

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

There are certain fields where actors aren't ever supposed to tread—but this darn fool walks in every time—and comes out with a great big gold mine / by JACK WADE



Higgins Ladd



Alan and Sue (top picture) gaze proudly at Alan's latest business venture, a supermarket hardware store. Sometimes the boss himself (above) gets behind the counter. Partner Bob Higgins (right) is an old friend.

■ All the man wanted was a flashlight. Why should the inconspicuous sign, Higgins-Ladd Hardware, mean anything to an outstate tourist rolling through Palm Springs, California? But the store looked modern and inviting. And it was handy at a fork in the road.

Inside, a yellow-haired guy in faded blue cotton pants, desert sneakers and a T-shirt, who'd been sitting on the counter, hopped briskly off to help. But the phone rang and he said, "Excuse me a minute. We're short handed today—manager's sick. Look 'em over—I'll be back . . . Yeah, Frank," he addressed the receiver. "Sure we've got it. I'll send it right over. Hundred feet of green plastic hose to Sinatra's place," he yelled to the back room. "Pronto! He needs it right away."

As he returned, a big, boyish looking character with freckles and a mass of wheat colored hair ambled in. "Hi, Al. Where are the shovels?"

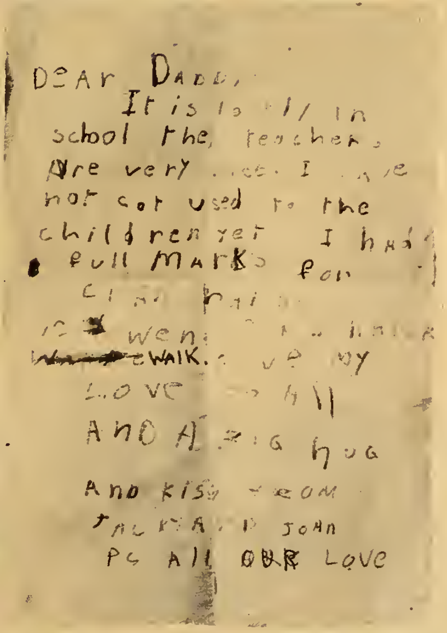
"In the back—I'll be right with you, Van."

The tourist perked up. "Isn't that Van Johnson?" He got a nod before the phone (*Continued on page 66*)

JOAN'S OTHER LIFE

Here for the first time anywhere are the family pictures of Joan Collins as a frantic, fabulous child and girl, running away from bombs—and after boys!

At 5 Joan Collins had her first fur coat—rabbit ("She made it to mink in only 15 years," her father comments). She was very style conscious, her favorite game being trying-on-Mommy's-hats. World War II and the blitz of London sent Joan and her younger sister Jackie (with her, left) packing from town to town to escape the danger. One apartment was blown up the night they moved out. Joan switched schools 12 times and her new favorite pastime became writing-to-Daddy, who stayed on in London to work.

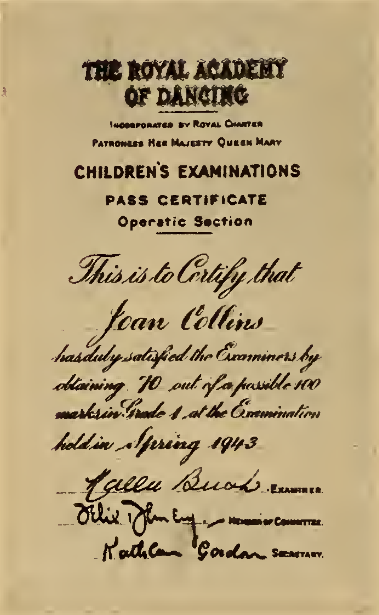


DEAR DADDY,
It is lovely in school the teachers Are very nice. I have not got used to the children yet I had full marks for [illegible] [illegible] went [illegible] WALK. Give my LOVE to All AND A BIG hug AND kiss from JACKIE AND JOAN
PS All OUR LOVE

The war over, the Collinses were back together in London. Joan was enrolled in a private school with a big dancing and singing department and started taking part in school shows. When she was 12 a scout from the Arts Theatre saw her and asked her to play the young boy in A Doll's House. *Joan was thrilled, loved rehearsals, learned her part fast and decided to be an actress. Came the opening night, she missed her cue. She was in the dressing room, reading Shakespeare. The second night it happened again. The director exploded. "You're the last child I'll ever use in a play!" he shrieked at Joan. The third night she made it, got on stage. She's the one on the right.*

More pictures on next page

By the time she was 13 she was spending all her allowance on movies and getting caught trying to sneak into "Adults Only" films dressed in her mother's clothes. She persuaded her folks to send her to boarding school to learn to cook and make beds, but after two disillusioned weeks she talked them into letting her come home again, take dancing instead. She loved to pose for pictures then—even at the piano. which she didn't play.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY
OF DANCING

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER
PATRONESS HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

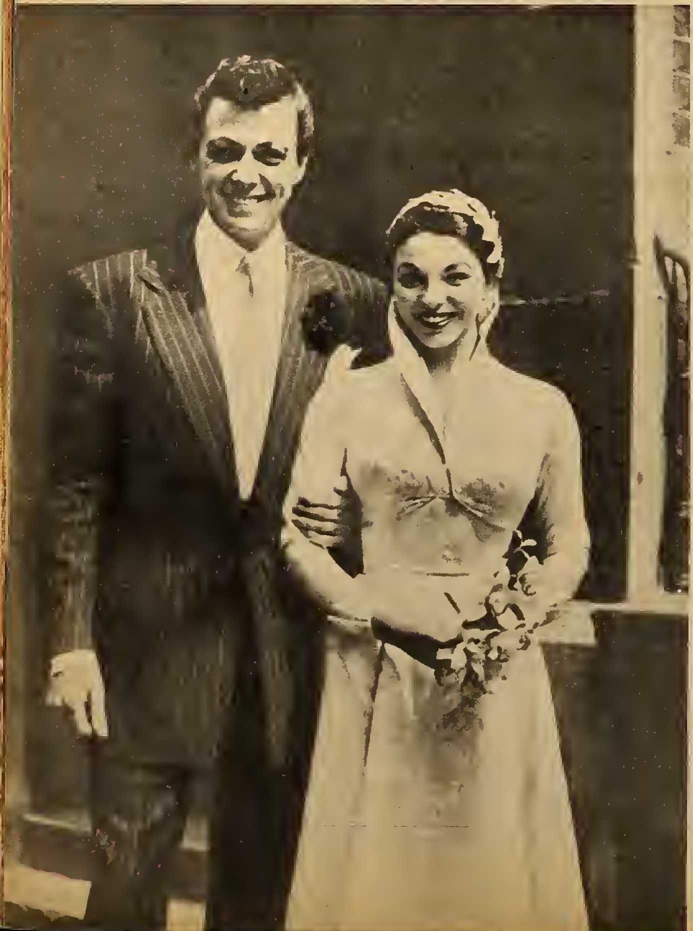
CHILDREN'S EXAMINATIONS
PASS CERTIFICATE
Operatic Section

This is to Certify that
Joan Collins
has duly satisfied the Examiners by obtaining 70 out of a possible 100 marks in Grade 1 at the Examination held in Spring 1943

EXAMINER.
Felix Demery MEMBER OF COMMITTEE.
Kathleen Gordon SECRETARY.

Her 16th summer was spent at a French beach with Mom, Jackie and little brother Bill. She fell in love for the first time, with the boy whose father sold ice-cream cones. Mrs. Collins didn't believe in interfering, but her husband had told her to "watch the kiddies" in free-and-easy France—so she told Joan she couldn't go out after dinner. So every night Joan went to bed early—then crept out to rendezvous with Bernard and a double chocolate cone. Discovered at last, she told her mother she was in love with him—and forgot him promptly when summer ended and they went home

With her first pay check she bought a $200 dress. By the time she had her 4th she



The day after her 19th birthday she married Rank star Maxwell Reed, whose pictures had covered her walls since she was 14. Maxwell was 12 years older and widely disliked, especially by Joan's family, which reduced her to tears, but not to giving him up. Six months after Laurence Harvey introduced them they were married, and moved into a lavishly decorated, Spanish style penthouse. They co-starred a few times, but Joan soon felt he was trying to dominate her completely, and on her 21st birthday they split permanently. Now when she goes home (right) she stays with her family, brings Billy Davy Crockett caps and sister Jackie (a model) invitations to visit her in Hollywood.

After high school she entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and sent her picture (left) to an Actors' Directory. An agent spotted it and in no time Joan was embarked on the series of juvenile delinquents she played in English movies. On screen she was sultry and sleek; off, she bit her nails, dressed in jeans, talked jive, and dragged dates (like co-star Laurence Harvey, below) to bop sessions.

WASTE PAP
ONLY

was famous as Britain's Beautiful Bad Girl and had taken a turn for the Bohemian

END

How To Make Sure The Wedding Gown You Choose Is The Right Gown For You

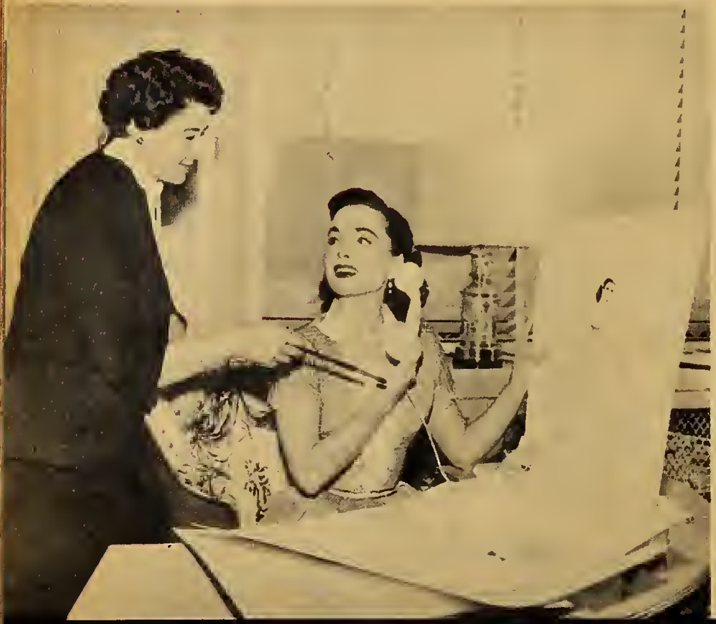
Designs for Wedding Belles

by Helen Rose *MGM's Academy Award winning designer as told to Jane Wilkie.*

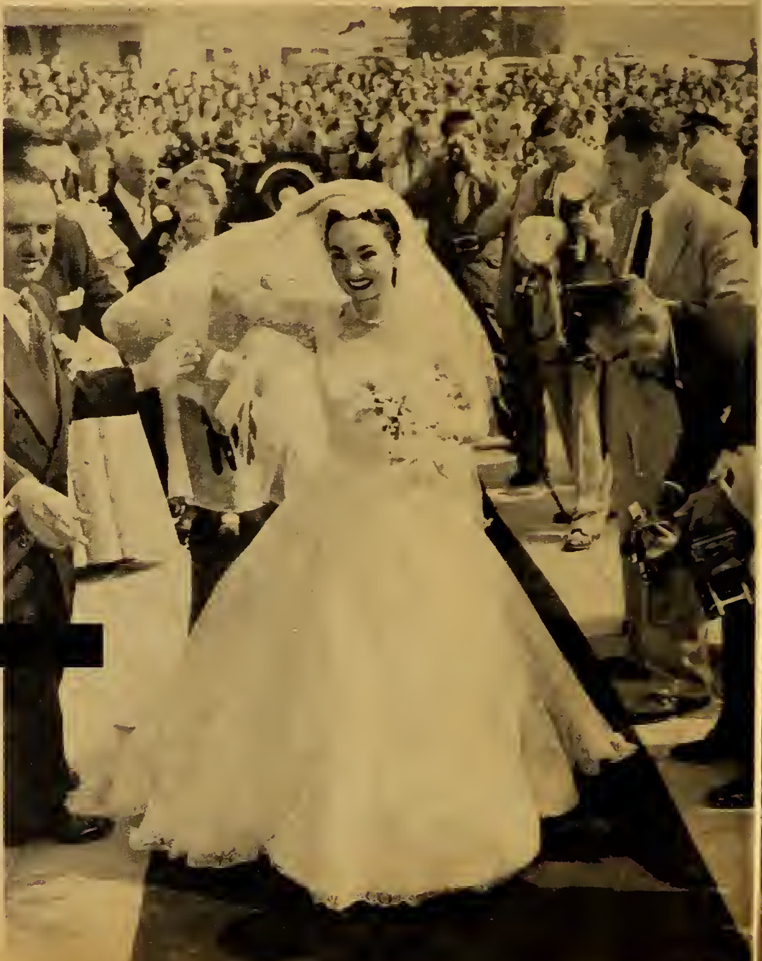
Lots of people, the practical people of this world, turn ashen at the sums spent by prospective brides for their wedding gowns. "Now, why," they want to know, "doesn't she get married in a sack and put all that money into egg beaters and brooms?"

Helen Rose doesn't agree at all. And here's her reason why:

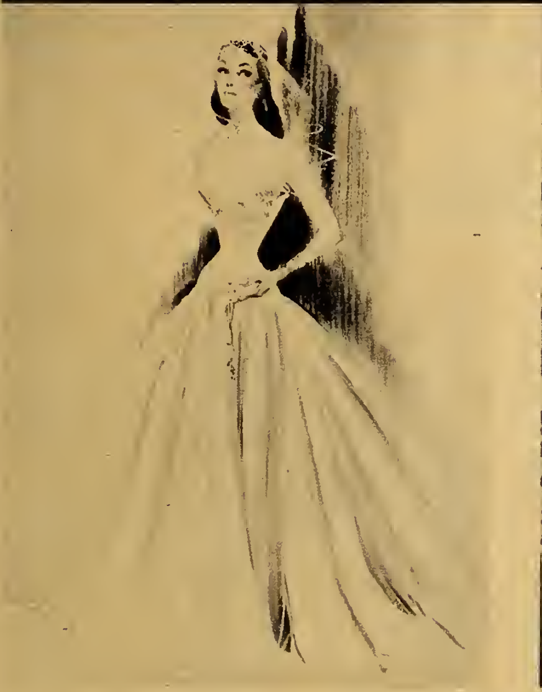
■ I've been asked to create wedding gowns for a bevy of beautiful brides—Liz Taylor, Grace Kelly, Ann Blyth, Arlene Dahl, Pier Angeli, Jane Powell, Sally Forrest and Debbie Reynolds (although in Debbie's case I designed her gown without knowing it—more about that later). When the stars come to my office and break the news that they're to be married and ask that I design their gown, I'm delighted. I enjoy doing it, not only as a favor for a friend, but because I *know* these girls. Many of them, such as Liz and Janie and Debbie, I've known since their teens, and through the years have helped to create their clothes-personality for them. Now it could be that I was never interested in egg beaters or brooms, but I suspect the real reason is that I'm an incurable romanticist. A girl gets married only once, I say (*Continued on page* 82)

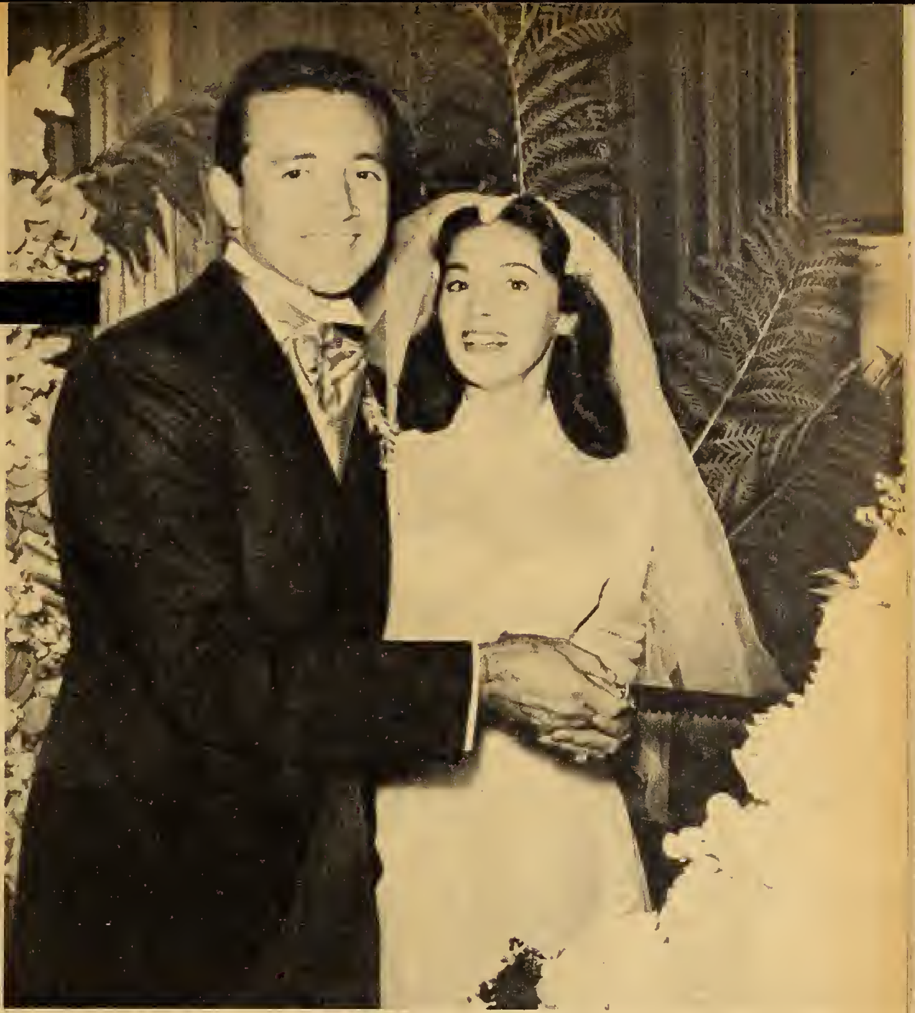


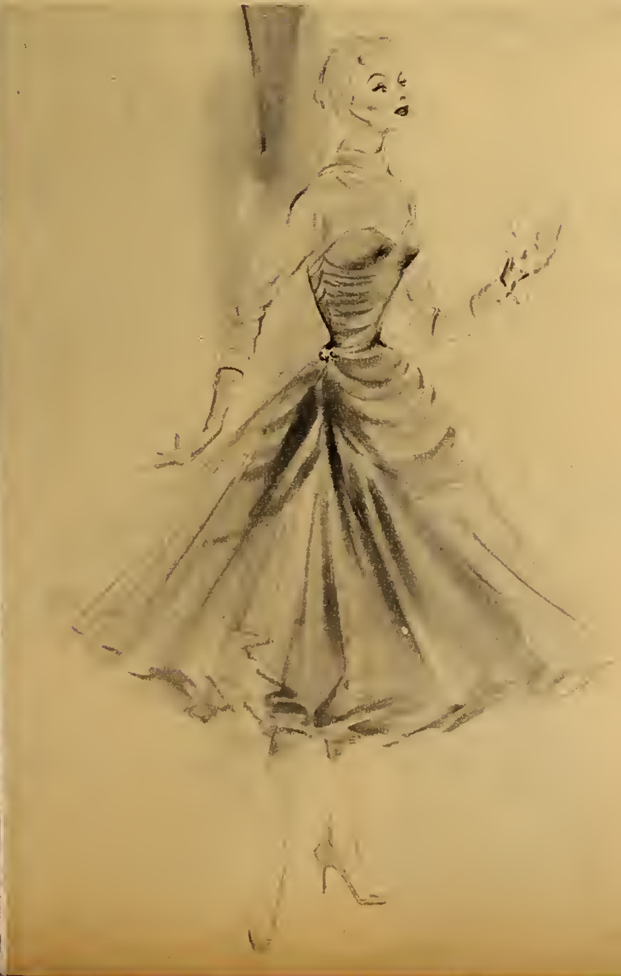
Helen thinks Ann Blyth's gown was one of the most beautiful she ever created. Ann wanted satin for her morning Mass wedding, but Helen, not too excited over satin, especially in summer, talked it over with Ann and they settled on a stiff slip of paper-thin silk satin over which Ann wore a gown of mousseline and lace. Ann was happy because she had her satin—even though no one could see it.



Pier Angeli's wedding gown was similar to the one Grace Kelly wore in that neither gown had a single seam in it. (That's workmanship, and according to Helen Rose, that's the important thing in any dress.) Unlike many of today's bridegrooms, who prefer a tuxedo or a blue business suit, Vic Damone, as well as his best man, wore a full suit of tails.







Suits are good for a second wedding, but Helen feels it's not the only choice. Jane Powell wanted to wear a suit for her marriage to Pat Nerney but Helen suggested a chiffon dress in pale blue. When Jane saw the sketch, she said yes, since blue is her favorite color and Pat would be wearing a navy blue suit and blue tie.

The people of Cocoanut Grove, Florida were in for some pleasant surprises . . .

When Marlon came to my

by PHILIP CHAPMAN

town

This is what my friends said:

ENGEL (the millionaire): "But what did you expect? I tell you I knew his family. He is one of God's gentlemen. He's promised to do a play for me, and I know he will. He thinks nothing of money, but he's got a good agent."

MARGARET (the secretary): "He doesn't even seem to know that he's got a 'magic name.' He's warm and friendly and genuine, and he's grateful for small favors."

GEORGE (the public relations guy): "This man is a doll. Don't quote me. A doll."

SAM (men's room attendant): "Wow, the tips!"

AN USHER: "A hundred bucks' worth of perfume he gave my kid niece! She's really living!"

I live in Florida, thousands of miles away from Hollywood and Broadway. Marlon Brando came here as the guest of an old friend of his father's, to do the gentleman a favor. And he knew he didn't have to put on an act here, make like Brando the actor. He could be simply himself, which is what he was. What he didn't know was that practically everyone around him was watching with interest to see what he really was, storing up little pictures and impressions of him. I've collected a lot of those pictures and notions. Here they are.

■ When George Engel, the multimillionaire Texas oil baron, decided to pour a million dollars into the Cocoanut Grove Playhouse, thus turning his hobby into the finest Little Theatre in the country, he set out as a matter of course to lure the greatest Broadway and Hollywood stars to Florida. At the salaries he was willing to pay, it wasn't very difficult. Tallulah Bankhead, Tom Ewell, Linda Darnell, Bea Lillie, Judith Anderson, Victor Borge and half a dozen others jumped to the bait with glad little cries.

The Playhouse was a success and already a legend even before the rhinestone-studded seats were installed in the ladies' smoker.

"And," said Engel, "above all, I want to get in touch with Marlon Brando. Maybe we can get him to open a new play for us. *That* would bring 'em in!"

One of his advisers struck his own forehead meaningfully with an open palm. "Where angels fear to tread," he muttered. "Look, Mr. Engel, of course you're in this (*Continued on page 78*)

He went to Bea Lillie's party (danced with her, above) without a date, chatted with Walter Winchell (below) without giving him a scoop.

She'd never called up a boy and asked **him** to take **her** out before, but then Natalie Wood had never been to a senior prom, either. So when UCLA invited her to **their** prom she knew this was . . .

the dance she couldn't miss

It took her two days to get up the nerve to call Tab—who turned out not to be shocked by her boldness at all. Of course, Natalie figured, he's used *to having girls call him . . .*

Make-up worried her—she didn't know how much the other girls would wear. She settled for powder base, powder and lipstick.

At the door he turned, bent—and kissed her mother good night. "Public relations," he explained to Natalie. "Besides, she's a doll!"

photos by Bob Beerman

Too excited to get dressed herself, she got Mom in to help. At this point Tab, who'd been waiting, tapped on her door. "Decent?" he inquired.

Natalie's latest picture is Warners' *The Burning Hills*

Giggling, Natalie let him in. "Nothing *fazes you, does it?" she demanded. Tab applied himself to hooks and eyes. "Not* you, *anyway," he teased.*

But at the dance Natalie's excitement turned to scare. "I can't go in there," she whispered. "What if they don't like me? What if I'm dressed wrong?"

Tab practically pushed her in. Right away they were gabbing with the kids. "You have the prettiest dress," Tab whispered. Natalie blushed. "And the craziest hair-do!"

And the rest was a dream of dancing and laughing—and a kiss when they sat one out. "What an evening," Natalie sighed.

And then it was over. "I feel just like a high school girl," she said dreamily. Tab laughed. "That's what you are, silly." She smiled back. "Oh, you're so right. . . ."

END

...and baby makes

Once they were Lone Grangers—but not any more. With two transplanted kids and a Little Stranger Granger expected—they've become a bloomin' British-American basketball team!

by IDA ZEITLIN

His long legs outstretched, Granger took a look at his wife, tucked handily into a big chair opposite. He spoke with appreciation. "A model mother-to-be. Never a sick day out of her. Knock wood."

"Except once," Jean remembered. "Because I stuck my toothbrush too far down my throat."

"Which in charity we'll overlook."

"And right noble of you, sir."

"Think nothing of it."

The room lay bathed in late morning sunlight. One windowed wall faced the grounds, where a gardener ministered to a new Chinese elm, maltreated in transit. To Granger, a tree is little less than sacred. His eyes kept traveling to the ailing elm and back.

Waiting for parenthood, Jean's happy and relaxed. Jimmy's happy and less relaxed. He of the logical mind finds logic forsaking him where the baby's concerned. Candidly he admits himself superstitious. "It upset me that the news should have broken so soon. I'd rather have kept it quiet for two or three months."

"Try keeping *me* quiet that long," murmured Mrs. Granger, no whit abashed, though they both knew it was she who had broken the news. "But not to the columnists," she explained, all innocence. "Just to fifteen or twenty friends. And in strictest confidence!"

As a rule, it's Jimmy who's the master-planner. For this occasion he refuses to make plans. "There's a room ready. When the baby's here, we'll start decorating the room." He won't discuss possible names. Asked for his preference as to gender, he replies with finality: "I want a baby."

"Me, too," agrees Jean, and plunges cheerfully on where Jimmy fears to tread. "But I have a feeling it's going to be a girl."

Lindsay and Jamie own a special stake in the baby. "They rather think it's coming," says their father, "because they asked for it." Last fall, their mother being ill, he brought the youngsters over to make their permanent home with him and Jean. At ten and not quite twelve, they still inhabit the semi-wonderland of childhood, where magic dwarfs reality and wishes, properly made, are bound to come true. "We'd like another little chap around the house," they'd suggest at intervals, and feel gratified—though not greatly surprised—that the chap's en route.

Actually, they may be wiser than they dream in claiming part of the credit. Jean of course has known them ever since she's known her

(Continued on page 94)

five

THE PICTURES IN JIMMY STEWART'S WALLET

Here are his favorite snaps—he took them all himself

Mike, Ronnie, Gloria at the beach

First snap of the twins, Judy and Kelly

Age two—which is which?

My three angels

My two cowboys

---

here are my answers

(*Continued from page 49*) before I answer this first one: *How do I get along with Marty?* Fans write they hear rumors (there's that ugly word again) that I'm hypnotized, that I'm a puppet on a string or that he's a Svengali. Nothing could be further from the truth. So get your pencil and jot this down. Put it on your tape recorder and play it over and over. When the lights are out at night, I lie in bed and thank God with humble gratitude for His blessings . . . I thank God for my marital happiness with Marty . . . And I pray that my son Terry will find the happiness in his future marriage that I have found in mine. This all comes from my heart and I hope you realize that Marty is not twisting my arm. If this doesn't kick the pins out from under the wagging tongues, well, then I'll give up trying. Personally I couldn't care less what gossips think and say . . . but since I have this opportunity to put it in the record—you've got it.

I truly wish that most husbands would be as considerate of their wives as mine is to me. Marty has a wonderful sense of humor. He knows how to make me laugh and does. He can always be expected to do the unexpected. He has no inhibitions and he exercises his prerogative as a husband to take the initiative, but always in good taste—he's a guy a girl can lean upon.

The meal and I

Well, if you're still with me, I'll go on to the next question—*What do I like to eat?* I guess this could be as a result of stories written saying I like to eat.

When I'm working on a picture, like now on *Julie*, I'll have some fruit and soft boiled eggs in the morning and a cup of Sanka or Postum. During production I generally lunch on a small steak and salad. In this picture I play a highly emotional role. I'm a distraught wife constantly on the run from her homicidal jealous husband (Louis Jourdan). If I ate big breakfasts and heavy lunches it would have an effect upon my work. Of course I forgot to mention that the camera puts five pounds on me, so I have to do a bit of dieting, together with Marie, my dear friend and wardrobe mistress, who has been with me since Warner Brothers.

Usually I lunch in my dressing room. This gives me a chance to slip into a robe and quietly relax. Here again I want to spike rumors that I'm aloof and don't eat with the gang in the commissary. I love the gang, I love people, but I feel the picture comes first and that I must have a period of relaxation before starting the long afternoon. A little cat-nap does wonders, believe me.

My favorite foods are steak and French fried onions, salads, Italian and Chinese—or maybe I should say Cantonese.

One evening in San Francisco we decided on an Italian dinner and were recommended to Vanessi's. Well, "Uncle Joe" Vanessi, as he insisted we call him, ordered our dinner for us. It took three hours of eating our way through "Uncle Joe's" hospitality before we could make our way out to our car. Now that we are on location in Carmel, a short distance from San Francisco, I hope to revisit that wonderful restaurant again. The food was superb and "Uncle Joe" the nicest and most gracious host I've ever encountered.

Another week end we went with our son Terry to a dude ranch. We obliged Terry by going on the breakfast ride which included all the guests at the ranch. It was magnificent. We rode for about two hours. The trail led us to a secluded clearing in the wooded hills. Here a crew of cooks were busy wrestling up a block-long griddle full of hot cakes and scrambled eggs and coffee. Golly, did that ever smell good. With a setting like this it was easy to get into an eating mood—yes, I ate like an old hand. It was the atmosphere, the open air, the ride, but most of all the vittles which were real good. At home I wouldn't think of having a heavy breakfast like that.

So, it all depends where I am. I let conditions rule.

We're off

Next question. *Do I like to travel with my family or alone?* I always travel with Marty and usually take Terry, except if it interferes with his school work. In fact, when we take Terry we almost always take a friend of his to keep him company. This has worked out beautifully, because children like to be with children. And we always think that parents, or I should say grown-ups, can get plenty dull after the first hour.

All of us went to Europe together last year and had a marvelous time. Marty and Terry must have shot more pictures than the production company. I was there working on the Alfred Hitchcock film, *The Man Who Knew Too Much.*

To me shopping in new places is the greatest. I always make the rounds of all the shops, see what everyone has to offer and then go back to where I saw something I liked. The trouble is, though, most of the time I forget where the shop is, or I don't have the time to get back.

So, back to week-ending, my favorite kind of traveling. We all set out for Alisal, about 100 miles north of Los Angeles. You should be familiar with this spot—remember, where I ate so many hot cakes. We were thrilled with this trip because of Terry. We discovered a new Terry. The cowboy! He was turned loose on a 20,000 acre ranch with nothing to do but ride horses and sit on the corral fence chatting with the cowboys. You see, Alisal is really a stock ranch with cattle, and he took to this life like a duck to water, becoming a real pal with the ranch hands, and of course they were very fond of him. He pitched in and helped saddle the horses, fed them hay, watered them and lolled around the bunk house with "the boys," listening to their songs.

When Sunday afternoon rolled around, Terry actually cried on parting with his new-found friends, and wanted to remain and live in the bunk house. He had actually made up his mind to be a cowboy! Of course there's nothing wrong with being a cowboy—and when Terry finishes college if he decides that he still wants to be one, he'll have our blessings.

Now, you asked me about traveling. We very often go to Palm Springs, about 100 miles south of Los Angeles. The exact opposite direction from Alisal, but we just love it there. Before starting our Arwin production of *Julie,* we spent a full week at Marion Davies Desert Inn, relaxing, playing tennis, golf and lying in the sun. Give us a hot day, a bottle of sun-tan oil and we're in business. Sun-bathing is a bit mild for Terry, though; not enough action, he says. So, he rented a bicycle built for two. This trip we didn't bring a friend of his and Marty was the first to realize what was happening. "Oh no, no, don't look at me, ask Mom to ride with you." It was a tandem and another rider was needed. We both lost. Later we commandeered the monster and I went on a shopping tour with Marty. While I looked for clothes, Marty was looking at property. Once again, I never got around to the second trip but Marty wound up by buying a membership at Tamarisk Country Club and a view lot—right on the golf course. This of course was by mutual consent and now we can't wait to start building our dream house.

To go on further with our traveling, we often take week-end trips to Las Vegas, which we love for its beautiful hotels, fabulous floor shows and gorgeous weather. Of course we don't go there to do much resting—on the contrary—we need a vacation when we get home.

One day while in Vegas, Terry and his friend kept insisting they challenge us to go on the "bumper cars" at the amusement center. Marty, a master at giving the brush, put them off until after dinner when the sun went down. That evening we had a delicious steak dinner. Being summer, we topped it off with a large cold slice of watermelon. You've had that feeling, after a Thanksgiving dinner. So, up comes Terry with, "Now let's go on the bumper cars," and Marty blanched. But in our family a promise is a promise. You know, to this day I don't know how either of us ever survived that "bumper car" contest.

your letters
on teen-age problems
will be answered
by **debbie reynolds**
in the **august**
issue of
modern screen
on sale **july 3**
with **debbie** herself
on the cover.

Yes, I love to travel. It's fun to get away from the house but always twice as nice to return home.

Two good ones

Whoops! Here's a good one. *Who dresses me?* By this I hope you mean who selects my clothes? But if you really mean "Who dresses me"—well, I'm a big girl now and I dress myself. The answer to the latter question is the same. I select my own clothes and I love to shop for myself. Marty has excellent taste in selecting clothes for me and loves nice things and surprises me.

I love tailored clothes, suits and lots of slacks and tops. And lots of full cottons for summer, and I adore evening gowns. It's such fun getting dressed up for a party.

On our trip to Europe, I selected a wonderful fabric in France. Marty suggested that we buy the material and have the suit made in London. I did, and couldn't be happier. Their suits are wonderful and the tailoring superb!

Next question asks, *What are my pet peeves?* I've got no pets in this category. I guess I have answered some of these in some of the previous questions, but I can add that I dislike to answer the telephone. I resist to the bitter end. Can't stand the sudden harshness of the bell, but if it's for me I'll curl up on the couch and talk for hours on end.

I hate it when people stare at me in public. I'm embarrassed. I jump when I hear my name spoken at nearby tables. I often wonder if other stars feel the same way, like a gold fish in a bowl—with no privacy.

It seems to be a must in show business to maul and paw you with a greeting. To plant a big whiskey-odored kiss on your cheek. I resent this when it's done to me. I'm annoyed at over-demonstrative people. I'm sure it's fun at home but I just don't go for that bit . . . in public. I also resent females being over-demonstrative with my husband and I don't spare the horses in telling them off. I'll tell you, I'm never annoyed by the same person twice.

O.K. On to the next one. You want to know *Who are my friends in Hollywood?* My friends and Marty's friends are compiled in no other way than your friends. Usually they're people with whom you work, neighbors or old school chums. But mostly one finds friends in the associated fields of your business. So our friends vary from stars, actors, music publishers, band leaders, writers, producers and press agents and some with whom we find much in common on a spiritual basis.

We have many close friends, including Jerry Lewis and his wonderful wife Patti. Now this might sound like a strange combination, Doris Day and Jerry Lewis. But remember actors aren't acting all the time, Jerry is a wonderful guy and a very considerate father, husband and friend. Isn't it wonderful about their new baby? . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson are another couple we see very often. The Sam Weisses—he's a music publisher—are very close friends. Danny Thomas and his wife, we love and adore. Jack Benny and Mary are another couple we see often. We see our friends and enjoy each other with small dinner parties at home.

If a big group gets together, it becomes involved as to where to go, what to do and somehow, Marty always winds up as the social director. He automatically becomes the leader. It was funny when Jack Benny arrived one night with a whistle on a chain for Marty. Jerry Lewis brought a basketball and told Marty he was now official coach of their team.

Friends, fine friends, are where you find them. As the saying goes, "Show me your friends and I'll know who you are."

Gosh, I've really been on a soap box, and here comes that man for his box, so I'll step down. Sure, I'll answer some more questions—some other time.

What? Just one more? All right, let's have it. *What do I think is the most exciting picture of my career?* I'm glad you forced me for one more question. I'm fully convinced that to date the most exciting picture of my career is in the making right here at Carmel. I play the title role of *Julie,* being directed by Andrew Stone. The most unusual part of this picture is that no studio sets are being used. Every shot is on "live locations," taken at airports, in the air during actual flight of a plane, a magnificent chase along the picturesque seventeen mile drive at Carmel. We have so much to work with and a wonderful script from which to work, so that I think this is it. Also, I am playing a part so different from my usual song and dance routines that . . . well you'll see a new Day. This picture is really an emotional suspense-packed drama but I do sing one song. As a matter of fact it's part of my contract that I sing at least one song in every picture I do.

Lovingly,
Doris Day

(*Continued from page 51*) rang again. This time he dropped his jaw at the conversation.

"We've just got six in stock, Greg," declared the blond salesman. "But they're the best—like Gable bought. No—no—don't think of it. The boy's out, but I'll bring them right over myself . . . Everything happens at once around here," he grinned apologetically to the tourist, who wasn't listening.

"Look," he said, "I suppose you'll tell me that was Gregory Peck you talked to—and about Clark Gable?"

"That's right."

Things connected now, the store sign, the famous names, the familiar features. "Hey," cried the customer, "I know you—you're Alan Ladd, the movie actor! Say," he blurted as Alan nodded, "can I ask you a personal question? Why the heck does a guy like you work in a hardware store?"

"I don't know," said Alan. "Because I've got to, I guess."

That answer probably didn't make sense to the baffled tourist, any more than it would to a lot of people who know Alan Ladd much better. They know that actually he doesn't have to work another day in his life. If anyone has got it made in Hollywood, it's Alan. Yet in another respect his was an absolutely honest reply: Alan can no more resist tackling something new than he can halt his breath.

Alan is a man with the golden touch. Recently he produced *Cry In The Night* for $300,000. It seems headed to return $3,000,000. Shortly before that he risked some important savings in ten oil wells. The first nine came in. All the stocks he bought several years ago have split and tripled in value. Both his twenty-five-acre Alsulana Ranch and his eleven-room Holmby Hills mansion (called "Ladd's follies" when he bought them) are worth twice what he paid. He's already had five bids for his new Palm Springs house, bought only last April, at a $50,000 profit. One offer came from Jack Benny, a notoriously tight man with a buck. By now Alan has a percentage interest in ten pictures assuring him a husky income for as many years ahead. Last year all in all, he collected over $1,000,000.

So, with no clouds whatever in his sky, these should be the vintage years for Alan Ladd—a time when he can coast a bit, relax and enjoy himself. But instead of sitting back and sampling the fruits of his labors, the eternally restless guy is sowing seeds for more every time he turns around. That new hardware store is as good an example as any.

One sun-struck week

Alan drove down to Palm Springs with Sue one week end last April with nothing, he said, on his mind but some sun. One week later he and Sue had bought a house and moved into it.

They started out with one chair, a borrowed bed and a TV set—because once Alan tackles something he's at it like a terrier. By Fourth of July the pool was mirroring the blue sky, complete with palm trees waving overhead. Inside, Sue's beige and black Chinese modern decor was cool and comfy despite a 110 reading outside. And Alan Ladd was already started in the hardware business.

He ran into Bob Higgins when he built on a wing for the kids and looked up the contractor who had put up the house. The minute they met they started pounding each other's backs. The big red-headed Irishman turned out to be a fan of Alan's from away back—before he'd ever made a movie. Bob was a class below Al at North Hollywood High when Alan was the big operator there. Naturally Bob got the job, and in the process there was some trouble getting the right hardware.

"Trouble is there's just one hardware store in town," Bob complained. "No competition."

"Why don't we give him some?" asked Alan. That minute Higgins-Ladd Hardware got going. Land was leased from the Indian reservation and a smart new building went up. Today it's filled with the classiest hardware stock in any store anywhere, including a deluxe toy department installed by Sue. Jack Benny, Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra—a who's who of Hollywood—are charge customers. Last Christmas Lucille Ball shopped for all her presents there, checking off a list two feet long. Greg Peck bought $700 worth of kitchenware for Veronique to use in their new home. Alan and Bob have a staff of four and around $125,000 tied up in the place. By now Alan's a member of the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce, and one town faction is planning to run him for mayor!

"And I brought him down here to rest!" sighs Sue.

The one "folly" Alan has gone after with dubious success is breeding race horses. But he's still trying. Alan bought an Irish brood mare on his trip to Europe three years ago and had her flown across the Atlantic to the ranch to improve the blood line, which so far, hasn't been spectacular. The one time a Ladd horse nosed first under the wire at Hollywood Park Alan was so excited that the picture he snapped turned out to be a shot of the floor! But that triumph was enough to keep him determined to eventually produce a Nashua or a Swaps.

Before her much-publicized marriage, Grace Kelly was escorted to the theatre by a friend. Naturally, Miss Kelly was besieged by autograph hunters. "All a man needs, when he takes out Grace," he sighed, "is a fountain pen."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

A guy like that has to believe he'll win, or he won't. Optimism, confidence and the guts to make decisions fast are marks of any champion. Alan has always acted on trigger-quick impulses. His new Palm Springs house and Higgins-Ladd Hardware were decisions made in minutes. So was his most prized possession today, Alsulana Acres, the first land he ever owned, and still the symbol of first success.

Alan first saw it when he rode out with an antique dealer friend to help deliver a sofa at another Hidden Valley ranch. After he'd helped lift it off the truck and lug it inside, he stepped out on the porch to get his breath and looked around the lovely mountain ringed valley. And suddenly he knew what he wanted. He stepped back inside and asked the woman who owned the house, "Do you know if there are any ranches for sale around here?"

She was so amused she had a hard time keeping a straight face. She thought he was a roustabout. Hidden Valley is the most expensive ranch land in Southern California. "There's one over there," she finally said, "but I'm afraid you couldn't afford it."

"Thanks," he said. That week he bought it. Only afterward did he tell his new neighbor who he was.

One of Sue's favorite stories is about Alan's sudden impulses. At lunch one day, awhile back, she mentioned her long cherished dream to visit Hawaii. Alan merely grunted something about how busy he was and how he couldn't afford it. That afternoon he went down town "on business." At dinner he asked, "Haven't you started packing yet?"

"For what?" she asked him puzzledly.

"Hawaii, of course," he said, handing her a packet of tickets. He'd made reservations for two days later. And two days later they sailed—the whole family.

Although he pretends to turn a casual, sometimes even curt face to the world, Alan is actually as sensitive as a seismograph to other people's feelings and desires—whether they're those of his own wife and children or the guy down at the gas station. This trait translates itself into deep reaching loyalties which influence whatever he does.

Each morning when Alan's shooting, Hannah has a special chore—to prepare a full-course hot lunch for ten to fifteen and get it in the station wagon. At noon that's how many of the Jaguar Productions crew have lunch with Alan in his dressing room. The guests are rotated each day.

The other day Alan mentioned to Rudy, his Mexican gardner, that he liked *tacos*. "I'll bet your wife makes *tacos* out of this world," he ventured.

"Please—you will come to dinner?" invited Rudy, "and my wife, she will make them for you." Alan said he'd be delighted. Van and Evie Johnson came down that week and Rudy invited them, too. All four had a wonderful evening at Rudy's modest home in Palm Springs.

Alan spends $50,000 a year keeping in touch with his fans. The two secretaries who help him, Rosemary and Junie, were originally members of his fan club. Recently at the famous Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, California, the nurse who prepared him for the embarrassing ordeal of internal tests turned out to be a fan who had written him off and on for years. "You've always been my favorite actor, Mr. Ladd," she said. "Turn over, please."

Alan went to the clinic last spring to try to lick a troublesome sinus condition. He spent eight days there, and Sue went through the same examinations. At the end the doctors gave them both a perfect bill of health but so far haven't determined what makes Al's head clog up painfully at night. Allergy was suspected and he had tests for almost every known irritant, which Sue took, too.

"Alan wasn't allergic to anything," Sue laughs wryly, "I was allergic to everything."

"Especially me," he teases her. But that's furthest of all from the truth.

No two people

There are no two people more sentimental about their marriage than Alan and Sue Ladd. Each year Alan and Sue celebrate two wedding anniversaries—the first for their original wedding in Tijuana, Mexico, and the second for the time they double-hitched it in Santa Ana, California, four months later on July 12—fourteen years ago.

The most recent one might have been their first, the way they acted. It was an all day contest between two people trying to outdo each other in making the day wonderful for the other one. Periodically Alan would rush away on a lame excuse and be back with a new present. Then Sue would disappear on the same mission. Meanwhile the living room of their Palm Springs house took on the appearance of a hothouse. Flowers and telegrams kept the doorbell ringing and Lottie, the maid, scurrying for something to use for a vase. Each brought a reminiscence and the word repeated most often was "lucky." That evening, after a toast in champagne, they went out to dinner and around town. At every stop a special chef's tribute to a happily married couple miraculously appeared on the table. How everyone knew was a mystery to Alan and Sue. But why everyone cared is no mystery to anyone.

Alan and Sue Ladd are bound together not only by sentiment, and abiding love—but something else which would make any thought of retiring ridiculous for either one of them. Theirs is a working marriage in every real sense of that term. It started that way, and that's the way it's stayed.

The Ladd kids

Sue had a daughter when she married Alan. Alan had a son. Today, curiously, Carol Lee looks more like Alan than she does Sue. And Alan, Jr. resembles Sue more than he does Alan. When Alan sometimes grumbles that Laddie exhibits no burning get-up-and-go at eighteen, as he himself did, it's Sue who points out. "Remember, Laddie hasn't had to. He's been raised in a different world." On the other hand, Alan has always been Carol Lee's special champion.

It was Alan who persuaded Carol Lee to major in Theatre Arts at UCLA, where she graduated two years ago *cum laude*.

Outside of his children Alan hasn't a relative in the world. Sue has only some elderly aunts and scattered cousins. It may be an impossible dream—to have Ladd Enterprises carried on for another generation—but Alan dreams it. Already he has broken Laddie into a camera. It was only a bit in *Santiago* where Junior jumped from a tree into a fight scene. "But he got his Actor's Guild card," exults Pop. Dave is a little young but already looks like a future swoon, and it wouldn't make his Dad mad if some day he wanted to be one for a living. As for Alana, already she's getting restless.

The other afternoon Sue overheard a marathon phone session between Alana and a girl friend. The subject was young Bob Walker, Jennifier Jones' son.

"I know he thinks I'm *much* too young for him," confided Alana. "It's true I'm only twelve. But *mentally* I'm at least fifteen!"

Well, her dad will be only forty-three, come next September 3. Just entering the prime of life, it may seem a little previous for him to think about posterity at this point. He still is about as wiry and tough as he ever was. He weighs 140, only five pounds more than "Tiny" Ladd did in high school. He hasn't any vices worth mentioning, outside of a tendency to try and fill an inside straight at poker.

So I guess, being Alan Ladd, he'll never stop worrying about something and trying something new. Things will never get easier for him, because Alan just couldn't stand them that way. END

Packagers or producers of TV shows usually have an answer for a bad review. Here are some we've heard: "The critic probably didn't even see it" . . . "That was our worst show. They are wonderful later on" . . . "You know how that critic is when he has trouble at home" . . . "How could we get a good review? Look who we're up against—the critic's best friend" . . . "The critic just doesn't like westerns no matter how fine they are" . . . "Who cares about reviews. Only ratings count" . . . "We made the show for peanuts but no one takes that into consideration" . . . "Our star was ill, the director was unhappy with the deal he made, the cameraman has been having trouble with his eyes and the network is trying to get the time. How could we do a good show?" . . .

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

Russ Tamblyn
built a table for his
honeymoon
home and now he
calls himself

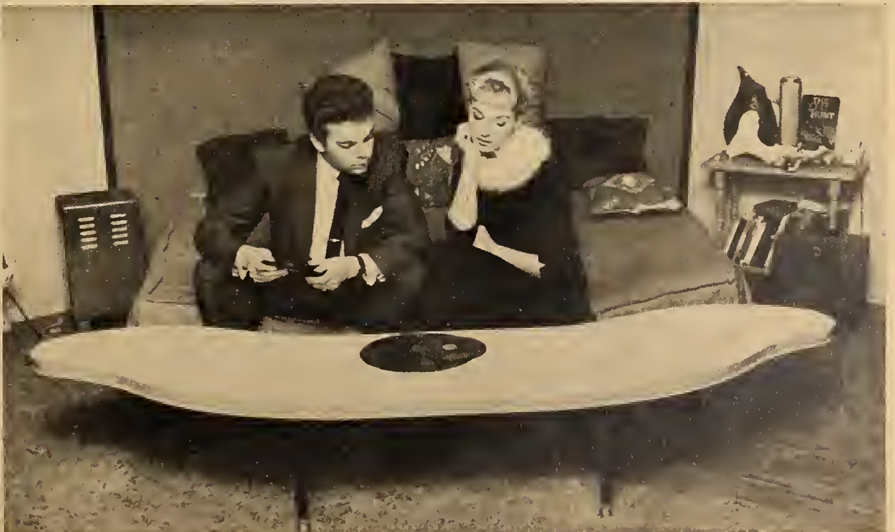
VENETIA'S HANDYMAN

First Russ traced the curves he planned to cut on the 8-foot mahogany board.

Having sawed them out carefully (with attention to measurements and fingers) he fit them together.

Planing took hours—a back-breaking job. Then he had to sand the sections and join and finish them.

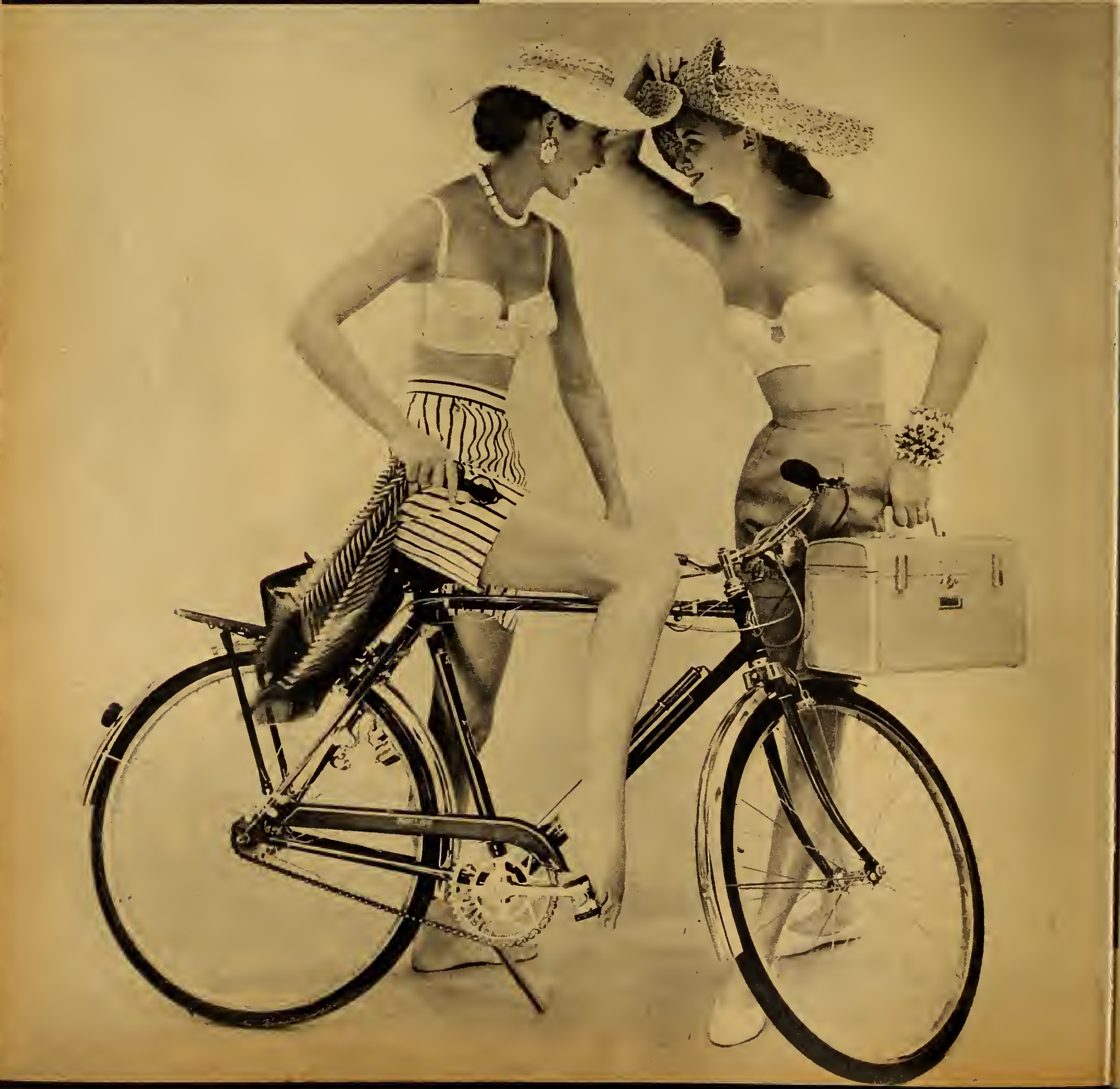
The next day, when the finish dried, he attached four black metal legs.



And there's the table, the main attraction of the Tamblyn's studio-type bedroom. "You see," Venetia told him proudly when he was done, "you're not only handsome—you're useful!"

New lines! Yes, and simply—exquisite—the gals, their figures, their hats—their bras! Left: Dainty nylon lace 6-way convertible bra worn off-shoulder (separated under-cup ribbon wire). $5. Right: Also ribbon wired, a 6-way padded convertible bra of embroidered cotton (worn strapless). $3.95. Both bras big news for new necklines! Both by Exquisite Form. Shorts by Northlander. Right below: Samsonite's heavenly new "Sea Shades" beauty case in blue, sand, green or grey.

TRY A NEW



LINE

Smart gals—that includes movie stars for sure and we hope you, too—don't buy blouses or dresses just because of their prettiness, color, quality or price unless, most importantly, they are rated first in the "glamour line"—and—that means new necklines! A tailored blouse style is likely to be the favorite with your guy even though you think it is only to be worn for sports, desk or duty! Rhonda poses in a tailored blouse that dashes into stardom because of its wide-cut Italian collar, its wonderful (and so flattering) pale blue color—you can imagine what that does for Rhonda's lush red hair. No more—no less—than the black blouse with halter neck, deep V-plunge stopped by a big and easy bow—no chance choice for that important date under the sun or stars. And speaking romantically leads us right up front into the sweetheart line, lovely heartbeat idea of yesterday's so feminine fashion trend that is forever new—and young! Rhonda's sweetheart blouse is dressed up with buttons and bow (it may be worn on or off the shoulder). This three-blouse wardrobe will quicken any summer day—or date! But don't forget—each particular neckline "must" have its beautiful beginnings with just the right underpinnings for perfect look and fit. Write Fashion, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., for the store in your town that carries these McArthur cotton blouses (under $5 each). Jewelry by Capri.

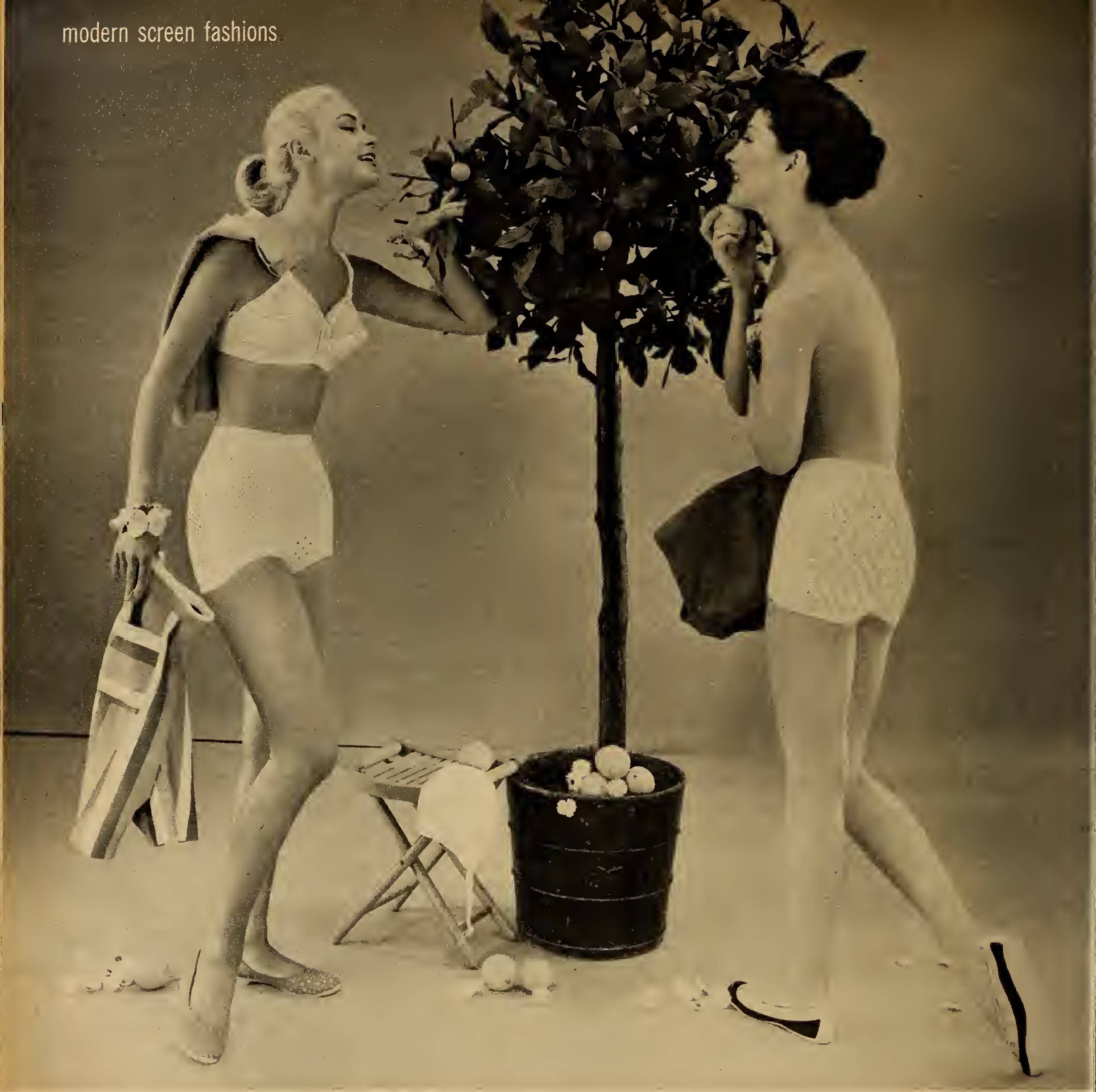
CHANGE YOUR LINE
TO HOLD YOUR MAN!

—practice a ladylike laugh instead of giggling!
—learn to cook an exotic dish and invite "him" for supper—alone!
—be a good listener instead of chattering incessantly!
—dance in Mona Lisa silence!
—talk about "him" . . . not about other guys and dates!
—be light-hearted and gay—don't argue!
—concentrate on "his" ambitions—not yours!
—let "him" order—don't ask for the most expensive dish on the menu!
—be ready when he comes to pick you up—don't keep "him" waiting!
—be yourself at all times—not a masquerader!
—always dress to please "him"—not yourself or your gal friends!

See Rhonda Fleming in RKO's While The City Sleeps

All photos by Roger Prigent

TRY
A
NEW
SLIMMER
→



Roger Prigent

TRY A NEW SLIMMER

This season it is chic to have a leaner, long-bodied figure, even with your swim togs and play clothes! Here's how—wear a Playtex panty brief that washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel. Left, the light-weight style of Fabricon (shown with the famous Playtex Living Bra); right, the new Magic Controller of Fabricon-lace. Both panty briefs are all-over perforated for body breathing and both are lined for easy on and off. Also available with garters. Pink or white. The cotton knit Siren Tee-Shirt and "Siren Striped" Knee-Hi shorts are from a gay collection by Jantzen. Both pairs of casual shoes are selections from the great collection of famous summertime Kedettes made by U. S. Rubber.

TRY A NEW HAIR-DO, see pg. 72
TRY A SURPRISE PACKAGE, see pg. 80

kim's dilemma

(*Continued from page 34*) course, have a field day with their other dates—hinting that Frank Sinatra is Kim's new flame—but she isn't his. And the skiing instructor she met at Grossinger's and dated in New York, Tony Kastner—obviously, they say, he was doing her dirt. Why, she dated him in Europe, even at the Cannes Film Festival—and then the minute she left he took a plane for Chicago to see Cleo Moore! Why, the scoundrel. Poor Kim.

But if poor Kim felt sorry for herself, it had nothing to do with Tony's dating Cleo. Ruefully, she hoped they'd have a good time. For herself—the thing that bothered her was that she just couldn't seem to care.

Mac Krim's competition was and is nothing so tangible as Another Man. And nothing so easy to beat.

Kim sat in a coffee shop with a girl friend one day recently—a girl of her own age, to whom she could talk almost more freely than she could to her mother. And she said, dreamily, "A happy marriage . . . that's for me." Her friend looked up, startled. But almost in the same breath Kim added, "Still, Mr. Cohn has been awfully good to me."

No—that's not a new romantic angle. Harry Cohn, to Kim and the rest of the movie world, means Columbia Pictures, of which he is the head. She might have said "Maxwell Arnow" instead of "Mr. Cohn," for Maxwell was also good to Kim, being the talent head of Columbia. To Kim he was the man with the magic touch who guided her career. She wept bitterly when he left Columbia for Hecht-Lancaster. She felt almost deserted then. But now she sat in the coffee house, twisting a ring on her finger. It was a gold signet ring, a present from Mac, and she wore it on her right hand. Suddenly she leaned forward. "Listen," she said, a note of almost desperate urgency in her voice, "I know this is a dangerous time for me. I'm trying not to change in the important ways, but I may be on the point of giving up one life for another. Mac is very understanding about my career, but how long can a man be patient with a girl?"

"I don't know, Kim," her friend said.

Kim shook her head. "I'm so confused right now. I'm still in love with Mac—I know that for sure. But all of a sudden I really care about being a good actress. I keep feeling I want to give all my time to study—and to working toward that.

"Oh, it's not that I'm really impressed with all this talk about stardom, and the fuss every one makes. That's fun, and it's nice—but it's the acting I want. All of a sudden I can't just sit back and let good enough be enough. I want to be good. And if you decide that, you've got to go all the way."

And all the way is a long, lonely road to travel.

Kim Novak is a star, to be sure. At Columbia, she's the reigning princess. But her position is not so secure that her throne can't shaken—and at Columbia they keep telling her that if she gets married—it will topple.

Nobody, they told Kim, wants a married star. Partly because it's not so glamorous. The fans don't like it. It's romantic if she's in love, but it's dull if she's married.

But that's not the only reason. "You'll lose your ambition," they told her. "How can you work, really give everything, when you know you've got a home to look after, and a meal to fix? When you're worrying about your husband half the day? You'll see—you just won't care any more. And then—"

"But that won't happen," Kim pled. "It isn't just ambition—it's more. It's a dream with me. I've told you how much I want to act. Don't you see?"

"Sure, Kim. Maybe you'll get a maid and a cook to fix (*Continued on page 74*)

1000 FREE SUPER CHARTS

Here's the last chance for MODERN SCREEN readers to obtain up-to-date editions of the famous MODERN SCREEN SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART! The editors have prepared a brand-new, limited supply of 1956 Charts—to be sent absolutely free to the first one thousand readers who fill out and send the questionnaire below. These amazing encyclopedias of information tell you all about almost five hundred stars—their marital status, vital statistics, current pictures, pastimes—everything! So hurry!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE SUSAN HAYWARD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of the **Editorial** ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of **Kim's Dilemma** ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I READ:
☐ all of **How He Proposed**
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DORIS DAY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE ALAN LADD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JOAN COLLINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JEAN SIMMONS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:
☐ all of **Helen Rose** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ:
☐ all of **Louella Parsons In Hollywood**
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. Have you bought anything you've seen in **MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS** in the past six months? ☐ yes ☐ no
What did you buy?..................
....

17. Do you ever make your own clothes or does anyone in your family make clothes for you? ☐ yes ☐ no

18. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) ____________ MALE (1) ____________ FEMALE
(2) ____________ MALE (2) ____________ FEMALE
(3) ____________ MALE (3) ____________ FEMALE

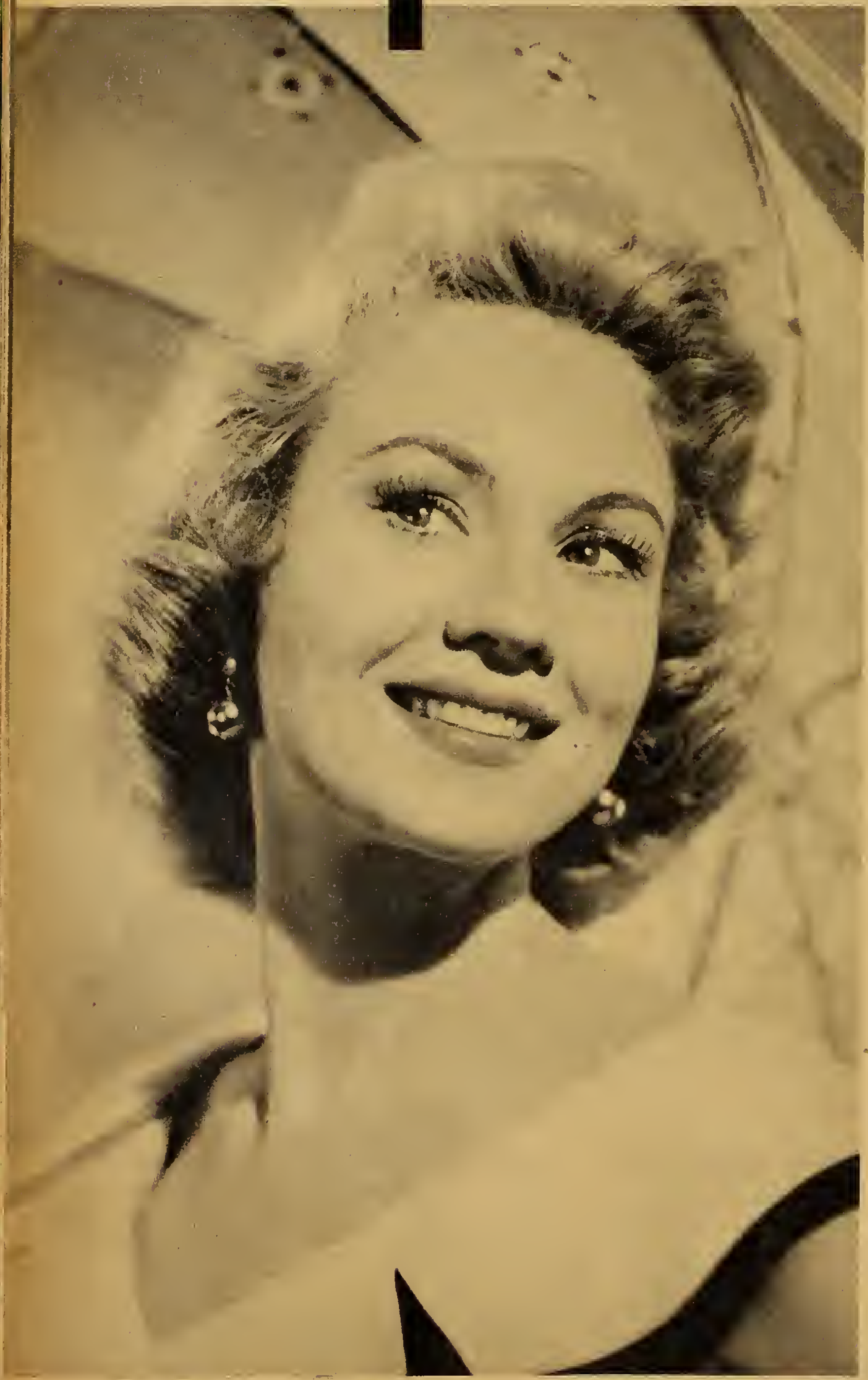
19. To which movie magazines do you subscribe?____________________
____

AGE........**NAME**..............................**ADDRESS**....................
..............................**CITY**..........................**STATE**............

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

TRY A NEW HAIR-DO

Gone is the pony tail—the Italian cut! Hollywood says wear your hair bouffant style as Virginia Mayo shows you in this exclusive photo



See Virginia next in U-I's Congo Crossing

■ There is nothing so stimulating for your morale—or your good looks—as a new hair-do! Unless it's a new beau! But you can't snag "him" unless—your curls are smooth and soft and stylishly set. So here's Hollywood's glamour exclusive about your curls, straight from U-I's great hair stylist, Joan St. Oegger.

Gone is that careless, shaggy-dog look. This season you must wear more hair, it must be beautifully groomed and have a lush, bouffant look akin to that of your billowing skirts!

Study Virginia's picture and you will see that even though perfectly groomed the new hair-do has a loose, casual air that gives a look that's tops with guys!

Curly hair is a "must" for this new style. Naturally curly, or if not so blessed, made curly in a whizz with any one of the easy-to-do home permanents. (See a list of suggested perms, pg. 86).

Joan's hair-set rules are easy to follow. All your curls must be large. Small curls make your hair frizzy and you will fail to get the full and airy look of the coiffure. Always be sure that your curls are set in a uniform manner.

The trick of the hair-do comes after the hair is set. You "must" brush it out thoroughly—be sure the curls are completely dry before you do this. Then—shape the hair with your hands! This gives the lovely bouffant look.

Joan thinks the bouffant style is the perfect hair-do for the new hats and clothes. She likes it, too, because it pops out from under a swim cap looking as trim as ever "if" you press it back neatly before you put your swim cap on.

We watched as Joan set Virginia's hair. Our artist sketched each curl. If you follow the placing of the curls and the exact direction of the hair strands of each curl—you can't miss!

Joan gave us some tips about perms if your hair is not naturally curly. Always towel-dry your pre-perm shampoo as you "must" start your perm with hair that is just barely damp. Do not twist the strands of your hair when you are making the curls. Every home permanent comes with a booklet of scientifically prepared directions. For a professional looking job study it as carefully as a textbook and gather together all the needed materials "before" you start your perm.

Some gals are masterful at cutting their own hair. But in most instances Joan suggests a good barber for correct trimming. Your perms and sets will be more successful and easier to do if your hair is smartly shaped.

Hollywood stars know how to give themselves a perm and how to style and set their hair. They have to—because the activities of these busy career girls sweep them to all parts of the world in some of which professional services are not available. And—these glamour girls must "always" look their best! You should, too!

HERE'S HOW . . . to set the new hair-do—see pg. 80

This new golden richer shampoo makes your hair obey... Makes it instantly easy to manage... because Pamper can't dry your hair. You see— Pamper is so very, very gentle...

SO MUCH RICHER,
SO MUCH THICKER..
YOU CAN FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE

Pamper
Pamper
GOLDEN LIQUID
shampoo
"Gentle as a Lamb"
by Toni
Pamper
shampoo
by Toni

Gentle as a Lamb

HOUSEWARMING

Smile when you say that word to the wetted-down, burned-up Pecks!

■ It started the day Greg Peck and his bride, Veronique, moved into their honeymoon home. It wasn't the dreamhouse he'd promised. The one with the man-size rooms, wishing well and stables he'd planned to have was leased by the Eddie Fishers just ten minutes before Greg arrived with his deposit.

So the couple moved into his bachelor quarters, a picturesque house which Greg referred to as "a renovated chicken coop." "It's quiet," he consoled, "and close to nature." A little *too* close, in fact.

Monday started out uneventful enough. Greg reported to 20th for *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit,* while Veronique tried out one of her native French recipes and began helping hubby read scripts for his own picture company. The house, which boasted a small garden, had a terraced backyard that climbed up the steep canyon wall. Near the end of the week the sun suddenly took a nose-dive into a fat gray cloud, and the rain started. The downpour continued all night. By the next day, the Pecks' garden had floated away and the canyon wall had slumped down the hillside, christening the newlyweds' furniture!

They managed to get out of the house, but they couldn't get back in. Ducking the bulldozer noisily snorting across their yard and the muddy debris, the Pecks salvaged what they could, and moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel.

By the time they were finally able to move back in, he had finished his picture and had turned his full attention to house-hunting. When they found a place, Peck didn't waste any time debating. He pulled out a checkbook and promptly made a deposit on the $95,000 property.

The house, formerly owned by agent Kurt Frings, nestles on the crest of a hill, but with nary a canyon wall to slide into the backyard.

But, first, things had to be put in order. The moving vans weren't even out of sight when Greg and Veronique began unpacking the crates. By late afternoon, everything was uncrated, with mountains of cardboard and tissue paper burning in the incinerator or piled nearby.

The couple were in the kitchen preparing a snack when they heard a woman scream. The shrill yell brought Greg sprinting to the front door, where a motorist, leaning out of her car window, was excitedly pointing to his house. "Mister," she screamed, "your place is on fire!"

Stunned, Peck stared at his house. In the backyard, flames were licking up the sides of the servants' quarters. Veronique ran to phone the fire department while Greg raced for the garden hose.

A few minutes later the firemen arrived and had things under control. "You piled those papers too close to the incinerator," they explained. Looking at the charcoaled servants' wing, it was evident that with a slight change in the wind, the main house would have blazed like a match in a furnace.

Greg looked at his trembling bride and slipped a reassuring arm around her and comforted, "Everything's under control." The lines around his eyes relaxed and crinkled into a smile. "It's all over. Come on, let's finish fixing dinner. Absolutely nothing more can happen." They started for the kitchen, and then she paused. "I wonder," she hesitated, "if I remembered to turn off the gas?"

—by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

(Continued from page 71) dinner for your husband. And if you can keep from feeling guilty, maybe you'll get by. But Kim—what if you have a baby? What do you do then—turn it over to a nurse to bring up?"

Kim shook her head slowly. "Oh, no . . . I couldn't do that. . . ."

"Of course you couldn't. So what then? One picture a year? You're not ready for that, honey. And what if your husband had to move away from Hollywood—what if his business took him somewhere else? Would you let him go alone? Or would you go, too? And if you let him go alone—what good would you be here?"

"I don't know. . . ."

"Well, we know. We're older, and we've been around a long time. And honey, the truth is—if you get married, you're not the only one who won't be so interested in you any more. We love you—but we won't be so interested. We can't afford to be. If you've really got a dream, Kim—make sure you don't wake up out in the cold."

Memories

"All the way," Kim had said. Her friend sat quietly, studying her for a minute. She remembered the time when Kim had been on location for *Picnic,* and had written her half a dozen times, saying frankly, without even being embarrassed—"Call Mac for me. Tell him I wrote you and said I was thinking about Mac. Tell him—tell him not to forget me." And she remembered the night Kim had burst into her room in the Studio Club and wept a damp puddle into her pillow, because it was two whole days since she'd been back and Mac hadn't phoned. And how she couldn't be comforted until one of the sympathetic girls had sneaked down the hall and phoned Mac, and he'd phoned Kim to say he only wanted to give her a chance to rest before he "bothered" her. She remembered what Nick Adams had told her when she had asked how Kim had been on location. "When she wasn't working," Nick had said, "she was almost always by herself. And when she was working—it was as if she loved it because it kept her mind off things."

And so she sat there and looked at her friend, Kim Novak, the movie star, and reflected that she didn't envy her one little bit. And finally, when she spoke, she said, "And after you've gone all the way, Kim—where will you be?"

Kim's lips quivered, and for a moment she looked as if she'd burst into tears. "Oh, I know," she said softly. "The men in the studio have done wonders for me as an actress—but Mac—Mac knew me before I was anybody. Mac has given me—faith, and confidence in myself as a woman."

Her deep eyes filled with tears. "Tell me," she said. "Tell me what I should do."

But no one in Hollywood can tell Kim what to do. Partly because her friends are too close to it, the studio too involved with it. Mac Krim cannot tell her, cannot legitimately say more than he already has told others—"She's a genuinely sweet girl. And she's honest. I've never gone with a girl this long before." He can't make up her mind for her. The decision must be Kim's. At the present, too confused to know just what she thinks, she needs advice from people who can look at her and at her problem clearly, without prejudice, without having an axe to grind.

She laughs when people talk about brides and marrying young—but nervously she adds, "Goodness—I'm twenty-three." And it scares her, to be twenty-three and no nearer marriage—or even a decision—than she was when she was twenty. She does need advice—and soon. **END** based on his make-up research for color TV

Max Factor creates a

new kind of lipstick

new! the color won't come off until you take it off!

new! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!

new! it never, never dries your lips!

new! the brilliant beauty of high fidelity colors!

T BRINGS BRILLIANT NEW BEAUTY to your lips . . . ecause Hi-Fi does for lipstick color what high fidelity oes for music . . . creates a whole new scale of clear, rilliant tones *never possible before.*

HIS BRILLIANT BEAUTY WON'T COME OFF until ou're ready to *take* it off! For Hi-Fi is an altogether *ew kind* of lipstick, radiant with color that stays on eautifully not just 24 hours, but even *longer*.

O 20-MINUTE WAIT FOR IT TO SET! *No blotting.* rom the moment you apply Hi-Fi, your lips are *ready*.

I-FI IS NON-DRYING. *Does not draw the lips.* Creamy-ne, it caresses your lips with appealing smoothness, gives a fresh deliciously moist feeling you will *love*.

HI-FI IS NON-GREASY . . . glides on cleanly, with delicate precision, and stays *put*. Hi-Fi is non-waxy, feels perfectly natural on your lips.

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Max Factor's
hi-fi
Lipstick

ıe dream lipstick only Max Factor could make come true • now available to the public for the first tin

when we're alone

(*Continued from page 37*) day, from dawn to the flick of the last light switch at night, is dedicated to the collection and storing of memories.

My husband, John Wayne, is truly a homebody, every bit of the man about the house. He claims he is tidy, but as soon as he enters the door at the end of the day he throws his jacket into the air and expects it to land in a proper place. Then he lunges at a sofa or a chair and collapses. If you saw it for the first time you'd think he was through for the night—but this collapse generally lasts for about a minute and a half.

Soon, he glances at the fireplace. Winter or summer his next concern is the fireplace. As he often says, "It's chilly enough in California for a fire every night." He gets to his feet, pushes the fire screen open with his big boot and trundles from four to half-a-dozen huge logs onto the hearth. Enough to heat a small village. Then he crouches down and turns on the gas starter and throws in a match. At this point I'm near a door, because when he turns anything on he turns it *on*—and there is a respectable explosion, which so far, thank heaven, he has been able to duck. When an inferno is raging up the chimney he settles back in a seat and announces: "I'm so tired tonight I just can't talk on the telephone. I'm not in to anybody." And I say, "Yes dear."

Of course the phone rings immediately and I answer it and say, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Wayne is not at home." Then I put my hand over the mouthpiece so that Duke can ask me—as he always does—who it is. I tell him and he says, "Oh, well, I'm in to *him*." And I hand him the phone—and while he's explaining how he just walked in the door, I go to see about dinner. I figure he'll be ready in about an hour, which gives him ample time to ring up the people who haven't called him.

We don't have many visitors out at our place, so dinner is generally a twosome by candle light. We settle more family matters at our dining room table than they do in most domestic relations columns. Like most things he does, Duke enjoys his food to the limit. And he's easy to cook and plan for. He doesn't care what he eats—as long as it's steak.

Most evenings we just sit and talk or play gin rummy or watch television after dinner, but a couple of times a week we see a movie. Since Duke became an active producer about five years ago he has had to have a projection room in his home.

We go to bed at a reasonable hour. Our bedroom is very large and Duke seems to walk over most of it several times before he gets into his pajamas and under the covers. Our bed is the biggest I have ever seen. It just fits Duke, but I sometimes feel I'm sleeping on a football field. Duke trots about the room picking up magazines and books and newspapers. He stacks them on the bed beside him until the place begins to look like a newsstand in a railway station, and then he props his pillows up, turns on his reading light, establishes himself comfortably for a long night of concentration on the printed word. From that point on I take over—and I time him like a stop watch. In exactly forty-five seconds he yawns. At a minute and ten seconds he rubs his eyes. At a minute and fifty seconds they close, and five seconds later the magazine or book falls from his hand.

I wait until his breathing is regular and then, one by one, I quietly remove the mound of literature from the bed to the floor and turn off his light. And I smile, because I know that in the morning he'll say, "I didn't sleep too well. I read half the night." And I'll say, "Yes, dear, I know."

Who are you?

Being married to a man in my husband's profession has its surprises. I'll never forget the first shock of seeing him as a movie character. Although he plays Western roles a good deal, Duke has never worn any such costume in public off the screen. He is a slacks and sports jacket or a business suit and necktie man. It was during our courtship days. Duke was making *Hondo* in Mexico and I was invited down to spend a few days with the company. I arrived during the afternoon while everyone was out in the desert on location. I went into Duke's cabin and decided to straighten it up for him. I was busy with my chores some time later when the door opened. I turned around and there stood the dirtiest looking cowboy I have ever seen. His pants hadn't been cleaned or pressed in years, and he wore a buckskin jacket that reeked of endless days and nights of wind and weather. A huge knife was stuck in his belt and he carried a rifle. And beneath a torn hat was a face that was vaguely familiar.

"Can I help you?" I said.

"Sure," said the fright. "Give me a kiss."

If you've stopped listening to radio you missed these two funnies this week: Amos of "A. & A." said a woman might be just a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, but they've learned to package the stuff rather nicely. And a Jack Benny actress said, "When he kisses me with those thick glasses on, I feel like I'm window shopping."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

After a while I was sure it was Duke. After he changed clothes and showered.

And being married to a movie star can be heart-rending. There was the time he was working on a picture and got a terrible infection in his ear. If your husband works in an office, you just dump him into bed or take him to a hospital and phone the boss and say he won't be in until he's better. But not in the movies. When a star is in the middle of a picture the employment of possibly hundreds of people depends on his presence on the set.

Duke's infection started slowly, but after a week it was so severe that he couldn't open his mouth even to eat and he was in constant and dreadful pain. We had a doctor, all right. He said, "Put him in a hospital. Antibiotics don't seem to help. He's got to be where he can be watched."

But Duke wouldn't hear of it. "I can't do it, honey," he would moan. "I'm in the middle of a picture." In a few days his ear was swollen completely shut. It was so bad they could only photograph one side of his face. We quarreled about that. I insisted he tell them to shut down the picture—but he wouldn't listen to me. And all I could do was wait until the day's shooting was over and watch over him as he fell exhausted into bed and slipped into painful sleep.

Christmases with Duke

I think I will remember Christmas times with Duke most fondly. Most husbands, they tell me, take Christmas in their stride. It is a holiday—and the wife looks after all the details. Well, not in our house.

Along about the end of November he always says, "Don't you think it's about time we got the tree?"

"What tree?" I ask.

An expression of shock crosses his face. "Why, the Christmas tree, of course."

"Don't you think it's a little early?"

"Early!" he roars. "It will be here before you know it."

He generally waits about a week, in deference to my lack of enthusiasm, I think, and then one day about eight men come to the front door with a tree you just know will never fit in any house. But they manage to get it in—and with Duke directing the operation like a David Belasco it is installed in our living room. For the next few days he sneaks packages into the garage, and one morning when I come downstairs a little late there he is, covered with shreds of tinsel and cotton and smeared with some sort of white goo that squirts fake snow from cans.

From that point on I am not consulted about anything. Like a possessed agent of Santa Claus he charges about the house hanging baubles and setting up groups of angels. And when the place really looks like Macy's Christmas window, he lugs in cases of the white goo and sprays every window in the house. And it gets worse every year. Last year I turned on a light switch and from every direction shafts of brilliance descended on the most beautiful nativity scene I have ever seen. There was the stable and the manger with the Christ child nestled in the straw. And there were the animals placed so perfectly they seemed real, and the shepherds and a brilliant star hanging above it all. The only false note is that Duke created this masterpiece in the center of our pool table.

Christmas Eve and Christmas are family days and we both love them. But soon a strain sets in. We never discuss it—but one day, about the middle of January, Duke begins to dismantle his handywork—and when it is done he sits about for a day or so. He doesn't complain. He does, however, heave a huge and melancholy sigh every three or four minutes for at least a week.

The vices of my husband

Most married men have all sorts of vices, according to the gossip columns. And Duke has his, too. A couple of times a week he casually strolls into his den with a large stack of magazines and shuts the door. Vague sounds, like the clipping of scissors and the scratching of a pen emanate from the room for an hour or so and then Duke comes out, his jacket pocket bulging with envelopes, and announces that he's going down to the corner for a few minutes. About a week later the results of his efforts begin to come in the mail. Large packages, small packages, thin packages and fat packages. He opens them carefully and inspects the contents. They contain such equipment as invisible ink, pocket hand-warmers, careers in accounting and television repair, guitars, midget radios, awls (the better to sew leather), hand saws, piano tuning equipment, chemicals for dyeing rugs. You name it—we have it in our garage. And I have yet to see his face really light up at the sight of one of his purchases. But he doesn't complain, either. The most I have ever heard him say is: "Those fellows who make up those ads can sure write, can't they?"

There are three of us living in our house now, Duke and I and our baby, Aissa. And I'll never forget the past few months as Duke waited with me for the birth.

The day after I had been to the doctor and received the good news, Duke walked in the door lugging the biggest package he ever brought home. He tore off the wrapping and I leaped back in terror. He was hanging on to a life-size replica of a snarling tiger.

"What is that?" I demanded.

"It's a present for the kid," he said.

"What kid?" I asked.

"Our kid," he snorted.

And he started upstairs to what had

been my sewing room but what Duke immediately began to call the nursery.

"If he ever sees that thing," I said, "he'll refuse to move in with us!"

And it was that way every day almost for eight long months. Well, "he" turned out to be a little girl, but if we are to get our money's worth she will be playing with toys at the age of forty.

The arrangement of the nursery is generally a woman's job. Not in our house, though. As a matter of fact, I was hardly allowed into the room. I would hear voices in the room and go to see what was going on. I'd try the door and Duke would say, "Just a minute, honey, we're busy in here." And I'd go away. What does a woman know about nurseries, anyway?

But one night he showed me something that I think is the finest present a woman ever got from the father of her child. For a day or two strange men with all sorts of equipment had been running up and down the stairs and into the nursery. When I asked Duke what was going on he said he'd tell me later. That night, after dinner, he suggested we sit in the living room and watch television. We turned on the set and looked at a musical show for a few minutes. Then Duke said, "Switch to Channel Six."

"There's no such thing as Channel six," I said.

"Let's turn it on anyway," Duke said.

He's bigger than I am so I did—and there outlined on the screen was a picture. I couldn't make it out, although it was vaguely familiar. "What is that?" I asked.

"You are looking, Mrs. Wayne," said Duke, "at your baby's bed."

"What is my baby's bed doing on television?" I demanded. "It's supposed to be upstairs. And when did we get a Channel Six?"

"It *is* upstairs," Duke said. "We can't sit up there all the time, so I had a television camera put in there and all we have to do is turn on Channel Six on any television set in the house and we can keep an eye on the baby."

I just got back from the store a little while ago and on the way home I heard that song on the radio again. "Memories Are Made Of This." They surely are made of the things they say in the words of the song. And they are made of all of the other simple things that are part of life. It takes time to collect them—and a lot of time to think about them so they remain clear and fresh. But they are worth all the effort, for one day they may be all we have left. No one can be sure.

In a minute I'll go to the window and watch for Duke's car to swing out of the eucalyptus grove and start for the gate.

The day we were married in Hawaii, Duke and I had one fast moment together in the kitchen of the house we got ready for the ceremony in. He took me in his arms and pointed to the odds and ends that go to make up a house. "Are you going to be waiting for me every night in a place like this when I come home from work?" he demanded.

"I promise," I said.

"Yeah," he teased. "You'll forget some night."

"No," I said. "I won't forget. Any night—or any day."

I haven't so far—and I don't think I ever will. **END**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Pilar asked us to tell you that her English isn't quite this good—she wanted us to correct the mistakes, and so we did. You know, Spanish is her original tongue and she spoke nothing else until she met and married Duke. But except for correcting the grammar and spelling, we have not changed one word or one thought of Pilar's beautiful story.

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(Continued from page 20)

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MRS. JOYCE SMITH
Virginia Beach, Virginia

BOB CARMINES
Hampton, Virginia

MRS. LORRAINE EDWARDS
Roanoke, Virginia

marlon brando

(Continued from page 59) theatre racket, and you've been lucky so far, but surely you know that Brando is the toughest guy in the world to deal with. He's the biggest thing in pictures and theatre and even MGM couldn't make a good boy of him."

"Nonsense," Engle said mildly. "Why, I knew the Brandos years ago when Marlon was just a school boy. His father and I were great friends. I've never met Marlon personally, but coming from a family like that I'd bet my Playhouse he's neither tough nor difficult." And he said to his secretary, "Find out where Marlon Brando is and see if you can get him on the phone."

An hour later the call came through from New York. Engel identified himself and they talked pleasantly about the Brando family for a time. Then Engel said what he had in mind, and asked Marlon if he'd come down for a visit.

"Why, sure," said Marlon enthusiastically. "When?"

A few minutes later Engel hung up. "He'll be here for the opening of *Streetcar Named Desire*. If that's being tough to deal with, I'll buy it!"

Change of plans

But a week or two after that the adviser was back, this time with real trouble in his voice. "I've just heard that Brando and Bankhead are not exactly bosom pals," he said. "At least that's the rumor. Some run-in they had in New York. Anyway, if he shows here when she opens in *Streetcar*, there could be some unpleasantness. And a bad press."

"We wouldn't want that," Engel said judiciously. "Well, only one thing to do."

This time, when he talked to Marlon, he explained simply that there had been a change in plans and it would just be more convenient if Marlon could make it at a later date, say for the Bea Lillie opening. He listened to Marlon's reply, then thanked him and said goodby.

"What'd he say, what'd he say?"

Engel lit a cigarette. "He said 'Okay.'"

"That's all?"

"Isn't that enough?"

It turned out to be. One evening, just at dusk, a rented Cadillac convertible wearing a Palm Beach tag turned into the drive of Engel's fabulous seaside mansion and Marlon hopped out. The butler directed him around the house to the pool, where Engel was waiting.

Engel had intended an informal little get-acquainted chat over drinks before dinner. Once Marlon had sprawled on a pool lounge and started to talk, however, time slipped away before either of them knew it. The butler brought dinner to them, waited, cleared away. They were a curious pair to like one another so much, so quickly. The shrewd, worldly millionaire and the restless, too-talented actor—each wire-tight with energy and curiosity and need for expression, each overwhelmingly successful at his job, each superbly an individual.

They had spent almost two hours discussing Marlon's forthcoming tour of Asia (on his way to the Philippines to make *Teahouse Of The August Moon*) and the good will he might be able to create during the trip, when one of them noticed that it was two-thirty in the morning.

As they strolled up a gravelled, flooc
lighted walk to a flagstone terrace, Eng
suddenly noticed a line of red ants crossir
the path. Instinctively he reached out wit
his right foot to crush them, only to fir
that a large black loafer was there firs
blocking him, protecting the ants.

"Please," Marlon said, "don't do that

A moment later, as Engel said gooc
night at the door of Marlon's room, h
asked, "Why did you stop me? They're on
ants. They're a big nuisance down here

Marlon shrugged. "I don't know. They'
alive, is all. I can't stand seeing any livir
thing killed." He flashed the Brando gri
pure charm. "See you tomorrow."

During the next thirty-six hours a l
of people came in contact with Marlo
Brando, in the tiny, rich, shaded com
munity of Cocoanut Grove. Press agen
and secretaries, ushers and barbers, famo
names and names of small importanc
I talked to most of them, and I have p
their impressions together. Here is the pi
ture as it finally emerged.

Margaret

Margaret, a young, pretty brunette se
retary in Engel's employ, was detailed
serve Marlon in a business capaci
throughout his stay: George, a public r
lations man—also young, but by the na
ture of his calling intensely more sophist
cated than the secretary—was assigned t
task of making Marlon happy, as far
the press was concerned and otherwis

The secretary approached her new a
signment with considerable interest ar
some trepidation. She'd read a lot of stori
about this *enfant terrible* named Brand
and although she had survived Talulla
she had then at least been dealing wi
a member of her own sex, a relative
known quantity. Brando was the unknow
a handsome and sexy male who was su
posed to eat up little secretaries at t
drop of a comma. She knew, also, that t
men on the Playhouse staff were eve
more skeptical about Marlon.

Margaret decided to wait and see. To
brief, she was first astonished, the
charmed, and finally she appears to ha
lost her heart to the guy. Brando greete
her wearing a spanking new fuzzy oran
sports shirt and sky-blue pants, ar
wanted her opinion. She told him in
honesty that on him they looked good, b
she wouldn't advise the average guy
wear them. Too gay, even for the Grov
He was pleased. "Don't worry, I've
the right suit for opening night," he sai
and then settled down to business.

About thirty wires and cables later, a
dressed to Havana, New York, Chica
Hollywood, the Philippines, and ev
Tokyo, he drew breath, stretched, a
said, "Oh by the way—in all those me
sages where I asked for any favors, wou
you please insert the word 'please'? Wher
ever it fits best."

They went into his schedule for t
next twenty-four hours, then, and at t
end of the appraisal looked at one anoth
appalled. "You'll never make it, M
Brando," said Margaret.

"We can try," he said. "But just no
there's this gal I met the other day. H
mother's in the Philippines, somewhe
along the route I'm going to take ne
month. I think it would be nice if I cou

HAVE YOU ENTERED THE LADY ELLEN PRINCESS CONTEST yet? LADY ELLEN in cooper
tion with MODERN SCREEN is giving a lucky girl a chance for a movie, TV, or stage career. As wi
ner, you'd receive a trip to Hollywood, a $500 wardrobe; and a two year scholarship at t
Pasadena Playhouse (or any U.S. Liberal Arts College). To enter, write a letter starting off "M
Greatest Wish Is . . ." and in 50 words or less tell us that wish. (If nominating someone else, t
us your greatest wish for her.) For details, purchase a 25 cent card of LADY ELLEN Pin Curls
Klippies containing all the contest rules.

call on the mother and let her know her daughter's doing well here in the States. Only I don't know the old lady's address. Let's phone the girl long distance and find out, hey?"

Margaret looked at the sardines-in-the-can schedule. "It'll take an hour or two."

"Let's call her, okay?"

So Marlon's private business affairs stalled, the telephone line went on "hold," and the *enfant terrible*, the difficult tough guy, the egoistic, unfeeling, insensitive eccentric quietly caught up on his reading until, over an hour later, the call came through. He spent another very expensive forty minutes noting down messages from the girl to her mother.

When George, the press agent, finally got together with Marlon he was prepared for anything. What he got was the Brando grin, a handshake, and easy-going courtesy. Photographs? Why not? The local press? "You know the schedule; if you can fit them in it's fine with me."

George managed to squeeze in two interviews, one for each of Miami's leading papers, and Marlon handled both with unfailing taste and good humor. When one lady reporter, remembering *Guys And Dolls*, asked if he intended to go on vocalizing in movies, he managed a laugh and an engaging answer. "I'll kiss a pig before I do," he said solemnly. "I know when I've had it."

And then George, by now melted and thawed, as pro-Brando as Margaret, said, "If there's anything I can do for you, anything to make your stay more pleasant—"

"Do you know any girls?"

George smiled weakly. "Dozens."

"I mean it might be nice to have a date or the opening tomorrow night. I don't now anybody down here, and I'm odd man in Mr. Engel's party."

George drew breath again. "We'll manage some introductions," he said. "Someone who's a friend of the Engels."

"I thought I'd wear a dark suit and white shirt. That all right? It's just a local crowd, isn't it?"

"Not exactly local. Bea Lillie knows everybody in the world, apparently—they're coming in from Palm Beach, the Bahamas, Havana, South America. Tennessee Williams and the theatre people will be here, and Walter Winchell, and—"

Marlon closed his eyes, "We'd better forget about the date. I didn't realize. With that crowd, if I show with a girl they'll have me married to her the next morning. It wouldn't hurt me but what about the girl?"

Joe Canudo, the bandleader, met the late Serge Rachmaninoff during a band engagement in Boston. "Mr. Rachmaninoff," he said, "you ought to come and see my outfit. We got a left-handed guitar player who plays your 'Prelude'" . . . Rachmaninoff's curiosity was roused. He came to see Canudo's band, and heard the guitar player do the "Prelude" as a solo . . . "That was fine," Rachmaninoff told him. "But it wasn't my 'Prelude.' He played Chopin's."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

"I see what you mean," said George. And he liked the guy even better.

The opening night of *An Evening With Bea Lillie* was just getting off to a brilliant, ermine-and-diamonds start when George Engel arrived with his party.

"My God, that's Marlon Brando," said a bejewelled young lady, and dropped her evening bag in the goldfish pond.

A moment later, Marlon, suited as becomes a smart young man in such company, sat down for awhile with Walter Winchell, dined on a $20 steak in the Playhouse restaurant, and then watched Miss Lillie's enchanting performance.

But before the curtain rose or he could take his seat, an usher came up to him and said, "My niece is in the eighth row. She's only twelve, and you're so important to her. If she could meet you—"

"I'd love it," Marlon said. The girl was brought up the aisle to him, and they talked for a moment in the lounge.

The little girl, well-mannered, said, "I've enjoyed meeting you so much, Mr. Brando."

"Me too," he said—and reached in his pocket, and pulled out a bottle of French perfume, valued conservatively at $125. "I figured I might meet somebody cute tonight, so I brought a present."

And he pressed the fabulous little jewel of perfume into her hand.

Well, except for some rag-tags and bob-ends, that's the portrait of Marlon during his weekend in Florida, off-camera, off-duty, off-scrutiny—so far as he knew. There's a lot more on my desk, but space doesn't permit.

Let's pull the rag-tags together.

In defiance of his reputation as a psychopathic driver who muscles his way through traffic and spews obscenities at other motorists, Marlon, according to all who rode with him in Florida that weekend, drove handily but lawfully, granting the right-of-way, neglecting to run down any little old ladies, and uttering nary an oath.

He was never seen publicly except in the most conservative clothes.

He did not drink.

He did not sneer at anybody, nor upstage anybody, nor talk down to anybody. Everyone who met him, liked him. Of the dozen (give or take one or two) people I talked with, not one had a word to say against him. And remember, he had no ax to grind. He was not trying.

He was just being Marlon Brando, stranger in town. He can come back any time. **END**

---

ave you met sal?

Continued from page 46) home the script, was handwritten—and studied it as ough my life depended on it. By that me I was afraid I *couldn't* play the part. nd then a few days later in a religious ook I was studying I saw a picture of rist as a boy. In it He was carrying a aff. I decided I wanted one. The sisters ld me it wasn't necessary to have one the play, but I had become a stickler r realism. I *had* to have a staff. Somee suggested a sawed-off broomstick. hat an idea! I wouldn't hear of it. By e afternoon of the play I still didn't have staff. We dressed in one of the class oms. When I was ready I walked down e corridor to the rear of the stage ennce. I felt awful without the staff.

'And then I saw it. It was hanging on wall. A fire hook over a sign 'For ergency Only.' For me, this was a nuine emergency! I took the hook wn, and I tied a blue ribbon from my stume on the top. Very carefully.

Can you picture me walking onto that ge, so happy, with that fire hook?

But the strangest part of all was what pened—or, in a way, what didn't hap—when the curtains closed at the end. There was no applause. The audience, stly mothers and fathers, just sat there ntly for a moment. Then, one by one, y got up and left. I was disappointed n, but I know now that it was one of most sacred moments of my life. That t will always be my favorite.

Anyway, I couldn't stop thinking of the stage. But I didn't think about acting. I wanted to be a musical star."

He didn't wait long. Because only a couple of months after, fate happened by.

Sal was playing outside the Mineo house in the Bronx with a bunch of kids when he felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up to see a gentleman staring at him. "Son," said the man, "you have *talent!* Take me to your mother!"

And a minute later he was explaining to Mrs. Mineo that her youngest was not only good-looking but possibly a theatrical genius—it was that charm coming through. And he just happened, by sheer coincidence to know of a dancing school that might have room for Sal.

Mrs. Mineo looked at him with considerable disbelief—not that she didn't think her son was extraordinary—and all her other children besides—but she didn't trust him. Sal, on the other hand, gazed at him the way he was accustomed to looking at ice cream sodas. "Ma," he begged, "send me, Ma. Give me lessons, Ma . . . huh?" He kept it up until his mother, unconvinced, accepted the stranger's card and said she'd let him know. He kept it up all afternoon and all evening. His two older brothers, Mike and Victor, lent support, mostly because they knew the family rules—what one kid gets, the others get, too—or the equivalent thereof. Both boys wanted music lessons—they craved clarinets. If Sal got to dance, they'd get to play. And Sarina, the baby of the family, lent her voice, though she hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about, because anything Sal wanted to do was fine by her.

After two weeks of that, Mrs. Mineo gave up and took Sal to the studio. In a way she had been right—the man was not to be trusted. What the studio wanted was to take pictures of Sal and accept large quantities of money from the Mineos. The quality of the lessons they provided was distinctly not their primary concern. But in another way, Sal was right. Because he did have talent. He learned the dances they taught him, and when his footwork slipped a little, no one noticed because he had something better than footwork. He learned to sing a little and he threw himself so completely into a song that his teachers couldn't have told you if he was off-key or not. He had talent and something better—he had drive and love.

Share-the-wealth

So Mike and Victor got their clarinets and even Sarina got in on the share-the-wealth plan and went to dancing school with Sal. There wasn't much wealth to share, but nobody cared. The boys all pitched in and helped. Sal went into the newspaper business at the age of nine.

"I sold papers in the Bronx. My spot was near a subway kiosk and my brother, he was older, warned me never to get on the trains without him. But every afternoon I wanted to get on one and go. I didn't know where. One day my brother, who was a real businessman, refused to let me keep the tips I'd made. I was angry and after I sold my papers the next day I went down, down, down to where the trains were and got on the first one that stopped. I rode for miles, it seemed. Then I got off and followed the crowd up the stairs.

FASHIONS *cont'd from pg. 70*

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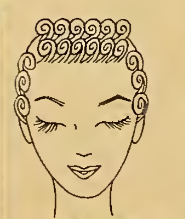
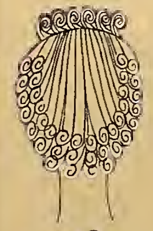
BEAUTY *cont'd from page 72*

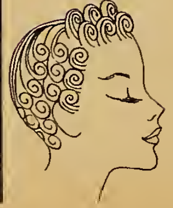
HERE'S HOW . . .



Make two rows of six large upstanding curls across top of head — one row of three large curls on each of the sides.



Make two rows of large curls above and back of ears — three rows of very large curls across the nape of the neck.



View of sides — both are identical. Be sure to comb each hair strand before winding — wind curls in proper direction.

"And all of a sudden I was on Broadway. A million miles of colored neon, ear-splitting whistles and those head-piercing police sirens. I thought the world had gone mad. And I was alone. I was so small people fell over me.

"Then I saw a theatre marquee. You know what I did? I counted the letters to see if my name would fit. Salvatore was too long, so I changed it right then and there, to Sal."

After that, theatre wasn't a drive any more—it was a passion. The Mineos recognized it and they took Sal and Sarina out of the dancing school and put them in a better one. And in that school, a real talent scout found Sal, and signed him to dance on the *Ted Steele Hour.*

The new kids

At this point the Mineos packed up and moved. The boys were growing up in more ways than one, and needed room around the house. They found a three-story house near the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, rented out the bottom floor and moved into the upper two. What sold them on the house was the empty space next door to it—room for the boys to chase around, away from the city streets. But in making the move, Sal ran into a bit of trouble.

"You see, my father makes coffins! And if you think people in Hollywood look at me funny when I tell them, you should have seen the kids at our new place.

"They wouldn't have anything to do with me. So late one afternoon I thought I'd get on their good side and have some fun. I told them to come over to the back entrance to my father's shop and look in the big coffin just inside the door. I said it would be filled with bags of candy. I got home from school before they arrived. Just as the sun was going down they all sneaked in through the big doorway and two of them lifted the coffin lid.

"What they didn't know was that I had climbed in when I heard them coming.

"Just as the lid was opened I jumped up and hollered 'Boo!' Their eyes almost fell out of their heads! Were they scared! They screamed and as soon as they could unstick themselves from the spots where they had frozen, they dashed out of the door yelling for their mothers, their fathers, anybody! My father came out and in five minutes—which included a paddling—taught me why I should never do that again.

"He made me give each kid candy and I had to pay for it out of my allowance.

"The kids took the candy but they wouldn't take me. I still didn't belong.

"About three months later, though, I made it. One of the gang got a pack of cigarettes and three cigars. They had never smoked before. They all wanted the cigarettes. I followed them behind a billboard. They started to puff and said if I wanted to smoke I'd have to try the cigar. I was ready to do anything to prove I was one of the bunch. They lit the cigarettes and I lit the cigar. In five minutes they were all sick. Me? I was puffing away on the cigar, enjoying every minute of it. After they recovered they elected me vice-president of the club and from that time on I had their respect and admiration and was considered a pretty tough character. I still don't smoke, and I still don't know why I didn't became ill. But I was happy.

"Only it didn't last. The day after I danced on the Ted Steele show, I was out of the gang again. I got the "sissy" routine from them and I wound up in a long and bloody fight with the gang president. We got taken to the principal's office, and he wanted to know why I'd started the battle. So I told him. I had to dance eight bars to prove it!"

He might have gone through the rest of school that way, dancing and fighting, but fate took a hand again—in the form of still a third scout. This one saw him on the Ted Steele show and asked him to audition for *The Rose Tattoo,* which was getting ready for Broadway. It wasn't a big part—he had to chase the goat across the stage and holler—but it was Broadway. And it entitled him to the Professional Children's School in Manhattan.

After that, the passion became an obsession and there was no holding him back. TV offers poured in and it broke his heart when he was too busy to accept them. He played summer stock and read every play he could get his hands on, and then Rodgers and Hammerstein called him and asked if he were interested in reading for the part of the Crown Prince in their new show—*The King And I.*

"I had to sing at the audition and I was very much off key. Anyway, they said I was too small to play the Crown Prince, but let me understudy the Prince role. A year later the original Prince grew too tall and by then I was just right.

"But one night before that I had to take the part of one of the King's young sons. The original boy who played the role was sick and he was smaller than I was. But I got into his costume. It was so tight on me I could scarcely breathe. At one point in the play I had to bend over. As I did my belt broke clean and fell to the floor and the velvet pants split straight down the rear. And at the very moment I was forced into a dance, a ring-around-the-rosy thing, with the other children. I was right in mid-stage when the pants dropped down to my ankles. The audience was hysterical at the craziest colored pair of shorts a prince ever wore.

"Gertrude Lawrence got me out of my misery. She ad-libbed, patted me gently and shooed me off the stage."

The director forgave him. Sal spent another year with the show, playing the Crown Prince, and then got his first movie—*Six Bridges To Cross.* Fate again, but this time dressed as his brother Mike.

Hollywood

By now, you see, the rest of the family had been bitten by the acting bug. Mike was the only one really interested in going into it professionally, so Mrs. Mineo placed his photo in an actors' directory. There it was seen by the casting director of *Six Bridges,* who needed someone to play Jeff Chandler as a boy.

This time it was Sal's turn to play escort and waiter-for, so he took Mike to the audition hall. Once there, he was invited to read for the part. "Though, of course," the director said, "you don't look anything like Chandler. But read."

So he read. A week or so later Chandler dropped out of the cast and Tony Curtis was signed to replace him. And who looks like Tony Curtis as a boy? Sal does.

"All my scenes were shot in Boston. Two months later I was called to the West Coast to do some retakes. That's when I got a part in *The Private War Of Major Benson.* Then *Rebel.*"

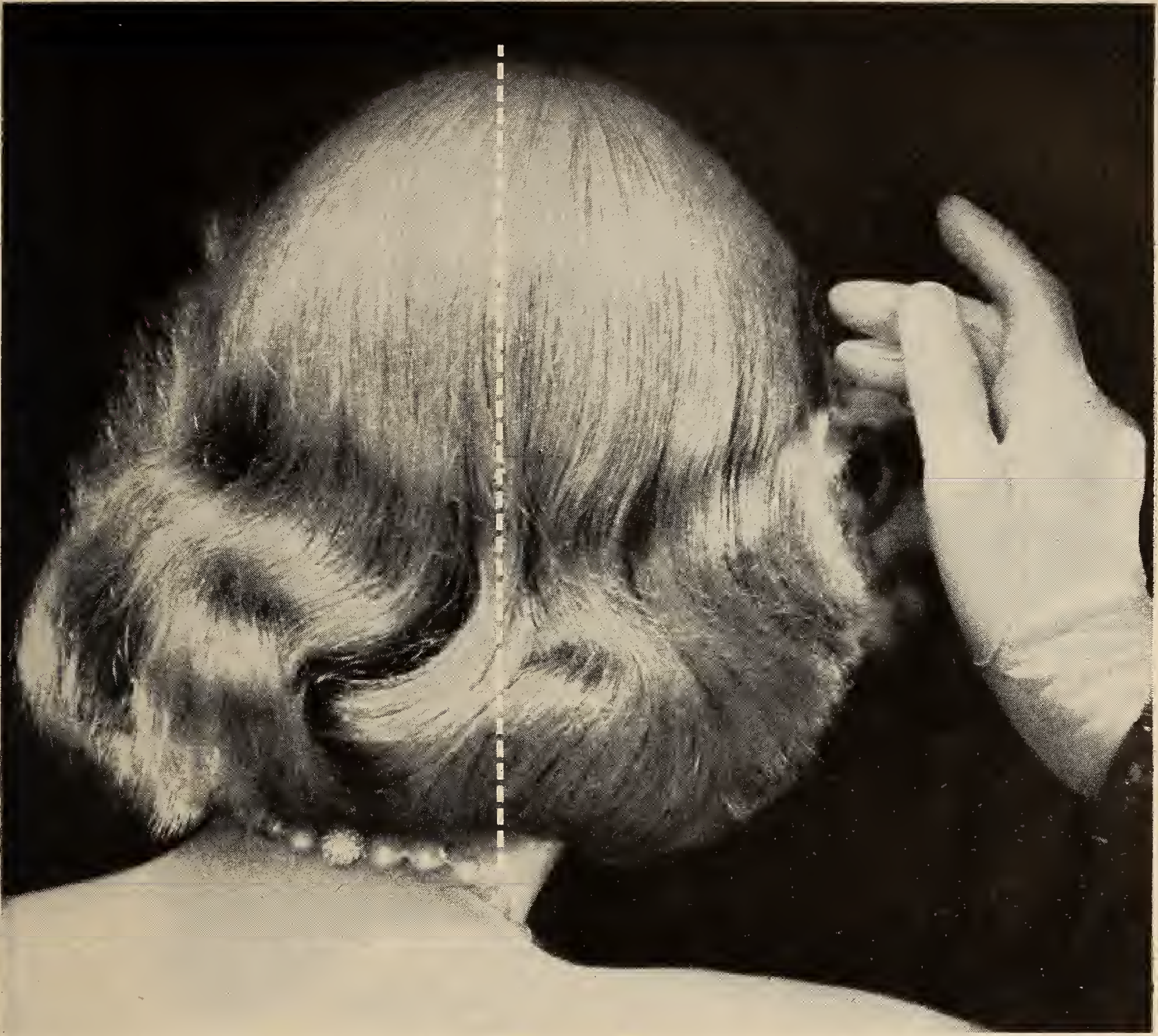
When Sal auditioned for *Rebel Without A Cause* it didn't look as though he had a prayer of getting it. "Frankly," director Nick Ray told him before he read a line, "you're not at all the kind of boy I have in mind. As long as you're here, read—but don't get your hopes up."

Sal had heard that before. So he read.

"Sorry," the director said, "I still don't think you're right for it."

Sal took it as

(Continued on page 82)



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(*Continued from page 80*) gracefully as he could, chalked it up to experience and told himself there were other parts he could try for. But he couldn't lose the feeling of wanting to play Plato.

And oddly enough, Nick Ray couldn't get him out of his mind. A week later he called him into his office.

"Mr. Ray had a deep frown on his face when I walked in. He was very serious. Finally, after looking at me for a few minutes he said, 'Sal, every once in a while a director has to gamble. I'm going to take a chance. You're Plato.'

"I didn't know what to say. I guess I worked harder at playing Plato than at anything, not so much for myself, but to keep faith with Mr. Ray."

And the ways and means of playing it weren't always very conventional. Take those scenes in which Plato looks at Jim Stark with such complete love and longing in his eyes that you know—just know—that having this boy's friendship is the most important thing in the world to Plato. Somehow, Sal couldn't get those scenes right—the desperation wasn't there.

Ray stepped in. "Sal," he said, "stop trying to 'be' Plato, and be yourself. Now, think. Is there anything in the world you want as much as Plato wanted a friend?"

Sal thought for a minute. Then his eyes lit up. "My driver's license!" he said, being still a few weeks too young for that.

"Fine," said Ray. "Now look at Jimmy as if he were your driver's license!"

And the result was an Oscar nomination. The result of *that* is parts in *Giant*, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, and probably in *The Old Man And The Sea*.

So life is moving swimmingly for the third son of the Bronx casket-maker. School is rough, but not too rough, on the MGM lot. "Know where I live when I'm here in Hollywood? In my teacher's house! It still doesn't help me with my marks. But I graduate in June! Hot dog!"

And romance?

"I've had crushes on a couple of girls and didn't get crushed back. But love? I love my parents. I don't think I've been in the kind of love people talk about.

"I had another love happen to me, however. You know how most boys are with kid sisters. For a long time I considered my sister a pest, a nuisance. She was a bother to me. I had to watch out for her on the street, feed her, all the chores.

"One day I came home from school and found the house empty. There was a note for me to go to the hospital about a half-mile from our house. I ran all the way.

"When I arrived I went up to the children's ward. And there on a bed, with my family standing around and fear on all their faces, was the little figure of my sister, Sarina. My mother told me Sarina had polio. And in that instant I think I hated myself for every moment I had not loved her and protected her.

"Two days later, a little girl in the bed next to my sister, with exactly the same type of polio, died. Then I found out what real fear was, fright that is so bad you can't think straight. I used to fall asleep praying for Sarina.

"She recovered. She's been well ever since. Boy, I'll never forget that."

And as for Hollywood, when he thinks about it, Sal's big eyes grow wider.

"All this," he says, "is a dream I dreamed when I was a kid. I know I'm still a kid.

"Now I've got to learn to keep my head."

But nobody's worried. He's kept it for seventeen hectic, exciting years. He's likely to keep it for seventy more. **END**

---

wedding belles

(*Continued from page 56*) (or at least she approaches her marriage with such upright and righteous intention) and a bride should look like a bride and live up that day for all it is worth. I don't mean she should throw caution and money to the winds and buy the most expensive thing she can find—although it isn't a bad idea at all if she can afford it. If she *can't* afford it, such extravagance isn't necessary at all. Rather, the most important point about any girl's wedding gown is good taste. To begin with, the wedding ceremony is a religious one, and no bride should ever lose sight of the fact. A wedding, even if it takes place in a private home, is a solemn affair of a pious nature and should never be viewed as a fashion show. Because of this, good taste is enormously important. The aim should always be simplicity rather than glamour or expense, and once that is understood the ideas should evolve around the bride's own personality and, of course, figure.

Before I get into the matter of the ensemble fitting the personality, I think I should list a few cardinal rules that ought to be observed. Because of the religious aspect I would strongly recommend a normal or high neckline. Low-cut wedding gowns, to me, are in extremely bad taste. Sleeves should be preferably long, and if not, long kid gloves should be worn—at a formal wedding. As for make-up, it depends on whether the bride will tend to flush or pale under nervous tension, but whatever the verdict cosmetics should be used as lightly as possible. Jewelry should be kept at a minimum; perhaps diamond earrings, or a strand of pearls and pearl earrings. Good taste in clothes is a matter of elimination. At my final fittings we put on all the jewelry and then take it off piece by piece, stopping when the effect is right. The important thing is to keep it simple, almost unnoticeable. The same goes for nail polish, which should be very light, and for shoes, which should be particularly unobtrusive. If a girl can wear a closed heel and toe pump comfortably, that is ideal; I think that footwise a sling pump is as far as a bride can go. And the shoes, of course, should match the gown. But whatever they are, keep them quiet. Producer Arthur Freed said to me once, "If the audience looks at the shoes, we're dead." And he's so right. I believe that some day our shoes will all be made in skin color. On the subject of trains, I personally like them. I feel a train adds a great deal to the elegance (*simple* elegance) and money permitting, elegance is wonderful at a wedding.

Grace's Gown

Because I favor elegance so, I particularly enjoyed designing Grace Kelly's gown. It's not often that you have a bride with Grace's carriage and regal air. She is also tall and extremely slender and these facts, in addition to the nature of her wedding, pointed quite clearly to a theme of elegance. Even her shoes, custom made of rose point lace, followed the pattern. remember visiting the palace at Versailles some years ago and looking at the lovely satins and brocades and thinking tha these things were lost to the world. Bu Grace's wedding, I think, recaptured som of the old romance and fairy-tale quality for the world. It was sheer pleasure to design her wedding gown, for in Grace had a natural subject. She was born to it

On the other hand, few women coul wear such a gown, and that is wher taste becomes so important. Some canno wear sheaths, some cannot wear bouffan skirts, some can- (*Continued on page 84*

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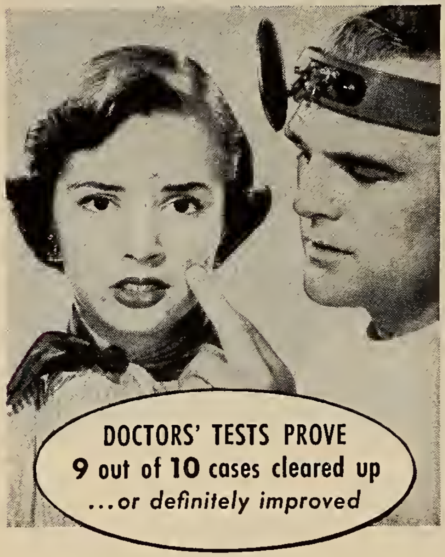

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(*Continued from page 82*) not wear a silhouette. Pier Angeli is tiny, and for her I designed a Juliet dress of chiffon and real lace. It was perfect for her, but here again, few girls could have worn it.

Wedding pictures

Similarly, it is my job to fit the dress to the character in a film—and I get a lot of practice, for it seems to me MGM never makes a picture that doesn't include a wedding. Esther Williams, for instance, had a wedding in one of her pictures, and her role was that of a very rich and very sophisticated girl. For the character, and utilizing the fact that Esther is tall and has a splendid figure, I designed a pink lace and souffle gown with a veil to match, and had Esther carry a pink mink muff. This was spectacular, and fine for the movie, but I doubt if I'd ever recommend the same outfit for a real life wedding. You'd certainly term this kind of thing as elegant, but simplicity went out of the window, and to attain good taste in any kind of clothes, simplicity is the outstanding cue.

I might mention here that such an ensemble was only possible because Esther is tall. Tall girls can afford to be a little extreme. To sum up, a bride must choose a gown that fits both her figure and her personality.

There is another thing to bear in mind, and that is comfort. In a way it goes along with the personality, for no girl who likes tailored clothes is comfortable, or looks well, in ruffles. This of course applies to all types of clothes.

Along these lines I'd like to mention something I think many brides forget. No matter who she is, celebrity or no, she is going to be photographed in her wedding gown. It may be a newspaper photographer, or a professional from Main Street, or the bride's brother with a box camera. But she will be photographed and it will very likely be a picture that she will keep all her life. If she is comfortable and well fitted and has not overdone anything, she will look well. But the minute there is too much gingerbread, if simplicity has been bypassed, the picture will lose its value. One brief but very good rule to remember is that at no time should the clothes overshadow the person. If a dress walks in a room first, and then you see the wearer, that lady is lost.

I said earlier that great expense is not necessary to achieve good taste. At any time of the year, but especially in summer (and more especially for garden weddings), you can get a very inexpensive dress, perhaps a pastel, that with the addition of a veil and corsage will look like a wedding dress.

To buy or to make

There is no rule that says you must buy a wedding gown in a store. Those who do sometimes find that the gowns they really want are incredibly expensive, and the ones they can afford tend to be of inexpensive materials. I have also seen pictures in newspapers of big, social weddings, in which the bride is shockingly ill-fitted. If you know of a good dressmaker, by all means utilize her talents. If I had $50 to spend on a dress I'd use $10 for the fabric and $40 for the workmanship. That's the important thing in any dress. My sketches for the stars, for instance, take comparatively little time, but it is the workroom that counts toward the final product. The wedding gowns of both Grace Kelly and Pier Angeli do not have a single seam in them —that's workmanship.

Here at the studio we have the best craftsmen available and our choice of the loveliest fabrics in the world. A work ing girl who will be a June bride, how ever, can proceed on the same basi Choose a style that suits you, use a rea sonably priced fabric, turn it over to fine seamstress, and you will have a reall lovely gown.

Personally, I'm never too excited abo satin, particularly in summer, perha because I tend to think about the oth lovely materials that are just as prope I particularly dislike a dead white sati and if a bride wants it I try to steer h into ivory or a pinkish-white satin.

There are many other materials th are less expensive and just as lovely. summer bride could wear organdy, co ton, silk, or a sheer, a lace, or taffet perhaps in a suit with a full skirt. The fabrics offer unlimited possibilities f converting the gown into a dress that ca be worn later. This point should be prime concern to a girl who wants look like a bride with a capital B, yet able to use the dress more than onc Arlene Dahl's wedding gown is a fi example. She wore a street length sat sheath and over it, a lace redingote. T dress was later converted into a cockta dress and the redingote was worn ov a variety of gowns.

White or color?

If a bride chooses white for her gov and wants to wear it later, the dress a most invariably must be dyed, and oft shrinks during the process. On the sul ject of white, I would emphasize that certainly isn't necessary for a bride wear it. As far as research can dete mine, it does not denote chastity in modern wedding. Chinese brides we bright red. European peasants wear t gayest colors they can find. Legend h it that white was set as a fashion by Mar Louise, second wife of Napoleon, wh she married the Emperor in a stunni gown of dead white. It would see pointless to adhere to a fashion set so lo ago, particularly when in our own Ame ican history, back in Colonial times, the was a raging fad for pastels. I thi colors are most attractive, and the cho of pale pink, pale blue or yellow gives girl an opportunity to select a hue th definitely becomes her. Just don't please—ever wear black. Or any rea bright color. The theme of a bride femininity and to my mind at least, past are ideal for the theme.

People have asked me about the use a family gown, one that has been in t family for a generation or more. I thin if it's a beautiful piece of material it m very well be worn. On the other han you should watch for incongruity. girl, certainly, would want to marry t day in a gown worn by her mother du ing the unflattering 20's. Similarly, once saw a news picture of a very soc bride who wore a turn-of-the-centu gown with huge leg of mutton sleeves. looked just plain dowdy. A little imag nation and fixing could have made a c dress of it. So if there's a treasured dress tucked away in a trunk, look f at the fabric, then at the style. If first is good, the second can be altered fit the times. And don't be swayed grandmother's tears. It's *your* weddin

Second weddings

Once more I bring in my perso taste—it happens that I don't care f suits at a wedding, again because I alwa look for femininity in a bride. Howev a suit often solves a problem, such as Taylor's second wedding which took pla in England. I knew she would be mobb and consequently had to wear somethi practical and com- (*Continued on page 8*

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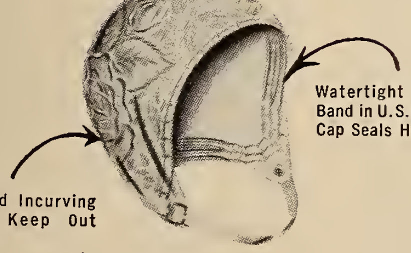
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(Continued from page 84) fortable. When she asked me to design something I made up a simple gray suit of sheer wool, with a full skirt and a hand-done white organdy collar. With it she wore a hat of lilies of the valley, and the outfit was not only in perfect taste for a second wedding, but practical for the occasion and feminine at the same time. Her shoes were high heeled gray pumps, the shade of her bag.

Suits are a good answer for a second wedding, yet not the only choice. A formal gown is definitely out, but a cocktail dress could be worn, or at the most, a semi-formal gown. Whatever the choice, the look of the blushing bride should be tempered and minimized, and if a suit *must* be worn, let it be feminine in both style and fabric.

Jane Powell, for example, wore a formal gown of white taffeta and lace at her first wedding, and for her marriage to Pat Nerney she wanted to wear a suit. I didn't feel it was right for her and after discussing it we decided on a simple chiffon dress in pale blue, and Jane looked lovely in it. She adores blue—maybe because it's her most becoming color. When we were working on *Nancy Goes To Rio,* I'd included all the other colors so becoming to her blonde hair and tanned skin—pink, yellow, gray, lavender, cocoa and white. Nothing was said about blue. She had been fitted to all the dresses and was ready to put on her street clothes and her smile had faded a little. So I brought out the blue dress. The light went on in Janie's eyes. The dress was a simple gingham with embroidered organdy but to Janie it was "The" dress of the picture.

Celeste Holm, for an informal wedding in *The Tender Trap,* wore a gray silk suit and carried a white flower muff. The white muff, as with Liz's white organdy collar, femininized the appearance and took away the tailored look. In *High Society* Grace Kelly had a second wedding, a summer garden ceremony, for which I designed a pink organdy dress with a large hat. We didn't want her to carry a bouquet so I tucked a sprig of fresh blossoms in the belt, and she wore short kid gloves.

On the subject of large hats, incidentally (and this goes for everyday clothes as well as weddings), consider your hair. I have seen so many women wear large hats over untidy hair. If you want a big hat your hair should be sleek and coiffed. And if you have a lot of hair, forget the big hats and wear a very simple one or a decoration in the hair.

I have been asked, too, in these days when brides are of all ages, how to tackle the problem of the 30- to 40-year-old woman who is marrying for the first time. She certainly doesn't want to appear kittenish by wearing a gown designed for a younger bride, but if the woman in question has good sense I don't think there's any need for concern. Beauty and glamour have nothing to do with age. You can't remain young, but you *can* remain youthful. It's in your own thinking—if you think dowdy and/or old, you look dowdy and/or old. There's a difference between getting old and maturity, and maturity is as attractive as youth, in many cases more so. While an older bride wouldn't be young and blushing, she could very well be stately and sedate. I think that a woman of fifty can be married for the first time—yes, even in white—and if she uses good taste, can be a most beautiful bride.

Cloak and dagger

Another question often asked me, even by people in this industry, is why, when I design a gown for a star, a great deal of secrecy is involved. Photographs of my sketches are not released to the press until the day of the wedding. I suppose to others all this cloak and dagger routine seems senseless, but there is a very good reason, which I learned the hard way. One of the first brides here at the studio for whom I designed a wedding gown knows only too well. The sketches were released a couple of weeks before her wedding and four days before the big day, the store windows in New York featured the same wedding gown, for $39.50. Not the same materials or workmanship, of course, but the same style. We had to be particularly careful with Grace's gown. Think what manufacturers could have done had they got their hands on that one before the wedding! That dress, as well as the one designed for the civil ceremony, was shipped in an aluminum crate, and from the way we worked around here you'd have thought the FBI and the Monacan police force were on the case.

The unexpected bridal gown

Not long ago, we made a gown for a bride without even knowing it. For Debbie Reynolds' engagement party I made her a pale blue lace dress and she loved it. "If I ever get married informally I'd love a dress like this in white," she said. Then came *The Tender Trap* and for the epilogue of the picture Debbie said she'd like to have a white lace dress. It wasn't exactly what the scene called for, but Debbie's such a wonderful girl and so cooperative that I talked it over with the producer and he said he supposed it wouldn't matter. So I made a white lace cocktail length dress with a pale blue sash. When the picture was finished Debbie got permission to take some of the clothes with her to New York for a personal appearance in connection with *The Tender Trap.* She didn't, however, take the white dress. As you all remember, the wedding plans were made quickly. On Thursday, September 22nd, Mrs. Reynolds received a call from Debbie who was visiting Eddie in New York City. "Come right out," said Debbie, "and call Jeanette (Jeanette Johnson, her friend from California) and tell her to bring her maid of honor dress. And get me something to wear, Mom. Bring me my white dress that Helen designed for *The Tender Trap.*" The dress, by the way, was a street-length white lace frock with a scalloped hem and cap sleeves and a white velvet trim, and a blue sash for which she substituted a white one. The Reynolds, Jeanette and Debbie's brother Bill left California on Friday and upon arriving in New York City, headed for Grossinger's where the wedding was held.

The day after she was married someone came into my office and grinned at me. "Well," he said, "that was *one* bride you missed!"

I shook my head, "Uh-uh. She wore the dress from *Tender Trap.* She just took off the blue sash and bought a veil."

So it seems I'm batting .300 in the wedding gown league. I don't know who'll be coming to me next, wearing the slightly nervous smile that tells me another wedding's about to be announced, but whoever it is I'll be happy to take out a sketchpad again. It is deeply interesting to help a youngster find her clothes sense and help her develop it as she grows up, and to me the wedding gown is the culmination of the whole process. I have only one rule: I'm delighted to do the first, glad to do the second, but if a girl is thinking of a third marriage, she can take what I've taught her and buy the gown somewhere else. I'm all for No. 1, happy and understanding about No. 2, but I'm too much of a romanticist for No. 3. **END**

(*Continued from page 45*) Unaware, he walked in with his date. Unaware, he glanced at the dais—and there, unbelievably, she stood. Instead of singing with Coogie, she had a band of her own. Instead of the white sheath, her gown glittered with sequins. But the eyes and the smile, the grace and the dignity remained exactly as he'd remembered them. "Well, well, well," he said to himself, while his heart stirred with a strange perception of fate. For that was the moment when Rory took his resolve. "I must get to know her. If I've made a mistake, I'll clear out. If she's what I think, this is it."

The campaign

He plotted his early campaign along simple lines. Every night for six weeks—including New Year's Eve—he went to Le Pavillon, always with a girl. Over her head as they danced he watched Isabelita.

She could hardly help being conscious of him. Night after night he towered above the crowd—with the curly black hair and the widow's peak, with the eyes whose color had earned him the nickname of Smoky, with the lashes no man had a right to. ("They're to keep the dust out," he assured her later.) She noted and liked his attentiveness to the girls he'd escorted. She noted, too, that the smoke-blue eyes were frequently turned on her, yet never in any discourtesy to his guest. "He's not flirting exactly," she decided. "Just trying to be charming." Possibly in acknowledgment of this feat, she once said, "Good evening," striking Rory dumb. If he made any response, which he doubts, it must have sounded something like buh-buh-buh.

From Le Pavillon she moved to the Mocambo. Rory moved with her. Again taking a girl. For the first week. But at length dawned a day when Calhoun addressed himself sternly. "You're twenty-six, brother. Stand or fall on your own."

That night he went to the Mocambo solo. But not without a friend at court. Johnny, one of the waiters, alert and romantic, had allied himself to the cause of young love. With no wastage of words between them, Rory knew it. "Give me a table near the bandstand, Johnny. So she has to pass me."

Greg Bautzer, with the same idea, was there ahead of him. His table was closer to the bandstand—an advantage Rory took philosophically. Nice guy, Bautzer—a guy who showed excellent taste. Rory countered by ordering a magnum of champagne. As far as he was concerned, you could take all the champagne in France and dump it into the Seine. But it looked festive. It gave his table a flourish.

Lita's rumba band alternated with Eddie Oliver's American band. Her turn over, she stepped down and walked by Bautzer's able. "Hello, Isa—" (pronounced Eessa n the Spanish way).

"Good evening, Mr. Bautzer—," and on he went—toward the widow's peak and he black hair and the lashes.

Johnny Cupid, hovering unobtrusively, tepped forward. "Isa. I'd like you to meet Rory Calhoun."

He was on his feet. "Won't you sit down?"

"I don't sit with the customers."

"Please? Just for a minute?"

She'd never broken her rule. In her own words: "I never let myself fall for something I didn't know was going to be mine." But at close range she found the blue eyes ddly—and if the truth be told—sweetly isturbing. Almost against her will she eard herself say: "Well, for a minute."

He seated her. He seated himself. He aid: "Will you have some champagne?"

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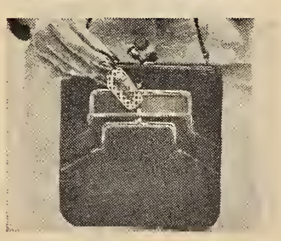

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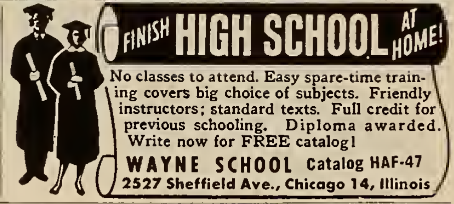
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"I don't drink."

"Neither do I. But here it is. We've got to do something with it."

He poured a glass for each. In courtesy, she took a sip. Soon they were chatting away. But it wasn't a twosome for long. Refusing to be left stranded, Bautzer turned from his table and chatted with them. His stint done, Eddie Oliver spotted the champagne and hied himself over. Lita rose to rejoin her band. "Please come back," begged Rory. And she did. Meanwhile, between them, Bautzer and Oliver polished off the magnum. "If I'd known," grinned their host, "I'd have ordered a gallon of milk."

The evening wore on. The crowd thinned out. Helpful Johnny kept asking Bautzer if he'd like his check now. Either sleepy or discouraged or both, Mr. B. departed—and Lita fractured another of her rules. She danced with Rory, rationalizing her singular conduct to herself. "After all, we're not really strangers. Our eyes have met so often across a smoke-filled room. And he's not a wolf. I can tell from the way he talks. And I've watched him dance with all those other girls, so I just want to see how it feels to dance with him."

Into the midst of this logic Rory plopped a question. "How do you get home?"

"My brother calls for me."

"Couldn't you tell him not to? And let *me* take you home?"

What excuses she conjured up to topple precedent again, Lita no longer remembers. Suffice it that Rory drove her home in his brand-new Studebaker. But not straight home. They paused at half a dozen drive-ins. For hamburgers. For pie à la mode. For coffee and more coffee and another cup of coffee. He was the hungriest kid she'd ever met up with—and the gayest. Neither a caldron of coffee nor one glass of champagne could account for the fact that every so often he'd stick his head through the window and give out with the Woody-Wood-pecker hoot. "Oh-ah-hah-haaaah!"

One kiss??

Having scored on all fronts that evening, Rory lost on the last. Once parked in the driveway, Lita's movements were brisk and unmistakable. Out of the car she hopped and up the porch steps, unlocked the door, went in, pulled it half shut and spoke through the aperture. "Good night and thank you."

"Good night and thank *you*," said the mannerly Mr. Calhoun.

She closed the door and leaned against it for a moment. Here was a boy she wanted to see again. If you want to see him again, you don't make it too easy. You don't let him kiss you first thing . . .

For a month she neither saw nor heard from him, which left her with mixed feelings. Disappointment. "Such an eager beaver all those weeks. Now not even a call." Uncertainty. "Maybe I should have *let* him kiss me." Indignant resolve. "They *told* me about actors. Just forget him, Lita."

What she couldn't know, since he hadn't informed her, was that Rory had started working next day. When he worked, he didn't date. That, however, was only half the story. Still mapping his strategy, it occurred to him that a touch of caginess at this point might do him no harm. His job done and his wages paid, he phoned her one day. "This is me," he announced.

"Who is me?"

"Rory Calhoun."

"Oh—"

"I've been on a picture."

"Out of town?"

"Yes. But I've come in every night."

"You could have called me."

"I could have," he conceded. Pause. "When's your night off?"

"Monday."

"Will you have dinner with me?"

As punishment, she should have turned him down. Or anyway, played hard to get. But she felt not the faintest inclination to punish either him or herself. "All right."

"I'll pick you up at 6."

He was there at five of. Mama Castro fed him coffee till Lita finally appeared at 7:30. That's according to Rory. According to Lita, he exaggerates. Whatever the hour, he started driving up the coast. And drove and drove. "Are you kidnaping me?" she demanded. "Where *is* this dinner?"

"At the Colonial House."

Since the Colonial House sits fifty miles from Hollywood, they arrived hungry. The dinner was fine. Only over-social. Three wandering violinists who'd once played with Lita's band hung around all evening. To compensate, Rory took the long road home. This time she invited him in. "Progress," he thought happily — and entered to find himself facing a panel of sorts. There stood the whole family, lined up and waiting. Papa acted as spokesman. Bred in the patriarchal tradition, he sounded rugged. "How come you bring my daughter home so late?"

Rory's heart sank. He wanted Pop to like him. If things turned out right, Pop might be his father-in-law. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realize the time. We went to Oxnard for dinner."

"*Oxnard*?!!" roared Pop, as one might roar Outer Mongolia!

"I brought her home late," said Rory, "but I brought her home safe."

His sincerity was patent. Pop allowed himself to be appeased. The family evaporated and Lita produced some Tony Martin records. Rory noted that they'd been autographed to her, which made him feel not so hot. They listened to the records, after which Lita rose. "I must go to bed now. Good night." Again a dry run. No kiss. No nothing.

It came after an evening of dancing. He'd seen her home. "Let me kiss you good night," he whispered. She slipped into his arms and stayed there a good ten minutes. It was worth waiting for.

A new world

They began going out together. He borrowed Guy Madison's jeep and took her on picnics. Busy all her young life with singing and dancing lessons, she found his woodland world fresh and enchanting. He taught her how to be quiet in the forest, so they could watch the deer come down to drink. He taught her how to use the bow.

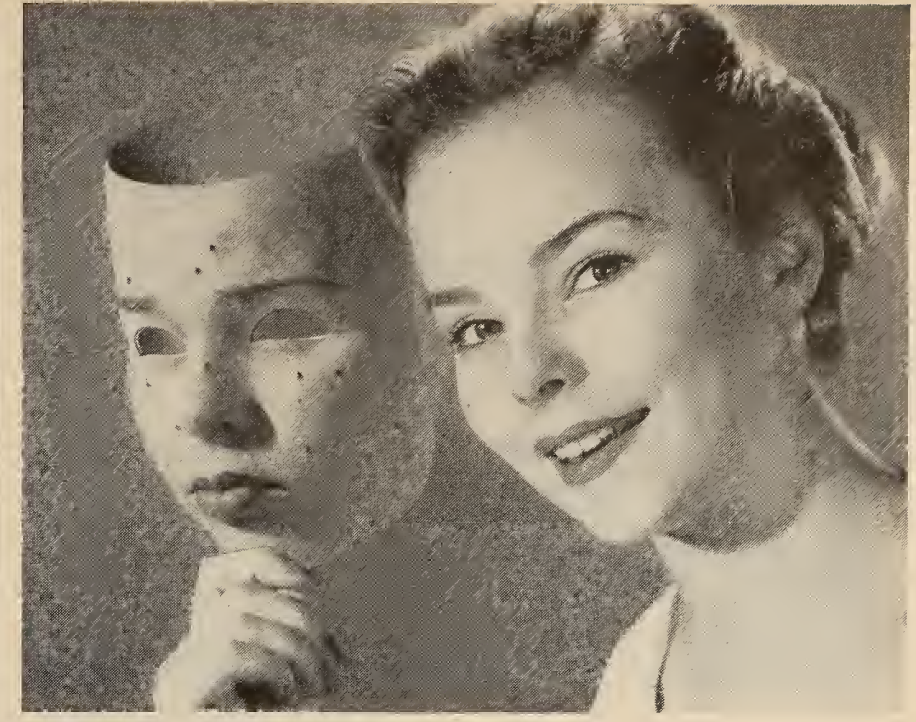
"But not to kill," said Lita.

"A sportsman," he explained, "never kills what he can't eat."

"I know. Still I cannot bear to kill and I will not."

He learned she was all he'd dreamed and more. Little by little out came the story of his boyhood—the thefts, the prison record. "Sure, sure," she laughed at first, convinced he was kidding, since kidding is as native to Rory as the breath he draws. Nor could she reconcile the bizarre tale with the man she knew him to be. But Rory didn't laugh. Rory, she finally realized, was telling the sober truth. It was then that he plumbed the depths of her compassionate understanding. Her heart yearned toward the boy who'd paid and maybe overpaid for his mistakes. Through suffering he'd grown into strength and bedrock honesty. Except for its pain and its lesson, the past was past. He'd absorbed the lesson. She wanted to make up to him for the pain.

The months moved into August, and Lita faced a dilemma. Professional commitments awaited her in the east. Deeply in love now, Rory meant more to her



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than her career. That he was in love, too, she could hardly doubt. Yet he left the big question unasked. What ailed the man? Didn't he know she must either keep or cancel those eastern engagements?

All right, it was Leap Year. In Leap Year a girl has the right to nudge. Lita's not an aggresive type. Nudging came hard, but as they drove home one night, she made it. In a small voice. "Where," she inquired, "is all this leading to?"

He parked the car carefully like a piece of glass. His big hands swallowed hers. "It's all leading to matrimony," he said gently. "I'd like you to marry me, Lita. If you'll have me."

"When?"

"Soon."

On proposal night you ought to feel rapturous. Lita's rapture was alloyed. Her problem remained unsolved. *Soon* can mean anything—next week, next month, next year. *Soon* can leave you up in the air, especially with fifteen singing dates to meet. Parting on that indefinite *soon*, Lita felt a little lost, a little woebegone. Sadness tinged her voice when Rory called back to tell her good night again. "Darling," he said, "we both have birthdays in August. How about August? On the 29th?"

"Darling, the 29th will be lovely," she lilted, all sorrow gone.

A blue-jeans-leather-jacket fellow told me that Whistler's Mother had a son, and one day he came home from school and found her on the floor. The boy looked at her and said: "What's with it, Ma—you're off your rocker, or something?"
Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

She canceled her dates. They arranged for the blood tests, the license, the church in Santa Barbara. But Rory had one more river to cross. "You'll have to talk to my father," said Lita.

"What for? I'm not marrying *him*."

"It's an old Spanish custom," Pete explained. Lita's brother was their confidant. "The old man," he continued, "figures the whole bit. You wine him, you dine him, you ask for his daughter's hand in marriage."

"I don't want to talk to him. *You* talk to him."

Pete obliged by preparing the ground and reported back. "He still thinks you should ask him."

Formality isn't up Rory's alley. Moreover, he was scared. When he's scared, he takes the bull by the horns. Instead of asking Pop, he told him, making sure that Pete was around for moral support. "Lita and I are getting married in Santa Barbara Sunday. I thought you'd like to know in case you want to be there."

"Hm," said Pop. "Don't you think you should wait a while?"

This was Pete's cue and he picked it up nobly. "What for? They're in love. Why waste good time? It's next Sunday and that's it. Come on, let's go."

Against two such stalwarts Pop didn't stand a chance. Shrugging one of those all expressive Latin shrugs, he threw in the towel. "Okay. Let's go."

To seal their troth, Rory gave Lita a heavy gold-link bracelet with a heart-shaped medallion, whose inscription read: "May we live as long as we love and love as long as we live." She gave him a watch inscribed: "Yours forever. Isabelita. August 29, 1948." Only their families attended the ceremony at All Saints Episcopal Church. Rory's mother, dad and two cousins. Lita's parents, two sisters, two brothers. She wore a blue-gray sheath with an overskirt of gossamer Chantilly lace, and a Juliet cap. He was nervous, his bride having shown up a half hour late. Nervousness makes him loud. In the quiet church, his response boomed. Lita's voice you could barely hear. They exchanged matching gold bands, plain and very wide.

"I didn't want there to be any mistake," says Rory. "I wanted a ring that looked like a wedding ring."

For a while after the honeymoon they lived in Rory's bachelor apartment, then moved to Ojai by grace of Lita's folks. It happened this way. Rory's grandfather had died intestate, leaving a ten-acre ranch which the grandson craved. But he hadn't the wherewithal to acquire it. Mom and Pop Castro put their heads together and came up with an answer. For love of Rory, they'd buy his grandfather's ranch. "If you and Lita will move in with us," they said—

To a gesture so warm and spontaneous, what can a man do but give thanks? For two years they made their home with the Castros—till, twenty miles over the mountain, they bought Rocking Star Ranch for themselves. When work called Rory to town, they stayed at hotels—which proved expensive. "In the end," said Lita, "a house would be cheaper."

"A house," said Rory, "would take all our capital. Let's wait."

Waiting, she nevertheless kept her eyes peeled. One day they lighted on a little jewel in Beverly, early American ranch style, for sale by the owner. After dinner that night she suggested a drive, steered her unsuspecting victim down the right street and managed a gasp. "Isn't that a cute place? And for sale, too!"

"So it is."

"Let's look, Rory. What does it cost to look?"

A man answered their knock. "Oh, hello, Mr. Calhoun. I'm glad you could make it so early," and drew from his caller a blank and bewildered stare, which he disregarded. "Your wife was here this afternoon. She said you might come tonight."

Rory shot a glance at the innocent schemer beside him. A grin tugged at his lips. Suddenly he couldn't bear to disappoint her.

In any case, it turned out to be a good deal. They moved in on their fourth anniversary.

Out in the patio stands a metal bucket, now filled with lemon leaves—the same bucket that once held a magnum of champagne on a far-off enchanted evening at the Mocambo.

Lita's career, while not in the discard, is a sometime thing. If it doesn't interfere with their common plans, she'll take an occasional job, as she did in *Red Sundown*. But she prefers freedom to go where he goes—whether it be to Ojai, to their boat at Wilmington, or on location for Universal's *Raw Edge*.

"If it's a marriage, you want to be together. If it's a marriage, you don't change your husband's habits, but learn to like what he likes. For me it's been fun to learn. Once we went fishing with friends in the Colorado River. Everybody put money in the pool and the money would go to whoever caught the first fish, the biggest fish and the most fish. And who do you think won this pool? Lita Calhoun. I was in heaven. It's entirely a new life and a better life. You don't have to wear greasepaint all the time."

Each has his theory of what makes a sound marriage, differently expressed but resolved to the same elements. "Some people," says Rory, "fall hot in love, they marry, they hit the stars, time marches on, the glory fades, they didn't marry an angel. Who's an angel? They start wondering about all the others they passed up. They're not satisfied with the one they loved in the first place. I am. Lita has plenty of temperament. So have I. Sure we argue. If you've got no fire, you're not worth a tinker's dam. But whatever's bothering us, we lay it on the line."

Says Lita softly: "You grow to love each other more as the years go on. The beginning and end is trust. If there is no trust, there is nothing."

The years have drawn them closer in sorrow as well as joy. They've longed—and still long—for children. Twice their hopes soared and crashed when Lita miscarried. She thinks it hit Rory even harder than her. At first she was too sick to realize. When she did realize, he was standing beside her, his only thought to make her smile again. "Don't worry, darling. Next time we'll have twins."

"Or quintuplets?" she quavered. "Because you know I want twelve."

Meantime they're looking for a child to adopt. A boy of four or five, so Rory can take him fishing. **END**

I'll never be the same

(*Continued from page 38*) Wait and see—you'll be glad to have Marilyn back on her terms."

"One hundred dollars says you're wrong!" The man was scornful.

"One hundred dollars says I'm right!" I was reckless.

I had, at this time, met Marilyn only once, and briefly. But sometimes your bones tell you about people. And I had been impressed with Marilyn's endearing qualities. Sir Laurence Olivier described her so well at that press conference. When a reporter, plainly flabbergasted at the rate at which this little Hollywood blonde was climbing, asked Sir Laurence why he was so sold on Marilyn, he answered:

"She is an expert comedienne. Therefore she must be a good actress.

"And she has the extraordinarily cunning gift of being able to suggest one minute that she's the naughtiest little thing alive and the next that she's beautifully dumb and innocent. So—the audience leaves not knowing quite what she is."

It couldn't be said better.

The grand entrance

I met Marilyn first when she received the New York press to announce that she had quit 20th.

Reporters and cameramen blocked the sidewalk. And inside the elect of the press milled about impatiently. Marilyn was late. Marilyn always is late.

At last Marilyn came inside. She was wearing a white satin dress with tiny straps and a piece of white fur. "Why," I wondered irritably "don't the Milton Greenes who are her good friends—with Milton a fine fashion photographer—help her with her clothes?" Then I forgot she was dressed all wrong, because—curiously enough—she wasn't vulgar in this costume. She was more like a little girl, in spite of her twenty-nine years, who was trying to appear sophisticated and grown-up.

She reminds me of a fawn, without really looking like one. She radiates health and vitality. And I find something wistful in her eyes and remember her years as an orphan when she was boarded out with different families and many times treated as a little slavey.

"I've never told all about my life," she admits to the few she knows well. "No one would believe it all could have happened. They would say I was talking for publicity. It was pretty terrible . . ."

I said to Marilyn, "It must have taken courage to quit Hollywood as you did, to give up all the luxury, the money, the im-

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portance—after being so very poor. . . ."

"No," she said softly. "No, Elsa, it didn't take any courage at all. To have stayed took more courage than I had."

I felt dull-witted, I remember, protesting, "But I don't understand!"

"All any of us have," she said, "is what we carry with us, the satisfaction we get from what we're doing and the way we're doing it. I had no sense of satisfaction at all. And I was scared.

"I know that I always tire of anyone who's the same all the time. So I could see how people soon enough would get tired of me—with the only difference in my screen roles being that in one picture after another I wore pink tights or yellow tights or green tights.

"And by the time this happened I figured I would have become accustomed to having a little luxury and security—so I really would be in trouble.

"Now—well, I've never made much money, considering what I've had to spend. I don't own even a little diamond the size of a pinhead. And I have one fur coat which my husband—I mean my ex-husband—gave me.

"It didn't take any courage to quit. Really it didn't!"

It makes no sense at all, of course, for a girl who looks like Marilyn to sit quietly and talk like this in a soft little voice that is seductive only because it comes out of her. This is much more the sort of thing you would expect from a bespectacled, studious, teeth-in-braces "Brain."

However, I've lived long enough to know life doesn't always stick to the rules; that the perfectly impossible and absolutely ridiculous keeps happening all the time.

The ersatz Monroes

We met again and again, Marilyn and I, as the months went by. Always there was something sweet and quiet about her that got into my heart. Meantime, of course, the would-be Marilyn Monroes were appearing on every hand; brash young women, most of them, with over-developed curves and too much, too blonde hair.

Some may look remotely—and I do mean remotely—like Marilyn Monroe. They may successfully have imitated Marilyn's walk and other physical characteristics. But there—take my word for it—all resemblance ends. In mind and spirit—which are the very essence of any human being—Marilyn and the ersatz Monroes are as far removed as I am from the Venus de Milo.

Always Marilyn was late arriving at parties. "Marilyn Monroe's coming . . ." The excited whisper would be everywhere. Then you'd hear people saying, "Guess she isn't coming after all. She's working like a Trojan these days. Gets to the Actors' Studio early and stays late—just sits watching if she isn't doing anything herself."

All they said was true. But Marilyn usually would arrive later on.

I heard, too, about the nightmarish time her associates had getting her to the Plaza the day she appeared with Sir Laurence—to tell the press about their plans to make *The Sleeping Prince* in England this August. *The Sleeping Prince*, of course, is the Terrence Rattigan play in which Sir Laurence and his wife, Vivien Leigh, enjoyed such success in London. Mr. Rattigan is writing the screenplay which Sir Laurence will direct and co-produce with Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc.

"What happened?" I asked someone who was with Marilyn that morning.

The friend smiled. "The usual thing. At the last minute, just before we were ready to leave, Marilyn decided to change her dress. Then she had to redo her hair."

I'm bored with people who go around offering psychological explanations for everything. But in Marilyn's case I think the psychology is pretty obvious.

She had the courage to challenge the big movie moguls. She has the ambition to want to know and work with fine artists. But she's also, as I said earlier, like The Scared Young Thing who stays on and on in the powder-room to postpone everything she has worked for and looked forward to.

I was fascinated to see this same pattern apply the day Marilyn and her company were scheduled to leave on an early morning plane for Phoenix, Arizona, where the first scenes for *Bus Stop* were filmed. Her associates, aware of the perpetual difficulty of getting her anywhere on time, packed her bags the night before. But this didn't work. For, a few minutes before it was time to leave, she changed her mind about her traveling costume, unpacked, and missed the plane.

It was inevitable that this would happen. After two long years of revolt she had within her grasp all she had fought for. Josh Logan, that genius with the talent too many "geniuses" lack, was her director. Dan Murray was her co-star. She had a distinguished cast to support her. So she was scared and, like the girl in the powder-room, she sought—consciously or subconsciously—to postpone that moment when she must join the party.

I win

It was, incidentally, when Marilyn left for Hollywood to make *Bus Stop* that I collected my hundred dollar bet from The Man. No one—certainly not The Man, beaming and boasting because his company finally had a contract guaranteeing Marilyn would make four pictures for them during the next seven years—could doubt that I'd won hands down.

For Marilyn has everything she wanted. Among other things she has the right to make outside pictures such as *The Sleeping Prince*, which will be released by Warner Brothers and she has the right to approve her director. Not her scripts, mind you, but her director. This I find a perfect example of her simple directness. She feels she might not be up to judging what a story or even a shooting script would turn out to be. But she can assess a director's reputation by what he has done before. And if a director's reputation is as excellent as Josh Logan's, for instance, she can depend upon any story that gets his blessing.

Lunch with Marilyn

Before Marilyn left for Hollywood we lunched at my apartment in the Waldorf Towers. True to form, she arrived over an hour late. She wore the same improper clothes she had worn to her press conference with Olivier, the low cut black velvet suit with the dress supported by tiny shoulder straps, dangling earrings and with her blonde hair flying. (Remember at the press conference how one of the tiny shoulder straps broke, causing a stampede among the photographers?)

Upon both occasions Marilyn would have been so much better groomed in a well-fitted suit, with her hair held firm.

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Her face would be more important with less hair about. And, in spite of her other charms, this would be desirable. For the planes of her face are young and curving and her eyes, unless they're smiling, are dramatically sad.

I wanted to say, "Oh, Marilyn, my dear, those clothes! They're not right for noonday!"

But she was so excited about all that was happening—with a photographer for The Saturday Evening Post trailing her to report a day in her life with his camera—with the famed Cecil Beaton, photographer of The British Royal Family, awaiting her in his studio for a portrait sitting for Harpers' Bazaar—that I didn't have the heart to criticize her.

It could be, of course, that I wouldn't have fazed her at all. She has a strong mind of her own. And, since for the last two years she's been exposed to the best dressed women in New York, it could be she feels her clothes are right for Marilyn Monroe, publicity-wise at least.

Also we had so many other things to talk about.

Men

I had, with some difficulty, warded off eight men who knew Marilyn was coming to lunch. One by one they had discovered they simply had to see me about something important and, not at all curiously, the only time they had free was midday.

When I told Marilyn about this she laughed.

"If they wanted to see me, Elsa, they were no longer young. Or else they were very young. Only older men and very young boys like me."

When you're exploited, as Marilyn is, as being the very essence of sex, I suppose you feel no need to prove your prowess in this department. Marilyn certainly doesn't. You read very few romantic items about her, except for an occasional mention of Arthur Miller, the playwright, who has, off and on been her escort.

I asked Marilyn about Arthur Miller the other day when she telephoned me from Hollywood. I had read that he was leaving for the coast, to be with her.

"I'll tell you this, Elsa," she said. "I like Arthur very much. And I'm proud to have such a great playwright for my friend. I've had very few friends in my life, as you know."

"I hope one day you marry him," I interrupted.

"You're wonderful!" She laughed happily. "Unfortunately we haven't reached any such serious stage—yet . . . I don't say I won't marry him. But I tell you, honestly, I have no plan to marry him—now . . ."

She was full of enthusiasm about the way *Bus Stop* was going.

"To work for a director like Josh Logan," she said, "that's something!"

I told her of a compliment she had had from Franchot Tone. The evening before, talking to Franchot about the Actors' Studio, I'd described Marilyn's joy at working in *Anna Christie* with Maureen Stapleton, how she had said, "Maureen's such a wonderful actress! I learned so much from her."

"Let me tell you something," Franchot had countered. "Maureen's a great actress. No doubt about that! But when she and Marilyn played *Anna Christie* Marilyn gave an even finer performance."

There was a breathless pause on the wire when I stopped talking. Then came a whisper that sounded down-right frightened, as if Franchot had committed a sacrilege in saying such a thing.

"Oh, no . . ." Marilyn said. "Oh, no, Elsa . . ."

Marilyn admits she is lonely at times

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and that she is unhappy that her marriage with Joe DiMaggio did not work out. She takes the idea of having children very seriously. It may well be her unhappy childhood haunts her when she says, "I wouldn't like to have a child unless I felt myself able and fit to bring it up. It is so difficult for boys and girls who do not have the right surroundings, or the right example in a mother and father."

"I'll never forget"

A friend, a former editor, joined us that day. She has known Marilyn for years, ever since Marilyn played the little blonde whom Groucho Marx chased in *Love Happy*. There never has been a time when this friend has not been able to count on Marilyn's cooperation and friendship. She said something of this to Marilyn, appreciatively.

"But how could I do otherwise—after that trip we went on, remember . . . when that prize house was presented to a contest winner way up in New York state? She was a war widow, with a little boy, remember? And she was on crutches because she'd had a skiing accident.

"I'll never forget how we saw Monty Woolley—beard and all . . . He was getting on the train at Albany when we got off. Remember? And remember that nice steward in the diner? We did send him the autographed pictures, I hope . . . Oh, I remember we did.

"And that man who handled the broadcast of the presentation ceremonies . . . Wasn't he wonderful at handling crowds?"

There was no detail so small that Marilyn did not recall it. No Great Star, she, who stands aloof and elegant while she looks at the world merely as something that revolves around her.

She has so much to offer in the human department. Which is why those who seek to replace her fall so far short of the mark. They lack that little extra portion which at once made Marilyn a star and then sent her running from stardom to learn the business of acting so that her fame, instead of being a flash in the pan, might survive.

As I write Marilyn is living in Beverly Hills with the Milton Greenes, just as she planned to do that day we lunched.

"I enjoy being with the Greenes," she told me. "They're kind and stimulating people. Moreover, they have a wonderful cook. I want to learn to cook. And their Kitty has promised to teach me.

"I want to be able to turn out a souffle that is high and crusty and savory. I want to learn to flip an omelette."

She twisted her hips and looked at me over her shoulder as she spoke—in imitation of her screen personality, laughing as she mocked herself.

The little orphan slavey who spent the first years of her life washing other peoples' clothes and dishes has come a long way. So has the little blonde who spent the first years of her movie life being famous for her bosom and the way she walked.

I often wonder about Marilyn's family tree. There must be an ancestor or two tucked away who is responsible for the native intelligence that lies under her blonde hair, and the warm heart that lies beneath her curving bosom.

In the world today there are far too few exciting people. Everybody wants to play it safe, to get as much as they can for as little as possible. It's good to meet someone who tilts at windmills—or movie titans—who risks everything rather than be swept to oblivion on a golden tide.

All of which is why, to me, Marilyn Monroe—just as I said when I began this story—is the most exciting girl in all the world. **END**

jean simmons

(*Continued from page 62*) husband. They've crossed the sea on visits. Visiting and living, however, are two different things. During their few months in residence, they've wrapped themselves securely round her heart. "I grew to love them so much that I realized how dearly I wanted one of my own."

Whatever their share in promoting a new baby, they're wholly responsible for the new house. Or, more accurately, for the sale of the old one. "That eyrie," says Granger, "was ideal for two bachelors. But suddenly we inherited two children and now at once the house becomes too small. There was also the cliff. Visions began to haunt me. I saw my lively progeny tumbling over the edge, tangling with poison oak and rattlesnakes, possibly breaking a small bone here and there. This didn't conduce to restful slumber. It was then that I hatched a major inspiration. 'How,' I asked Jean, 'would you like to live in Switzerland?'"

For so drastic a change, he had solid reasons to advance. Jean has a mother in England whom she loves. So has Jimmy, so have the children. From Switzerland, they'd be more accessible to one another. Switzerland teems with wonderful schools for kids. The plane service is superb. Two hours or less would take them to Rome or Vienna, to London or Paris. They could work in England or on the continent. They could fly back to Hollywood when Hollywood called.

Jean agreed, apparently without reservations, and departed for the New York première of *Guys And Dolls*. Jimmy stayed behind. The just-arrived children needed a parent with them. Besides, he had the house to sell. And the furniture with it.

Up the hill one day came a Texan, feminine. He showed her around. "I want it," she said.

"I want so-much for it," said he.

"I can't possibly go that high."

"Swell," said Granger, on whose British tongue American slang still sounds strange to American ears, though not to his own. "Because I don't want to sell it!"

Foiled on that front, she attacked from another. "Your cat seems to have scratched the furniture. It's shabby."

He went lordly on her. "Madame, if the furniture weren't shabby, it would cost you twenty-five thousand more. Do you want it or don't you?"

Even a Texan knows when she's stymied. Out came the checkbook. Jimmy phoned Jean on a note of elation. "I've sold the house and all the beautiful furniture."

From three thousand miles away came an audible gulp. "Oh," she said. Hardly what he'd expected, but understandable. After all, the house had spelled happiness to them both and the end of anything strikes a melancholy chord in spite of yourself. "When you get back, we'll take a trip to Switzerland. We'll have a lookround for the right house and the right school for the children and everything will be fine."

"Yes," she said, sounding flatter than ever. Well, the poor dear was tired. Premières, with their attendant publicity, can be as exhausting as they're exciting. But one thing he couldn't understand. Why was his true love crawling back to him by train instead of flying as usual?

Arguing inside

On her return the mystery solved itself. He unfolded plans. She listened in silence, her silence louder than words if you know Jean as her husband does. "She never argues. Not the way other people do. She has her own way. If I say, 'We'll do this,' and Jean says, 'Good,' then it's good. If she says nothing at all, it's no good. It means she's arguing away like mad inside."

That evening the more he talked, the more argumentative her silence. It stopped him cold. "All right, what's the matter?"

"I can't stand flying."

"Since when?"

"Since this last flight east. I never really liked it but I didn't loathe it till now. It was rough, Jimmy. I was terrified the whole time. It's not worth being that frightened for the sake of flying. I'll never fly again as long as I live."

This revelation rocked Jimmy momentarily and knocked the props out of Switzerland for good. "The whole joy of it was, you could nip in and out at will. But suddenly your wife can't abide planes, and you see yourself living your life entirely surrounded by mountains, which wasn't the idea. On the other hand, you've got to get out of your house within two weeks, so what happens now? 'I don't know,' says Jean, and does a bit of a weep. I make clucking noises. Next day starts a fantastic, hysterical househunt, with fourteen agents working for us. Meantime we require shelter, so we rent a place in Palm Springs, beginning December 10th. In Palm Springs we'll have two lovely months of sunshine and peace. And fourteen agents should be able to find us a house."

Their business manager found it in less than two weeks, and talked in riddles. "You mustn't buy it, it's far too expensive for you, but I'd like you to see it."

"What for, if we can't buy it?"

"Because it's so beautiful."

When the same bug bites the Grangers, a chemical reaction sets in. They call it perking. Already they'd seen a number of houses. Nice houses. Irreproachable houses. "Lovely," said Jean. "Delightful," said Jimmy. They'd look at each other and nothing happened. They didn't want it.

The house in Bel-Air, designed by Allan Siple, proved another story. One glimpse of the outside, with its happy marriage of wood and mellow red brick, lifted their hearts. Inside, two warm and gracious high-ceilinged rooms formed the living area with just enough glass to balance enough burnished wood. By the time they'd inspected the sleeping quarters upstairs and a self-contained suite for the children on the other side, they were perking on all cylinders. Jean began figuring where she could put this and that. Jimmy began figuring how many pictures they'd have to make to cover the cost. The owner said little. They felt for her. They realized how it must hurt to part with this gem.

Back in the car Jimmy was first to speak. "What should we offer?

"You can't afford it," said the manager, waiting to be coaxed. Jean's green eyes coaxed him. "All right. Better a house you *can't* afford with a good resale value than one you *can* afford that nobody wants."

They signed the escrow papers a few days later and discovered that a single misstep might have been fatal. The about-to-be-ex-owner smiled up at them, albeit sadly, "Had you found one fault with that house, I wouldn't have sold it to you."

Man proposes

Now for two carefree months at Palm Springs. Man proposes and the studio disposes. Three carefree days, and a call from MGM punctured the peace. Added scenes for *Bhowani Junction* would require Mr. Granger to fly to London on the 29th. Let him take it from there.

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more, and we come full circle with a call from Fox. Jean's got to start *Hilda Crane* right after Christmas. Our holiday's shot. We keep trekking into town for confabs and fittings. Jean looks doleful. She likes me around when she's working, because then she can tell me how clever she was and how everybody loves her. For the literal-minded, this should be labeled a jest. Consider it so labeled. The fact of the matter is that I'm likely to get home from the studio, feeling low. 'I was awful,' I groan. To lift the gloom, she cocks her head like a cheeky sparrow. '*I* was rather good.' Which makes me laugh, which is why she does it. Apart from which foolery, of *course* she wants me around. To coddle and make a fuss over her. That's her right. Coming back to nothing after a tough day's work is neither her idea of fun nor mine."

A dog with two tails

Before he took off on Friday, the 29th, Jean let fall the suspicion that she might be pregnant. But casually and without too much conviction, since earlier suspicions had proven groundless. Nevertheless, she went to the doctor on Saturday and gave him a piece of priceless information. "On the way here I saw a dog with two tails."

"You're sure of that?"

"I could swear it."

"We'll make the test," he said gravely, "though we don't really need it. If you saw a dog with two tails, you're pregnant."

To Jimmy in London, on the last day of the year, a cable was delivered. "Wonderful news. You're going to be a father!"

He stood staring at it. "Stupidly," he insists. "Thinking wonderful and again wonderful and how are we ever going to pay for the house?"

This is pure Grangerese. Translated, it means that his head was knocking the stars but heaven forbid that his heart show up on his sleeve. He got Jean on the phone. He talked to the children.

"Jean told us first," cried Lindsay.

"Being rather excited," Jamie reported, "we socked her down on the floor and trampled her. But don't worry, Dad. We'll treat her very gently from now on."

Dad mopped a suddenly damp brow. "See that you do!"

Two weeks later he was thankful to be flying home, so he could take the job over himself. No more separations. It was sufficiently outrageous that he shouldn't have been with his wife when she learned about the baby. His plane landed three hours late. Jean seemed rather subdued. Apprehension clutched him. "What's wrong?"

"I'm leaving for Reno at 6 tomorrow morning." She patted his hand. "Not for a divorce, darling. Just on location."

And now . . .

Hilda Crane's finished now. Granger's next film isn't set. While he was in London and Jean at work, their secretary moved them into the new house.

They live quietly as always. Under the serene surface, however, you can't but be conscious of an inner ferment, controlled yet apparent, focussed on a day in late August or early September. Call it waiting for baby. Or babies, as far as Lindsay and Jamie are concerned. Their initial plea granted, they've doubled their order. "We'd like twins. One apiece."

"Make it triplets," advises Jimmy. "Then at least we can have all the godparents we want." They want three sets—the Bert Allenbergs, the Cary Grants, the Sam Zimbalists.

Thus, in spite of himself, Granger breaks his rule not to make plans. But only where he feels strongly. He feels strongly on the subject of nurses. "There will be a nanny. But she will be paid by us to do certain chores. So often the child turns for advice, comfort and warmth to the nanny, not to the parents. Then what are parents for? To provide food and shelter, to say good night and good morning? That way lies disaster. The child will know that it is ours. So will the nanny."

For the most part, however, he's taking it day by day, grateful for Jean's well-being and good sense. She follows doctor's orders, she's not gaining too much weight, she does as the book says.

"With a couple of minor and forgivable lapses. Women are supposed to have these strange desires. Like larks' tongues out of season. My wife's desires are less ethereal."

In the book it says you mustn't eat fried foods. Jean adores fried bread. One morning she opened her eyes, sniffing. "I can smell fried bread."

"You can smell nothing of the sort."

She beamed hopefully. "I know. You're going to surprise me."

"I'm surprising you by giving you no fried bread."

Next morning she awoke with the same plaintive cry, and the next. He marched himself to the kitchen. He fried bread. He took it to Jean. He stuffed her so full that she hasn't been able to endure it since.

On another occasion she craved sausage and had some for breakfast. Also for lunch. "Not for dinner, too?" he gasped.

"I wonder what it means?" she mused, eating placidly away. "D'you suppose we're going to have a little pig?"

Those young monkeys

Though he still sneaks into the kitchen when the mood's on him, Jimmy's no longer chef. Cooking for four becomes a complicated business, especially when the youngsters dine at 6 and their elders later. Otherwise, the household runs pretty well as it used to. Jamie and Lindsay, mannerly kids, don't take over. They don't, in their father's phrase, "glump in and turn on TV, unless we're prepared to watch it, too. I'm no believer in the school of total self-sacrifice, which stultifies the adult and smothers the child. In a few years they'll be living lives of their own. We hope they'll always want us in their lives, as we'll want them in ours. To achieve that end, you hang on to your identity. Else you wind up a dreary millstone round your child's neck."

The principal change in their pattern is an inward one. "In the old days we shut that door on top of the hill and thought we were supremely happy all by ourselves.

"Yet somehow we're happier now. Without those young monkeys and the funny little things they do, the place would seem quite empty. Unfunny things as well. Jamie fell ill not long ago, really ill with a fever of 104. When you've nursed a child through the night, when you've seen him utterly helpless and dependent on you—well, I don't propose to flounder in sentiment, but something happens—"

"What happens," said Jean, "is simple. It's just nice to have them."

In short, they're the source not only of new warmth round the house, but of new laughter. Like most fathers of daughters, Granger's already turning a jaundiced eye on Lindsay's suitors-to-be. "I suspect she's going to like all the ones I don't like. The solid specimens I approve of she'll blithely ignore. About Jamie I'm less concerned. He's picked his first girl and she's an absolute duck."

He rose and moved to the window. Outside, the gardener was still at work on the elm. Granger's face brightened. "You know, that tree's going to be all right."

We think everything will be. The transplanted tree. The transplanted children. The baby to come. Cherished by Jean and the boss, how can they miss? **END**

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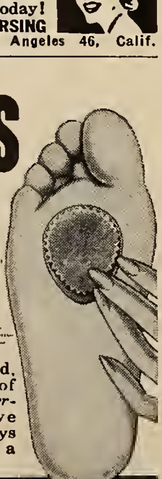

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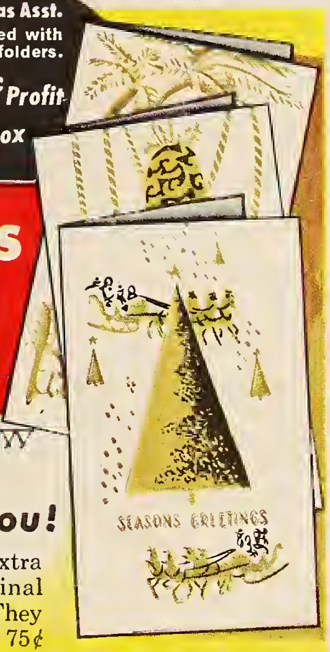

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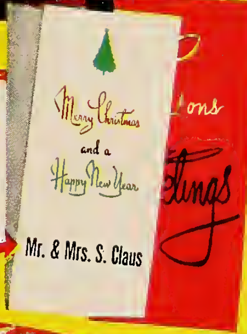
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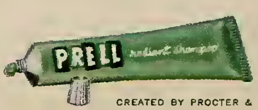

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man-without-a-woman

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motion picture
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that it is
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mighty
portrayal
is certainly
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rover and

LEO GENN

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vengeful
Starbuck

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wonderful
screen
advances
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leap forward
of all is
WARNER BROS.'
presentation
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ON THE
HOTTEST DAYS
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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

August, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds on the cover by MGM. Debbie is now in MGM's *The Catered Affair.*

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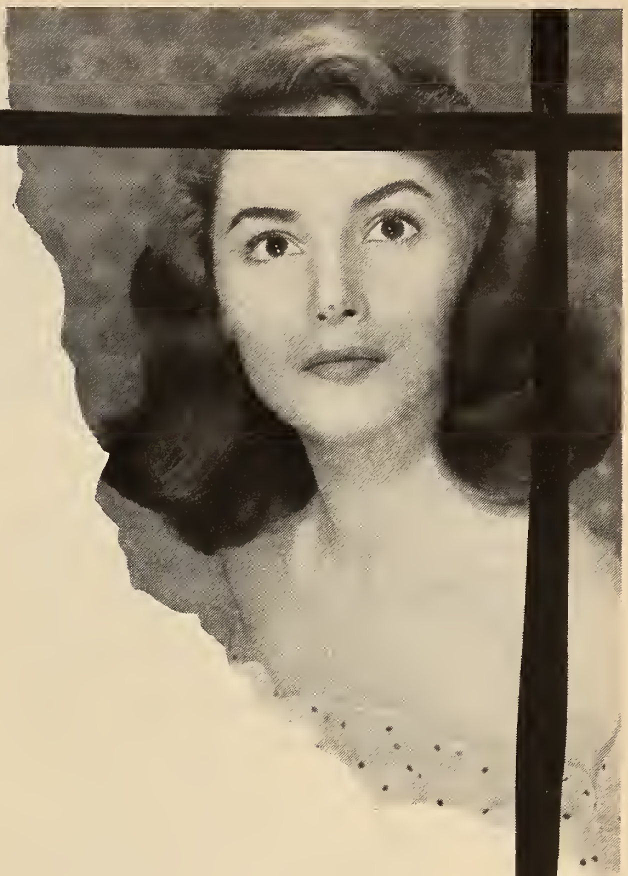

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picture

somebody up there likes me

Somebody up there likes me
Rocky Graziano

*From the best-seller
and life-inspired
story in Look
Magazine that
thrilled millions*

STARRING

Paul Newman

Pier Angeli

with Everett Sloane

Eileen Heckart · Sal Mineo

Screen Play by Ernest Lehman

Based on the Autobiography of Rocky Graziano
Written with Rowland Barber

Directed by Robert Wise

Produced by Charles Schnee
An M-G-M Picture

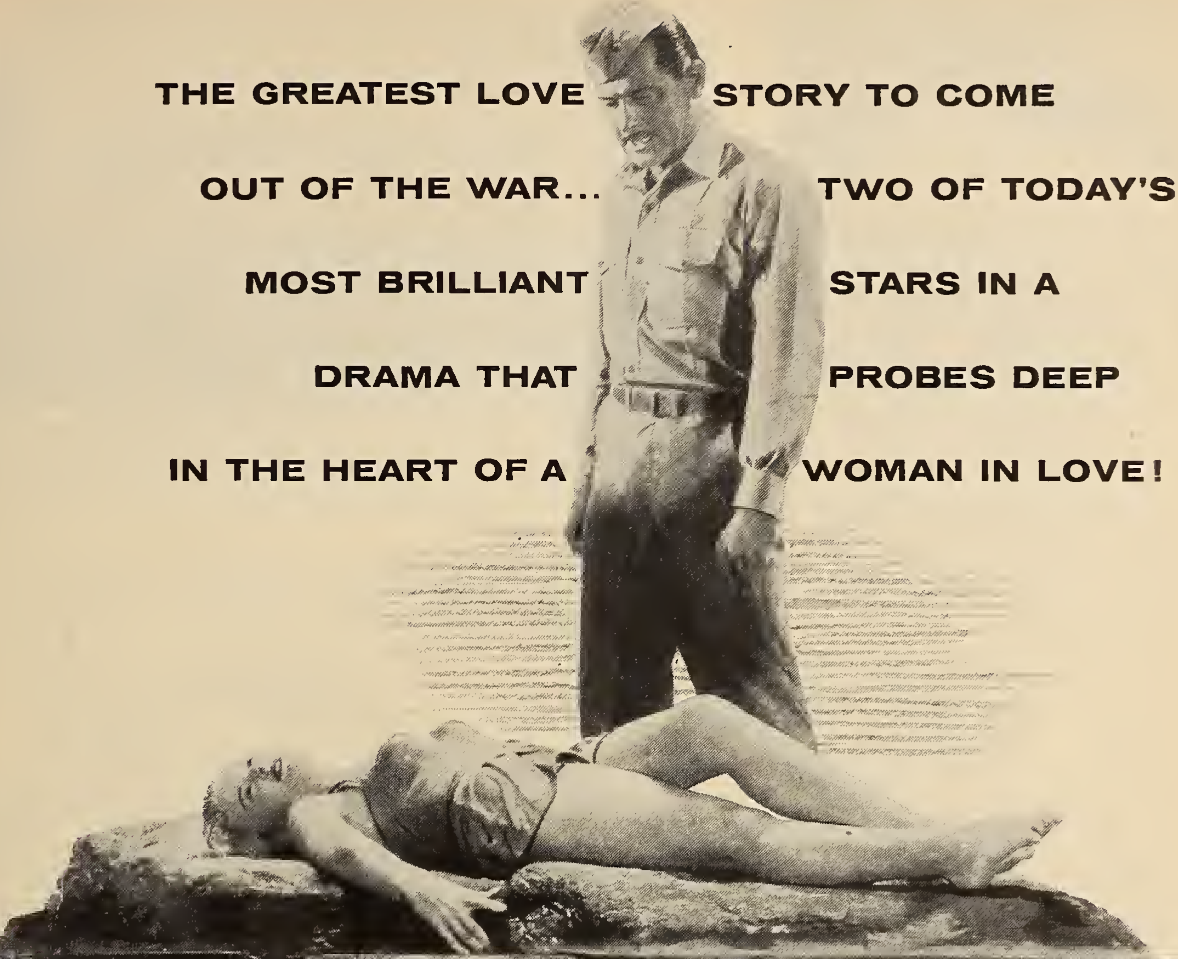
What Sid Caesar will do for Janet Blair . . . Ben Gazzara's romance . . . Sammy has a ball

TV TALK

Nancy Walker (who thinks she isn't pretty!) and Phil Silvers, Doris Day, Eddie Foy, Jr.

You know how funny **Phil Silvers** is on television. And we've told you how hilarious he can be at private parties—or even when just meeting a friend on the sidewalk. But few people also know that here is a man who takes himself very seriously. Phil, a man with a short and sketchy formal education, has made a point of educating himself through the years. This is a man who reads omnivorously and who can talk, seriously and knowledgeably, on a wide variety of subjects. He even does research. When he was rehearsing for *Top Banana* on Broadway, he was not satisfied merely to learn his lines and fix up bits of business to go with them. No; for one sketch alone—a spoof on psychoanalysis—he went and dug. He read books on analysis, he talked to analysts, he talked to people who had gone to analysts. None of this research caused him to change one line of the sketch, but when it was finished Phil felt that his new knowledge gave him some added assurance. That alone made it worth the work. Silvers is really a scholar! . . . In **Ben Gazzara's** most important roles on Broadway—in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and *A Hatful Of Rain*—he has played introspective, tormented young men. A drunk in one and a dope fiend in the other, he spent most of his time on the stage holding himself in, keeping his emotions to himself. In real life, however, Ben is forthright, opinionated, and dynamic. When he talks, he says what he thinks in no uncertain terms and he bangs the table with his fist to prove it. He is very bright and, like Phil Silvers, knows a lot about a lot of things. You name it; Ben can declaim on it. He has also never forgotten for a minute that he was born and brought up on the Lower East Side in Manhattan. (As far as we can tell, no one who was born and brought up on the Lower East Side—Red Buttons, Georgie Jessel, Eddie Cantor—has ever been able to forget it.) He often refers to his childhood in his conversation, and swears that today, when he frequents all the town's fancy restaurants, he does not eat as well as he did when his mother was cooking her Italian specialties for him. He is exceptionally close to his mother still, and visits her twice a week for dinner without fail. He is also getting her a fancy midtown apartment. It will be on elegant Sutton Place or, perhaps, **Elaine Stritch's** old apartment—if Elaine can find the perfect new one she's looking for. Ben and Elaine are as constant a duo as ever these days. You can tell at a glance what changes they've wrought in each other. Ben, who used to be a member in good standing of the blue-jean set, now wears slightly more formal clothes; and Elaine, once a model of high-style fashion, now leaves her most formal outfits in her closet. He dresses up a little, she dresses down—the perfect compromise. Ben still doesn't like ties, and seldom puts one on; but Elaine keeps one in her purse at all times, and when they're about to enter a restaurant that demands neckwear, she pulls it out and Ben ties it on . . . All of **Janet Blair's** friends are crossing their fingers hoping that her role on the Sid Caesar show in the fall is the Big Break she needs. Well into her thirties and in show business for years, Janet has made countless movies and even more TV guest appearances; but she's never really made a splash. If **Caesar's Hour** does for Janet what it did for Nanette Fabray, she will, at last, be a star. If so, her friends are convinced of one thing: She will remain the extra-sweet and modest person she is now. They say Janet will always have that girl-next-door quality to her . . . Speaking of nice girls, people who have known **Margaret Truman** for years couldn't be happier over her choice in bridegrooms. And friends of **Clifton Daniel, Jr.**, are enchanted with Margaret. We predict that here is one couple about whom you will never hear one hint of a harsh word . . . You're always reading about performers who nurture a deep-seated inferiority complex. One actress who has one—for no reason anyone else can figure out—is **Marie Wilson.** Although no chicken, Marie can pass for a girl in her twenties, even in the bright broad light of day. But she keeps thinking her nonexistent wrinkles are showing. When she does summer stock, she insists that the lighting on the stage always has to be flattering to her. (This means, sometimes, that the lighting on the scenery is bad.) And even when she eats in a restaurant, she insists on dim or orange lights. (Orange and pink lights, as every actress knows, are *so* flattering to the complexion.) If the lamps on her table are not right, they are changed. Marie is always polite about it, of course—she's a thoughtful person—but she will not eat under a glaring bulb, not even with her husband and close, close friends. They can't figure it out, but there it is . . . An actress who has completely recovered from her inferiority complex is **Nancy Walker.** Never a pretty girl, Nancy used to suffer from her lack of even features. It affected her so much that it sometimes hindered her work: she would turn down parts or leave roles on account of it. But then she started going to a vocal coach named **David Craig.** She credits him with having restored her voice, which she thought she had lost. She can—and does—now credit him with much more than that. Craig and Nancy got married—a move that made her realize she was an attractive, wanted woman. They have a daughter, Miranda—an event that boosted her ego, as it does most women's. Nancy's career—which is going great guns since she got the main starring role in the Broadway revival of Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*—is the focal point of the Craig household—another ego-reviving factor. David Craig thinks that his wife is the greatest female clown in the theatre (he's not alone in his view), and he does not hesitate to say so, out loud and often. Nancy now is swimming in self-confidence, and—this comes as no surprise to experts on womankind—she has become a handsome woman. People who saw Nancy on the stage ten or fifteen years ago and who now see her in person are amazed at her good looks. This is what's known as the Power of Love, and it works . . . **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, didn't get very good reviews for his *Mr. Wonderful*—(the critics liked Sammy, but hated the show)—but he is so popular with his fans that he cannot leave the theatre on matinee days. When he's doing both an afternoon and an evening performance, it's worth his life to push his way through all his admirers at the stage door and make it back in time. The critics might even like the show better if they saw it these days because Sammy—who was a little ill at ease on his first Broadway stage at the beginning—has now relaxed and is having a ball up there. He ad libs like crazy—just the way he does in night clubs—and even stops and talks to members of the audience that he knows. If *Mr. Wonderful* turns out to be a long-running hit, Sammy did it. . . . **Shelley Winters** often looks casual when she's all dressed up; at fancy affairs, where the other women are obviously coiffed to a faretheewell, Shelley sometimes look as though she threw on a dress, ran a comb through her hair, dabbed on some lipstick, and headed for the party. Presentable, but nothing you could photograph for *Vogue*. And when Shelley's *not* going to a party, she can really be casual. She's been seen smack in the middle of Manhattan in slacks, without any makeup, with her hair rolled up in pin curls and no kerchief to cover the bobby pins, and—as the final unchic touch—with galoshes that flop with her every step . . . **Patti Page's** costume designer, **Joe Fretwell**, has gone with her to the hour show she's doing as a summer replacement for Perry Como. Patti would not have it otherwise. She, in fact, credits a big percentage of her current popularity to Fretwell. Once a plump, fluffily-dressed girl, Patty these days is sleek and sleekly garbed. Fretwell's clothes—which she wears on and off screen—inspired her to lose weight in the first place, and continue to give her a lot of self-assurance.

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY TO COME OUT OF THE WAR... TWO OF TODAY'S MOST BRILLIANT STARS IN A DRAMA THAT PROBES DEEP IN THE HEART OF A WOMAN IN LOVE!



Paramount presents

WILLIAM
HOLDEN
as Colin Black...whose heart
was the color of his name

DEBORAH
KERR
as Lee Ashley...destroyer
of one man, almost
destroyed by another

The producer-director-star team
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"The Bridges at Toko-Ri" surpasses
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The Proud and Profane

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Produced by William Perlberg · Written for the Screen and Directed by George Seaton
Based on a Novel by Lucy Herndon Crockett

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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I understand that Anne Baxter is taking back the $14,000 house her ex-husband, John Hodiak, bought in Hollywood for his parents. Any truth to that? —F.H., Chicago, Ill.

A. *There is litigation concerning the inheritance rights of Hodiak's young daughter. Her mother, Anne Baxter, is handling these. But she has no intention of reclaiming the house.*

Q. Who is Nicola Michaels, the new MGM actress? —S.L., N.Y.C.

A. *The daughter of Nicholas Schenck, one of the founders and currently board chairman of Loew's.*

Q. The Tab Hunter-Natalie Wood combination—love or publicity? —I.H., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Publicity.*

Q. Does Lex Barker really cook better than Lana Turner? —D.L., Boston, Mass.

A. *Cooking is not one of Miss Turner's specialties.*

Q. I read in a news magazine that Bill Holden cannot play a scene unless he warms up with a couple of shots of liquor. Is this true? —V.J., Burbank, Cal.

A. *Definitely not.*

Q. I read that Dino De Laurentiis, who produced *War and Peace*, has signed Ernest Hemingway for *Marco Polo*. Is that true? —H.G., Miami, Fla.

A. *No, just a publicity stunt.*

Q. Is the Kim Novak-Frank Sinatra thing finished?—E.L., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *Not at this writing.*

Q. Is it true that Errol Flynn once turned down Sofia Loren for an acting job? —E.H., Miami, Fla.

A. *Yes.*

Q. How old is Frank Sinatra really? —S.L., Hoboken, N. J.

A. *Forty.*

Q. Who sings better, Oreste or Lanza? —S.L., Syracuse, N. Y.

A. *Vocal instructors side towards Oreste.*

Q. Which two actors are most respected as gentlemen in film circles? —D.Y., Denver, Col.

A. *There are many; two of the most prominent are James Stewart and Bill Holden.*

Q. Isn't there a big feud between Jose Ferrer and British actor Trevor Howard, the result of their work together on *Cockleshell Hero?* —H.H., London, Eng.

A. *Small feud.*

Q. Can you tell me Lana Turner's first picture away from her old MGM studio? —A.L., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Lana will star in a re-make of* My Man Godfrey.

Q. How many children is Macdonald Carey the father of and does he plan to have more? —E.N., Des Moines, Iowa

A. *Carey has six, hopes to have more.*

Q. Is there anything serious between George Nader and Gia Scala? —C.L., Rochester, N.Y.

A. *Could be.*

Q. I understand Jimmy Dean's mother was only twenty-nine when she died. What did she die of? —D.L., Marion, Ind.

A. *Cancer.*

Q. Why has Katharine Hepburn never been married?—F.F., Rawlins, Wyo.

A. *She has been once. In 1928, she married a Philadelphia socialite named Ludlow Ogden Smith.*

Q. Is it true that Sal Mineo is getting 2,000 fan letters a week? —K.G., Great Neck, N.Y.

A. *That's a little high. But he's extremely popular.*

Q. Are the Stewart Grangers leaving Hollywood? —D.L., Davenport, Iowa

A. *That is their intention after Jean Simmons gives birth.*

Q. Does Gina Lollobrigida wear falsies and a girdle? —F.U., N.Y.C.

A. *A girdle; no falsies.*

NEW! Only Helene Curtis has the exclusive new "control" ingredient.
And it's in *all* Helene Curtis Spray Net—*Regular, Super Soft,* and new *Ultra.*

Helene Curtis Spray Net actually
trains your hair!

trains while it sets pincurls...

trains while it holds your wave...

The most exciting thing that's happened since the permanent wave.

Now, SPRAY NET actually *trains* your hair to stay curled—thanks to Helene Curtis' new "control" ingredient. And no ordinary hair spray has it!

Use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET to set springier, bouncier pincurls—to hold your hair softly in place. Gradually . . . excitingly . . . your hair gets the *habit* of curling—your wave *remembers* its place! This exciting training won't happen overnight—but it will happen! Soon your hair needs only gentle reminder-sprays between shampoos.

No matter what hair spray you're using now, there's a delightful surprise waiting when you try SPRAY NET with the new "control" ingredient. It's non-sticky, non-stiffening, enriched with lanolin.

But the big difference—the wonderful plus: SPRAY NET is the hair spray that actually *trains* your hair to stay curled!

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(for gentle control)
no lacquer
Helene Curtis
spray net
with spray-on Lanolin Lotion
REGULAR
(for firmer control)
Helene Curtis
spray net
with spray-on Lanolin Lotion

**REGULAR
AND SUPER SOFT
69¢, $1.25, $1.89**
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train your hair with
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new!
refillable aerosol
purse/spray
Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET has it!

Fill it yourself. Take it with you. New Purse/Spray, glamourous in black and gold, comes with its own special refiller of new ULTRA SPRAY NET. Holds days of sprays at every filling. With refiller, $3.25 value...

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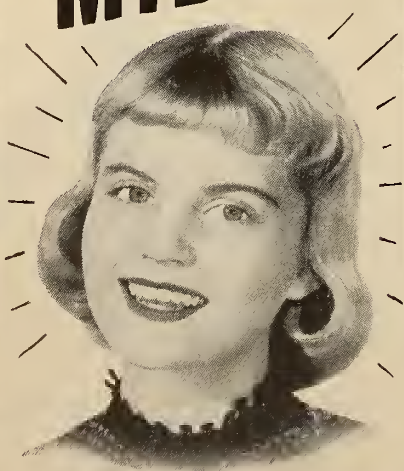
Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

You think you *collect autographs? Well, dig these crazy . . .*

FULL TIME FANS

Claudette Colbert would have been turned down . . .

but Rick Jason obliged with the Chihuahua . . .

and getting Gable is a triumph!

■ In Hollywood there is a group of about twenty dyed-in-the-wool fans who have been collecting autographs of movie stars for the past ten or fifteen years. They range from the age of ten to seventy-five. Each year several new faces join the band and an oldster drops out.

Each one has his own special way of collecting signatures. A middle-aged couple make their rounds requesting movie stars to pose with them. The gentleman always poses with the feminine stars, while his wife gets the heroes. Their album boasts such shots as the husband with Marilyn Monroe, Marie Wilson and Esther Williams, and the wife with Van Johnson, Richard Conte and Ronald Regan. In five years they have collected several hundred.

Another collector is a little shy about posing with the stars. Instead she asks them to pose holding her small Chihuahua or petting her big Boxer.

One of the older men collects only pictures of young upcoming talent. After taking their pictures he keeps them in an alphabetical file which he carries with him at all times. When he sees the newcomer again he rushes through the file and has the photograph autographed. The youngster is usually more popular by then and writes a long personal dedication.

Most of the collectors are very fussy about handwriting. They will throw out a signature which doesn't meet their standards. They never get an autograph in pencil, ball point pen, or washable ink. They use permanent ink so that the signatures will not fade away.

Most of the collectors insist upon dedicated autographs. They never get more than one autograph from the same star and frown upon the tourists who want one "for Aunt Susan, Sister Jane, and Uncle George." If they collect candid photos they will only take one shot on any single afternoon—providing the star isn't their very favorite. In the case of a favorite they may snap a whole roll of film.

The photo-fiends won't shoot a pose unless the star is perfectly still without anyone in the background. If the star is wearing dark clothes they'll request a light colored background. They will never take a picture of a star wearing sunglasses. No autographs are traded or sold.

Sunday is the collectors' favorite day. They haunt the radio and TV stations, the famous restaurants and the theatres. At night they post themselves in front of Ciro's, Mocambo and LaRue. They follow the stars everywhere.

Their patience never fails. They will wait eight or ten hours for a new signature. The stars who "never sign" present a challenge to them, and their happiest moments are spent admiring the autographs of a star in this category.

Rainy weather only lures them on, in the hope that the stars will admire their faithfulness and sign a ledgible signature.

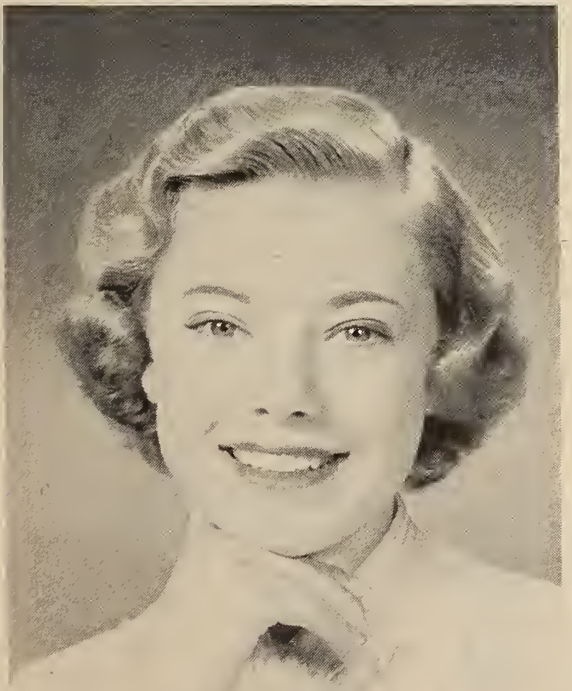
Many of the collectors keep a list of automobile license numbers. The older crowd knows most license numbers and car models from memory. If they spot a star's car, they'll wait near it for hours till the driver shows up.

Of course some of the stars disapprove of this band. They get tired of seeing the same faces at every shindig. Others are very amused, and still others are very flattered. And by the way—the autograph hunters will wait the longest for the cranky stars—but they'll only attend movies in which the nicer ones appear.

New! BOBBI– with "Casual Curlets" and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles



See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets." Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set "Casual Curlets"... of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!

Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets"... smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New "Casual Curlets" are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
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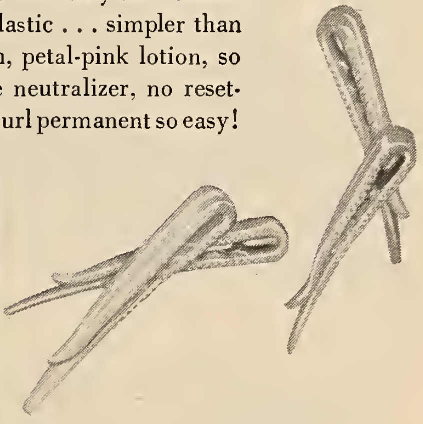

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DOROTHY COLLINS:

she wanted to be a secretary

■ Usually it's the daughter who wants to be in show business and the parents who say, "No, go learn a trade. Be a secretary." But in Dorothy Collins' success story, there's a bit of a switch. Dorothy's ambition was to be a first-rate secretary. However, her parents had different ideas. As a lark, they entered her in a local amateur singing contest and she won. She was offered a chance to appear on a children's broadcast series in Detroit and out the window went all secreterial plans.

Dorothy's first big break came in 1942 when she visited friends in Chicago who knew band leader Raymond Scott. They whisked her to him, he heard her sing, and one year later, she was on the air with the *Raymond Scott Show.*

In 1950, while Dotty was taking vocal lessons, the American Tobacco Company (sponsors of *Hit Parade*) commissioned Ray to write advertising jingles; he used Dorothy anonymously to sing on a demonstration record. The sponsor not only liked the jingle, but the sweet singing voice. Dorothy was hired. Later she became a featured vocalist on the show.

Now the question is, will her daughter, Deborah, (born October 24, 1954) meet with the same change of plans? It's too early to tell, of course, but with Raymond Scott's influence around the house, Deborah might plan on being a photographer, pianist, professional ham operator or maybe, even a secretary. For Dotty and Ray, who were married in July, 1952, actually only live in two and one-half rooms of their Babylon, Long Island home. The rest is used for Ray's big piano, tv sets, dark room and ham radios.

Deborah's future, as yet, is undecided, but if she gets confused, she should certainly ask Mama. In the Collins' case, Mama knows best!

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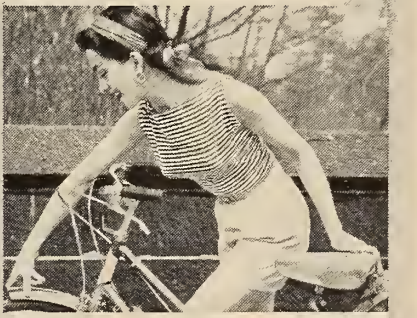

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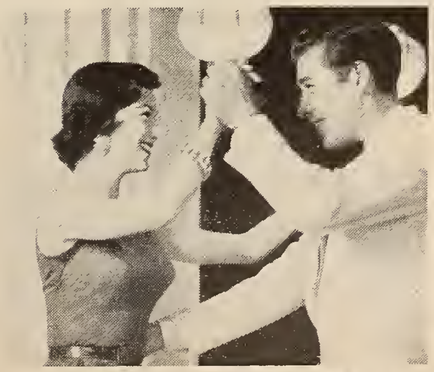

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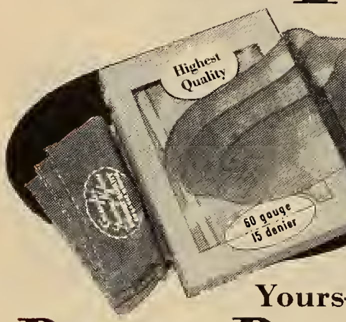

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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
High Society
Invitation To The Dance

FOR DRAMA
Somebody Up There Likes Me
Trapeze
The Leather Saint

FOR SUSPENSE
Safari
The Great Locomotive Chase
Run For The Sun
The Mountain

FOR LAUGHS
That Certain Feeling
The Ambassador's Daughter

PICTURE OF THE MONTH: *Grace Kelly's last movie (or so she says) is a big one—with Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Celeste Holm, gorgeous clothes, music, and, of course, a wedding!*

*HIGH SOCIETY

Sinatra, Crosby—and Grace Kelly

■ Here's Philip Barry's *Philadelphia Story* set to music, sparkling with glamor and exuding the happy glow of the very, very rich. The very, very rich live in houses that stagger the imagination, but don't worry for, as Grace Kelly points out, those houses must go (tax purposes). Anyway, here we are in Newport getting ready for Tracy Lord's (Grace Kelly's) second wedding. Her first wedding—to Bing Crosby—ended, but he's still around (he lives in the palace next door) disgracing the upper class with his success as a popular singer. Now Grace is marrying John Lund, a very proper fellow (he was poor and proud and now his pride is insufferable). Grace's father (Sidney Blackmer) has been disgracing her by playing around with a ballet dancer—but his wife, Margalo Gilmore, doesn't feel very disgraced (she's got a heart where Grace has a rock). But the editor of "Spy" magazine says: Unless you let writer Frank Sinatra and photographer Celeste Holm cover the wedding I'll print a disgraceful story about Grace's father. So Frank and Celeste arrive to cover the wedding. Grace rears like a true thoroughbred and decides to give them a real story. Her idea of a real story is to act like she's just had a frontal lobotomy. Her little sister (Lydia Reed) acts the same. Doesn't fool Sinatra for a minute. It rather fascinates him; it rather makes him fall in love. On the eve of Grace's wedding they get drunk together and go for a swim in the pool and he leaves his watch in her bedroom. Now it's John Lund's turn to be disgraced, and he is. He very nearly calls off the wedding on this puny evidence of delinquent behavior. Sinatra and Crosby sing an entertaining duet; Louis Armstrong's here, with music, and, adding his unique, debonair charm is the late Louis Calhern. Technicolor.—MGM

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

Park Avenue comedy

■ Nature's way of telling Francis X. Dignan (Bob Hope) he's a coward is a severe attack of nausea brought on by any attempt he makes to assert himself. In this condition he becomes assistant to Larry Larkin (George Sanders), a nationally known cartoonist, friend to the great and phony to the core. Larkin's secretary (Eva Marie Saint) whom he plans to make his fifth wife was once the only wife of Francis. The comedy unfolds in Larkin's swank duplex apartment on Park Avenue which houses (in addition to his vast ego) an outspoken maid (Pearl Bailey), a miserable orphan (made miserable by the fact that Larkin plans to adopt him), and a huge English sheepdog. In his vain attempts to assert himself, to win back his wife and to show up Larkin, Francis creates bedlam enough to shake the poise of even Ed Murrow who, climactically, visits the Larkin menage on *Person To Person*.—Paramount

RUN FOR THE SUN

manhunt in the jungle

■ Richard Widmark's an American writer who'd still be drinking tequila and taking a bath once a month if Jane Greer (a reporter from "Sight" magazine) hadn't been sent to ferret him out of his Mexican nirvana and uncover all the sordid facts of his disappearance from life. (*Continued on page 14*)

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DEBORAH KERR · YUL BRYNNER with **RITA MORENO** · Martin Benson · Rex Thompson · Terry Saunders

Produced by **CHARLES BRACKETT** · Directed by **WALTER LANG** · Screenplay by **ERNEST LEHMAN** · Music by **RICHARD RODGERS** and Book and Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II** · Choreography by **JEROME ROBBINS**

From their musical play based on "Anna And The King Of Siam" by Margaret Landon

movie previews

Continued from page 12

The fact is he lost his wife on an African safari and hasn't been the same since (lost her to another man, that is). Well, he doesn't trust women any more, but he trusts Jane (although there she sits taking notes and long distance phone calls from New York). Anyway, he offers to fly her back to Mexico City, but by some slight miscalculation they crash in the midst of the Mexican jungle, which apparently belongs to Trevor Howard and Peter Van Eyck. Anthropologists, say they. But who they really are is Lord Haw-Haw and an ex-Nazi chieftain. They have a pack of wild dogs guarding their hacienda, an arsenal in the basement and a love of sadism. The rest is an exciting chase through that jungle—Widmark and Jane, of course, running ahead. Technicolor. Superscope—U.A.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME

the life of Rocky Graziano

■ Rocky Graziano's story is not a pretty one, but it is certainly exciting—not only physically (although the action doesn't let up for a minute) but in the sense that here is a man finding himself, struggling against almost insuperable odds to become a whole human being. Dragged up in New York's Lower East Side, he had a violent temper and a complete disregard of the law; nobody could tell him what to do. Dishonorably discharged from the army (after ignoring every regulation, knocking out a captain who reprimanded him and going AWOL), Rocky realizes that his only hope is to fight professionally, there his hatred can work for him and his living will be assured. The love of an understanding woman (Pier Angeli) and success reform him. He forgets about the past but there are others who plan to use it against him. Paul Newman is fine as Rocky; Eileen Heckart as his devoted, long-suffering mother, Everett Sloane as his homey manager. Don't miss this movie.—MGM

STORM OVER THE NILE

daring adventure in Sudan

■ It's about 1900, in the dining room of those great old houses in England and a little boy (who grows up to be Anthony Steel) is listening to his father and friends boast about their perilous exploits in the Crimea. Steel must follow his family's tradition of soldiery but he's convinced he's a coward. (His father convinced him.) Anyway, ten years later he's a lieutenant in the North Surrey regiment along with Lawrence Harvey and a couple of other noble young men; he's also engaged to Mary Ure, daughter of a retired general. Just before he's ordered to the Sudan, Steel resigns. His friends send him three white feathers (Mary adds a fourth) which means they've marked him off as a coward. Well, he shows 'em. He travels to the Sudan, disguises himself as a mute native, rescues Harvey who's blinded and left for dead on a battlefield, endures incredible hardships and is finally responsible for the British victory. It's a colorful, romantic adventure story. CinemaScope—Col.

THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

an upper class romance

■ Ambassadors' daughters are not like other girls, Men are polite to them; men don't dance cheek to cheek with them (and wouldn't dance at all if it weren't protocol). But that's not the main point. The main point is: Senator Adolphe Menjou wants to declare Paris off-limits to Army personnel. He arrives in Paris (with his wife Myrna Loy) to accomplish this mission—a mission which the ambassador (Edward Arnold) and his daughter (Olivia de Havilland) consider nothing short of disastrous. Well, at a benefit fashion show G.I. John Forsythe mistakes Olivia for a model (because she's modeling) and flirts. There begins a wild adventure during which Olivia attempts to prove that the American G.I. is decent, honorable, and very nearly angelic even to girls who aren't ambassadors' daughters. Well, she proves it. And it's more than nice to see Olivia on the screen again. With Tommy Noonan.—U.A.

TRAPEZE

Lollobrigida on the flying trapeze

■ In the whole history of the circus there were only six men who could do the triple roll on the flying trapeze—Burt Lancaster was one of them. But on his last flight he fell, injured his leg and has since become a rigger. Tony Curtis finds him in a Paris circus. Tony wants to learn the triple but first he has to persuade Lancaster to teach him. He achieves this without too much trouble. The trouble comes with Gina Lollobrigida whose yearning for the spotlight is equalled by nothing. She exerts her considerable charm on Burt (he resists) and Tony (he doesn't) and soon finds herself a decorative, if somewhat unnecessary, member of their newly formed act. Tony learns the triple, John Ringling North comes all the way from New York to see him do it—at which point Gina's manipulations of her leading men break up the act. Carol Reed, who directed, has come across with wonderful circus atmosphere, breathtaking trapeze shots. Cast includes Thomas Gomez, Katy Jurado. CinemaScope—U.A.

THE MOUNTAIN

. . . and Spencer Tracy who climbs it

■ There are people who climb mountains simply to get to the top, but Robert Wagner is more complicated; he wants to get to the airplane which is lying on top and just chock full of treasure—watches, diamonds, cameras and whatever else one normally finds on rich corpses. His brother (Spencer Tracy) views Robert's ambition with horror and shame—he feels responsible because he reared the boy in their cottage beneath the Alps. Once they lived well because Tracy was a famous climber but he retired, convinced that the mountain was bad luck for him. Now the plane has crashed, searching parties have been unable to reach it and Robert figures he can get away with the loot. Tracy goes up with him and that is a climb! It's dangerous, thrilling and exhausting to watch. Do they make it? Go see. The excellent cast includes Claire Trevor, William Demarest, Anna Kasbti. VistaVision—Para.

HILDA CRANE

love in a soap opera

■ When Hilda Crane (Jean Simmons) comes home to Winona, a small college town, her mother (Judith Evelyn) dutifully meets her at the station. But Mom and daughter never saw eye to eye. Hilda loved her father, but he died. Then she left for a career in New York, succeeded in marrying and divorcing two men (one at a time) and has nothing left but bitter memories and a mink coat. In Winona there is a dashing professor, Jean-Pierre Aumont, who was crazy about her and still is—but he ain't proposing, and there is Guy Madison who is crazy about her, but his mom (Evelyn Varden) threatens to have a heart attack if Hilda marries her boy, a boy who worked his way up from nothing to a mansion. Hilda's not so keen on marrying her boy, anyway. He's dull and respectable. But she marries him—and his mom has a heart attack. This puts some what of a damper on the honeymoon. Mothers will hate this movie which says something true about some of them. Unfortunately, it's too soap opera-ish to be really good. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE LEATHER SAINT

double life of a minister

■ Father Gil Allen (John Derek) is an impatient minister who wants desperately to buy an iron lung and build a swimming pool for several young polio victims in the parish. To keep fit, he works out in a Los Angeles gym where he is discovered by fight manager Paul Douglas. Then he begins a double life. He fights every Saturday night (without bothering to train), hands the money over to naive Father Ritchie (Ernest Truex), who literally skips with joy over each "donation." Meanwhile Father Gil is wooed by hard-drinking Pearl (Jody Lawrence), girl friend of fight promoter Cesar Romero. Naturally she—and everyone else involved—is stunned when their promising protegé turns out to be a minister. But even these lost souls find salvation.—Para.

THE RAWHIDE YEARS

out west with Tony Curtis

■ "You're bigger, better, but the same Ben," says Colleen Miller to Tony (Ben) Curtis who returns to Galena three years after he fled that western town to escape lynching. The thing is, he's innocent of murder, which is more than can be said for nearly everybody else. You see, he was a card sharp and on this riverboat he met a nice man (Minor Watson) from Galena, but that man was murdered in his stateroom by a band of pirates. Who done it? Before Tony solves that he has more adventures with charming, unscrupulous buddy, Arthur Kennedy; he nearly loses Colleen to evil, unscrupulous Peter Van Eyck (who owns the casino in which Colleen sings) and he tries to win the confidence of Minor Watson's brother (William Demarest), rich ranch owner—all of which leads, in a blaze of action, to who done it. Technicolor—U.I.

SAFARI

hold that lion! kill that Mau Mau!

■ What Sir Vincent Brampton (Roland Culver) wants, Sir Vincent gets. He got Janet Leigh off a barstool, gave her a diamond engagement ring and brought her to Africa. Now he wants to get Hatari—a rare, black-maned lion. Never mind that Hatari roams in cutthroat Mau Mau country; never mind that white hunter Vic Mature has lost his hunting license and can't guide him. Sir Vincent gets his license back (Mature lost it because the Mau Mau slaughtered his young son and now he wants vengeance, especially on ex-servant Earl Cameron who turned out to be a Mau Mau chief). So off we go on safari and what a motley crew we are—Sir Vincent's beady eyes thirsting for Hatari; Mature's flashing eyes thirsting for his ex-servant; Janet Leigh—thirsting. There's a chap named John Justin along, too. He's a friend of Sir Vincent, but rather weak. Well, what with the heat and the tension and the 200 Mau Maus who have just broken out of prison camp and are heading our way, I tell you, it's no picnic. Technicolor—Col.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

a new kind of movie

■ Here's Gene Kelly's movie of the dance. It consists of three ballets and no speaking parts. The first ballet is called "Circus." In it Kelly plays a white-faced, pathetic clown whose unrequited love for circus girl Claire Sombert (her heart belongs to Igor Youskevitch, king of the highwire) leads to his tragic death. Kelly restricts himself to pantomime but Youskevitch (of the Ballet Theatre) and Sombert perform a lovely duet against a dramatic, moon-flooded background. The second ballet, "Ring Around The Rosy," opens at a cocktail party at which a husband presents a bracelet to his wife. The bracelet passes through the hands of at least half a dozen fickle lovers before it comes back full circle. In this, Kelly plays a marine, and other well known ballet dancers (including Tamara Toumanova) are involved in assorted guises. It's a slick, sophisticated presentation. The last ballet, "Sinbad The Sailor," creates most unusual effects with the use of cartoon sequences. That is, Kelly (Sinbad) enters an animated cartoon world and dances in it to themes derived from Rimsky-Korsakov. Even if you're not a dance addict, you'll go for this. Technicolor—MGM

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE

a true incident of the Civil War

■ There were some bloody battles during the Civil War but not all the feats of bravery took place in them. Here is the true story of a locomotive chase. Fess Parker looks and acts like a southern gentleman but he's a northern spy and along with a group of soldiers (de-uniformed) he attempts to dismantle the southern railway system. With his charm and poise he easily steals trains right from under the noses of the southern folk, but there is one nose (belonging to motorman Jeffrey Hunter) that sniffs trouble. He chases Parker down the railway tracks and nothing, but nothing, can stop him. By the end of this film the two men have developed such respect for each other's ingenuity they wind up shaking hands. What makes this movie delightful is the way Disney has captured the feel and the look of the South. Technicolor—Disney

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (Para.): Hitchcock at his best—and that's about as good as anyone can get. The suspense doesn't let up for a minute; the characters and the backgrounds are unique, lavish and exciting, and so is the plot. Doris Day and James Stewart are excellent in this fine film.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Col.): Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin, whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw handle their roles as Eddy's two great loves beautifully. You'll like it.

GABY (MGM): Derived from *Waterloo Bridge*, *Gaby* is a tender, moving story of two youngsters who fall in love in London during the war. Leslie Caron and John Kerr star as the lovers.

MOBY DICK (Warners): The suspense-filled novel by Herman Melville becomes one of the screen's most exciting movies, with Gregory Peck as the possessed Captain Ahab, and Leo Genn and Richard Basehart terrific in the great whale-hunt.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT (U.A.): Richard Burton, Dannielle Darrieux and Claire Bloom star in a brilliant, battle-filled spectacle about a world of barbarism and civilization—and its conqueror.

BHOWANI JUNCTION (MGM): Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger in the vivid, romantic and action-packed movie that weaves a love story against the tensions and hatreds of India.

THE RACK (MGM): Disturbing, thought-provoking movie about the ruthless brain-washing of a young American officer captured in Korea. Paul Newman, Walter Pidgeon.

TOY TIGER (U.I.): This one is a heart-warming comedy about a woman executive who is too busy to be a good mother—even to Tim Hovey—until a young art director comes to the rescue. Laraine Day is the mother, Jeff Chandler the artist.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT (20th-Fox): Gregory Peck is a war veteran who is now fighting his battles on Madison Avenue and in his typical suburban home. His struggle to maintain both his integrity and his wife (Jennifer Jones) is exciting. With Fredric March, Marisa Pavan.

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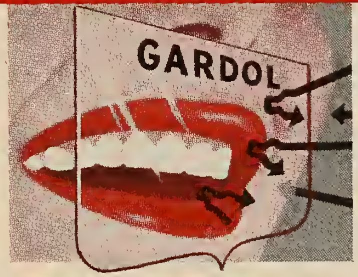

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LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

IN THIS SECTION:

- The Bridey Murphy craze
- Good News
- I Nominate For Stardom
- About Jimmy Dean
- ← Kim goes to Cannes

OUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Ernie Borgnine and his Mrs. live it up the few times they go out.

The Pecks dined out after seeing Man In The Gray Flannel Suit.

I LOVE ERNIE. It's 'way past Oscar time, but Ernest Borgnine is just as excited over the little gold statuette he won for *Marty* as he was the night he won it. And that's plenty excited.

"I'm taking Oscar back to my home town, New Haven, Connecticut when I go there. The picture I made with Debbie Reynolds, *Catered Affair*, is premièred there," Ernie told me with a big grin on his face.

The whole Borgnine family, Mrs. B. and daughter Nancy, will accompany Ernie on this trip as soon as he finishes *The Best Things In Life Are Free* at 20th. "And, of course, Oscar Borgnine goes along," Ernie reminded me. "I'm going to keep him on display on the living-room table as long as we're home so our neighbors and friends can get a look at him."

It's a pleasure to run into some one as refreshing as Ernie. May he never be blasé!

STORK DEPARTMENT: That charming Veronique Peck (Mrs. Gregory Peck) called me bright and early one morning to tell me her happy news. "Gregory and I are going to have a baby," she said. "You are the first newspaperwoman I met in Hollywood and I want you to know first." Now, that's what I call being an ever lovin' doll.

Veronica told me that she is four months pregnant, so it won't be too long before there's a brand new little Peck in the nursery. With Greg already the pappy of three boys, I suspect that he and Veronique are keeping their fingers crossed for a girl.

TAKE CARE, JERRY! Jerry Lewis had just finished one of his wild and zany routines with Dean Martin for *Hollywood Or Bust*—and just as usual, he threw himself in his canvas-back chair puffing and panting.

"That was okay—but come on, Jerry. Let's do it again," said Dean.

Jerry didn't get up, which was not as usual. "I can't," he almost whispered, "I can't. Terrible, terrible pains in my chest."

Seldom has a company in the midst of production had such a scare. Almost before anyone could reach his side, Jerry was bathed in perspiration and he was gasping for breath.

The first thing they did was to call the studio doctor, and then Jerry's own doctor, Dr. Marvin Levy, was summoned. He was rushed immediately to the hospital, where Dr. Levy said that Jerry had every symptom of a heart attack.

Later, after tests were made, the doctor said, "Miraculously, Jerry did not have a real heart attack. But he had a serious warning. He has suffered from a heart murmur for years—and all the extra work he has been doing, plus his excessive smoking—has put an enormous strain on his heart."

Jerry was told that he could finish the picture with "limited activity, rest between scenes, and the promise that he will give up smoking entirely."

Listen to your doctor, Jerry—and heed his words. Take it easy, boy. We need you around.

BUT NOT FOR PIER! While we are in the stork department, Pier Angeli denies that she and Vic Damone are expecting a second child. Poor Pier went through so much after being injured by a fall aboard an airplane enroute to Palm Springs while she was carrying her first baby. Both she and Vic want to be sure she has completely recovered her strength before increasing their family.

Wait 'til you see Pier in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*. It's by far the best acting she has ever done, and reflects the maturity she has attained since marriage and motherhood.

But Pier, I think, is happiest when she's just traveling around with Vic on his nightclub dates. Get a load of the lovebirds snapped by our MODERN SCREEN photographer while Vic was appearing in Las Vegas.

DATELESS DON: What's holding up the Donald O'Connor-Gloria Nobel marriage? I saw them at Chasen's and they said they still hadn't set the date. I doubt if it will

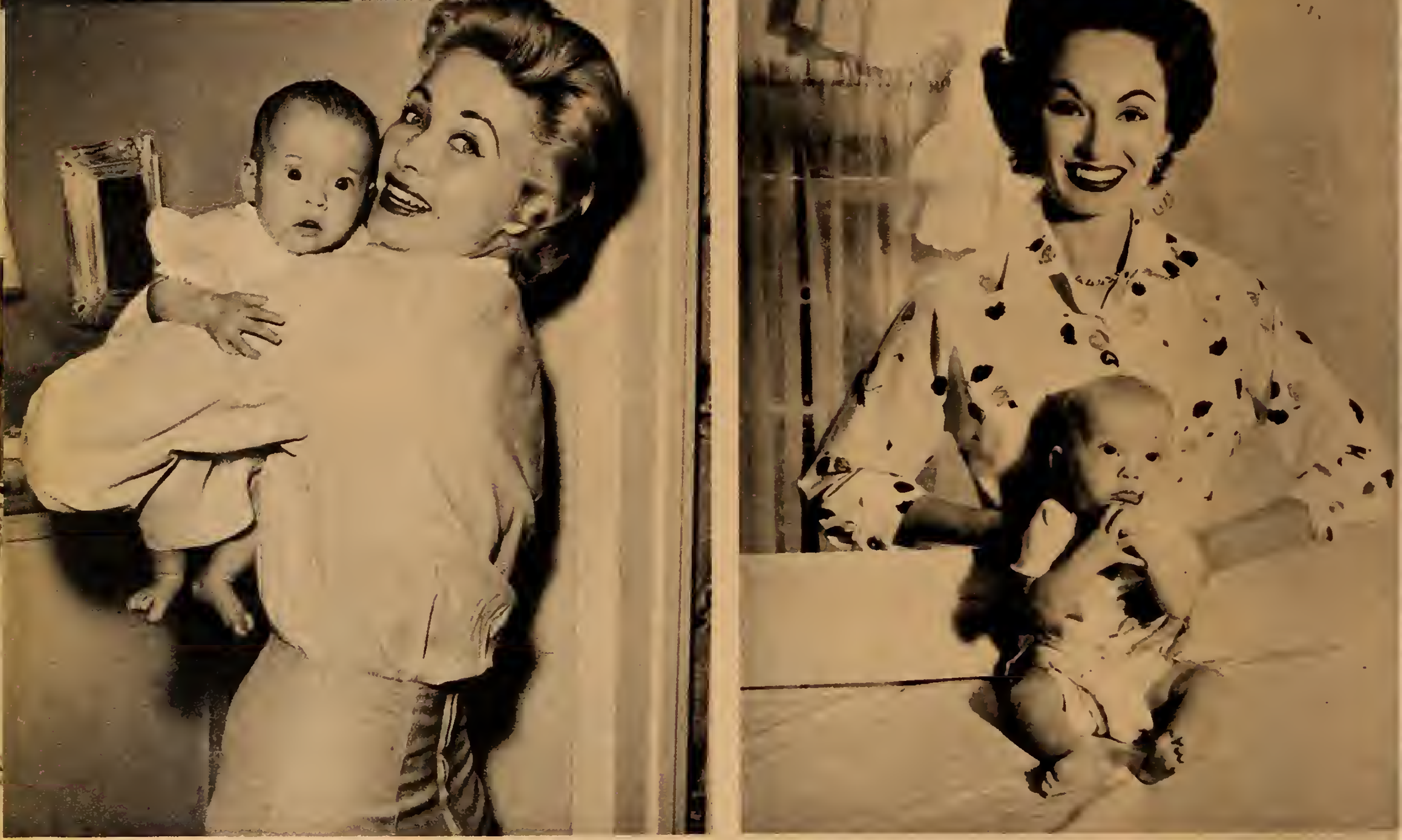
Just a few days after he got out of the hospital (for study of his heart) Jerry Lewis was kidding with his family again—but not quite so wildly.

It's hard to believe that Pier and Vic are an old married couple by this time, isn't it?

Donald O'Connor's daughter dressed up as a squaw when she brought Don to the Fair.

Peggy Lee looks so happy as just Mrs. Dewey Martin. She says she's giving up her career!

OUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Here are those long awaited baby portraits! Jane Powell's Lindsay Averil objected to the camera, but Ann Blyth's Maureen just ignored it.

be before Donald finishes *The Buster Keaton Story*.

However, he certainly lavishes gifts on the lady of his heart. In the last few months Donald has given Gloria a new car, a pearl and diamond bracelet, a white mink stole and a new refrigerator!

I CAN'T BELIEVE PEGGY LEE really means it when she says that, excepting a few dates in Las Vegas she's contracted to fulfill, she's going to retire to be just Mrs. Dewey Martin.

"You wouldn't let her do that, would you?" I asked Dewey over the telephone at the home he bought from Peggy when they were married.

"Sure," he laughed. "Why not, if she wants to?"

"But just this year she won the Audience Award as the best supporting actress of '55 in *Pete Kelly's Blues*," I reminded the happy bridegroom. He said he'd put Peggy on and let her speak for herself.

"I've worked hard for a long time," she said, "I can't tell you how much I'm enjoying doing nothing. Right now, Dewey is repainting the house. He says he has to *defemininize* it from all those pale pinks and whites."

"You're just a bride, gal," I protested, "You'll have to prove to me that you're serious about giving up your recordings, your composing, night-club and acting jobs permanently."

Peggy just laughed and said, "You may be surprised."

ANN BLYTH is really too thin but she's planning to put on at least five pounds before starting work with Donald O'Connor in *The Buster Keaton Story*. By the way, did you ever see anything cuter than the picture of Ann and her baby daughter in this department this month? Ann told me that she and Dr. Jim McNulty are flabbergasted over the comedy antics of their infant. "We're such serious people—and she's so zany!" Ann laughed.

DODO AND JUNE: For a girl who didn't like parties and would hardly accept invitations this time last year, Doris Day has certainly become a social butterfly. She and Marty Melcher were at the *bon voyage* party the Henry Rogers hosted for June Allyson and Dick Powell (headed for Europe).

Doris, a vision in white, seemed to be on the dance floor constantly. She and June are close pals and Doris told me she would miss her a lot while she's away.

The summer dresses the girls wore were so pretty. June wore a black and white organza without her usual peter-pan collar. Gracie Allen looked like a doll (as always) in a pale pink gown designed by Orry Kelly with beautiful hand embroidery on the bodice and skirt.

Everyone was taking a second look at Anna Kashfi, the East Indian beauty who came here after making *The Mountain* with Spencer Tracy in Europe and was immediately grabbed up under contract to MGM. Currently, she's on loanout to UI for the lead with Rock Hudson in *Battle Hymn*—which should give you an idea of how popular she is.

Anna came with producer Ross Hunter, and while she frequently wears American clothes, for this occasion she looked lovely in a beige chiffon sari, the garb of her countrywomen.

Among others who had a very good time at this party were Frances and Edgar Bergen, Charlie Feldman with youthful starlet Pat Livingston, the Mervyn Le Roys and the Johnny Greenes.

IF ELIZABETH TAYLOR isn't a nervous wreck every time a leading man of hers steps into a car, she has good cause to be.

Montgomery Clift had dined at the home of Liz and Mike Wilding on a Sunday in mid-May and was following Kevin McCarthy down the curving mountain road of Beverly Hills Estates, when his (Monty's) car went out of control and crashed into a power line pole! Next to Kevin, Liz and Mike were first on the scene of the horrible accident and as the men tugged and tugged to free Monty from the wreckage, Elizabeth sobbed as though her heart would break.

"For an awful moment I thought he was dead with all that blood pouring down his face", she told me later, the shocking memory still vivid with her.

Clift's nose was broken, three teeth knocked out, and at the hospital it was found that he had suffered a brain concussion. Yet, he was a lucky boy that he escaped with his life. A power-line executive said that it was a miracle that he was not electrocuted by a live wire torn loose by the impact.

As this is written, *Raintree County*, the five-million-dollar Civil War story costarring Monty, Elizabeth and Eva Marie Saint, is closed down for three weeks while his face is healing. They can't shoot around him at MGM. He's in practically every scene.

This serious accident, following so close on the tragedy of Jimmy Dean's death in an automobile accident right after young Dean and Liz had finished *Giant*, has been a severe shock to Elizabeth's nervous system.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Clark Gable not only has a beautiful wife in Kay Williams, he has a perfect companion. Of course, Kay went along with The King when he left for Knabe, Utah, for weeks of location on *King And Four Queens*. She took along her riding clothes (she may even work in some background scenes just for the kicks), just as when she goes to Palm Springs with Clark she takes her golf bags. And, come party time, Kay is dressed to the teeth—just as Clark likes her to be. A plenty smart wife, Mrs. Gable.

THE CUTEST SOCIAL EVENT of the month: The Child's World Fair conducted by the Buckley Schools attended by so many of the stars' children.

Eleanor Powell was entertainment chairman and a lot of money was raised for scholarships to enable working mothers to send their children to the fine Buckley schools.

Peggy Lee's daughter, Nickie, won the door prize—a live burrow.

City of Hope Hospital named Rosie Clooney, Deborah Kerr and June Allyson all Mothers Of The Year. Congratulations, you three girls!

I'm on my soapbox

■ I want to say that not since Valentino has any actor been more idolized in death than when he was alive than the late James Dean.

Some of the adulation is good. Some is hysterical—such as one teenager telling the police that she tried to commit suicide "to join Jimmy in death."

Yet no one seems to have touched the heart of the public more than this fine young actor. Warner Brothers reports that in the month of April, seven months after his death, the fan mail department received 5000 letters about young Dean.

CBS-TV is reissuing his one filmed TV drama, *The Unlighted Road*, because of public demand.

His friend and director, Nick Ray, who led young Dean through *Rebel Without A Cause*, is writing a book on him. So is his father, Winton Dean.

Elizabeth Taylor, Jo Van Fleet, Sal Mineo, Natalie Wood and other stars who worked with Jimmy, tell me that they get as much fan mail begging for information about him as they do about themselves. Director George Stevens, who directed Jimmy's last picture, *Giant*, says he receives mail "demanding" to know the release date of the picture.

His grandparents, in Fairmount, Indiana, say that fans stop daily at their home to talk about the actor and to ask where they can visit his grave.

At Princeton University, a mask of Dean will be displayed along with masks of Edwin Booth, Beethoven, Thackeray and Keats!

A young pal of his recently said to me, "Some of this adulation shocks me. If there is anything Jimmy hated it was sensationalism. And, yet—I think he would be pleased if he knew how deeply he still lives in the heart of the public."

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

I nominate for stardom: PAUL NEWMAN

■ Paul is the sensational newcomer who has the fans winging since *The Rack* and even before he's seen as Rocky Graziano in *Somebody Up There Likes Me.*

Although like Marlon Brando and Jimmy Dean he is a product of the Actors Studio, it burns him to a crisp to be accused of imitating their style.

"The only person I've ever imitated for a role is Rocky Graziano," he says heatedly, "and that's because I'm playing him on the screen. Rocky was talking like he had adenoids long before Brando." So there!

Paul comes to pictures a seasoned performer. He clicked in *Picnic* and *The Desperate Hours* on the stage in New York before coming to Hollywood and also played four seasons of summer stock in a great variety of roles.

Born in Cleveland, he attended grammar school and high school there before entering Kenyon College, Ohio. From there he went to Yale (V-12 Naval Air Corps officers' training school during the war) and returned to the Yale School of drama.

In 1947 he married the former Jackie Witte and they have three children, Scott, Susan and Stephanie.

Paul has light brown hair, stands five-foot, eleven-inches, weighs 165 and his eyes are blue.

When I asked him if his career had been pointed toward Hollywood, this outspoken young man said, "Not necessarily. My career was never pointed beyond my next role. I love the stage and hope to keep my home in New York so that I will be handy to do a show between movies. But I love pictures, too. In fact, you might just say that I love acting in any medium."

Donald O'Connor was there with his Donna, getting to be such a pretty girl and growing so tall.

One of the funniest things took place when one of the little students sneaked up on cowboy Jock Mahoney while he was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Allen and stole a bullet from Jock's gun belt. He got caught right in the act, too.

SUSAN HAYWARD and Kim were the belles of the Cannes Film Festival. I couldn't be happier that Susie won the award for the finest performance by an actress for her wonderful playing in *I'll Cry Tomorrow.*

Now that it's over—for my money, Susan should have won the Academy Award, and those aren't idle words.

I have a feeling a new day is dawning for Miss Hayward. While she was in Europe her divorce from Jess Barker became final. So there's no more worry on *that* score. And, while it's still a little early to be sure, I wouldn't be surprised if Susan hasn't found a new romance in Gordon White, a London publisher. He gave her such a big romantic rush that Susie postponed her return to the USA at the gentleman's insistence.

WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IN and nominate Anita Ekberg the Princess of Publicity. That "news" story from Florence, Italy, that Anita and her husband Anthony Steele were arrested for kissing and holding hands in a parked car in Lovers' Lane, sounds very much to me like Anita's fine Swedish hand was in the whole escapade. . . .

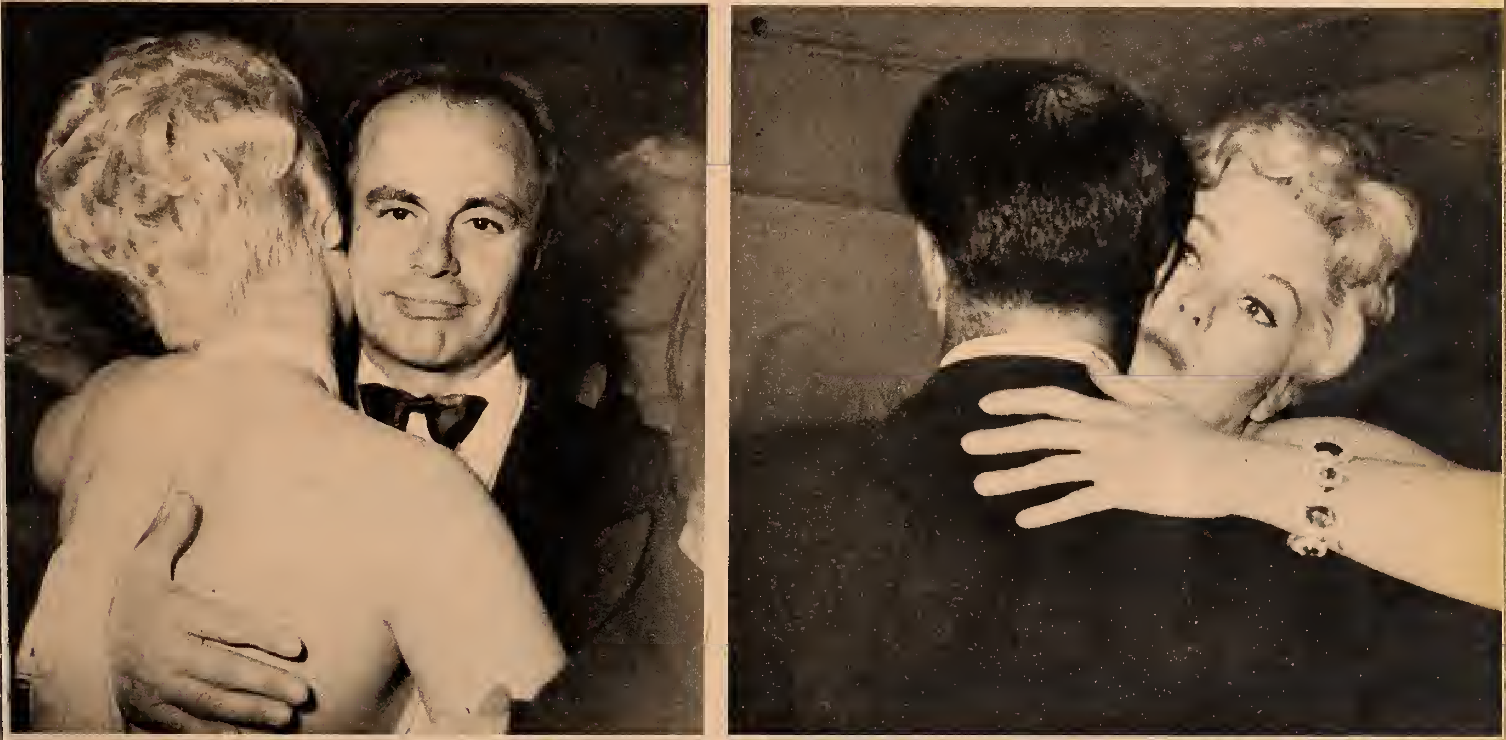
KIM NOVAK wrote me from the Riviera that she was invited by the Aga Khan to have tea with him and his Begum and she was "so surprised that Aly Khan dropped in during my visit." I'm not. That young man has a sixth sense about ferreting out where a pretty girl may be.

Her letter went on, "I got a real kick out of meeting the Gary Coopers, who are traveling with their lovely daughter, Maria. Isn't

Anita and Tony got married in Florence, Italy, and spent their honeymoon there, too.

At the Cannes festival Aly Khan kissed Susan Hayward's hand—and well he might! My Susie got the top acting honor of the world there!

Ingrid Bergman (with Rosselini) was a huge hit, too. Ingrid is making Anastasia *now. It's her first American movie in a long, long time.*



The minute they met, Aly Khan deserted his date to dance all night with Kim Novak. But—am I wrong?—he looks happier about it than she does!

it funny—after working for years in Hollywood and never running into the Coopers, I met them in Europe? I hope the friendship continues when we all come home because I like them so much."

THE HOTTEST ROMANCE: At this writing, it is that of attractive blonde Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall, ex-husband of Ruth Roman. I pinned my friend Diana down and asked her about wedding bells. She said, "Mortimer won't be free until March and we do not want to marry outside California. But we are very much in love with each other."

Of course, Diana has had many romances since she and John Lindsay were divorced. She's a beautiful girl and much sought after by Hollywood bachelors, so we will have to wait and see what happens.

CONTRARY TO REPORTS that she was seeing her ex, Frank Sinatra, in Madrid (where he's making *The Pride And The Passion*), Ava Gardner says he hasn't even telephoned her. "But the phone system here is very bad," she explains—one of my favorite quotes of the month.

VICTOR MATURE says he has no serious romance and no wedding plans, and I'm inclined to believe him. His divorce from Dorothy cost Vic too much for him to be enthusiastic about another marriage. He's building a group of homes at Rancho Santa Fe—but he isn't planning to carry a bride over the threshold of one of them.

THE "BRIDEY MURPHY" IDEA of reincarnation and all the hypnotist shennanigans has hit Hollywood with a bang. Count the evening lost when ringsiders in night clubs and guests at parties aren't invited to "go under."

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas started the ball rolling with a masquerade party at their home. With a hundred or more guests invited to "Come As You Were" (in some other life) there was a laugh—or a trance—a minute. Theirs most definitely was The Party Of The Month.

With her startling red hair and beautiful

face. Arlene was an eyeful as Empress Eugenie in a highwaisted empire gown and a sparkling diamond tiara. Fernando could have stepped right out of a bull ring, he was so correctly and handsomely done up as a Matador.

It was one of the first big parties Jeanne Crain has attended since her marriage to Paul Brinkman crashed (and how!)—and apparently Jeanne fancied herself as the reincarnation of a leopard woman because the gown she wore was so tight it might still have been clinging to lady leopard's hide.

But the highlight of the evening was when a noted hypnotist, W. McConigal, put Mickey Rooney, Jane Powell and hair stylist Sydney Guileroff under his spell. He asked Janie (before putting her to sleep) if there was any bad habit she would like to lose.

"Yes," she admitted, "I really want to diet but I can't resist candy and ice cream." While Janie was under, McConigal told her that from now on candy and ice cream would have a bad taste in her mouth. And do you know something—when Jane came out from under the trance, she was offered ice cream and said, "No, thank you. It tastes terrible!" Now I ask you!

(When I saw Jane a few days later in Beverly Hills she told me she hadn't slept for three nights, ever since she was hypnotized.)

A funny thing about Mickey Rooney, when he was put under, he stayed completely asleep. Not a move out of that body of perpetual motion. "Better than a Milltown," cracked Mickey when he woke up.

I was invited to go under—but no thanks, it's not for me.

It was enough of a kick for me when Cobina Wright Sr. and I won the first prize for our costumes. We went dressed exactly alike as the favorite wives of Tutankhamen. Cobina's prize was a gold poodle pin and mine was a jeweled heart.

As the party went on and on into the wee hours, the singing started as usual. Fernando sang "Some Enchanted Evening" so beautifully he gets my vote to play the Ezio Pinza role in *South Pacific* on the screen.

Nice, too, that Jane Powell wasn't hypnotized out of her voice. She sang like a lark.

Among others who enjoyed the very unusual evening were Benay Venuta (as a Barbary Coast beauty), Vera Ellen (appropriately garbed as a Spanish dancer), Dani Crayne (an Italian belle), Jack Warner (a Mississippi gambler with diamond buttons on his suit) and Reginald Gardiner whose wicked Rasputin garb won first prize for the men's costumes. All in all, quite a night, although I must say I am not in favor of making entertainment out of hypnotism.

HAD TO HOLD MY SIDES laughing when I learned that Prince Rainier has engaged a British Miss Tiffle to teach Princess Grace protocol and the way to correctly conduct herself as a member of Serene Royalty.

Wonder if the lady has anything to say about sulking when you don't get your way—as His Highness did with the world press before, during and after his marriage to the movie star?

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

During a stop-over on their honeymoon, Grace and the Prince went to a bullfight. The matador dedicated his "kill" to Grace by tossing her his hat; then she had to throw it back to him!

the letter box

ROCHELLE EISENBERG, BROOKLYN, *writes:* "Not only is Paul Newman a fine actor but I would like other fans to know that he has wonderful fan-mail manners. He wrote me a charming letter in his own hand thanking me for writing to him. He's a doll."

GEORGIA EWING, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *is upset because Louis Jourdan doesn't receive enough attention.* "He's just wonderful in *The Swan* and before that, *Three Coins In The Fountain.*" *I'm sure Louis thanks you, ma'am.*

JOAN DAVIS, NASHVILLE, *(not the comedienne) is disgusted:* "I'm furious about these TV comediennes who do their disgusting imitations of Marilyn Monroe. They just prove their jealousy of the most beautiful and famous girl on the screen."

MILDRED WILLIAMS, WILMINGTON, N. C., *wants Gloria Grahame to snap out of her doldrums* ". . . or whatever is keeping her off the screen. She's a fine actress and should leave Paris for Hollywood—where she belongs."

"I don't care if he is temperamental," *opines* JO ANN KILANASHI, ST. JOE, MISSOURI, "Mario Lanza is the *greatest.* I've just seen *Serenade* and if Mario is ruled off for temperament, I say Hollywood is nuts."

BARBARA WILCOX, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, *is beating the tom-toms for her favorite, Eleanor Parker.* "She is the most beautiful actress in Hollywood, and the most neglected. She has more talent in her little finger than most of the body-wigglers have in their whole torso." *Take that and that, you body-wigglers.*

"MARIA," NEW YORK, *tosses us a nice bouquet:* "Louella, I think you had a hand in the reconciliation of the Dean Martins. You wrote an open letter in your department in MODERN SCREEN telling Dean and Jeanne how silly they were to stay apart when they really love one another. I read your words, and I bet they did, too." *Thank you, Maria.*

Look out
for hotrod Sal:

MINEO ON WHEELS

■ A while back Sal Mineo bought his first jalopy for $50. When he reported each morning for work on *Rebel Without A Cause* at the Warner lot he would park it right next to Jack Warner's custom Cadillac. Then the studio police would promptly drive it off and hide it for the day. When Sal was ready to go home, they'd have to drive him to it in a studio car.

Sal had other trouble with his wheels. The horn of the '41 Dodge coupe would stick every time he turned the motor over—and blast for ten minutes. When it happened one day right in front of the *Giant* set, the jalopy was barred from the lot, but the final indignity came when police didn't like the smoke trail the crate left behind it, and gave Sal a ticket for being a smog nuisance. Sal sighs, "I used to wash it every day, hoping somebody would want to buy it. I finally sold it for scrap."

When Sal got his next wheels, a '49 Merc, he joined the Kurb Krushers, a club for car addicts. He can't stop talking about the progress his Merc is making. "I am Frenching the headlights—you know what I mean?" He explains in English—"That's when you build a hood over the lights, like the new Fords have. No true Kurb Krusher would be caught at a dog fight without Frenched lights."

Among his other labors of love is Sal's peeling and repainting. He's also, sandpapering down and puttying up some incidental holes, in which he'll insert fancy brass screws after the paint job. Then there's the rear end. To finish the job, he's going to have a pair of miniature radio aerials on the back fenders. But the big dream is to combine an Olds-Merc-Chevvie engine, put it into the Merc and try it out on the six drag race strips near Hollywood. At least, Warner Brothers have one consolation. Sal says sensibly, "I won't do it until I really know the car. And not while I am working on a picture."

The Kurb Krushers meet every Wednesday night for three hour sessions of talk on wheels. Sometimes they go to the drag races together. That's Sal's big social event of the week. It's easy to see why he doesn't date much. No female has a chance against that Merc.

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Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

I REMEMBER 13

by Terry Moore

■ The part of my life that I remember best began with the "gang age," around thirteen. Nobody really had dates. But the girls would gang together and the boys would gang together and somehow both gangs always managed to turn up at the same place. We went to dancing school and parties and Saturday afternoon movies. Those movies were the highlight of the week. Four or five girls would get together, pick a movie and then let the word get around that we might—just *might*—be going to a certain movie. We girls paid our own way in and sat in a group, managing, of course, to keep a few vacant seats beside us. If another moviegoer started to sit in one of the vacant seats we'd say politely "Sorry, this seat is taken." Then, with one eye on the screen and one on the audience we'd search around for the boys—without pretending to notice them. There was always an intermission at which we could acknowledge each other's presence and after which the two gangs would sit together. I looked forward eagerly to every Saturday. But the day of all days was the first time Mac, my first love, actually asked me in advance to meet him at the movie. He paid my way in and even bought me a candy bar! That was a real date.

Let me tell you about Mac.

His name was Robert MacDougall. We met when we were only eleven or twelve and, although our friendship continued into high school, it's those early years I remember best, partly because I dated other boys later on, but mostly because he was the first member of the Other Sex to notice me.

Mac was good looking in a blond sort of way; the most popular boy in class; and all the girls were crazy about him.

We met when my family moved to a new neighborhood and I entered a new school. I didn't know a soul and felt like an outcast. Then one day he made a few friendly overtures. Being sought out by Mac immediately put the sign of approval on me. I was accepted. I belonged.

I don't mean that he began calling for me in a Cadillac every morning. But he was sweet, carried my books and walked me home from school. On Saturdays he presented himself at my house wearing clean overalls. And he always remembered to wash his hands before meals. This so impressed my mother that she was confident he had all the makings of a fine cavalier. But he was no sissy. And he *was* a terrific athlete. I think it was Mac who gave me my first interest in sports.

But Mac wasn't always the number one man on my list, nor I the number one girl on his. Both boys and girls had "lists" in those days (still do, I hear tell) and maintaining yourself on the poll was a game in itself, depending on whether you'd been on the same parties, and had or had not quarreled about something. If I told Mac he stood fourth or fifth on my list he'd complain, "Hey, I was number one last week!" Giggling, I would reply, "But that was *last* week!"

My own rating rose and fell like a barometer. My parents were very understanding about this and whenever I hit a new low they'd manage to have the gang in for an evening.

One night, at a party at my best girl friend's house, her parents allowed us to play Post Office and Spin The Bottle. Mac singled me out for his attentions. I was sure we would grow up, marry, and live happily ever after.

But all was not roses. At this time we all suffered all the agonies of the awkward age—too fat, too thin—eye glasses—braces on teeth—and we delighted in ridiculing each other. My own cross was that I was slow to blossom out. In fact, I was downright skinny—and super-sensitive about my spindly legs. During classes we passed caricatures of each other around in notes. There were no names on the drawings but when one with pipestem legs got around everybody knew who it was. And everybody would laugh—my chivalrous knight along with the rest of them.

I'll never forget that after one of these incidents my best girl friend, who had been more generously endowed by nature, was sitting sidewise in a seat in the schoolroom with her feet propped on the seat opposite, thus barring Mac's progress down the aisle. He laughingly said, "Get those million-dollar legs out of my way." This made me feel more self-conscious than ever and I resolved then and there that some day I would have the most photographed legs in the world. They'd all be sorry they had laughed.

I'm convinced that the telephone (everybody knows how much I use it) played an important part in shaping my future. I like people—always have—but during those growing-up years I was shy—particularly about approaching people directly, more specifically boys. It was always easier to telephone on some pretext or other, in hope that a date would develop. Also there was the intermediary. For instance, I would go to Barbara's (a school chum) and she, not I, would get Mac or some other boy on the phone. While she sounded him out as to how well he really liked me I waited—palpitating. If he was noncommittal she quickly ended the conversation. But if he said he liked me, that I was really tops on his list, Barbara would casually say, "Oh, guess who just came in," or "Guess who's here," and I'd take over. The fact that he knew that I knew that he knew I was there all the time didn't spoil our intrigue in the least.

Then we grew older, and somehow, during our middle teens, Mac and I drifted apart. I didn't know what had become of him until I received a letter from him while he was in the service during the war. He has since married and I don't know where he is now, but I will always remember him as the man in my life when I was 13!

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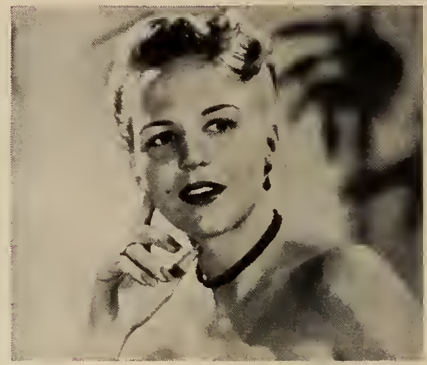
WITH THESE HANDS

by Peggy Lee

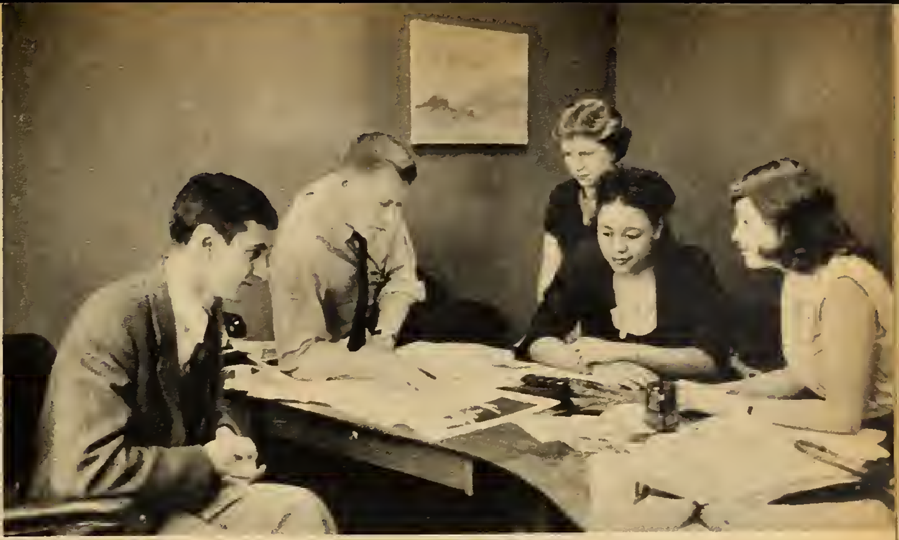


■ When I was eight years old someone very close to me said my hands were too big. I grew up terribly conscious of them. When with people I would hold them behind me, fold them up, never present them flat to view but edge-wise only. I wouldn't think of knitting or doing any handwork. I was one of the quickest hand shakers you ever saw. The problem that singing before the public presented was a horrible one. I went through agonies trying to figure out what to do with my hands; I even used to make fists of them, leaving just my thumbs sticking up to soften any pugnacious effect. And this kept up until I was well into my career.

Then one afternoon, while rehearsing a song number, my accompanist asked why I made such a production of hiding my hands. At first I was mortified that he had noticed it. Then I told him the truth. He was astonished. "Why, they aren't too big at all!" he exclaimed. "They're your size. Any smaller and they would look odd. And something else—they are strong hands, full of character!"

Well! I looked at my hands with new eyes. Whether he was right or not is beside the point. I could tell by the wonder in his voice that he really meant what he had said. I could also tell that he was touched by the misery with which I had confessed my trouble. And for that second of understanding between us, we had touched hearts, finely and warmly, as people too seldom do.

So actually, my hands brought me a friend. And he opened up a whole new world to me by taking away a misery I never should have had. I don't think my hands are too big now; I like them. Neither do I avoid thinking of hands. As a matter of fact I study them—for fun!



meet the new boss-man

Dear Readers,

There's a treat in store for you. See that good-looking guy in the picture on the left? He's twenty-nine, smart as a whip, has a marvelous sense of humor, and . . . well, he's just about the friendliest, nicest guy I've ever known. His name is David Myers, and if any of you are wondering when and where you can meet him, stop wondering—from now on, you'll meet him in every issue of Modern Screen.

A few months ago I stole David away from his very successful job as the director of Dell's Special Projects Division and made him managing editor of Modern Screen, so that he'd be ready to take over my chair. I'm going to devote myself full-time from now on to drawing and painting—something I've been dreaming of doing for a long time. In fact, signing this note will be my last official act as editor of MS.

This seems to be a perfect time to introduce the other members of our staff, too. The guy with the crew cut is Bill Weinberger, art editor of Modern Screen since 1942, and the reason why our magazine has won so many awards for excellence in layout and design. Next to him is Audrey Freiheit (a redhead), who is his top assistant. To her right is Ernestine Cooke—"Cookie" to us and you—our office manager, who keeps our frantic coast-to-coast operation on an even keel. The Great Profile on her right is Barbara Mayer, our brilliant story editor. This isn't quite the entire staff—Ina Steinhauser, our assistant editor, was out when the picture was taken, and of course Carl Schroeder and his West Coast staff were in California. And besides them, there's a huge production staff, and the printers and the writers—but we couldn't get that many people into the office! Anyway, we're proud of them all—and we're all proud to have David as Modern Screen's new boss-man. Readers—meet David. David, take over now on the best magazine and the most friendly bunch of readers you'll ever come across. It's your party now—have a ball!

Charles D. Saxon

Your reassuring letters to Liz
and Mike poured in by the thousand.
They thank you with all their hearts.
We want to thank you, too—and the best way
we know how is by taking you . . .

inside the Wildings' mountain hideaway:

by LINDA MATTHEWS

■ Morning, in the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding household, is at 6. That's when Mike wakes up, stretches, climbs out of the "acre of bed" he and Liz sleep in and bounds to the window. He gazes happily at the dank, foggy California morning and says brightly, "Just the day for a swim!"

From under the electric blanket comes a muffled groan.

"What's that, dear?" inquires Mike. "Care to join me?"

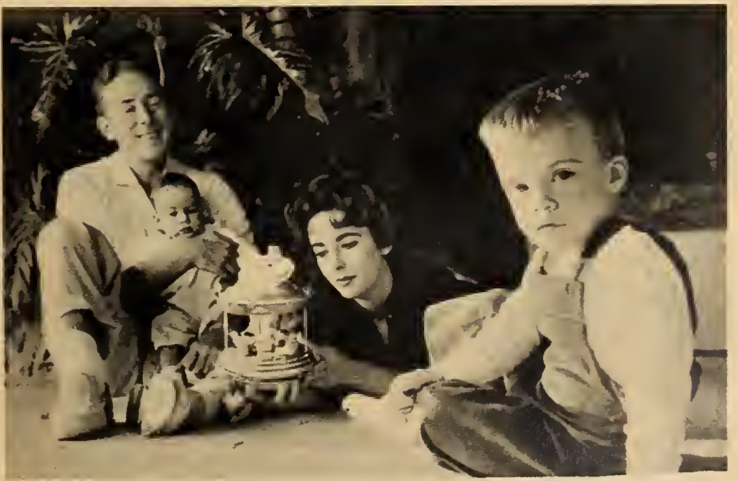
The blanket gives a convulsive shudder and subsides.

Mike tours the room, banging closet doors, opening drawers, overturning boxes. "Bathing trunks," he mutters under his breath. "Towel . . . where?"

The blanket heaves despairingly and the enchanting nose of Elizabeth Taylor emerges from it. "Bathroom," she says. "Goodbye, honey . . . please, honey . . . goodbye?"

Mike disappears into the bathroom, and emerges a minute later clad in swimming trunks. He tiptoes to the door, elaborately quiet, leaves. The nose retreats under the blanket. Five minutes later, faintly, comes the sound of a colossal splash. Mike Wilding is having his early-morning swim, but no one hears him. Liz Taylor has gone back to sleep.

For an hour and a half, the room is quiet. Then the door bursts open. Two small figures in rumpled pajamas hurtle across the room and land on the electric blanket in a manner designed to short-circuit the current. (*Continued on page* 82)



"Our fireplace," Mike explains, "is rather unique. No chimney. There's a little switch on the right and when you turn it on, the smoke blows out the side!" The entire Wilding house is like that—and so is their family. Off-beat, full of fun—and wonderful.

“I’ve seen a lot of heartbreak and tragic misunderstandings, but after talking to Jack and Cynthia (separately, in private) about their sudden break-up, I’m frankly puzzled. The more I think about it, the more I wonder…

why jack lemmon left his wife”

Jack says he and Cynthia are separating so their baby, Chris, will be happy!

And both of them say they’re the best of

by Louella Parsons

■ I don’t get the separation of the Jack Lemmons. I’ve talked with both Jack and Cynthia (not together) for hours—and I repeat, I don’t get it.

You’ll pardon me if I say that I’ve been a reporter for so long and I’ve seen so many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks that I feel I can usually ferret out the *true* story behind a divorce no matter what the principals tell me.

It’s sometimes, *too* often in fact, another man or another woman. Now and then it’s money—a lack of it, or too

friends, have lots in common, and never quarrel—so they want to split before they start to fight! Don't these young people know what marriage is?

much of it. Sometimes it's because gaudy, blinding, intoxicating success has come too suddenly and either the man or the wife "goes Hollywood."

But these young Lemmons, both so sensible, so level-headed, just moved nto their new home, both so devoted to heir baby, Christopher—what in the world happened to them?

"Our marriage wasn't good," Jack told me in an emotionless manner of speak-ng. "There was nothing we could do o save it."

This young man who recently won an Oscar for his charming supporting performance in *Mister Roberts* was nowhere near as blithe as he was in that film as he sat in my playroom on a cloudy afternoon and sipped a cocktail. Neither was he seemingly depressed. His attitude was that of a fatalist up against a problem for which he saw no workable solution.

I have much more to say about my talk with Jack. But here I want to digress for a moment to my meeting with Cynthia Lemmon (the former Cynthia Stone) who came to my home, at my invitation, a few days after I had talked with Jack.

She is a lovely-looking girl with blonde hair and, I think, the most enormous brown eyes I've ever seen. She looks and dresses like a model although her clothes are not expensive. Altogether, she is a most attractive woman.

Cynthia knew, of course, that I wanted to talk about her separation from Jack. She hadn't (*Continued on page* 89)

You can give Russ Tamblyn marriage any time: "It beats the honeymoon

the best days of their lives

"I married a girl, they say," Russ sighs, "but I got me a wife!" Venetia, though she just turned 18 and has a tendency to tap dance while cooking, is a whiz at budgeting, and a good enough housekeeper to make Rusty take off his shoes before he puts his feet on the furniture!

to pieces!" / by Jack Wade

■ It was after a premiere and the hour was late. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Irving Tamblyn turned the key to their apartment—and sank down on the long, curving sofa to post-mortem the evening. They'd teamed up that night with Tab Hunter and his date, cute Lili Gentle, a Fox starlet just sixteen years old.

After Russ had yanked loose his tie and started to spin a particularly sentimental platter of theirs called, "Please Don't Leave Me," Venetia spoke.

"She's so pretty," she murmured, "and so very, very young. Sixteen! Gee," stated Mrs. T. reflectively, "I can remember when I was sixteen."

"No kidding!" teased Russ. "Can you really?"

His bride's blue eyes regarded him gravely. "Yes," she sighed. "It's a wonderful age."

"You know what?" Russ broke up the reverie—he thought. "I'm sleepy." He yawned and padded into his bathroom to scrub his teeth. After a minute he heard Venetia enter hers. She seemed to stay a long time. When she came out Russ took one look and bolted up from his pillow as if a wasp had drilled him.

A mess of white goo covered his bride's face like marshmallow whip. Through the zombie mask she cracked a sheepish smile.

"It's a miracle night cream," she informed him. "I saw it on TV. It takes ten years off your age."

"Ten years? Holy cow!" yelped Russ. "Don't tell me I'm going to be married to a girl *eight years old!*"

Now, of course Venetia Stevenson Tamblyn, who was just seventeen when Russ took her to wife, and turned eighteen a month later, needs to shed years like she needs a shawl and a wheel chair. So the result was that finally she towelled off the wonder pack and they both laughed themselves to sleep.

But from that little domestic scene, which took place only a few nights ago in the Tamblyn's West Hollywood apartment (an apartment appropriately named "Desiree"), you might reasonably deduce that for Venetia and Russ the honeymoon is over. When a blushing bride, who still occasionally thinks "Mrs. Tamblyn" refers to Rusty's mother, starts fretting about her advancing years—even if it adds up (*Continued on page* 72)

a shy girl discovers the joys of love

by SUSAN WENDER

■ A couple of months ago, MODERN SCREEN referred to Marisa Pavan as "The dark one, the quiet one." And she was, too. A shy, silent girl with large sad eyes, beginning to make a career for herself, but still living on the fringe of her sister's life, spending her time with her sister's gay young friends, and feeling desolately alone among them. A girl whose bright inquiring mind had been denied the university career for which it was trained, whose love of books and music was lost in the world of sports cars and night clubs and success (even her own) into which her sister, with the best intentions, had led her. *(Continued on next page)*

Photos by Peter Basch

Marisa and Jean-Pierre were made for a miracle. Even disasters turn

A couple of months ago, the spark and the brightness were the property of Pier Angeli, and Marisa Pavan made do with the lonely virtues of dignity and poise.

But today Marisa is a girl transformed, a sprite compounded of laughter and glow and shouting joy, a radiant, shining creature. And to put it simply—the cause was a miracle that took three years in the making.

For it was a little less than three years ago that Marisa met Jean-Pierre Aumont.

Back then she was Marisa Pierangeli, who had still to be noticed by anybody at all, and as usual, she was tagging along on a spree of Pier's. This time it was to Paris. And as usual it was Pier who dashed happily about from theatre to theatre, seeing the shows and meeting the stars, while Marisa, by choice, roamed through the museums and bought tickets to the operas. But one night Pier came home so excited she could hardly talk. She had been to a show and she had seen Jean-Pierre Aumont. He was absolutely the most wonderful thing in Paris, so handsome, so charming. Of course she had gone backstage afterwards to say hello and in person he was even more wonderful—simply a delight. Marisa must tear herself away from her sight-seeing and come too. So must Mama. She, Pier, would adore to go again, and afterwards they would all go backstage. Would they?

They certainly would. Mama because she loved the theatre, and Marisa because—because all of a sudden, sitting there with her dark eyes shining, she wanted very much to meet Jean-Pierre Aumont. A real actor, not a glamour-boy. A man everyone talked of with respect and love. A man who had lost a wife he adored and who had recovered from despair to make a life for himself and his daughter. Marisa thrilled to the prospect of the meeting. For once—a

Ecstatically happy about the marriage, Jean-Pierre's young daughter Maria Christina came to Hollywood for the wedding. (She is the child of Jean-Pierre's first, happy marriage, to Maria Montez, who died tragically a few years ago.) In Hollywood "Tina" and Marisa's young sister Patriza (on the left) became close friends, picked identical dresses to wear to the wedding. Two weeks after the ceremony, Tina (her father's nick-name for her) was back in school in New York, greeted the honeymooners when they returned (below). This summer she'll join them in Europe as soon as school lets out, and next fall she'll go home to Hollywood to live with them in the house Marisa bought last year, and to go to the same school as Patriza.

into blessings for them.

really *exciting* man!

But when the great moment came, and after watching the play for an enthralled three hours they were ushered into his dressing room, Marisa was shy. After all, what was she doing there? Pier had every right to chat with a fellow-artist, and Mama would get along anywhere, but who was Marisa, with her skimpy French and worse English? A bystander, that was all. Of course, Jean-Pierre was most charming. He talked to her for quite a long time, and if he was bored at what she'd been doing in Paris, or surprised that she had seen Napoleon's (*Continued on page 86*)

ELVIS PRESLEY!

who is he? why does he drive girls crazy?

He came out of the south carrying a guitar as if it were a tommy-gun and singing a combination of hill-billy and rock'n roll.

■ It was at the Coliseum in Fort Worth, Texas, not long ago. The tall boy on the stage had hardly begun his song, "Let's Play House," swaying and twisting his body with the beat, fairly lashing at the strings of his guitar, when his audience of 7,000 turned into a sea of excited girlhood. Suddenly a teen-ager jumped up. "Oh, Elvis, I'm going to die!" she screamed. Other girls rose, shouted and danced as the singer's voice went into full-throated cry.

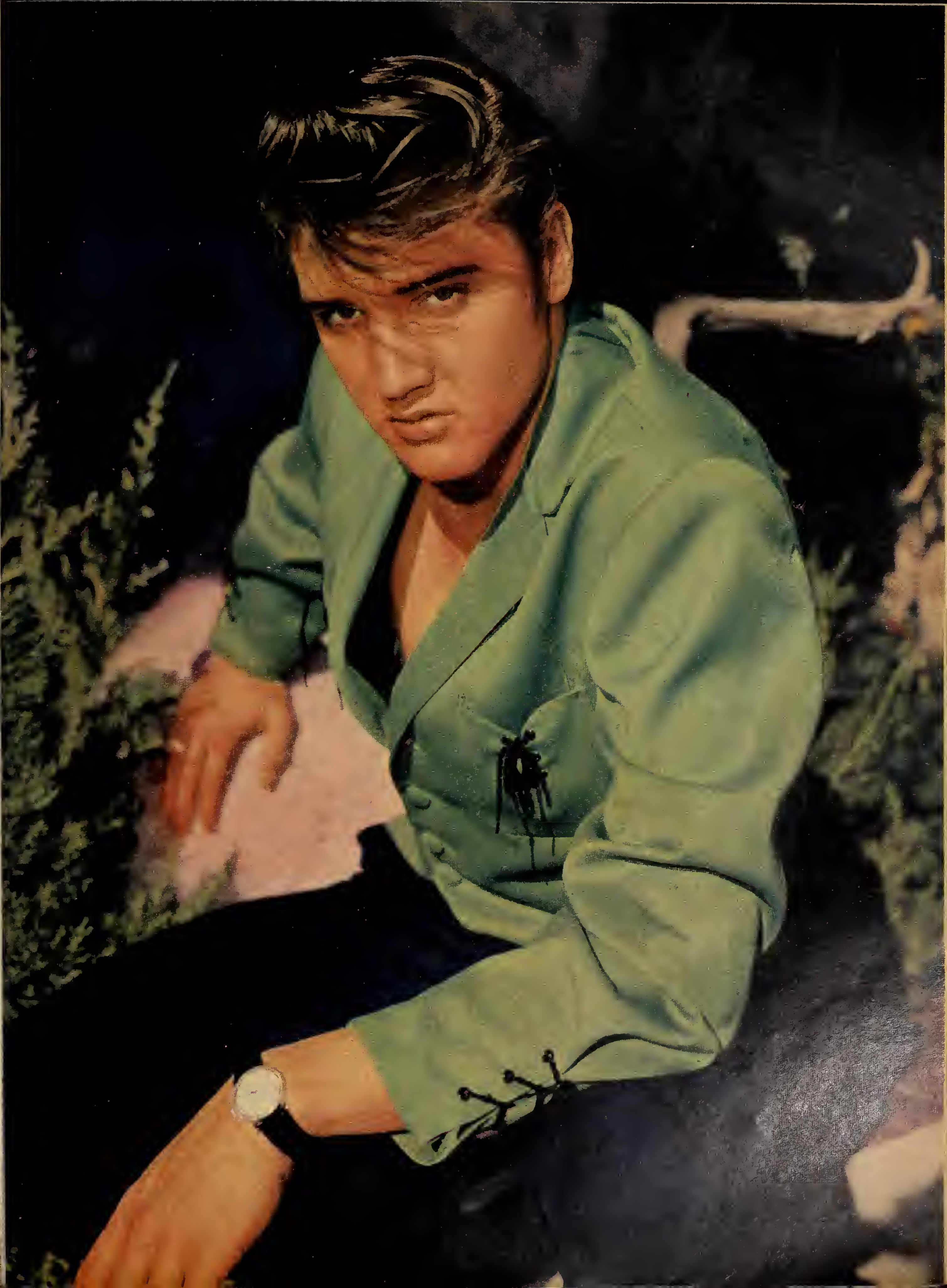
"It was utterly fantastic," said a writer reporting the show in *The Ft. Worth Star-Telegram,* one of the city's newspapers, the next day. And it was. But it was nothing new. Elvis Presley has cast this same musical spell through a good part of the rest of the south and all along the eastern seaboard. He doesn't even have to be seen, apparently; the mere playing of one of his records seems to be enough to stir up wild enthusiasm. And it's been like that almost since the day, nearly two years ago, when he quit his $35 a week delivery-truck driving job in Memphis, Tennessee, to go on the road—a nineteen-year-old troubador with a magnetic manner and an atomic baritone.

His rewards have been big. He has four Cadillacs, a canary yellow convertible, a pink Fleetwood sedan, a blue limousine and a light purple Eldorado. His show salary runs to thousands of dollars a week. For a fortnight at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, he collected $15,000. His first big time recording, "Heartbreak Hotel" (backed by "I Was the One"), sold a million within ten weeks of its issuance last January, and practically every guitar-playing singer in the country is imitating him. And early last May he was signed for the movies in a contract that can well bring him millions over the years.

It's such a fabulous beginning that Elvis himself finds it

(*Continued on page* 90)

by LOUIS POLLOCK



as told to JANE WILKIE

Debbie answers your questions about

THOSE BOY-GIRL PROBLEMS...

■ I'm no expert on teen-age problems; at least I never thought of myself as such, but Modern Screen feels I might be able to help some of you. I've read the letters you sent me and although of course it's impossible for me to answer them all individually, I think just about everything is covered by the letters I've chosen.

It might interest you to know that whatever your problem is, it is shared by many your age. I was worried by some of the same things myself—and some of them I was spared. I can thank my mother for that, for she always managed somehow to have time to talk things over with me. She used to say, "If you want to try something new, just promise me you'll do it at home. I don't want you to feel you have to deceive me." And so when I wanted to take a fling at adventures in the adult world I tried them out with my mother's knowledge. Like that first cigarette. I smoked it, I got sick as a dog, and I haven't had one since. My mother is a very wise woman, I think.

But now to answer your questions.

Dear Debbie: *My problem is whether or not to go steady. I'm sixteen and want to go steady with Tommy, who's seventeen, but my parents want me to date other boys too. My sister and I argue about it all the time. She's fifteen and sort of old-fashioned because she doesn't believe in going steady until eleventh or twelfth grade.*

Maybe you can settle it for all of us. How old do you think teen-agers should be before they go steady? And how long should they know each other before they go steady? If you don't go steady, how many times a week should you date?

My sister wants me to ask you a question for her. If a boy gets serious and you feel you're too young to be tied down, what do you say? Sue.

Dear Sue: I'm afraid I'm a little old-fashioned, like your sister. I don't believe you should go steady just for the sake of saying you do. If you are attracted to a young man and he's fun to be with, you don't have to make a pact in blood or call it going steady, in order to know you *are* going with him. In that way, if and when you want to break it off, it won't seem like a miniature divorce.

Personally, I never went steady, and I never had the feeling that a great tragedy had struck if I didn't have a date every Friday and Saturday night. I always had a good time, whether it was with boys in school or some of my best girl friends. I don't feel that going steady is at all necessary. You'll have much more fun if you date a variety of boys and stay fancy free until you're engaged to be married.

Concerning the frequency of dates, I don't think it's necessary to date, at sixteen, more than once or twice a week. What is a girl who dates more often trying to prove?

As for your sister's question, a boy shouldn't get serious unless you allow him to. All you have to do is tell him, "I like you very much, but let's not get serious. Let's just enjoy each other's company." If the boy is as fond of you as he says, he should understand. I've found a fellow will treat a girl the way she expects to be treated.

Dear Debbie: *What do you do about kissing? Boys always want to kiss me goodnight and I don't think this is proper. I try my best to discourage them but unfortunately they can't seem to take a hint. I hate to be rude but I think the only way they'll leave me alone is for me to tell them off. I don't want to do this but it's the only way I can see.*

How do you say 'no' without hurting the boy's feelings so that he won't ask you out again? Do you agree with me that a boy shouldn't try, particularly on the first date? And if you think it's all right after a while, how old should a girl be before she lets a boy kiss her? (I'm fifteen.)

Many of my girl friends go with boys about sixteen, and I don't think much of the boys because they're so fresh. Then I'm called a square because I don't swoon for them. Ginny.

Dear Ginny: If you don't think kissing is proper, you shouldn't do it. And it isn't a matter of how long you've known a boy—it's how much you think of him.

When I was in high (*Continued on page 59*)

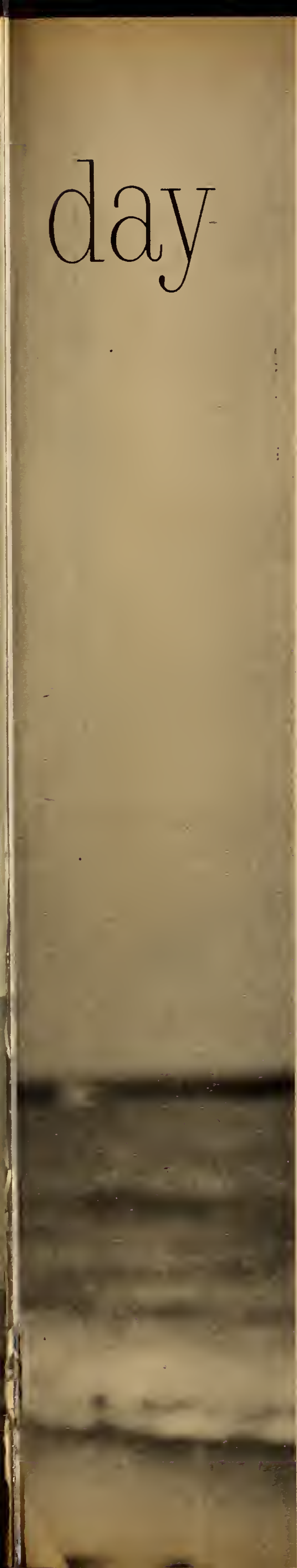
How to be different together

When Guy and Sheila got married they knew they were opposite types—and didn't care. But how do you go about building a house with a split personality to match a marital double life?

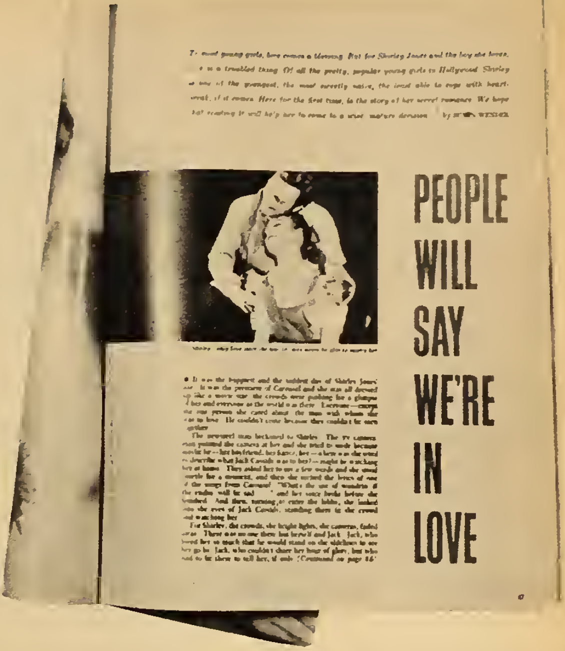
Guy wanted a man-sized pool—"For swimming, not splashing!"—but Shiela went for the "cute modern ones." They settled for a tremendous, kidney-shaped affair.

The breakfast bar does everything from catch Bridget's spinach to serve company—and keep the kitchen out of the living room.

day



A month or so ago, we revealed the story of Shirley Jones' romance—a sad story—and told her to choose wisely and well. She has done that. The happy ending is in sight



PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE

■ Until Modern Screen told the story last May, Shirley Jones' romance with Jack Cassidy was a secret. It was kept a secret because Jack had been separated for more than two years from his wife, Evelyn Ward, and there were still complications which made him unable to obtain the divorce he so desperately wanted.

At least three times Mrs. Cassidy agreed to go to Las Vegas or Mexico to dissolve their marriage. And each time she changed her mind.

When she heard Jack had fallen in love with Shirley (when both were in the State Department production of *Oklahoma!*) and wanted to marry her, she became even more reluctant to give her husband his freedom.

The fact that Jack met Shirley long after the Cassidys mutually agreed that there was no sense in continuing a relationship that was hurting not only themselves but their young son David, didn't matter. A hurt ego was involved.

Mrs. Cassidy, however, is basically a wonderful woman. Whatever her feelings were, she conquered them. Realizing that unhappiness breeds only more unhappiness, she agreed, a few weeks ago, to give Jack his freedom.

And at the same time, Jack, who had been having trouble finding another part to follow his success as the lead in *Wish You Were Here* and *Oklahoma!* was offered a wonderful role in a new musical, *Shangri La*.

The week Jack went into rehearsal, Shirley was asked by 20th Century-Fox to go to England for the London première of *Carousel*. As with everything she does these days, she discussed the offer with Jack.

"Of course, go, darling," he insisted. "I'll be working night and day on the show when you leave and we couldn't see much of each other anyway."

"Are you sure you won't need me?" Shirley asked.

"I'll always need you," Jack answered, remembering how she had stuck by him when he was out of work. "But go to London. It will be wonderful for you."

It was. The British press took Shirley to its heart. She sight-saw all over town, and would have been presented to the queen except that nothing could stop her from leaving for home in time for Jack's New Haven opening in April.

Her career is beginning to show some changes. She is free of her exclusive Rodgers and Hammerstein contract. This enables her to try her hand at anything that appeals to her, and to make sure she doesn't end up as a girl who got a break and muffed it because she became a star before she had enough experience.

That's why she turned down making *The Wedding Clock* for 20th this summer and went into summer stock musicals. She did *The Beggars' Opera* at the Cambridge Musical Festival, and then sang the role of Magnolia in *Show Boat* in Dallas. When she returns in the fall, there's talk of her repeating that role in the TV color spectacular.

But there's something far more important for Shirley this autumn.

It's that wonderful day when, with their parents and closest friends in attendance, Shirley and Jack will be united in the marriage they have waited for so long.

May they live happily ever after. END

"What we love about... ... OUR BOY BILL"

by Mom and Pop Campbell

■ Today, I am devoting to spring cleaning—the last spring cleaning I will do in my New Jersey home. In a few months, Dad Campbell and I will move out to California, where our sons Bill and Bob are building a home for us.

When we were in Hollywood last fall, Bill took me aside and said, "To heck with all the old furniture and bric-a-brac, Mom. Toss everything out. You won't need that stuff. Sell the house, throw a few duds into a trunk and come out. We'll take care of everything else."

That was a generous and easy thing for Bill to say. But hard for us to do. How can we throw away all the china and things that were wedding presents thirty-three years ago? Or all the mementos of our sons growing up?

For instance, here's Billy's first baby bonnet. His Grandma Campbell crocheted it for him and he wore it for the first time when he was six months old. Looking at it reminds me of all those visits to Grandma and how spoiled our baby son was when he came home.

He was the apple of his Grandma's eye, and his arrival there would be heralded as the coming of a national hero. Bill could do no wrong. If he knocked over the best lamp or gurgled over the new sofa, these were considered signs of genius. "That boy is going to be something big," Grandma would say, "you just wait and see." Our biggest regret was that she didn't live long enough to see her predictions all come true.

And we still have Bill's first "grown-up" suit. It was of silk pongee especially made for him by a friend of mine for Bill's second birthday. That day, I'll never forget. Dad and I had decided to have Bill's portrait taken every year until he grew up. But at age two, our son had different ideas. He didn't want his picture taken and that was that. He was angry and cranky and temperamental. We bribed him with toys until the photographer got a fast shot but on the way home I resolved "never again." If our son hated cameras so much, we'd just keep him away from them for good and save a lot of wear and tear on everyone's nerves.

Somewhere between age two and seven, however, Bill's attitude toward having his picture taken underwent a drastic—and permanent—change. In fact, the day he was supposed to pose for his first school portrait wild horses couldn't keep him away. We weren't as concerned about wild horses as we were about the slight fever he was running due to a bad boil on his nose—but boil or no boil, Bill wasn't going to miss school that day. He got up two hours earlier than usual in order to have plenty of time to spruce up! That was our (*Continued on page* 74)

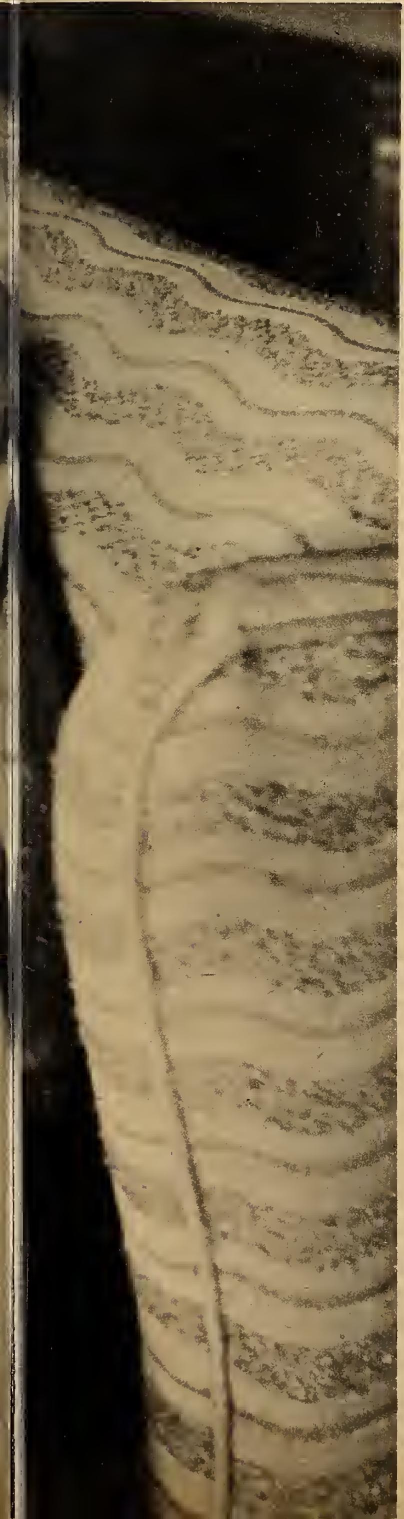
He wasn't a brain like his brother, Bob, who brought a book even to the beach, but he was the most active Boy Scout in the neighborhood.

When the Navy took our son away from us, we were both very downhearted, but when we heard that pretty Judy Inmoor was taking him for life, we were overjoyed.

It was just before
her baby was born,
and Janet Leigh
was feeling good.
Good enough to lie
back and dream
about . . .

How I'll

bring up my baby



by JILL RAWLINGS

■ It was funny, Janet Leigh reflected, sitting in the sun a few weeks before the baby was born—funny the way she hadn't thought of a name for the baby. She and Tony just referred to it as It, or sometimes he, or sometimes she. It was proof that neither of them really cared whether it was a boy or a girl. She was sure she didn't, and Tony was too happy about becoming a father to care one way or the other. If it was a boy, she thought, she'd be all right as a mother. She'd been a tomboy herself, and could always substitute when Tony was working. She wondered if she could still throw a curve ball.

He would—she would—it was so awkward not having a name ready. But then neither of them wanted a name right away. It would be like talking about a part in a picture before you really knew you had it. She supposed they'd end up with a Biblical name. They were substantial names, and not frilly, and they had worn extremely well through the ages. Frilly! She laughed, as her thoughts moved to lace and polka-dots.

Clothes would be their weak point, as parents, all right, even if it was a boy. She remembered the father and son she had seen in that men's shop, and how they had walked out wearing identical gray flannel suits. That would be Tony, with his mania for clothes. He'd have a ball buying clothes for a son. And if it was a girl, what things she would have! That would be her own department, the ruffles and ribbons. But they mustn't spoil this child. To give children nice clothes was one thing, but to lavish them was another. This baby must grow up knowing the value of a dollar and that life, while secure, is not necessarily, a bed of roses. It would be so hard to find the middle road.

When she was a little girl she had felt the lack of clothes. She loved them so and never felt she had enough. Not like the other kids in school. Her own daughter must never feel that lack, but then again, she must learn that nice things don't grow on trees. You must work for them, you must deserve them. Well, maybe the child would inherit her own money sense. When she was only twelve and was given money at Christmas, she had managed to wait until the January sales before she went shopping. She figured that was pretty unusual for a child of twelve. And it had always been clothes. She remembered the time she was seven or eight and had won a contest as a drum majorette. She was to receive a prize and they had wanted to get her a bracelet or a ring, something that would last as a memento. But she had been wanting a raincoat and had insisted that's what her prize must be. Let's see, it had been green plaid, and there had been a hat to match. And then when she was older she had worked in the five-and-ten after school and on holidays. Yes, she'd had sense about money, all right. But what if the child inherited Tony's genius for spending? Tony always wanted to buy the world for everyone he loved. (*Continued on page 70*)

she ran the other

Almost every star in Hollywood would have given her right arm just for a date with Greg Bautzer. Dana Wynter was the only one who wasn't interested—so what do you think happened?

by MIKE CONNOLLY

■ For years Greg Bautzer has been Hollywood's most eligible bachelor—and the most popular, besides. Good-looking, charming, well-to-do, incurably romantic—a living doll. Also—determinedly single. He'd dated and gone with the most beautiful, sought-after women in Hollywood—everyone from Lana Turner to Joan Crawford, and every one of them had thought she was the one to break the spell at last and marry the elusive Greg. Not one of them made it. Even the most romantic of the Hollywood observers finally stopped taking his dates seriously. But that didn't stop every other single girl in Hollywood, including any member of well-established stars, from trying.

That's why when a mere starlet named Dana Wynter turned a cold shoulder on him, it felt like the world had turned upside down! But it happened. And it also happened that Greg proposed marriage to her!

Dana accomplished the impossible by not even trying. They met at a party at Cobina Wright's hilltop home in Beverly Hills in July, 1955. Greg spotted her across Cobina's living room. Wham! that was it. He made his way to her side as quickly as he could and introduced himself. Did Dana's heart go pitter-patter? Indeed it did. But Dana hadn't trained with the Old Vic Academy for ambitious young actors and actresses in jolly old London for nothing. She didn't (*Continued on page* 87)

way until he caught her

“We were a couple of immature kids, with no foundation for marriage. At an age when we should have been carefree, we stuck our noses into the grindstone of life . . .

I was a teen-age bride”

by Rhonda Fleming

■ At sixteen I ran away and got married. I'll never regret it nor call it a mistake, if only because my marriage gave me my son. But if, instead of a son, I had a daughter who wanted to marry at sixteen, I'd do everything within my power to stop her. Mother tried to stop me. She failed. I'm not shifting responsibility to any shoulders but my own, where it belongs. I'll go this far, however. Had my parents' lives been different, mine might have been different.

I was a sensitive youngster, and very gullible. Maybe, for a child, “trustful” is the better word. So when disenchantment hit, it hit with a bang. Till I reached the ripe age of nine, Santa Claus was real to me. My folks *made* him real. “While you were asleep last (*Continued on page 79*)

“I learned the hard way, but my son Kent isn't going to have to. Both his father and I will see to that.”

those boy-girl problems

(*Continued from page 42*) school it was a very rare thing when I kissed a boy goodnight at the end of a date. I had to know a boy very well before I felt it was something that was right for me to do. Because of that, I had no feeling of shame; only a feeling of growing up a little bit.

Kissing, I think, is a matter of individual conscience. If you don't want a boy to kiss you but allow him to because you think it's the thing to do, I think this is wrong. The boy will then think you do this with all your dates and will have no respect for you. If you refuse a nice boy he'll like you all the better for it. If he isn't so nice, you're well rid of him. Next time that type calls, tell him you're busy.

And if it will help, I was called a square when I was your age, and I lived through it.

Should I try my heart?

Dear Debbie: *I'm seventeen and a junior in high school. For a year I've liked a college freshman. We've dated only a couple of times but he writes me every week and tells me he'd like to see me more often but can't get home from college. I know this isn't so because my friends see him in town often, sometimes with another girl.*

Since I met him I haven't dated any other boys, but at a birthday party I met Johnny, who says things that let me know he likes me. Johnny is very popular in school and I'm not, so I'm afraid to like him. The other girls just roll when they hear his name. What should I do? Try to stay with the college boy or try my heart on Johnny? Dodo

Dear Dodo: I think my letter to Sue should answer your question. Your college friend is obviously not inclined to tie himself down, so why should you? There's little sense in sitting home mooning over one boy when you might be having fun going out with others. You don't have to work up a romance with every date you have—being friends is just as much fun. And who knows? You might meet someone you like even better.

If Johnny asks you for a date, go out with him. Don't be afraid to like a boy just because you aren't yet popular. Maybe this will start you off and you'll need an engagement book to keep track of your dates.

How do you talk to boys?

Dear Debbie: *I'm sure lots of teenagers have the same problem as I do. When you go out with a boy, how do you act and what do you talk about? I know that a good listener is popular with boys, but I can't go around being a quiet mouse all my life. I love to talk, and with girls I go a mile a minute, but words seem to fail me and I get panicky when I'm out with a boy. How do you stop worrying whether you've made a good impression?* Ellen

Dear Ellen: You're quite right about others having your troubles. I received more letters about this problem than any other, and I know it's because every girl has the same fear, at first.

I did too, but it didn't last long because lack of conversation has never bothered me. However, you should keep in mind one very important thing. Chances are that your date is just as scared as you are, and probably more so. I remember on my first date when. I was fifteen, I almost died of fright. And then about three years ago I saw this boy again. He'd been in and out of the Navy in the interim, and he reminded me of our first date. "Debbie," he said, "I was so scared that night I could hardly talk. But you were so calm and unconcerned. I thought you were wonderful."

"Calm!" I said. "I was petrified."

So you see, it's a common difficulty.

The best advice I can give you and all the others is to be yourself. If you talk a mile a minute with girls, you probably have a good personality, so try to relax with a boy. And stop thinking about the impression you're making. If you keep worrying, it's going to show.

Before you go out with him find out what he's interested in—and whether it's football, baseball or birds, bone up on the subject and bring it up yourself. This will relax him, and in turn make you more comfortable, too.

Just remember that you're going through a stage that few escape, and that it won't last forever.

Our parents won't let us date

Dear Debbie: *Both my girl friend and I have trouble with our parents. We are fifteen and all our friends date, but our parents won't let us. Margie's mother isn't so bad, but her father hits the roof if she so much as mentions a boy has asked her for a date. He disapproves whether or not he has met the boy, and Margie feels he wants her to stay locked up in the house and never look at a boy. She loves her father, of course, but he's so possessive and Margie says she thinks he's afraid to let her grow up. What should she do?*

you'll love every tender moment in the story **jane russell's** aunt told us!

it's in the **september** issue of **modern screen**

on sale at your newsstand **august 7**

with **jane** herself on the cover.

My own problem is that both my mother and dad refuse to let me date. They don't seem to trust me. They won't let me go to the corner to mail a letter at night; they say it can wait until morning. I keep turning down invitations to dances, even when they know an older person is driving the car. I always sit home every evening and never have any fun. Debbie, could you help me find a way to convince my parents to let me go out once in a while, like the other girls?

Also, what time should a fifteen or sixteen-year-old get home from a date? Nancy

Dear Nancy: I never had this problem with my parents, so what I know is a result of what I feel, not from experience. However, I do feel your parents are wrong in preventing you from dating a respectable boy, particularly on weekends. I see nothing wrong in going to a matinee or Saturday evening movie with a boy who has been introduced to your parents and approved by them.

A fifteen-year-old girl knows right from wrong. At least she should, and if her parents know this I think she should be allowed an occasional date.

I wish that parents would remember how important these things were to them when they were young and take time, as my own mother and father did, to talk things over with teen-agers. Would it be possible to discuss this thing with your parents as an adult, which you are just short of becoming?

As for the time allowed for a date, this is up to the parents. I should think you might be allowed time for a movie or dance or whatever is the occasion, plus about an hour for a coke or snack before you come home. I say this because this is the way my own mother worked it.

And I should add that she never had to worry that I might spend that social hour in any other way. I never approved of girls who sat in parked cars and necked. To be quite blunt about it, I was afraid of necking and tried to hide the fact by putting on a show of disliking it intensely. I was always like that, and it worked for me—maybe it might work for all of you.

Must I blind-date?

Dear Debbie: *I'd like to know what you think of the blind date problem. Does a teen-ager have to accept dates with boys of whom she knows nothing, and run the risk of getting into situations beyond her control?*

If you think it's necessary to accept a blind date in order to pacify friends, what would you say is the best kind? Pam

Dear Pam: I went on one blind date, when I was nineteen. That was my first and my last. I don't think I have to go any further into the subject.

If you feel you must accept a blind date suggested by friends, by all means make it a double date, or a triple date, with those same friends. I can't emphasize too strongly that a girl should never go out alone with a boy she hasn't met.

This boy won't leave me alone

Dear Debbie: *What do you do about a boy who won't leave you alone? I went with Chuck for a while and then we broke up. Now I'm going with another boy, and Chuck is trying to break us up. He bothers me by phoning the house all the time, and last week he came to the house, but my mother saw him first and told him I wasn't home.*

Last year I had a similar problem—with a boy I didn't date at all. He hung around in front of the house at all hours, and sometimes followed me on the streets. His family moved to another town finally.

Can you give me any suggestions as how I might handle this, without hurting a boy's feelings too much? Susan

Dear Susan: You *can't* handle it without hurting his feelings, and that's that. I've always been blunt and have often been criticized for it, but I can't help it—that's the way I am. It came in particularly handy for pests. I used to say, "Please don't bother me. I don't want to see your face around here any more."

I know that's rude, but the pest is being rude, too. If you want to get rid of him you have to be perfectly honest and forget his feelings.

If by any chance such a blast from you doesn't work, try conspiring with your dad. The next time the pest calls you, put your father on the phone. If your dad will bellow something to the effect that he doesn't want Chuck bothering his daughter any more, that should frighten the boy into submission.

We're worried about our looks

Dear Debbie: *I told my girl friends I was going to write you about my weight problem, and some of them asked me to include their own problems. First of all,*

JULIE HARRIS:

pixie turns mother

Everyone remembered Julie Harris as the other-worldly girl in East of Eden *and that's the way she thought of herself too until Peter arrived. When he was born, Julie exchanged her scripts for baby books. And husband Manning Gurians became a proud Papa, raptly echoing Julie's ecstatic description of their son—"He is lovely lovely lovely—there aren't any words."*

(Continued from preceding page)

I'm sort of fat—not too fat, but I know that boys like trim girls and I'd like to control my weight. I don't have a glandular problem, but I just can't stop eating sweets.

Bunny wants me to ask you about her freckles. She'd be very pretty if she didn't have freckles (she has red hair), and she thinks boys don't ask her for dates because of them.

Carol and Beth are both very tall. Carol has a boyfriend an inch shorter than she is and wants to know if you think she should go with him. Beth says she's a wallflower at dances. She's 5' 10" and has to pretend she's having a good time even though she's really miserable.

Doris has crooked teeth and her father doesn't have enough money to have them fixed. Could you tell her anything to help her? Alice and the gang

Dear Alice: If you have no glandular problem it's obviously a matter of self-control. There is no magic formula; the awful truth is that no one can help you but yourself. You must be adult about this thing, and stick to a diet. Many people do it—movie stars diet—and while no one enjoys refusing food they like, a good figure is something to be proud of.

Tell Bunny I feel she's worrying without cause. I think freckles are charming. Doris Day has lots of freckles. What do you think of her?

Tell Beth and Carol that three of my best girl friends are more than 5' 8", are happily married and have done very well for themselves. Remember, the boys get their height later, so don't worry about it now. I hope the girls won't stoop. They should carry their height proudly—they might even become Conover's most popular models. And if they'll just think about it they'll realize that many women marry men shorter than themselves and never consider it a problem, other than staying away from high heels.

As for Doris, I'm sorry about her teeth, but there is always the future. If her family hasn't the money for orthodontia, Doris should consider the possibility of working after graduation and saving her money for the project.

Can I break dates?

Dear Debbie: *I am sixteen years old, and wonder what you think of breaking dates. If you accept a date, should you ever break it in favor of another one? I've been having a great deal of trouble with this.* Norma

Dear Norma: Here I go being blunt again, but breaking dates is in very poor taste. I've never done it, and I think anybody who does deserves trouble.

When should I start wearing make-up?

Dear Debbie: *I've discussed this with my mother but don't feel she has answered me well enough. At what age do you think it is proper for a girl to wear makeup—lipstick, rouge, etc. I am fifteen now and a short time ago was allowed to shape my eyebrows. I'd like to wear pencil but am afraid to ask my mother. I want to be a model when I'm older and would like to start off on the right track.*

Also, would you advise me about what to wear on a date? Not only how much makeup, but what about clothes? And should I wear perfume? Barbara

Dear Barbara: I didn't wear any makeup or lipstick until I was eighteen. However, I realize this is a matter of personal taste. It just happened that I didn't want to. I think for a girl of fifteen it's all right to wear a light pink lipstick if her mother feels it's proper. It's a thing that must be worked out between young people and their parents. The only definite suggestion I can make is that heavy makeup is in bad taste regardless of age. The younger a girl is, the better she looks without it. There's a charm about a teen-ager that is ruined when she tries to look like a grown woman.

The same goes for clothes. Simplicity is always better than being overdressed in any way, including jewelry. If your mother approves of perfume, keep it very sparse and at your age choose a fragrance that is extremely light.

How important are a boy's looks?

Dear Debbie: *I am a senior in high school and very shy, and don't have many dates. The president of our class did ask me to two dances but he isn't good looking and doesn't appeal to me and I naturally refused him. How can I get the more popular boys to ask me for dates?*

I do like one boy, but he is even shyer than I am. How can I make him notice me? How can I tell him I like him without appearing foolish?

My sister is twenty and has never had even one date, and wants me to ask you what she can do to attract boys. I guess we both have the same problem. A. J.

Dear A. J.: Personally, I never choose my friends by looks, but rather for the kind of person they are. Perhaps if you would realize that looks are not important, you would be a nicer person. Certainly, if a boy is president of his class he is well-liked, and by refusing him you may have lost an opportunity to make the other boys sit up and take notice. I think your attitude is wrong, and that it is your own lack that keeps away the boys who are more popular with the girls.

You ask how you can tell one particular boy that you like him. The answer is, Don't. There is something inborn in the male that makes him run like a rabbit if he thinks a girl is interested in him. If there is any chance at all for you with this boy, it will come when you make yourself popular with all girls and boys.

As for your sister, if she shares your opinion that looks are important, it may be the reason she has never had a date. I must give her the same advice I gave you. If you can become popular with other girls, eventually the boys will waken to the fact that you two might be interesting people.

How do I know if he loves me?

Dear Debbie: *I am nineteen and have been going with Don for a year. He has never asked me to go steady or given any indication that he is in love with me. He is very understanding, kind and thoughtful —everything I would want in a husband.*

I'm very much in love with him, but of course he doesn't know this. I'm asked for dates by other fellows but refuse them because I'd rather go out with Don. I know he is not seeing any other girl and that he likes me, but I guess that's as far as it goes.

Should I continue seeing Don the way I have been, or tell him how I feel, or forget about him (Continued on page 67)

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☐ fair (pink & white) ☐ ivory (creamy) ☐ medium (neutral) ☐ ruddy (rosy) ☐ olive (golden) ☐ tan

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to please a King

In his arms you can look as beautiful as this! Deborah Kerr's exquisite costume from *The King And I* inspired the evening gown Deborah poses in on the opposite page. Picture above is from the Twentieth Century-Fox CinemaScope '55 production starring Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner with Rita Moreno. Color by DeLuxe.

■ What does "he" really think of the way "you" look when he takes you on a date! The great secret of getting and holding a man is to *look* like the girl of his dreams. There is nothing that will please and flatter your king so much as to have the girl by his side at the top of the list of the best dressed among the gang. You will always remember, too, all the lovely clothes you wore on those exciting dates with him. In fact, these clothes will become almost keepsakes; they will mean so much when he lets you know that you have pleased him. Romance begins with dress-up clothes. And, just as importantly, with the coat that tops the finest in your wardrobe during the long chill months as you dash here and there with him. Accessories, too, take a leading role. Your legs must be dressed in the loveliest of stockings—and precious costume jewelry is the final touch. To please your king, Modern Screen asked a group of America's leading designers to draw inspiration for their fall collections from the resplendent Oriental costumes designed by Irene Sharaff for *The King And I*. Gaston Mallet adapted the exquisite full length evening and ball gowns, Ric McClintock the glamorous Date Line cocktail dresses—both for the house of Murray Hamburger; Alfredo designed a handsome group of classic Cashmere coats including a luscious mandarin style inspired by the fabulous coats worn by Yul Brynner in *The King And I* (see one of the coats from the picture at the left). Alfredo designed the coats for the house of Habley-Barber; *The King And I* inspired stockings—full fashioned, seamless and a sensational new permanent pleated style called Permapleat—all designed by the famous Willys of Hollywood who makes stockings for stars and royalty; Robert created the magnificent jewelry—pearls, jewels, gold, silver—for the house of Fashioncraft. To please your king wear these clothes and accessories—dress like a queen! Opposite page: *top,* Rita Moreno models emerald green Du Pont satin by Murray Hamburger. *Below,* our M.S. model wears soft-as-a-cloud Julliard Cashmere (milium lined) by Habley-Barber. *Far right,* Deborah Kerr poses in palest pink Du Pont satin by Murray Hamburger.

For a list of stores carrying these clothes and accessories inspired by the costumes from The King And I *see page 67—or, write to Fashion,* Modern Screen *261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.*

Engstead

He will love you in these fall clothes and accessories inspired by the costumes from

the King and I

Engstead

Prigent

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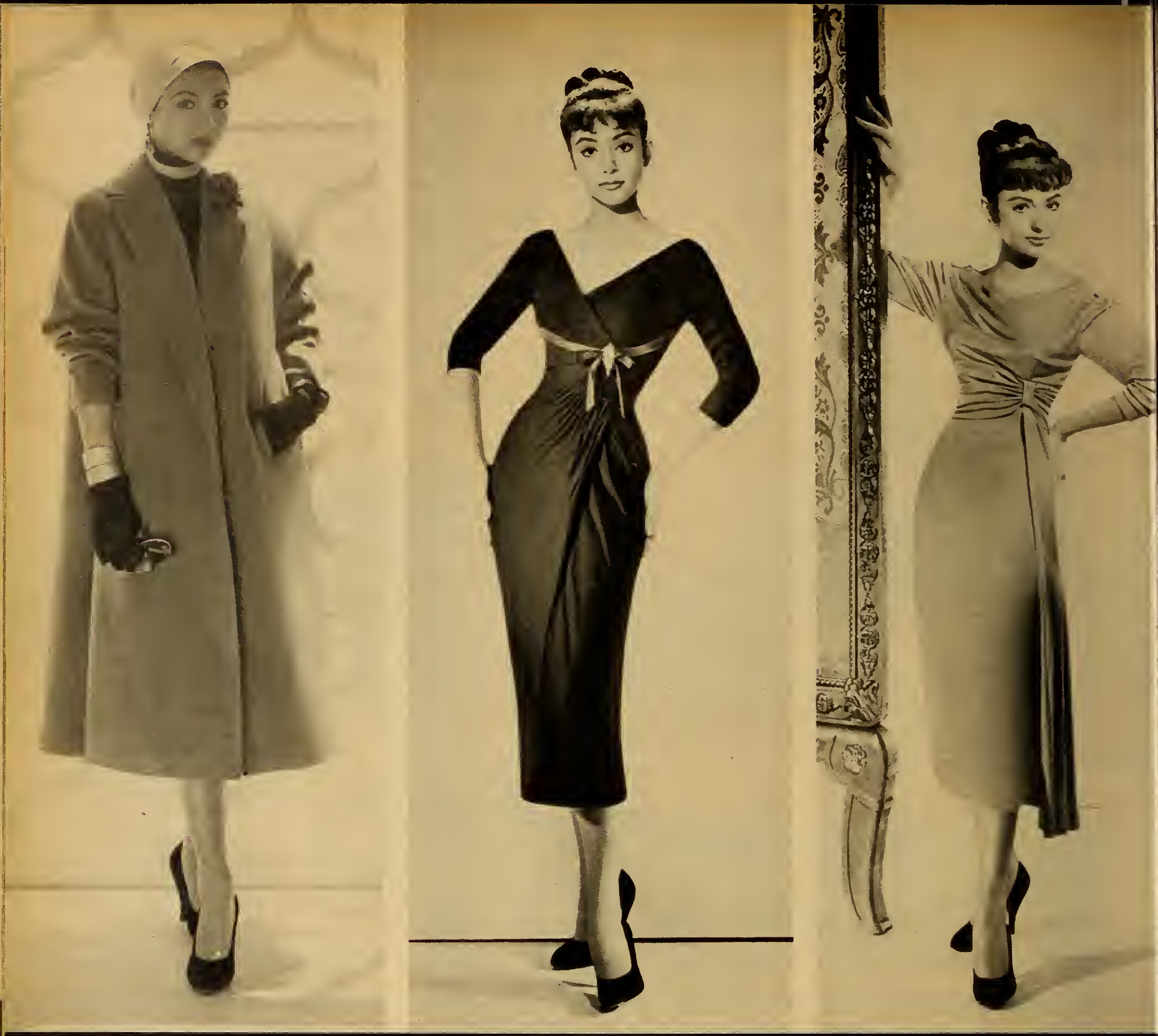

John Engstead

to please a King—

dress like a Queen

■ When you choose clothes for your dress-up wardrobe be sure to buy not only a variety of styles but also a variety of colors and fabrics. There are times when black is the choicest color to wear. Black is very seductive and most men like it. There are men who prefer the paler tones like beige, others who favor the high shades. In the novelty range stripes are the top inspiration selected by our designers from *The King And I* costumes and—men like slimming stripes. Smooth and silky satins are favorites with men, likewise soft figure moulding jersey and crisp young taffeta. Of course, nothing is so appealing to men as a coat soft and cuddly to the touch—these are the qualities you'll find in lush, elegant Cashmere which can be worn for all occasions. To en-

For a list of stores carrying these clothes and accessories inspired by the costumes from The King And I *see page 67—or, write to Fashion,* MODERN SCREEN *261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

hance all of your clothes you must dress up your legs. Clothe them in the finest and sheerest of nylons—seamfree, stretch or full-fashioned—in colors that coordinate with your costumes or match your shoes. Wear darker shades with dark seams if your calves and ankles are heavy. Jewels are the vogue in fashion just as they are in *The King And I*—wear them from head to toe. Select at least two sets, one in pearls, one in rhinestones. Buy stockings with jewels to match. Photos, *left to right*: Rita wears Habley-Barber's tuxedo collared Cashmere with push-up sleeves and softly draped back. Rita also models a draped Empire style black jersey with deep plunging neckline and a pale beige jersey with bateau neckline and swathed midriff. Both Date Line dresses—Murray Hamburger. The coat colors: Nude, Wild Rice, Crown Red, Vista Blue and Black; the jersey dresses in black, navy, green, red and nude. Rita's satin evening gown with net fichu is worn over crinolines and hoops to give it more grandeur. In white or palest pastels. By Murray Hamburger. Deborah Kerr poses in a cocktail dress of black and white striped taffeta trimmed with black. See the matching jacket worn by our M.S. model *right, above.* By Murray Hamburger. *Right,* our M.S. model holds an ultra sheer nylon seamfree stretch-welt nude heel, demi-toe stocking by Willys of Hollywood. She also shows a close-up of a set of pearl jewelry by Fashioncraft. *The King And I* inspired stockings—Willys of Hollywood; jewelry—Robert of Fashioncraft.

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smart, usable metal case, co
plete with puff, just **85¢** plus ta

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*Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up

(Continued from page 60)

completely? I doubt if I could do the latter. Dot

Dear Dot: Don't put all your eggs in one basket. It's true you are of marriageable age, but it's possible that Don is not yet ready, financially or mentally, to tie himself down. If you really love him, you are of course uninterested in other men, but I would advise you that you will lose nothing by occasionally dating another boy or two. In fact, it may nudge Don into declaring his intentions.

In the event he still keeps his silence, I give you a comforting quote from a book called *Facts Of Life And Love For Teen-agers* (published by the Associated Press at 291 Broadway, New York 7, New York): "One of the most unfortunate illusions is that love comes only once in a lifetime. Nothing is more false. Any person capable of loving another has the capacity to love not once but many times; not one individual but many persons. For any normal man or woman there are many possible partners with whom a fine marriage could be worked out."

I'm only fourteen

Dear Debbie: *Last summer I met Kenny on vacation and fell in love with him. In September he joined the Navy and is now on the west coast. He won't be home for more than a year and since I am only fourteen, my mother wants me to go out with other boys. So I have dated others a few times but don't know how to tell him this or to explain that none of them mean anything to me. The last thing in the world I want to do is hurt him. Yet I know if he wrote me he went out with a girl I'd be glad he was enjoying himself while he was away. After all, you can't expect a nineteen-year-old boy not to go out on his liberties.*

Can you give me any idea how I can be honest and tell him I'm dating others, without hurting him or making him angry? Dorothea

Dear Dorothea: Since you are only fourteen, I must agree with your mother that you should date other boys. You are old enough to think you are in love—and old enough I suppose to really be in love, when we remember Romeo and Juliet. But because of your age I think your situation is too confining.

And I think you should tell Kenny the truth. Going out with others doesn't necessarily mean you will forget him, only that you will fill the years ahead of you before marriage. It won't be easy to write him about it, and you will probably hurt him to a degree, but as you say, Kenny, too, deserves under the circumstances to be let off the leash. If he really loves you, he will appreciate your honesty.

Here are some short ones

Dear Debbie: *I'm fifteen and more interested in sports than boys. I want to be a boy's pal and that's all! The girls call me a square. Am I wrong?* P. K.

Dear P. K.: You don't have to go to an extreme either way. I was called a square and never minded it because I had fun doing what I liked to do.

Dear Debbie: *What is your opinion of how long we should talk on the telephone?* Helen

Dear Helen: It depends on how many there are in your family. You should have a family counsel about it, and abide by the rules set down.

Dear Debbie: *I am eighteen, and he is thirty-two and wants to marry me now. I love him, but I wonder if the age difference is too great.* Elaine

Dear Elaine: If you love him but still think about the age difference, I think you should be a little worried.

Dear Debbie: *I know it sounds odd, even stupid, but I like a priest and can't get him off my mind. My parents think I'm silly. What shall I do?* N. C.

Dear N. C.: You must know the laws of the Catholic Church, so it follows you must forget about this infatuation.

Dear Debbie: *Is it possible to experience true love at thirteen?* C. H.

Dear C. H.: Anything is possible; however, I've never known of a true love at thirteen that is still a true love at eighteen.

Dear Debbie: *When a girl is invited to a birthday party and asked to bring a date, should the boy bring a gift, too?* Jean

Dear Jean: The girl should purchase the gift and present it with a card bearing both her name and the boy's name.

Dear Debbie: *Do you think it's okay for teen-agers to waltz?* Marian

Dear Marian: I think it's okay to do any kind of dancing you enjoy, regardless of the current fad.

Dear Debbie: *A boy likes me and I like him, but years ago our fathers had a business quarrel and won't allow us to speak to each other. Can you help me?* Martha

Dear Martha: If each of you could have a family counsel, your mothers included, and try to make your parents understand how much you and this boy want to see each other, perhaps your prospective fathers will realize the smallness of their reactions.

Dear Debbie: *If a boy orders something to eat, should the girl order more food than the boy?* Donna

Dear Donna: It's all right if you know the boy can afford it. If not, stick to his price range.

Dear Debbie: *Do you think a girl eleven years old should go to a movie with a boy the same age, if someone takes them there and back?* Dianne

Dear Dianne: I think so, if she has the permission of her parents.

Dear Debbie: *When a girl invites a boy to a dance, does she ask him to dance or does he ask her? And does the girl buy her own corsage?* Joanne

Dear Joanne: The boy always asks the girl to dance, regardless of which is the guest. And the girl should not wear a corsage unless it is given to her by the boy.

Dear Debbie: *I like a boy who has a bad reputation, although he's always been very nice with me. I don't want to misjudge him on other peoples' word. Should I listen to them or use my own judgment and keep on liking him?* L. Y. M.

Dear L. Y. M.: Never listen to idle gossip. Don't believe it unless and until you find out yourself it is true.

Dear Debbie: *I am Jewish and like a boy who is Irish. Should I go out with him?* Lynn

Dear Lynn: Race and nationality should have no bearing on having fun together. My husband is Jewish and I am Irish.

Dear Debbie: *I'm going steady with a boy who is very jealous of a boy I went with last year. How can I convince him I'm not interested in this other boy?* Kay

Dear Kay: This can only be done by talking it over frankly with him, and if he still doesn't believe or trust you, you'll have to decide whether it's worth it to go with a jealous boy.

Dear Debbie: *If it is true that boys prefer feminine girls, does an athletically inclined girl have to wait around until she finds a boy with the same interests? If a girl should "be herself" on a date, how can she strike a happy medium?* Sandra

Dear Sandra: I think a girl should always be herself and should never pretend she is anything else. I was a very athletic girl and always had a good time. If you feel you are unfeminine, make an effort in that direction, particularly through your choice of clothes. **END**

Debbie Reynolds can next be seen in U-I's Tammy.

Where to buy the clothes and accessories inspired by

the King and I

HABLEY-BARBER (coats)—Pp. 63, 64

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—New Williams
Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Millers Bros. Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F & R Lazarus Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Duluth, Minn.—Oreck's Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox Co.
Houston, Texas—Foley Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifers
Milwaukee, Wisconsin—Stuarts
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
New York City, N. Y.—B. Altman
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Peyton Marcus Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jos. Horne Co.
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—I. Magnin Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.

MURRAY HAMBURGER (Date Line cocktail dresses)—Pp. 63, 64, 65, 68; (evening dresses)—Pp. 63, 65

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild, Kohn Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—J. Black & Sons
Boston, Mass.—Jay's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Strauss
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris
Denver, Col.—Montaldo
Detroit, Mich.—Himclhocks
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel
Elizabeth, N. J.—R. J. Goerke's
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Bros
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfelds
Little Rock, Ark.—M. M. Cohn
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. J. Haggerty
Louisville, Ky.—H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn.—Levy's Ladies Toggery
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
Mobile, Ala.—L. Hammel D. G.
New Orleans, La.—Leon Godchaux Co.
New York City, N. Y.—Best & Co.
Omaha, Nebraska—Goldstein Chapman
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jos. Horne Co.
Roanoke, Va.—Smartwear—Irving Saks
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—H. Liebes Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Makoffs
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Trenton, N. J.—Nevin's Voorhees
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel
Youngstown, Ohio—Chas. Livingston & Sons

FASHIONCRAFT (jewelry)

The same stores as listed above for Murray Hamburger except *J. J. Haggerty, The Higbee Co., Stix, Baer & Fuller.*

WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD (stockings)

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison & Paxton
Baltimore, Md.—May Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, New York—Adams-Meldrum-Anderson
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Loveman
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Bailey Dept. Store
Columbus, Ohio—F & R Lazarus Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Allen
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifers
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Miami, Fla.—Burdines
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Milwaukee Boston Store
New York City, N. Y.—B. Altman
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Peyton Marcus Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—Macy's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

to please a King—
have beauty at your Fingertips

At that moment—when your eyes have met—and your hands touch—it does matter! Your nails—and hands—must be worthy of soft caresses and lingering glances. Rita Moreno's nails and hands are as beautiful as her gown (by Murray Hamburger), her coiffure, her face as she dates 20th's Barry Coe, next in Bernadine.

■ Be proud of your nails—always! And he will be too! They'll give joy to you also, at the boss' desk, at the typewriter, turning the pages of a book as well as at home.

There is something truly glamorous about well-kept nails. And toenails, too, as they peek through the open toes of your pretty shoes, revealing the care you give them. This little intimate fastidiousness will pay off many times in compliments galore.

For expert manicure advice we went to Rose Shawl, who for many years has manicured the nails of 20th's top stars. Only in Hollywood could we find such perfection, as the eye of the camera is merciless and the nails of the stars must be flawless in care—and in color!

Miss Shawl suggests a massage of the cuticle with an especially prepared cream each night before retiring. This keeps circulation in the nails and makes them strong, healthy and beautiful. When the cuticle is trained back and softened with this brief routine you will find it is not necessary to cut. Cutting the cuticle not only toughens it but makes it rough and unsightly. Serious hangnails can result. After a few days of this nightly cuticle care you will notice a remarkable difference in your nails.

Set aside a regular time each week for your manicure. Miss Shawl says this regularity will keep your nails from growing too long and you will catch little splits and chips in time. Your nails should be carefully and artfully shaped to a long oval—or, if you prefer, a short rounded nail, which is just as chic. Most stars wear their nails medium length—Rita wears hers extremely long but she is an exception. Be sure to use an emery board when you shape your nails and not a steel file. Don't file down the sides as this weakens the nails and they break much more easily.

The cuticle should be softened with a cuticle remover and a piece of cotton wound around the end of a flat orangewood stick. Press the solution around and under each nail—press the cuticle back gently. Brush and rinse the nails, dry and rub with a towel to remove the dead tissue. Only a few tiny places on the cuticle will need a clip or two with your manicure nippers.

Now the fun part—the nail polish! Choose a wardrobe of nail polishes—a color to match or accent each of your costumes. The summer's lovely pink tones and the muted corals are exciting colors for your glamorous new tan. Choose a matching lipstick, of course. First, a base coat to protect your nails, then two coats of polish and finally a top coat. Several coats of polish keep the nails from breaking. Always remove old nail polish before applying the new—use an oily, prepared remover.

Manicure your toenails the same way as your nails—at least once a month. Change the polish often—and match it to your fingernails!

Don't forget to massage a cream or a lotion into your hands each night—they are just as important as your nails and one care without the other won't do. When you wash your lovelies use a mild soap that won't hurt them or your nails and hands. Use rubber gloves for heavy chores.

Acquire the little habits and accomplish the techniques of manicuring and you'll find that the care of your nails and hands has become as "daily" as sleeping. You'll also find that by doing them yourself you have saved many dollars that you can spend on other glamour things you want.

Actual photo of Barbara Brown, Forest Hills, N. Y. Left side washed with New Woodbury, right side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory★ proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The left side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the right with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The right side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by ★Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better,* keeps set longer —without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as other leading shampoos. Now, for a limited time you can buy Woodbury's big $1 size for the low price of only 59¢. Use it today! You're guaranteed the liveliest curls you ever had — the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

new
WOODBURY
Shampoo
INTRODUCTORY SALE
$1.00 size only 59¢

how I'll bring up my baby

(*Continued from page 55*) And Tony loved so many people. Well, you certainly couldn't say that was wrong. The baby should have some of that generosity.

And another thing, this baby was going to get one big lesson in life from his father. Tony had always said he would teach his children that the most important thing was to love people. This baby would know that soon. All you had to do was live in the same house with Tony, and it rubbed off on you.

She hoped the baby would have Tony's enthusiasm for life. Then again, maybe Tony's enthusiasm should be tempered a bit with some of her own practicality. If the baby grew up just like Tony, she'd have to spend half her life pulling them both down out of the air. A new thought struck her and she laughed softly. What if this baby were a girl, and a perfectionist like herself? Tony had a hard enough time living with her and her clean ash trays, but two women like that in the house would be too much for him.

On the other hand, suppose the child was hampered by Tony's inability to say no. Then *her* life would be in an uproar. Not one, but two people saying sure, they'd speak at the club luncheon—or have the Women's African Violet Association for tea, or giving away clothes they hadn't worn yet.

But she hoped Tony's talents would be handed down intact. Tony was so facile. He could do and learn anything he wanted to. She appreciated painting, but she couldn't paint. She loved to listen to music, but she couldn't create it. He had so much artistic ability, and this would be wonderful in a child. As for what she might give it, maybe it would have her love for singing and dancing. And she hoped it would have her nose. She wondered briefly if anybody would object to her saying that. After all, it *was* a pretty good nose. But it should have Tony's hair, dark and curling, and his eyes and lips.

Janet looked down at her lap. There was a book lying there, and she hadn't even opened it. She sighed happily. It was obvious she wanted to think about the baby, and why shouldn't she indulge herself? There had been all those months of feeling rotten, and during that time she couldn't even think straight. But now she felt she could beat her weight in wildcats, so why not take time to think, if she wanted to? Tony wouldn't be home for a while, and there was nothing that had to be done. He must be so relieved that she was feeling better—he had been a tower of strength when she was sick, and if he worried he hadn't let her know it. He really was holding up quite well. But then, they weren't children any more; they'd been married for five years. There was no sense getting hysterical over having a baby. Lots of people had babies. And it was wonderful. It made you feel complete, it filled the future.

Not an only child

This one wouldn't be the last baby, she hoped. She was an only child herself, and she'd been lonely. She had read a lot, but you can't read all the time when you're a child. Oh, she could entertain herself if she had to, and it had been fun on rainy days playing store by herself and making out those endless shopping lists. But it would have been more fun if there had been a brother or sister to play with. She'd seen the love and enjoyment Tony got from his brother, and it was a heart-warming thing to watch. No, God willing, this mustn't be an only child. One would be easier to bring up, perhaps, because you could give it more attention, but then was that really a good thing? Large families always seemed to have better-behaved and adjusted chil-

1000 PRIZES FOR YOU

We want to know how you like—or maybe dislike—the stars and the stories listed below. And we want to know what others you're interested—or disinterested—in, so that Modern Screen can go on being your magazine! In return for your ideas, we'll send you free one of these exciting Dell novels—provided your questionnaire is one of the first 1000 to reach us. So check your choice and send it in today!

☐ The Young Lovers by Julian Halevy ☐ This Side Of Paradise by F. Scott Fitzgerald ☐ The Steep Ascent by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ:
☐ all of the editorial ☐ part ☐ none

2. IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE JACK LEMMON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of his story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of his story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE MARISA PAVAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of his story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE GUY MADISON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of his story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE LANA TURNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE WILLIAM CAMPBELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of his story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE RHONDA FLEMING:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐all of her story ☐part ☐none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. Which of the following cosmetic items do you wear every day?
☐lipstick ☐make-up base ☐loose powder ☐rouge ☐eye make-up ☐nail polish ☐perfume ☐cologne ☐hair spray ☐face cream ☐cleansing cream ☐deodorant

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) ______________ MALE (1) ______________ FEMALE
(2) ______________ MALE (2) ______________ FEMALE
(3) ______________ MALE (3) ______________ FEMALE

17. To which movie magazines do you subscribe? ______________________________

AGE........NAME..................................ADDRESS...........................
....CITY...........................STATE.............

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

dren, and maybe it was because the parents had less time to fuss over each child.

Heaven knew she'd been fussed over enough. By now it was a joke between her and her mother. After her hair was washed she'd been made to wear two hats, to be certain she wouldn't catch cold. And she didn't remember it, but she'd been told about the time her mother was preparing to bathe her, as a baby, and had the house so hot it was practically steaming. A neighbor had come in and realized her mother was about to faint, and had to take over with the temperature, the bath, *and* her mother. There was no doubt about it; she'd been overprotected. That was the trouble with an only child. You had nothing else to think about and kept looking for possible dangers. If you were forever telling him to be careful, to look out, and not to do that, he might grow up scared to death to take a step for himself.

I was a nau-gh-ty girl

Except that, on second thought, it hadn't worked that way with her. Maybe it was because she had been stubborn, maybe it was because she was self-sufficient; whatever the reason, she had never been timid, she hadn't grown up into a Polly-sit-by-the-fire. On the contrary, she'd been disobedient.

She hadn't been allowed to even ride home from school in cars, or date like the other kids, and she had resented it. She didn't drink or smoke and didn't want to stay out late, but she had wanted to do some of the things the other girls were allowed to do. So she'd chafed at the bit and ended up doing things she wasn't supposed to. When she was wrong, she knew it, and it bothered her conscience.

Joe DiMaggio and George Jessel were at the night ball game together this week. A group of youngsters rushed to their box, to get DiMaggio's autograph. "Can't you keep these juvenile delinquents away?" Jessel told the cop near the box. "We came here to enjoy a ball game!" . . . Then one lone boy approached the box to ask Jessel's autograph. The cop stopped him, and was berated by George: "Are you trying to rob a child of his innocent pleasure?"

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

She'd never blamed her mother for it. The problem had been that she was the youngest in her class. She had skipped three half grades, so all her school friends had been a year or two older than she was. So it had been hard for her mother; it had made a problem for both of them. If this baby were given an opportunity to skip a grade in school, she wouldn't allow it. It made too many emotional problems for a child. If they were bored in school as a result of being held back, you could always fill in the void at home. You could give them piano lessons, or teach them to paint—Tony could do that—or have them tutored in a language. And in the meantime they'd be growing up with children their own age.

She thought Tony would agree with her on this. She couldn't foresee his disagreeing with her on very many things about bringing up the child. Not the important things, anyway. They'd give it love, and they'd give it discipline. She wanted to get a pile of books on child rearing, but she wasn't going to swallow them verbatim. It was a matter of applying the advice to the individual child. She'd take what she wanted from each book, and she wasn't going to agree with any of that modern theory about never

1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?

2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?

3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?

4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

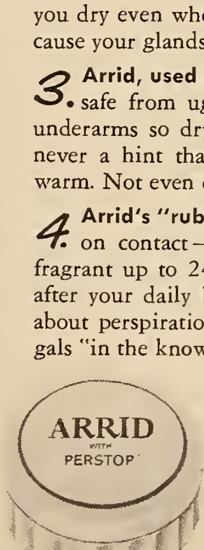
What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Rub Arrid in**—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid, used daily,** keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



**Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.**

43¢ *plus tax.*

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

crossing a child. She'd cross it all right, if it did something wrong. There was a lot to be said for common sense, too.

She couldn't see any reason why this baby wouldn't grow up with the same sense of family closeness she had had. Her parents had given her a great deal of that. True, there had been the tug of war all the time about the privileges she felt she was denied, but what fun they'd had as a family! There were the weekends when the three of them would get in the car, planning a trip to nowhere. They'd end up in Santa Cruz or some other place—it was always a surprise—or they'd go on picnics together. And there were the days her parents had taken her and the whole gang to the football and baseball games. She was sure they'd done all that to make up to her for the lack of other things.

She hoped this baby would like school. She had loved it so much, whereas Tony had resented every day of it. Oh, he could get excited about Daniel Boone or Alexander the Great, but dates and trivia bored him. It was a matter of his application. He could then, and still could, get wrapped up in anything that interested him and do a job to perfection, but nobody could drive him to doing something he disliked. She, on the other hand, went too far overboard in the opposite direction. She tackled a job as a matter of discipline, and put even more effort into it if she didn't like what she had to do. The baby, for its own sake, should be fifty-fifty on this score.

Well, whichever way this baby was put together, she and Tony would allow it to have its individuality. She wouldn't force it into anything. She'd expose it to all the things its parents were still learning to appreciate—the art and the music and the good books and the gracious living. And the friends who were well-versed in so many interesting topics. But expose was the word, not cram. And this baby could pick and choose what it liked. She hoped that all during its growing-up period she and Tony would be able to give it these advantages. There would be college, if the child wanted it. And maybe education in Europe after it had finished formal schooling here.

Starring Somebody Curtis

But there she was, pushing already. She and Tony mustn't make the same mistake with the child that they had made with each other. Always pretending they enjoyed every single one of the other's interests, when they didn't really. They had learned, but it had taken three whole years. There is such a thing as closeness, but it mustn't become suffocating.

Yes, she would let the child go its own way, but she couldn't help wondering if it would choose show business. If the answer was no, she wouldn't care, as long as he or she was happy—and if the answer was yes, it would be fun. And sort of nice, too, when she and Tony were old and gray, to go see a play or a movie starring Somebody Curtis. Heaven knew show business had been kind to them.

A shout echoed through the halls and out into the garden, and Tony was standing there, grinning at her.

"Hi," he said. "What've you been doing?"

"Thinking," she said. "About what the baby will be like."

He walked over and kissed the top of her head. "You got it all settled?"

She nodded.

"Just one thing," Tony said. "If it's a girl, don't *ever* let her see you cleaning an ash tray before I'm through with it."

Janet laughed. "I've got that settled, too," she said. **END**

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the best days of their lives

(*Continued from page 35*) to absurdity—well, things have changed.

Russ and Venetia still wake each other each morning with "Happy Daily Anniversary, darling." But the golden alchemy of marriage is indeed already taking place—and they couldn't be happier about that. It's a fabulous time of unending surprises, intimate revelations and glorious promise. It's a constructive time, too—dedicated to falling in step, further in love, and to building one life for two in harmony. It beats a honeymoon all to pieces.

It's been that way ever since one night last spring, when two sleepy people climbed a flight of steps, stopped, turned right, looked at each other and heaved grateful sighs. Russ fumbled for the key. They were out of words. The honeymoon was over. They had seen America from South Dakota to New York to Boston—and it had been fun—but hectic. The plane bringing them home to Hollywood had been late and the ride bumpy. No door ever looked so good. When it swung open and Russ started to lift in the luggage, Venetia touched his arm.

"Rusty—darling—haven't you forgotten something?"

"Don't think so," he mumbled sleepily, looking around. "Bags are all here . . ."

"I don't mean that. But—well, aren't you going to carry me over the threshold?"

"Honey . . . !" He swooped her up, took three steps into the living room, collapsed—and fell flat on his face!

They just stayed there for awhile, on the floor, laughing hysterically at that crazy homecoming. Then Russ noticed something shiny in Venetia's eyes. He scrambled to her side and circled her in his arms. "You're crying," he said. "Hurt?"

"I do that sometimes," she told him. "No, I'm not hurt. Just happy. Oh, Rusty, we're *home!* Even if we fell in, we're *here!* It's the best part of our honeymoon."

And they both knew she was right. They know it more every day that passes. The only trouble is, there aren't enough hours.

Love nest

As all newlyweds know, getting a home organized and operating is a full time job, especially when you start from scratch, which pretty accurately describes the housekeeping state of the homecoming Tamblyns. The apartment they tumbled happily into that night was no show place, nor even a comfortable love nest. Apartments are scarce in Hollywood, and Russ and Venetia had found theirs just three days before the wedding. They barely had time—with all the other nuptial arrangements—to make midnight hauls, lugging over their personal plunder and stacking it in the living room. It was still there—in grocery cartons, boxes, sacks, suitcases and trunks, pyramided halfway to the ceiling. At the glass wall facing the patio—and their curious neighbors—sagged a hastily hung bedsheet, with a hole in the middle. Only two dusty pieces of furniture graced the living room—a long, modern coffee table that Russ had laboriously made, and a TV set with the tag still on. In the kitchen were a refrigerator and stove that went with the lease. In the bedroom was a bed—period.

"Actually," remembers Russ, "it looked like a warehouse. Only thing missing was cobwebs. But it looked like heaven to us." By now it's beginning to look the same to everyone else. But that has taken plenty of weighty decisions and work.

Venetia put out an S.O.S. for her decorator friend, Ann Sullivan, and they got busy. Gradually deep-pile carpets have covered the floors, gray-blue with drapes blending at the picture windows. By now a big beige modernistic sofa sweeps around one end of the room. In the dining area a handsome marble table swings out from a massive mirror with a new buffet behind it. The pink bedroom's cozily complete and the den's in working order. Every few days another new piece—chair, table or something—arrives. "We're operating on the furniture-of-the-week-club plan," grins Russ.

Wedding gifts have helped. Towels, linen, utility and party china, glassware to fill the shelves, pots and pans for the kitchen, a rotisserie, toaster, a clock radio by the bed and flatware—stainless steel, not sterling. "Golly," whistles Tamblyn, "do you know what all this household stuff *costs?* We have to take it easy, man, or we'll go broke!"

My wife, the actress

That's a slight exaggeration, of course. Russ and Venetia have no money problems. Riding a string of hits, Russ makes a swell salary by now and last December 30, when he turned twenty-one, he collected enough bonds to paper one wall of the courthouse. And now Venetia has an income too. She got the good news about her RKO contract at the wedding reception. That was bitter-sweet tidings to Russ Tamblyn. At that point he nursed a weak frown at the idea of an actress for a bride.

But it was inevitable—and he knew it. Even before Russ slipped on the diamond, wherever he took beautiful Venetia talent scouts and movie moguls table-hopped over with, "You ought to be in pictures." Although her mother, Anna Lee, was an actress and her dad a director, Venetia was then only a dilettante model, with no burning desire to act. Frankly, Russ hoped to keep her that way. But finally her agent, Dick Clayton, levelled with him. "Look, Buster, you're going to spend the rest of your life saying 'No' to this. You can't stall it forever. Why not let her have a try and see how it goes?" Two weeks before they married she took a screen test—and got the verdict on their wedding day.

Pearl Bailey, a hit at the Waldorf, complains that H'wood moviemaking starts too early: "It was the first time I knew there were two 6 o'clocks in the same day."
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

By now, Russ is not only reconciled, he's glad. As for Venetia, she's frank: "It has always been marriage first with me," she says. "The career comes second and it always will." Happily though, both Venetia and Russ have discovered that two careers, in their case, augur a better marriage. Not because of the extra check—although that's not to be sneezed at by a couple just getting started—but because they know now that mutual interests make the best family bond.

Invincible Venetia

While plenty of people wagged, "too young to be steady" at Venetia and Russ when they got married, you don't hear that refrain any more. Few couples in Hollywood or anywhere else have proved to be more sensible and serious about their life together. It shouldn't really be such a surprise, and it isn't to Russ. At sixteen, that "wonderful" age Venetia so recently sighed about, she was a Conover model in New York living in her own apartment and running her own affairs. In Hollywood one week after she was engaged to Russ, Venetia took over his apartment when he went on location. When he came back, all his chaotic financial affairs were straightened out with money in the bank that she'd saved for him. No wonder Russ thought he knew what he was getting. He hasn't been disappointed.

Venetia's Dresden doll beauty makes her seem fragile, helpless and so young that she can still stall off salesmen at her door with, "I'm sorry, but my mother's not home." But, as Russ points out, "Her middle name's Invicta—and you know what that means." If you don't, it's Latin for "invincible." Russ finds that out whenever he tries to up his $30 a week spending allowance. But she's not only invincible, she's capable.

Both Venetia and Russ are still lost in that lovely state where even the tiniest misunderstanding is just a marvelous excuse for a make-up embrace. Their differences so far are only the normal ones any two people who start living together notice, unless they're vegetables, sugar angels or identical twins.

"Oh, I may have a few faults as a husband—but they escape me right now," Russ cracks glibly under pressure. "I leave food around the kitchen and that draws ants. But Venetia blocks them off with Scotch tape over the cracks where they come out. Then I'm a late sleeper and she's up with the birds. Sometimes I bang the piano a little loud—and I might pull a magic trick at the wrong time or try a handstand too near the dishes. But I write her poems and I sing her pretty songs," he grins. "Venetia? She's perfect—except that she likes to tap dance while she's cooking—and she's a pretty tight girl with a buck."

First fight

Actually, their only spat worth the name, Russ admits, was nobody's fault but his own. One night when Venetia couldn't make it he went off to Drama Class and afterwards went along with a guy he knows who pats a piano in a Valley night spot. Russ sat in at the keyboard while the pal beat the drums. Since rock-and-roll is like dope to Russ he got so lost in his work that he didn't come home until the small hours. Venetia was wide awake, not a bit amused, and she bawled him out good. Then, like a wiser wife than she's really had time to be, she did something constructive about it. Next day, while Russ was on the set, she rented a piano and had it rolled into the den. "If you want to play the piano all night, you can play it at home," allowed the little woman.

That's what Russ sometimes does, with socks crammed in the windows so the neighbors won't howl. "*I* don't mind how loud he plays it, but it's always the same piece," frets his wife. "I guess I like it, though. I like everything about Russ."

There isn't much doubt about that. In fact, so far Russ and Venetia have found each other's company about all that's needed. They both had lots of friends before they were married and still do. But somehow they don't seem to get together as they used to. For six months before the wedding Venetia wore a ring and in that time the old gangs sort of drifted away, still on the chase, dancing and night-clubbing. That doesn't send the Tamblyns any more. Sometimes they see Debbie and Eddie Fisher, when they're on the loose or Pier and Vic Damone when he's in town. Rafael Campos, Tab Hunter, Bob Six and a few more stags Russ knew in his bachelor days are likely to drop around any time. But as yet Russ and Venetia haven't had time to collect a young married set in Hollywood. They've been too busy.

For instance, the call that broke up their honeymoon turned out to be not about *Fastest Gun Alive* but a new picture MGM had loaned him for while he was away, *Young Guns* at Allied Artist. Russ

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saw the script for the first time barely a week before he made it. But he's quick that way and if there's anything he can't do in pictures nobody's discovered it yet.

For Venetia it's mostly lessons right now at RKO, whose bosses cryptically state they plan to build her into a "cross between Audrey Hepburn and Loretta Young," whatever that might be. She reports there daily in her little MG, and tackles speech, dancing, voice and dramatics, while Russ rattles off in his '54 Ford to his established interests at MGM. But you'd never know one was a seasoned pro of ten years' standing and the other a green beginner at the game. Both team up afternoons and at night to take acting lessons, and it keeps them busy!

If they can sneak in a neighborhood movie, a plunge in the patio pool or a drive up the hills to look at the stars they figure they're lucky. Actually, the way they've been going it's a wonder they've had time to fry an egg. Sometimes, in fact, because Venetia's plugging so hard to get started right now, Russ tells her, "I'll cook dinner. You just lie in the tub and soak your feet." And that's all right with Venetia because she knows he likes to cook. Only she's dreadfully certain she's going to have hamburgers.

Life is roses

But the nice part is—the more they work and do things together—the happier they are. The reason: Russ and Venetia share a goal. It's a rather general objective now—just to make a happy working team and to get ahead in their chosen professions. Later on there are a few specifics. They're saving for a trip to Europe. For a while they had a lot picked out in Pacific Palisades to buy and build a house on. That project's postponed because, as Venetia sensibly points out, "We want to find out what we like first. And the only way you can do that is by renting a while." They do want children—but "not for a year"—they've agreed on that but not on what sex. Russ wants a boy, Venetia a girl. They figure they can compromise—maybe both—later on.

Meanwhile, life is opening out for Russ and Venetia Tamblyn like a garden of roses. When they look out the window there's not a cloud in their sky.

"Problems?" puzzles Russ if you ask him. "There aren't any. With Venetia how could I have problems? I married a girl—they say—but I got me a wife. That's the answer, man. The only problem *I* had was finding her."

A few nights before Russ walked down the aisle in Palos Verdes, twenty-odd guys of the old gang he used to chase around with tossed him a bachelor dinner. They drank a bit of beer, traipsed off to La Zombo, a burl-ee-que in the Valley, smoked big black cigars and cheered lustily as the girls did their bumps and grinds.

"We had ourselves a time, all right," Russ admits in a faraway voice. "It was just great. But that night it was, 'Good-bye, boys, I'm through,' for me!"

When he left they razzed him with the age-old nifties. "Eat a hearty breakfast before they come get you," they yelled, as if he were set to shuffle down the last mile to the hot seat. And, "Why don't you jump off Suicide Bridge and save yourself fifty years of toil and misery?" He gunned away grinning to a funereal chorus of, "P-o-o-r ol' Russ. P-o-o-r guy!"

Well, it's funny how things switch once you're married. When Russ Tamblyn sees those stags these days, what he thinks, but is usually too polite to say, is "Poor guys—they don't know what they're missing." **END**

our boy bill

(*Continued from page 53*) first sign of things to come.

I suppose Bill wouldn't mind my throwing away his box of old sea shells. They are of little value. But to me they recall the summers we spent at the beach in New Jersey. Bill loved those summers. For one thing, there was no school. (Not that Bill actively disliked school—as long as it was social activities or sports—or appearing in class plays. But when it came to studying—well, it was his brother Bob who was the scholar of this family.) Those summer days consisted of Bob sitting on the beach reading every book he could get his hands on, Bill disappearing into the surf and daring the waves to defy *him,* and two very anxious parents standing on shore begging Bill to stop going out too far. Bill just never knew the meaning of the word "fear."

POP CAMPBELL: We couldn't afford to give our sons many luxuries during those early days of the depression, but I didn't care how much scrimping and saving we had to do to get them to the beach for at least a couple of weeks each summer. I considered those weeks of fresh air and sunshine in a different environment important.

I had my own methods of bringing up my sons that didn't come from any book. First of all, I don't think there are any "juvenile delinquents." When a fellow gets into a man's trouble, he is no longer a delinquent. He is a man, and should be treated like one. I think early training up until ten, twelve years of age is what sets a boy for life. And I wasn't going to let my sons wander in the streets and court trouble during their summer vacations. You see, we lived in a tough neighborhood with tough gangs. Some of those boys later on even landed in jail. Our boys never had much truck with them, but unlike some of the other youngsters who wouldn't join up, they never had any trouble either. Bill knew all the rough guys to talk to but he never had a fight with, or was picked on, by any of them. I guess he just knew how to handle them. Still, during vacations I wanted my sons to play with kids of their own moral fiber.

In his dressing room at the studio, Richard Widmark has this sign: "Speak in a low soothing tone and do not disagree with me in any manner. Please be informed that when one has reached 'my age' noise and non-concurrence cause gastric hyper-peristalsis, hyper secretion of the hydrochloric acid and . . . I Become Most Unpleasant."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

Bill loved baseball, and all those kinds of games. He always felt caged if he hadn't something to do and someone to do it with. His brother was too busy writing and painting. His old man was no good on that score. I just don't believe—despite all the fancy talk of child psychologists—that a father should participate in games with his son. Makes Pop look like a fool, in my opinion. Pop should cooperate to a limit. Playing games was beyond my limit. Telling my sons the facts of life wasn't. And I told them to 'em straight . . . no shilly-shallying around or birds and bees stuff. They would have gotten the facts out on the street if I hadn't respected their intelligence.

All in all, it wasn't too hard to keep the boys on a straight path. As I always said, a mother's love is her great weapon, and a father's is to keep his sons in a little spending money. The love came easy. Sometimes, the money was a little hard to scrape up—but we managed.

Our boys were taught to understand that there were fundamental differences in the teachings of the various faiths, but none in the *people* of the faiths. Our neighborhood was the melting pot of Newark. Irishmen, Jews, Italians, Negroes and Poles all mingled together, and all were Bill's friends. Many a Saturday morning he used to borrow a yamalka (skullcap) from a Jewish buddy and go down to the local synagogue to help the rabbi with his chores. If there was a wedding going on, Bill would also volunteer for extra duties. It wouldn't be quite honest to say he did this *strictly* for the benefit of interracial relations. The wedding feast afterward also figured in his motivation. I've often speculated whether some bride or groom didn't wonder at the identity of the strange youngster who joined in the festivities, danced with all the pretty little girls, and ate more than his share of knishes and strudel.

If there was anything Bill liked more than good Jewish cooking, it was good Italian cooking. There was this woman, Mrs. Tartaglia, who lived on the block, who loved Bill like he was her own son. And Bill used to have a second sense which told him when she was cooking Spaghetti Tartaglia. He'd pass her window and yell loud enough to be heard on the third floor, "Hey—Mrs. Tartaglia!"

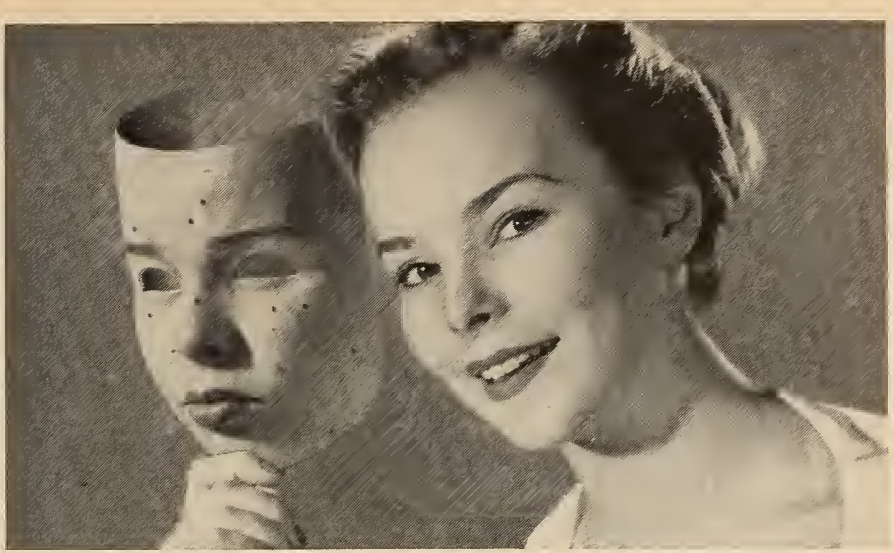
She'd run to her window and answer, "Hey, Billy."

"I'll be right up there for some of that spaghetti of yours," he'd shout, and up he'd dash, two steps at a time. She never resented these self-invitations to dinner. Between gulps, Bill would keep her in stitches with his stories or his imitations of John Barrymore.

Whenever I go back to Bergen Street to have a beer with the boys, Mrs. Tartaglia will say, "Tell that son Bill of yours to come up and visit an old lady when he comes home. I will fix him spaghetti, the way he likes it." Everyone on Bergen Street still asks about Bill, and they all tell me how glad they are that "one boy in the neighborhood stuck it through." Bill had a knack with older people. He still does. I don't know his secret. Maybe he makes us old-timers feel like kids again.

There's one story about Bill's days on Bergen Street I aim to set right. I read somewhere that he used to filch food from the pushcarts. That's not true. There were no pushcarts on Bergen Street, and for another thing Bill always had plenty to eat—despite his king-size appetite.

MOM: Whenever I think of Bill's appetite, I'm reminded of his high-school days. I always prepared a generous lunch for him but about once a month he'd say, "Mom, I'm feeling extra hungry today. Will you fix a couple of extra sandwiches, and hey, how about two more apples and a bigger piece of pie?" Well, I never thought anything of it—even though when I used to ask the following day if he wanted something extra, he'd answer that the usual amount would be just fine. It wasn't until years later—when Bill was in the Navy—that I found out the truth about his "hungry days." A buddy of his who used to come to the house to keep me company gave away the secret. He thought I knew. It seems that Bill and two of his buddies would play hooky from school and spend the day at a downtown burlesque show. Since Bill's spending money was limited and didn't cover such extra-curricular activities as burlesque shows, he worked a deal with his friends. He'd supply the lunch (by fooling his innocent mother) and the other boys would split the cost of Bill's ticket of admission. I must admit I was



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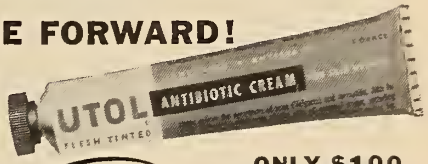

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pretty shocked to hear about it—even though several years had passed since the incident. But that story solved two mysteries. First, about Bill's strange appetite and the other about a note I had received from Mr. Belcher, the principal of Southside High, who asked me to come down to see him. Mr. Belcher was a kind man and his conversation with me consisted mostly about the fact that I should have a talk with Bill. "Bill is a popular boy, Mrs. Campbell," he said, "but he's full of mischief, and since he is so well-liked by the other students his lack of discipline might set a bad example for the rest of the school." When I tried to pin him down to exactly what Bill did, he said, "For one thing, he has a disconcerting habit of playing catch with bananas while class is in session . . ." I started to cry and Mr. Belcher terminated the interview with, "Well, talk to Bill, maybe you can calm him down a little." I cried all the way home and was still in tears when Bill ran into me on the street.

"What's the matter, Mom?" he asked. I told him about the conversation with Mr. Belcher, and how disappointed I was in him. "Please, Mom," he implored, "don't be upset. It's just a prank. I promise it won't happen again. I'll try to take school more seriously."

Well, Bill kept his promise. I never got another note and those requests for triple lunches became fewer and fewer and gradually ceased altogether.

POP: Well, Bill never was what you'd call a saint. A little devil would be a more accurate description. But he never really was wild. He may have done a lot of things that could be considered wild—but all boys do things considered crazy by their elders. It's all part of growing up. He probably would have gotten a good thrashing had I found out he played hooky to go to a burlesque show, but although I don't approve of such things I can understand them. And they didn't hurt his character either. Now take Bill's graduation from high school, for instance. Now, I have to admit that Bill didn't walk off with any scholastic honors the way Bob did later on—but the "honors" he did receive made me just as proud of him. When he was called up to the stage to receive his diploma—just his diploma, mind you—the audience resounded with the longest and loudest burst of applause I ever heard. That's how well-liked he was. The most popular guy in school. A few months after graduation one of the lower classmen dropped over for a visit.

"I tell you, Mr. Campbell," he said, "there's just no fun in going to school anymore. Southside has been like a *morgue* since Bill graduated. Just like a morgue!"

Then there were the dances. I didn't mind scraping the barrel so Bill could enjoy himself going to the dances he loved. And, with one exception, I didn't mind Bill's going to so many. But that one exception was a lulu, and, I can honestly say, the biggest crisis in my relationship with my son. He wanted to go to a dance against his mother's wishes. He had been out the night before and although he assured Flo he'd be home early, it was 3 A.M. before we heard his key in the door. Flo had awakened suddenly at midnight, and not hearing Bill downstairs raiding the icebox (his usual procedure after a date), she checked his room. He wasn't there and she couldn't get back to sleep. All mothers are that way. She paced the floor for three hours, imagining all kinds of fatal accidents, before Bill finally sauntered in. Now, if he had said he'd be in at 3 there would have been no fuss. Bill was old enough to shift for himself. It was the "early" promise that upset her. Flo rarely punished the boys but the next day she told Bill that he was to stay in that evening. Bill had a special date to go dancing at the Ivanhoe and I think he'd have preferred to have given up a year of his life than to miss that dance. He told his mother he was going and then came to me about it.

Royalty: Two of Alfred Hitchcock's stars were married the same week: Grace Kelly married Prince Rainier, and Vera Miles married the actor who plays a Tarzan role. "I married better than Grace did," Miss Miles said to her director. "She only married a prince. I married a king of the jungle."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

"Bill," I said, "if your mother says no, it's no, and that's all there is to that."

Well, Bill got rather insistent and naturally his mother softened up and said, "Oh, let him go. It isn't worth all this fuss."

By this time, I was riled up.

"I'm glad your mother said that, Bill," I told him, "because if she hadn't, I'd have knocked you down before I'd have let you leave this house."

"I wouldn't have cared whether you would have knocked me down or not," Bill replied defiantly, "I still would have gone." Then he stormed out of the house. I was all set to go after him, but Flo calmed me down. Well, Flo and I were pretty upset by the entire episode. Neither of us could sleep that night. At 10 P.M. we heard the door open. Bill was back. Later, we heard that he was as unhappy about the flare-up as we were. He had no patience to remain at the dance and he didn't even raid the ice-box that night.

There was a cool silence at breakfast the next morning. Then all of a sudden Bill apologized, and his mother wept and all was forgiven between those two. I held out until evening. Then I said, "All right, son, let's forget about it." The incident was never spoken of again.

MOM: Bill got a job with RCA soon after he graduated from high school and he splurged his first week's salary on a brooch for me. I still have it and it is one of my favorite possessions. I'll never forget the night he brought it home. "Here's a little something for you, Mom," he said. "It's not much, but you stick with me and you'll be wearing mink!" If I recall correctly though, Dad hit the ceiling when he saw what Bill had done. Being a thrifty man, I think he was appalled by the extravagance.

POP: Yes, I hit the ceiling when I saw the brooch, but the way Flo tells it you would think I was some kind of Simon Legree or something. I was angry because Bill didn't tell me what he was planning to do. If he had I could have gotten the brooch for him at a 30% dis-

THE CASE OF THE NERVOUS MODEL

■ When Audrey Hepburn agreed to model an afternoon dress Hubert de Givenchy had designed for her in Paris, the Givenchy studio was delighted. "We'll have a huge showing," they told Audrey. "We'll have hundreds of guests, the press . . . it will be An Occasion!" Audrey turned positively pale. "Oh, no," she said. "Please—no people, no press, no Occasion. Just a photographer—that's enough." "A photographer—" they said, "why, that's torture. Hours under the hot lights, always on your feet—misery. Now, in the showroom, before a select audience—" "No," said Miss Hepburn. "Why?" "Well," she offered, "I'm not a real model—I might do something wrong." "You won't." "Just think if I tripped!" "Never!" "Oh, but I might," she said. "Please—just a photographer!" So they sent her to a cameraman and at Audrey's request they sent not the usual battery of seamstresses to make last minute adjustments, but just one. As general assistant and nerve-calmer, they also sent one of their regular models. And for hours Audrey stood patiently while they pinned and draped, tried pose after pose before the cameras, obligingly changed her hair-do. The seamstress wilted, the model groaned, even the photographer sweated under the burning lights. When it was all over and some of the most charming high fashion shots in Paris had been taken, Audrey sighed happily. "There," she said, "wasn't that nicer than doing it in the showroom?" She stood up, cool as a cucumber, the tiny girl whose pictures and plays had been seen by literally millions of people. "I got goose pimples thinking about doing it any other way," she said. "All those people staring at once—they make me so nervous!"

count! But I was thrilled that Bill remembered his mother in this way. Many times I said to him, "Son, this is the way it is. No matter how old you are I'll be responsible for you if you need me, and in turn, you must be responsible for your mother if she needs you. Your father you don't have to worry about. You take care of your mother, and the old man will take care of himself."

MOM: Bill remembered me, in many ways. Take our phonograph machine, for instance. That was another gift.

When Bill brought it into the house he said, "Here, Mom. I wanted you to have this so you can enjoy the music *you* want to listen to." And then he went out and proceeded to buy three dozen Glenn Miller records. Since Bill's friends were always welcome in our house, every night became "Juke Box Saturday Night" in the Campbell household. One night, I came home from work a little irritable (I had a position at Bamberger's Department Store up until last year) and as usual Mr. Miller and his gang were blasting away about some Chattanooga somethingorother. "Goodness, Bill," I said, "can't you turn off that infernal racket? It's driving me crazy." Bill was crushed. "The trouble with you, Mom," he said, "is that you just don't appreciate *good* music." Maybe I didn't appreciate Mr. Miller at the time, but many a night in years that followed, I tuned him in by choice while pretending that Bill was in the living room listening. He wasn't then. He was in the South Pacific.

Bill was under age when he told me he wanted to join the Navy. He begged me to come in and sign for him, and requested that I say nothing to Dad. "You know how Dad will feel, Mom," he said. "He'll say I'm too young and tell me to wait until I'm of age. But perhaps at that time I'll have no choice, and, Mom, I'll just die if I don't get into the Navy." All I could think of as Bill talked on and on trying to persuade me to sign for him, was the time he was three and got his first sailor suit and said, "I'm going to be a real sailor some day." I didn't want to sign without consulting Mr. Campbell, but I knew if this was what Billy wanted so terribly much, I had little choice but to back him up.

My, the day he was informed he was accepted!!! He rushed down to Bamberger's, paid no attention to the fact that I was waiting on a customer, rushed around the counter, grabbed me in his arms and shouted, "Mom, I'm in! I'm in, do you hear?" I was sure that the entire store had heard, but I was wondering what would happen when Dad heard. And I was flabbergasted at what he did. Dad merely shook hands with his son, said, "Congratulations," and then laughed. "Knew what was going on all the time," he said. "You two don't think you can put anything over on the old man, do you?"

Every time Bill came home on leave, he'd write ahead. "Get all the relatives together—we've got to have a party." During one party, he was so happy and calm until he had to say goodbye. Then he kinda broke down. The first time I ever remember seeing Bill break down. I knew if he'd stayed a moment longer, I'd have broken down, too. So, I merely held up my head and said, "You better hurry, Dad's in the car waiting." I couldn't understand why he was upset. Always, when he had to return to the base after a leave, he managed to be quite cheerful about it.

POP: Bill didn't tell me until we were on the highway en route to the Hudson Tubes what was bothering him. "Dad," he said, "I didn't want to spoil this last week for either you or Mom. But I think I better tell you now. I won't be coming home for a while. This was my last leave. Our outfit's pulling out for Japan within a few days. I knew it would only upset Mom if I told her before." My son may have given some pretty fine performances on the screen, but I tell you nothing ever came up to the one he gave that week.

MOM: I have an entire trunkful of things that Bill sent home while he was in the Navy: Dolls from Japan, a little music box that played "Anchors Aweigh" and dozens and dozens of letters—which I reread often. If Billy was ever unhappy or afraid or ill during all the time he was away, he never let us know. Each letter was gay and witty and full of funny incidents. He even made KP sound like a high school dance! Tucked away in the corner of some of his letters was a little crazily-drawn sailor boy. And thereby hangs another tale. I wanted to make sure that Bill always had enough money while he was in the Navy, but I didn't want his Dad to think I was spoiling him. So we had our own little conspiracy. If, at any time, he needed extra cash, he was to let me know via code, and our code was our own little sailor man! The only souvenir I *don't* have of Bill's Navy days is his uniform. His wife, Judy, confiscated that when they were home a couple of Christmases ago, and I've been told she's made good use of it—impersonating a member of the United States Armed Forces at costume parties.

The most priceless of my souvenirs is Bill's career scrapbook. I won't let that out of my sight for a minute. If it ever got lost, I think I'd die. When we leave for California, it goes right along on the plane with me. The question most of my friends or neighbors ask me is, "When did you first notice that Bill wanted to be an actor?" Well, that's hard to answer. He always loved the movies and theatre and acting. My goodness, when he was three and I used to take him downtown shopping, he wouldn't be happy unless I took him into the Avon Theatre to see Tom Mix. How Bill loved Tom Mix. (Last fall, he got the kick of his life when he learned that Mrs. Mix was a resident at the Hollywood Lanii where we were stopping.) Dad put a stop to that, however. Not that he objected to Tom Mix, but he didn't think a three-year-old should be exposed to the kind of germs that float around in movie theatres. By the time he was six (germs not withstanding) Bill wouldn't miss a Saturday afternoon at the movies, and in grammar school he was even the hero of his graduation play.

I met the pretty blonde Russian actress, Izinas Skolzeva, and asked her companion how old she is. He replied: "The age of a Soviet actress is a secret—like the atom bomb."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Performing in school wasn't enough for Bill. One summer, he joined the All State Chorus and went off to Atlantic City as a singer. But Bill didn't limit himself to public appearances.

I remember the times Bobby used to come downstairs and lead me back up to the doorway of the boys' bedroom. "Look," he'd giggle, "Bill's talking to himself again." And sure enough, there was Bill, in front of the mirror, posing and gesticulating to beat the band and muttering such strange phrases as "The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." Bob thought it was the funniest thing he ever saw in his life.

Then, there were the days when Bill would greet me at the door in a very John Barrymoreish manner, shouting, "A

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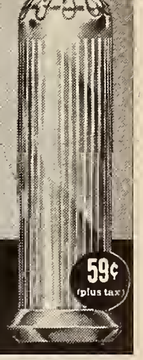

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Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse (though I'll settle for a bike, Mom)". "Oh, Bill," I'd say, "cut out all that acting. I'm tired." My manner didn't discourage him at all. "You'll be sorry you said that when I'm a big star in Hollywood." And I'd answer, "Sure, I'll be a little old lady by then." Then I'd do some acting of my own—imitating an old woman hobbling around. This wasn't meant to dampen Bill's spirit, but frankly it was hard to take him seriously at the time.

POP: We did take him seriously, however, when several months after his return to civilian life, he announced that he wanted to take advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights by studying at a good dramatic school. "The 'Bill' will get me through school, Pop, but I'm worried about the other expenses and my not being able to contribute anything to the household while I'm learning," he said. I answered, and I remember my exact words: "Remember, son, what I said about my taking care of you as long as you needed me. That still goes. A little more scraping won't hurt the bottom of the barrel at all. True, I'd be happier if you told me you wanted to study law or something secure like that, but if your heart's set on acting, well, you go ahead and see what you can do. But after you've been at it for awhile, I'd like to see you act. If you're good, I'll back you all the way. If not you'll quit—okay?" Bill agreed.

He enrolled at the Fagen Dramatic School and the first test came about six months later when he got the role of the drunk who commits suicide in a student production of *Dinner At Eight.* You never saw such a suicide scene in your life. Bill milked every moment of drama there was out of it. I thought he was taking so long to die that at one point I turned to my wife and said that if I had a gun, I'd shoot him. But I knew then that my son was good, darn good.

The following summer, Bill was accepted in a stock company.

MOM: After summer stock, Bill returned to Fagen's to complete his course. Then came graduation. Well, being his mother I thought I was prejudiced by thinking he gave a great performance in the graduation play, *The Royal Family.* But the comments I heard during intermission assured me that I wasn't. One woman, talking to Mrs. Fagen, said, "*Who is* this Campbell boy? He's the finest young actor I've seen in your school in ten years." I could have burst with pride. My lady friend, Mildred, told me to turn around and tell them I was his mother. I wanted to, but I just didn't have the nerve.

Bill did some pavement pounding—but not too much. The following summer, he was hired as juvenile lead in Newport, Rhode Island Casino Theatre. He was actually *starred* in plays and he got paid a good salary for it, too. Then he went on tour with *The Man Who Came To Dinner;* landed in Los Angeles and was signed by Warners and then later on by M-G-M. And with each new role my "career scrapbook" grew and grew.

But suddenly, in 1952, the "Scandal Book" stopped growing. The "Scandal Book!" I wonder what I'm going to do about that. I'll probably have to throw it away, since I don't dare bring it to California with me. Judy might disown me or divorce Bill—or worse, if she ever saw it. Of course, there is really nothing scandalous about it. I call it our "Scandal Book" because it's exclusively devoted to pictures of Bill's ex-girl friends. And in each stage of his life—he had his girl friends. All beauties, too, and such nice girls. I met most of them, and those who were too far away for me to meet—Bill sent a picture. In 1951, he sent a picture of the prettiest one of all. A picture that never took the trip from my dresser into the book. In the spring of 1952, he phoned me and broke the news. He was engaged to be married to Judy Inmoor and the wedding was planned for my birthday—October 25. Naturally, Dad and Bob and I had to come out for the wedding.

No mother ever forgets a single detail of the wedding of her first-born and I am no exception, even though I went around in a perpetual daze.

Bill was just as dazed as I was, but that didn't stop him from taking me around to the best shops for my wedding outfit. "I want you to be the best-dressed girl there, Mom," he teased. "After all, you're going to be competing with movie queens." Aside from the dress, he bought me a sixty dollar hat! I tried to talk him out of that. There's just no sense in a sixty dollar hat! But he was deaf to my protests. And he bought me a mink collar and cuffs. "I told you, Mom," he said, "stick with me and you'll be wearing mink. These are a 'down payment.' "

As to the actual wedding itself, I went through the gamut of a mother's emotions. I had this terrible choked feeling as he went down to the altar. I was happy, sad, smiling, tearful and about to faint at any moment. I didn't come down to earth until two or three weeks after we returned home.

POP: What do I recall most of all about Bill's wedding? Parking lots and the La Brea Tar Pits. An awful lot has been written about the father of the bride. But what about the groom's old man? This particular one spent a week in California waiting in parking lots while the girls were inside stores trying on things. One day, while parked behind Ohrbachs, I decided to take a walk and see some of that famous California greenery. There was a park by Ohrbachs, but it struck me as a kind of peculiar park. There were long, round stretches with no grass. Complained to Bill about it, too. "What kind of place is this California?" I said. "Don't you think they should plant some flowers or something there? That barrenness makes the park look awful."

Delinquency, says Frank Lovejoy, is the age when youngsters want to do what their folks are doing.
Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

"Pop," he said, "those were the famous La Brea Tar Pits." It became his favorite story about his "tourist" folks. He even spread it about Newark when he returned home the following Christmas. I wasn't surprised at Bill's picking out such a beautiful bride. We Campbell men have extraordinary taste when it comes to women. Like father—like son.

MOM: Bill has been after us to come to California for good for two years now. Last fall, we decided to try it out for two months, and we loved it. So, as soon as Dad reaches retirement age at the water works later this year, we'll become native Californians. No reason to remain in New Jersey. Both of our children are out there and soon we hope there will be grandchildren. And both boys are successes—Bill as an actor, Bob as a writer. They've even formed the William Campbell Productions, of which their Dad will be president. Memories and mementos take second place when you are *with* the things you want to remember. But there's one souvenir I know I won't be leaving behind. My Christmas present from both my sons, and a fulfillment of a young boy's promise: "Stick with me, Mom, and you'll be wearing mink." END

I was a teen-age bride

(*Continued from page 58*) night," my sister Beverly said, "I danced round the tree with Santa. In a couple of years you can dance with him too."

I went riding on my Christmas bike. "Santa brought it," I told a playmate.

"You don't believe in *him*?!"

"Of course I do. My sister danced round the tree with him last night."

But the seed of doubt had been planted and, once I discovered the truth, I cried my eyes out. Not so much because there wasn't a Santa Claus. Rather because the family I'd trusted so completely had lied to me. As many families lie about Santa Claus. Only I was too thin-skinned to take it and too young to appreciate the kindly motive. Which is why I never passed the myth on to my son. I told him about Saint Nicholas, I told him about the spirit of Santa, the spirit of giving.

I think you can't go far wrong in telling children the truth. I think concealment builds barriers. With the best will in the world, my parents concealed their problems from us. Or anyway, from me. If Mother talked to Beverly, I didn't hear about it. Sometimes I feel that if they'd been franker with me, I'd have weathered the divorce more easily.

I thought we were happy

Through my earliest childhood, we were a happy family. Or so I thought. Mother and Dad loved us, they loved each other. We lived in a pleasant home in Beverly Hills. Mother was—and still is—a very beautiful woman—tall, blonde, milky-skinned, with the carriage of a queen. Dad was as dark as she was fair and when they'd come to school together for some event, I'd just about pop with pride in them. The only cloud in my sky was Dad's being away so much. His insurance business required a lot of traveling.

He was my idol, and for this there were many reasons. I was intensely shy, a bundle of inhibitions, forever afraid to express my feelings, yet hungering for love. To any show of affection I responded like a plant to sunlight, but I was incapable of taking the first step. I must have been fearful of rejection.

Dad had the gift of laughter and of outgoing warmth. He'd pull me into his lap, he'd nibble my lashes or chew my ear—which drove me nuts, but I reveled in it. Like me, Mother was more reserved, less demonstrative. Besides, somebody had to be the disciplinarian and with Dad gone half the time, that job fell to her. Raising two girls presents plenty of headaches, and the one who's responsible sometimes finds herself the goat. It was always Mother, not Dad, who reprimanded me—for my own good—and subconsciously I began storing up resentments. Often I must have hurt my mother. With Dad I could let my hair down, and she knew it. With her, something blocked the way. After an argument, I'd gather a little bouquet and lay it on the front steps with a note: "I'm sorry I was a bad girl." But I couldn't go and tell her that face to face. Which, looking back, seems to me rather sad.

Maybe to make up for not being with me, Dad was all tenderness and indulgence. From the road he'd write me letters every few days, with funny little pictures—this is you, this is me—and enclosing a dollar bill. At home he'd say, "Come on, honey, let's go to the store." If I went with Mother, she'd buy only what we needed. Dad gave me free rein—cookies, ice cream, popcorn—the works. "You're too skinny, we've got to fatten you up." Naturally this enchanted me—not only the goodies, but the sense of being cherished. Perhaps even spoiled.

To this day the Nancy Drew detective stories create a special atmosphere for me. I was crazy about them, and my father always brought one home when he came. I remember sitting in the den by a little old heater, reading the book while it rained outside. Without being able to put it into words, I craved family unity. Nancy meant that Dad was here again. The book on my lap, the sound of the rain, the knowledge that we were a family once more made me feel so happy, so snug, so sheltered from harm—like a magic cloak around me. Because of that, I love rain and always will.

The divorce

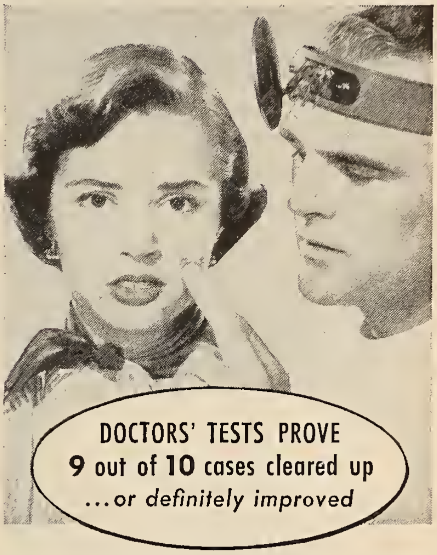
My parents were divorced when I was twelve. Deep personality clashes made it impossible for them to be happy together. The breach came gradually. They tried and tried to repair it, but it widened. For a long time I was only dimly aware of what went on. Nobody laid it on the line. Nobody said, "Honey, this is what happened." I knew that Dad came home less and less often. I used to hear Mother crying at night. So many times I wanted to go to her, tell her I loved her, ask her what was wrong. I couldn't. Maybe I was afraid of finding out. Or afraid of invading the privacy of grown-up emotions. As for Mother, she probably thought that I was too young to be burdened with them. But the burden lay heavy on me just the same. As I realized little by little that Dad wouldn't be living with us any more, my whole world crumbled, my safe harbor blew up at an age when I needed it most.

Some children find compensation in school for what they miss at home. Not me. I wore glasses then and braces on my teeth. So did lots of other kids, but they laughed it off. Youngsters are perceptive. They torment the tormentable, and they could always count on me to cringe when they teased. I wanted friendship badly, but didn't know how to go about showing it, so I could get it in return. As a result, I crawled deeper into my shell.

There was just enough age difference between my sister and me to prevent too much closeness. The divorce hadn't shaken Beverly as it did me. For one thing, she was older—for another, more stable—a girl who knew what she wanted and where she was going. At eighteen she fell in love, married, moved to San Francisco with her husband and lived happily ever after. Dad was living in San Francisco too. He didn't get down very often. Mother took an apartment for herself and me. She bought me lovely clothes. She saw to it that I took singing and dancing lessons. Having been on the stage herself, she hoped I might develop enough talent to pick up where she'd left off when she married Dad. Then, in an effort to escape her own heartache, she went on a world tour and left me with my Aunt Rose, who was also my singing teacher. Before leaving, she entered me in Jesse Lasky's *Gateway To Hollywood* contest.

Into the sunlight—almost

To my amazement, they interviewed me. By now the glasses and braces were gone. But you were supposed to be eighteen. I was fourteen, and said so. "If you'll keep mum about it," they told me, "and if you'll stop eating so many ice cream sodas, we'll let you try out." With all the stress I've laid on my lack of assurance, you may wonder how I mustered up the nerve. It didn't take nerve. Up there on the stage I lost myself. People didn't exist. I was alone, playing a part and confident, and so I sailed on to the semi-finals, for which Dad came down. I can still hear Jesse Lasky making the announcement. "There's



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one very proud father in the audience tonight. He's Harold Louis. His daughter Marilyn just won the semi-finals."

Pride goes before a fall. In Des Moines I lost the finals to a blonde who sang "The Man I Love." Jean Hersholt found me in the wings, crying like mad. He put his arm around me, gave me his handkerchief, eased my woe. "You did well, child. You made a fine showing, which is all that matters. It's just that you're not ready yet. Some day you will be. Some day you'll be glad you lost tonight." I wanted desperately to hang on to him. Since that couldn't be, I hung on to his handkerchief. For his gentleness, his kindness and understanding, he'll always hold a special niche in my heart.

So back to Beverly High I went, little Miss Nobody again. But more popular now, because I sang and danced in the school shows. Still, I didn't have what's important to every child—a family. Families discuss things, they help you to form ideas, to make decisions, they give you roots and emotional shelter. With only Aunt Rose to account to, I felt like a little girl on my own.

Sex and heartbreak

Anything might have happened to me. Nothing did. By bringing me up in the Mormon faith, Mother had built better than I knew. The training stuck. Basically, I was a religious girl—certainly an idealistic one and, on the subject of sex, a babe in the woods. Nobody'd ever talked to me about sex, unless you can count the time Beverly said: "Never let anyone lay a hand on you." I didn't know what she meant. If this seems stupid, then I was stupid, naive and ignorant. The first time I caught a glimpse of two kids necking in the back seat, my face dropped into my hands. "Oh *no!*" I shuddered, and asked to be taken home. I went on dating, but never twice with a boy who tried to get fresh.

Then came first love, none the less glorious for being puppy-love, since at fourteen you can't tell the difference. As a big football star, his attentions dazzled me. And as always with those I loved, I stuck him on a pedestal. He was all the fairy-tale princes rolled into one, but mostly Sir Galahad, and I worshiped him unabashed. When he called, I'd leap over furniture to grab the phone. When he said, "I'll be there in an hour," I'd tweet, "Can't you make it twenty minutes?" I suppose my adoration amused him and my youth made him protective. He treated me with kid gloves until, on our way to a New Year's Eve party, my Galahad turned wolf and found himself with a bearcat on his hands, which didn't amuse him at all. As for me, I was devastated. Within seconds, the knight toppled off his white charger, breaking my heart in half.

At the party he sat me on a stool and took off. For a while I stayed put, trying to gather up some remnants of self-control but making a poor job of it. My only desire was to get home straight and fast, and the only way I could think of was to hunt up my escort. I found him parked with another girl. Turning blindly away, I all but collided with a boy I knew. Because he liked me, because he was sweet and thoughtful, he'd noticed my plight and followed me out to the parking lot. "Come on," he said. "I'm taking you home." Sympathy was all I needed. Safe in his car, the floodgates burst. He waited for the storm to subside, then pulled into a drive-in. "You'll feel better after a cup of hot coffee."

I meet Tom

That's where fate entered, in the shape of a maroon convertible that slid in beside us. Mark recognized it and an idea hit him. "Just sip your coffee, Marilyn. I want to say hello to a friend of mine." He was back in a minute. "That's Tom Lane. He has a little orchestra and he's looking for a girl singer. I'd like you to meet him—"

My eyes were puffy. The tear-tracks glistened on my face. "I can't. I look awful."

"You look fine," he said, and beckoned Tom over.

I shrank into my corner. I don't know how much of me Tom could see, but I liked his smile and the way he came straight to the point. "Do you sing?" I nodded. "Well, I'm having some girls audition at my house tomorrow. Can you come?"

"Yes," I gulped. "I can come."

I felt grateful to both boys. Next day I auditioned for Tom, got the job and began singing with his fourteen-piece combo at various beach and country clubs.

Shortly before all this happened, Mother came home. We lived together again. She tried to draw close to me, but by now I'd grown an armor that shut her out. When she made overtures, I'd say, "Everything's fine, Mother," and clam up. Sometimes an emergency with the band brought me home later than usual, and I'd find her frantic. "Marilyn, where have you *been?*"

"Oh, the manager wouldn't pay what he promised, so the boys had to put up a fight for it—"

"You might have phoned me!"

Of course I might have. But *I* knew I was safe. It never entered my uncaring head that she didn't.

Esther Williams and her husband Ben Gage went to the Copa to see their friends Tony Martin and Phil Foster. They came late and were seated in back of the room. Miss Williams asked a captain to change their table. "But why?" the captain said. "You can see Tony and Phil from this table" . . . "I know," said Miss Williams, "but they can't see us."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Nor did I confide much in my dad. Our visits together were so short. I used to spend holidays with him in San Francisco. He loved to sing, except that what came out didn't sound too good. So he'd whistle instead, and we'd drive back and forth duetting tunes like "Daisy, Daisy" and "Good Old Summertime." Dad still meant fun and laughter to me. I hated to spoil our gaiety with problems.

While she was all for my career, Mother took a dim view of my current activities. She felt they wouldn't get me far, she knew they kept me out too late and she worried over my constant companionship with Tom and his family.

I fall in love with a family

Tom was a nice, clean-cut, mannerly boy. But I think I fell as much in love with his family as I did with him. Their house was a house of warmth. They made no bones about showing their love for each other. As Tom's girl friend, they welcomed me in with the same open affection. I ate it up. It was my first taste of what I'd always longed for—the refuge of family solidarity. I'd walk miles just to spend the afternoon and have dinner with them, almost like a homing bird. They offered sanctuary, and with that poor Mother simply couldn't compete. Not till many years later did I realize the suffering it caused her.

She appealed to Dad. "You must talk to Marilyn, Harold. She's only fifteen and she's taking this boy too seriously. At eighteen he's no more than a child himself."

Dad gave me credit for more sense than

I had. “It's a normal crush. She's intelligent, she'll get over it.”

To further that end, Mother sent me to stay with my sister and brother-in-law, hoping I'd meet new people and forget Tom. Which gave me a chance to dramatize the whole affair. I dashed off a hot wire. “Help. Help. I'm being held prisoner.” This brought Tom all the way up to San Francisco. Looking real grim, he presented himself at the door.

“What on earth's the matter with *you?*” Beverly asked.

“Marilyn says she's a prisoner!”

My sister ushered him into the living room where I sat. “Look. No manacles. No bars. Free as the breeze to take off whenever she likes.”

This bit of nonsense left me with egg on my face but changed nothing radical. At home the situation remained status quo. Mother couldn't reach me. Dad was beyond my reach most of the time. Because I felt torn between them, I couldn't talk to either about the other except with my guard up. From the outside I must have seemed wilful and sullen. Actually, despite my youthful heroics, I *did* feel like a prisoner, frustrated and hemmed in. For me there was no way to go except out. At sixteen I took it.

We elope

Tom and I were sitting in the car one day. “I don't know anything about marriage,” I said, “but let's run away.”

“Fine. Only I'd better tell my folks.”

“Yes, we'll tell *your* folks, but not my mother. Because she won't let me.”

Our youth notwithstanding, the Lanes were on our side. They arranged for Tom's older sister and her fiancé to go to Reno with us. Knowing Mother was out, I went home to pack my bag. She returned before I'd finished. “Where are you going?”

“I'm going to marry Tom.”

It seemed an eternity before she answered. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds. I don't know how she looked, for I kept my eyes on my packing. But her voice shook. “Honey, don't *do* this, *don't!* You're only a baby. Where have I failed you? What have I done wrong?”

“Nothing, Mother. I just want to get married.” I felt no response to her cry. I felt cold and impassive. I picked up my bag and left my mother to what anguish I didn't even bother to imagine. I can imagine it now.

The four of us drove to Reno, where I fibbed about my age and married Tom.

We lived with the Lanes. Tom began his now successful career as an interior decorator. I modeled at May Company's. Three months later I went from size twelve to fourteen—from fourteen to sixteen—from sixteen to fur coats. “Keep putting on weight,” they warned me, “and you'll have to quit.” I didn't quit till pneumonia laid me low and I almost lost the baby I was carrying by then. For the first time Mother and Dad came together to see me. They didn't say much, but I could read the heart-sickness in their eyes.

After Kent was born and I'd recovered my strength, I worked as a salesgirl at Coulter's. Then came a call from Henry Willson, the agent, who'd seen my picture on an old cover of our high school magazine. He offered to put me under contract—an idea Tom didn't go for at all. My job was just a stopgap because we needed the money. Once Tom was established, I'd give it up and stay home. A potential movie career, he realized, would be harder to drop. I realized that too, which didn't prevent me from wanting it. This led to arguments. In the end I signed with Henry, became Rhonda Fleming and, before too long, a seven-year contract player on David Selznick's payroll.

A love that didn't grow

But it wasn't the career that broke Tom and me up. Mother had been right. We were a couple of immature kids, with no foundation for marriage. We'd pulled down on ourselves a load of responsibility that secretly appalled us, yet it had to be carried. At an age when we should have been carefree, we'd stuck our noses into the grindstone of life. We weren't sufficiently disciplined to control our tempers, so minor flareups developed into major battles. Ours wasn't a love that grew. Bickering destroyed it. It's clear to me now that I didn't even know the meaning of love. Through Tom I'd been seeking something his family gave me. Not consciously, of course. But confusion and inexperience don't alter the fact that, in marrying Tom, I'd done him an injustice.

Marriage, however, was no light thing to either of us. For six years we tried to hold it together. During the last two years, Tom was in the service. I lived with his folks and worked at the studio. In those days, wifehood and motherhood were supposed to de-glamorize you. “Keep it dark,” they told me, “or you're finished in the business.” I hated keeping it dark. I was proud of my baby and wanted to talk about him. Boys asked for dates and I'd have to ward them off without explaining why. I let things drift, too timid to assert myself, following orders like a mindless robot, scared of everyone as I'd been at school.

This, plus the knowledge of my sorry marriage, drove me into myself again. Migraine headaches developed. I forgot how to smile. Say boo to me, and the waterworks started. I lost all contact with friends. I hardly ever saw Mother. Naturally, the frictions between Tom and me saddened his family. I no longer felt comfortable with them. To avoid them, I'd sneak by the side door into my room, leaden with misery. Often the walls seemed to close in and a wild impulse would seize me to batter them down. I didn't know that what closed me in was myself.

Lord, help me!

One evening, a week before Tom was due home, I climbed into my car, drove up on a hillside and parked. Drained of emotion, I felt empty, barren and dead. “If this is life,” I thought dully, “I don't want it any more.” The cliff looked temptingly close. How easy to roll over it and be forever at peace, all my troubles done with. Trembling, I struggled against the terrible compulsion. This time I wasn't dramatizing. This time I meant it, and the shock of realizing I meant it cleared my head a little.

I *didn't* want to live, but I had to live for my son. I began talking to myself, yet the talk was a prayer. Through sheer desperation, through sheer need, I turned to God. “I don't know what's wrong with me, but something's wrong, because I don't love anyone except my child.” For the first time I cried in agony, “Lord, help me!” And He did. I have no idea how long I sat there. All I know is this. As I prayed, the tears started streaming down my cheeks, the iciness melted and a great warmth flooded in, a great compassion for people and the suffering of people. Up there on the hill I went through a spiritual experience. I achieved an insight to which I'd been blinded by my absorption in self. Doors opened in my mind, showing me that I wasn't unique or alone. Life hurts us all in one way or another. We must hurt each other as little as possible.

Next day I went to my mother, crashed through the wall of misunderstanding between us and poured my heart out. What I'd never been able to say be-

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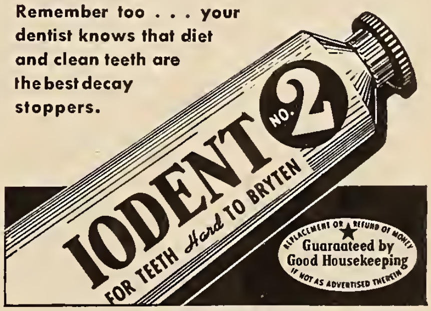
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fore, I said. What she'd never been able to do before, she did—took me into her arms, whispered endearment and comfort that fell like balm on a wound. When the chips were down, Mother became my solace and my greatest friend. Long ago I could have had her friendship for the asking. It was she who had felt unwanted.

With Mother behind me, I found courage to make a decision. At first I hoped for a miracle. I hoped that when Tom and I met, our old feeling for each other might rise from the ashes. It didn't. Then I prayed that we might part without ugliness or strife. In this—thanks to Tom and to my new-found identity—we succeeded. Our first thought was for Kent. As a child of divorce, I saw the dangers even more clearly than Tom. I tried hard to profit by the lessons of my own ordeal. Kent loves his father dearly and he loves me. I'm not going to pretend that the divorce was any bed of roses for him. But at least we could keep from filling his mind with resentments. We could tell him the story truthfully and give him plenty of time to figure it out for himself.

The hard way

It's not for me to preach. Though I think I'm a little wiser for my experience, who knows all the answers? Yet I can't help venturing the few I did learn. To children I'd say—don't shut your parents out, take your problems to them. The fact that they belong to another generation doesn't make them fogies. If they disagree with you, consider the possibility that they may be right and you wrong. You haven't measured yourself against life as they have. You need all the balance and judgment they can provide.

To parents I'd say—show your child love and understanding. Respect her as a person. Crushes are bound to develop—never forbid them. A head-on clash stirs rebellion. "We'll fix their wagon," say the kids. Use strategy. Encourage them to see each other. Open your home to them. Let them share young laughter and good times together. The feeling between them will die or it will grow solid. Either way you can't lose. Above all, *listen* to your child. Know what goes on in her mind and imagination. I don't care how much money you have nor how many luxuries. Without true attention, without companionship, material things add up to a big fat zero.

And early scars mend slowly. Re-adjustment is a long and grueling process. Nobody hands it to you on a satin cushion. You sweat for it. My hours on the hillside marked only the turning-point for me. There remained in me echoes of the child who feared to give herself wholly, lest she be hurt. My inclination was still to hide from people. Fortified by my son, my mother, my work, I searched out these fears and, bit by painful bit, discarded them. I saw that love heals more than it hurts. Even after those you love are gone.

Five years ago I went to San Francisco for a personal appearance. As always, I phoned Dad the minute I hit town. "I've got to ride in the parade," I told him. "Then I'll take a nap because I didn't get much sleep last night. And then I'll come over."

"All right, honey. But don't be too long."

This bothered me a little. There was a strangeness in his voice. But I decided my imagination must be working overtime. At the hotel I told them to shut off the phone while I napped. During that interval my father died.

I reached his place in a state of shock. I stared down at the cookies and candy and peanuts he'd set out—all the stuff his no longer skinny little girl had loved. I could hear his voice: "Come on, let's go to the store. We've got to fatten you up." The knife twisted, but I couldn't cry. I could scarcely so much as talk. My face was as stiff as if lockjaw had set in. I felt that a piece of me had died with him.

I know now that his spirit will always live in me. I regret nothing. While I missed the fun of being a teen-ager, I gained a son. While I learned the hard way, I came out of the darkness whole. It might have happened in reverse. But I was a fighter like my father. And my mother gave me the faith in God which saved me. For this heritage I'm everlastingly grateful. **END**

Rhonda Fleming can next be seen in Odongo, *a Columbia picture.*

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inside the wildings' mountain hideaway

(*Continued from page 31*) "Mommy!" shouts Mike, Jr., aged three. "Mah!" echoes Chris, one-and-a-half.

This time both head and shoulders untangle themselves and Liz sits up. " 'Morning," she says, gives one last wistful glance at her pillow, and then suddenly tickles her older child. Mike, Sr. returns (shivering slightly), to add to the mayhem. For half an hour you can't tell the room from a circus. Then Mike glances at a clock, swings his sons down from the bed. "Breakfast, kiddies."

And because in the Wilding household freedom is tempered with discipline, the kids kiss their parents damply, and trot off without argument to get dressed.

Oh my Papa

At the breakfast table they are joined by Mike's father, Henry Wilding. He's been with them for a while, recuperating from an illness. If what was prescribed was peace and quiet, he may not be getting it entirely, which suits him fine. In many another movie star home he would get too much of it, since the guest quarters would no doubt be in a wing far removed from the main house—even further than the children's wing. In Liz and Mike's home, there ain't no such thing. The kids are right across the hall from Mom and Dad, and the guests next to them. If their guests don't like the Wildings, they've got no business visiting, they figure.

The minute breakfast is done, Henry Wilding reaches for his cane and draws himself up to his impressive stature. "Where are you going?" Liz asks.

"Out," says her father-in-law, "for a walk in the hills."

"Hills!" Mike teases. "A month ago you called them mountains!"

"A month ago," says his father's clipped British voice, "I was not a Californian." He bestows a kiss upon his daughter-in-law's dark curls and stalks out. Mike sits back and sighs contentedly.

"You must admit, Liz, that it's the Wilding side that has contributed a certain sturdy quality to your sons."

"Your father, maybe," Liz admits. "You look as if you wouldn't wear well in a strong breeze!"

Mike flexes his excellent muscles. "It is a good thing that I am by nature phlegmatic. Otherwise . . ."

Liz giggles. "And equally good that I am—shall we say—*less* phlegmatic?"

Over the bacon and eggs, the Wildings grin at each other.

It is true that Liz is less phlegmatic. On the other hand, she is obviously more sleepy. By mid-morning she is curled up on the couch, snoozing. "I have a virus," she tells Mike, by way of excuse, "and it's all your fault. You turned down the temperature in the swimming pool. You put it down to freezing."

"I did not," Mike protests. "The heater thing isn't working right. And besides, the pool isn't meant to be a hot bath."

The phone rings and Liz stretches out a languid arm to pick up the receiver. A moment later she holds it out to Mike. "For you. New York."

Her curiosity gets the better of her and she manages to stay awake until Mike gets off.

"Well?"

"It was a producer," he says slowly. "They might want me to play F. Scott Fitzgerald when they do *The Disenchanted* on Broadway next season."

"Honey! How marvelous!"

"Type casting, of course," her husband says, straightfaced. "I'm just right for it. Dissipated, unhappily married . . ." He adds, "Just think. If I do the play all those plans we haven't made will have to be completely discarded."

Jack Benny's the funniest straight man in the world. At a recent luncheon, he announced he's abbott of the Hollywood Friars: "That's like being the photographer for Reader's Digest." Jack mentioned that three years ago he had urged Phil Silvers to stay out of TV, saying it wasn't for him. When Phil won those Emmys this year, Jack wired him: "You wouldn't listen to me, would you?"

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

Liz sits up. "That reminds me. We have to cancel our reservations in Sweden."

"Right!" Mike agrees. He and Liz had planned a vacation for the whole family in Sweden before Mike has to report there for *King's Return.* But then came Montgomery Clift's terrible accident on the road down from their home, and now neither of them would dream of leaving until he was fully recovered.

That terrible evening

For a few minutes they sit silently, thinking about that terrible evening. It had started out so well. They'd had a buffet dinner for just close friends. The Rock Hudsons, Monty, a few others. After dinner they'd sat around on the floor of the living room, lights dimmed, talking and dreaming and watching the flickering blue light of the pool outside. Mike had been talking Monty into joining them in Mexico City as soon as *Raintree County,* on which Monty and Liz were working, was finished. It was practically settled, too. Then around midnight the party broke up, and because the Wildings knew how treacherous the road down their hill was, they urged Monty to follow Kevin McCarthy's car—Kevin had taken the drive pretty often. "Not that that's any guarantee," Mike had said. "I've been over that road thousands of times, and I still just barely miss half a dozen trees every time. The road's not banked properly."

And then they had said good night and shut the door behind Kevin and Monty —and fifteen minutes later Kevin was back, pounding on the door to tell them Monty had crashed into a pole and he couldn't get him out of the car!

Rock and Mike had rushed out of the house and down the road, and found the car smashed, and Monty bleeding and barely alive. Back at the house Liz phoned for an ambulance, and then ran down the road to sit with Monty until help came. She was wonderful. She cried, but she made him as comfortable as she could, and then rode to the hospital with him in the ambulance. It wasn't until she got home again, with dawn breaking over the mountains, that she broke down. Mike gave her a sedative and put her to sleep.

Now, a week later, Mike asks, "How is he today?"

"Better," Liz says. "We can see him from two to five this afternoon."

"Good. We'll go right after lunch."

Here come the cats!

Out of nowhere, a furry bundle lands in Liz's lap. Her cat.

"Mention food," Mike grins, "and every animal in the house appears. I swear the livestock think they own this place and we're just around for their amusement."

Liz has her face buried in the cat's fur. "Trilby's changed," she remarks. "Haughtier, somehow."

"It's ever since we had her picture painted. I told you to hold one of the dogs instead. *They* don't go Hollywood on us."

"Now, honey, I *told* you! I kept getting these letters saying we hated cats because we were always being photographed with the dogs. So I thought—Anyway, it's a nice picture."

They both look up at the oil painting of Liz and Trilby that Phillipe Nover did for them.

"You like it better than the one I did," Mike accuses her.

Liz shifts her glance to the smaller painting propped underneath the big one. She giggles. "I never said it didn't look like me . . . sort of. Especially since you did it when I wasn't there."

"Never mind. I know what you think of it. If we had an attic, you'd put it there."

"Look who's talking," Liz scoffs. "What did you do with that sketch of Michael in his diapers? There it was, traveling all over the country with all kinds of famous paintings, and you dragged it back and stuck it in the den. *You're* the one who hides your paintings, not me."

"Not true. I merely didn't want our son to be embarrased in later years by utter strangers having seen him in a state of undress."

"Then why don't you paint any more? Paint Michael with his clothes on."

"No time. Why, do you realize how many pages of TV script we shot last week in one day? Thirteen! Thirteen pages!"

"So?"

"So? So how many pages of *Raintree County* do you get done in one day?"

"About one," Liz admits. "But that's good for a movie."

"Humph."

"And besides that, you have plenty of time for non-existent helicopter rides."

"Liz," Mike says, slowly and sternly, "as I have explained to you, that ride was real, not imaginary. We were using the helicopter in the script and I got the pilot to fly me over here to surprise you."

"Some surprise!"

"Is it my fault you took the children shopping that particular day? Is it my fault the cook wasn't here? Is it my fault—"

"No, honey, of course not. Is it my fault you dreamed the whole thing?"

"Liz—"

Criff and Mike

Mike, Jr. appears in the doorway. "Criff," he announces, gesturing towards his little brother, who as usual is one step behind him, "says it's time for lunch."

"Criff is a very observant young man," says their father, shouldering him for the march to the dining room. "And how have you been this morning?"

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GOD SENT A FRIEND

■ When Cleo Moore was a sixteen-year-old girl she had an experience that changed her life.

"I had with me in Hollywood my younger sister, Marilea, then about eleven years old," she recalls. "I was just getting started in the movies, when Marilea became very ill.

"I took her to the doctor, and he said she had a tumor.

"We arranged for the operation, and I had to go to the studio, where I was working in a Gary Cooper movie. I kept thinking what the doctor had said: 'Marilea had a 2% chance to survive.'

"I started to become hysterical, and Cooper noticed it. He came over and asked me what was wrong. I told him that my sister was, practically at that very moment, on the operating table.

"Cooper said, 'I'm going to go right into my dressing room and I'm going to pray for your little sister.'

"I listened to him, but I didn't really believe him. I was so distressed, I had lost faith in God, and in prayer.

"But I could hear Cooper add, 'And have *faith*, because you will see—she's going to be all right!'

"I still didn't believe him, down deep.

"Then he said, 'Now I want you to *believe* it!'

"He disappeared into his dressing room, and I felt a bit better, although I could not stop crying.

"Then a phone call came through from the hospital, and the doctor was saying, 'The operation is over. We removed a ten-pound tumor—but she'll be okay!'

"I felt so relieved! When Cooper appeared back on the set, I hurried over and told him the good news. He smiled, and said, 'See? Didn't I tell you? But you *must* have faith!'

"Later I was told that Marilea had gone into shock and was kept in an air-lock, and the operation took three hours! Yet, it was completely successful. It was indeed a miracle!

"Today, Marilea is a beautiful girl, a living reminder to me that I should never lose faith, never stop praying. I know now that when I lost faith in my own prayers, God sent a friend to stand in for me!"

"Dood," says Criff—er, Chris. Which is probably a slight exaggeration, since he has a lovable disposition, but an explosive temper which is liable to blow up without warning—and disappear just as quickly. ("He's a throwback to some fiery ancestor of ours," Mike says.)

"Michael," Liz says, "throw your gum away, dear."

Mike, Jr., a gentleman of the first water, does so, albeit reluctantly.

"You'll never get him to stop chewing," Mike, Sr. remarks. "If those horrified looks in England couldn't do it, nothing will."

"Wasn't that something?" Liz agrees. "And the way they talked about his haircut—just because it's a butch. I think it's cute, and it doesn't fall in his eyes."

"Practical, yes," Mike says. "Respectable—no. At least not in England."

They sit down to lunch. As Liz picks up her soup spoon, a soft sound is heard from somewhere in the house. It doesn't sound like a doorbell, but it is.

"Oh, dear," says Liz. "See who it is, would you?"

A minute later, having "seen" in some mysterious way the Wildings refuse to reveal, Mike is back. "I don't know who it is, but he's carrying a pad and pencil. Are you supposed to have an interview?"

"No. Are you?"

"Nope."

"It must be that man who's been calling ever since we stopped work on *Raintree*. I keep telling him we spend our spare time with Monty, but he doesn't believe me. I think he regards the shut-down as his own personal blessing. Well, let him in; I'll make an appointment with him."

Off in a corner, Mike presses a button. Mysteriously, the Wildings' front door, which has no doorknob and no keyhole, slides open. The reporter walks in. "Say—how do you people get in when there isn't anyone at home?"

"Our secret."

He has a cup of coffee, gets his appointment, and leaves.

"Come on," says Liz to her husband. "We'll have to eat in a hurry if we want to be at the hospital at two."

And that's the way a day goes in the life of Liz and Mike. Not much in the line of scandal, you might say, not enough to start even the smallest legitimate rumor. Rather, the sort of life you might expect from two people who love each other and are raising a family very nicely, thank you. The sort of life two can lead in a mountain hideaway or a city apartment or anywhere else in the world. It's a pretty good life. **END**

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how to be different together

(*Continued from page 45*) three quarters of an hour buying lamps, and she trudges home three hours late with a frightfully expensive silver horse. She makes a lunch date with Lita Calhoun to break up a dull day of housekeeping—and Lita tells her about a wonderful sale on bedspreads. By dinnertime, Sheila's finally home with a bedspread—which would be bad enough for the schedule, but is even worse for the bedroom. Because when that particular incident happened, the bedroom wasn't even begun and the bed not yet bought. She ended up having to plan the whole room around the turquoise quilted spread.

The happy hunting ground

Guy first saw his particular parcel of land in the Hollywood Outpost Estates before the roads were completed and long before many of the houses were built. He liked it for its unlimited view. He liked the uncultivated hills that even today are full of jack rabbits, coyotes, and an occasional deer. Years before he had any thought of building a home, Guy bought the land.

Then he all but forgot about it. Every six months or so he'd pick up Rory Calhoun or Howard Hill, the famous archer, and they would tramp over the property with bows and arrows to test their marksmanship on the rabbits. Once he even went so far as to drive an architect friend, Ken Swift, up to see the land. Ken was so enthusiastic that he begged Guy to let him draw up some rough sketches for a bachelor retreat.

"Think about it for a few days and then write down the sort of things you want in a home," suggested Ken.

"I can tell you right now," Guy replied. Not that this was an impulse. The idea of a house where he could escape from the glamour of Hollywood and the pressures of show business had been percolating in the back of his mind for a long time. "I'd like one big room that takes up practically the whole house. It'd be the living room, dining room, den, bar and everything else combined. I'd want it to be big and comfortable, with a fireplace, a high-beamed ceiling and lots of wood and stone. I'd also like it to merge with the outside. You know, glass doors.

"I'd like the kitchen to be woody like the rest of the house and I want it in the center of things, not stuck off at one end. I guess I'd need a bedroom and bath but I'd leave that up to you, Ken. But don't forget to put in a workshop for my tools and sports equipment and riding gear."

Having unburdened himself of his dream castle, Guy drove Ken Swift to his office and never thought seriously of building a house again until he met Sheila Connolly.

The indoor/outdoor type

He and Sheila were introduced the opening night of the 1954 Los Angeles Sportsman's Show, which was somewhat deceptive. Guy got the idea—not unnaturally that Sheila was sports-minded. After all, there she was, posing with the motorboats while he was demonstrating fly-casting. By the time he found out that it was all a hideous mistake and that he had fallen in love with a specimen of the indoor type, Sheila had learned to shoot and was making like a campfire girl.

Parts of the outdoor life came to her fairly naturally. She already liked animals, for instance, having spent her youth on a stock farm in Ireland. And she was not only willing but anxious to learn to hunt and fish if that was the way to bag Guy.

Guy appreciated that. But when marriage crept into his careful mind, he realized that compromises were going to have to be made on both sides. After all, he couldn't expect Sheila to spend her life in a tent or a canoe. On the other hand, he would be miserable if she wanted a city apartment with the neighbors ten feet away.

On one of their archery dates Guy took her up into the Hollywood Outpost supposedly to shoot, but really to see her reaction to his land. Because there was no driveway or road leading up his hill, they hiked up the side of the mountain.

"I remember thinking it was a lot of trouble to go to find a safe place for shooting," Sheila recalls, "but I kept my thoughts to myself. When we reached the top and I'd gotten my wind back I lost it again—the view was so breathtaking.

"Guy was so shy and almost apologetic about the property. Didn't I think it was too far from people? too rustic? too steep? too windy? I just said it was like having one foot in heaven. That gave him a rough idea of how I felt about his acreage." Guy

Anne Francis recently moved into a new apartment and took along her eight-cubic-foot refrigerator, only to find the space accommodates a six-cubic-foot refrigerator. Now Anne has the refrigerator in the garage, which means that her car must be left in the street; trunks which she hoped to keep in the garage are in her back porch, thus making it necessary to put the washing machine where she hoped the tool shed would be, and in order to make room for the tools she had to give away the clothes dryer, and just when everything was under control the hot water heater burst!

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

liked the idea fine.

And so they were married. They took an apartment—Sheila's idea—that was located in a distinctly suburban setting—Guy's notion—with the understanding that it was temporary. But nothing was said about Guy's lovely land until Sheila came home one evening with the news that they were shortly going to become parents. "Now about our house . . ." said Guy, as though the subject had just been mentioned a few minutes earlier. (In reality, nearly a year had passed.) "Ken Swift has sketched out some rough plans that we should see so we can make any necessary changes. We want the place ready before the baby is born."

And that's how the house with the double life was born.

Ken came over, bearing Guy's plans, and the three of them put their heads together over the blue prints. Everyone approved of Guy's big living room. But Sheila fastened on the area marked "workshop" like a terrier with a bone. "How darling! Just right for the nursery!"

"Honey!" Guy exclaimed, horrified. "Why that's the room I need most. You can't do that—can she, Ken?"

Ken stepped in neatly. "Look," he said, "there's a big space over here on the side. Cut down your garden area this much"—he pointed—"and you can build a nursery right onto the house. Much nicer."

"Perfect," Sheila said happily. "You're so right—much nicer . . ."

Guy wiped his brow.

". . . and we can use the workshop part," Sheila finished, "for the maid's room!"

Ken left with his head spinning. Guy wanted strictly modern, Sheila went for the softer lines of a ranch house. Guy wanted a place he could tramp around in with his hunting boots on and his dogs by his side ("and his horse, too," Sheila teased). Sheila was entranced with the idea of wall-to-wall carpeting, deep and thick, and definitely not for hob-nails to tread upon.

But by the next evening, when Ken came back with his briefcase stuffed full of compromises, he found the Madisons had worked out a few of their own, and all was in accord. By the time the baby arrived, Guy and Sheila were in their new home—and each of them had exactly what each of them wanted.

The amazing house

The approach to Guy's private outpost is up a steep driveway that levels off suddenly and turns into a giant auto court. There is room for twelve or fifteen cars to park here. On week ends in the summer it gets pretty well filled by Guy's brother, who comes to swim, and by the Calhouns, Andy Devine, and other friends, who come to eat Guy's great barbecue suppers. During the week Sheila has the comfort of knowing that the surrounding hills are well populated with nice people, while Guy luxuriates in not having the neighbors breathing down his neck.

The front entrance to the house has a slate-covered floor that starts outside the door and continues inside through the front hall and on down to their dressing room. "What a smart idea," boasts Sheila—but she gives Ken all the credit. "It means that Guy can come in the house in his boots and hunting clothes and walk right to his closet without soiling a single carpet. Sure the slate gets muddy, but nothing can hurt it. Not even a horse."

The kitchen is another department where Ken batted his brains to come up with a split-personality. Guy wanted a large kitchen where he could prepare the meat while Sheila tossed a salad. Sheila was interested in compactness and step-saving. And both wanted to feel that while they were cooking, they were still in the living room. Ken finally designed a pretty yellow and natural wood room that hardly looks like a kitchen at all. The necessary laundry equipment is hidden behind shutters. A new electric refrigerator is built in above the counter like a cabinet. And the barbecue and stove are just across a serving counter from the living room.

This serving counter or snack bar has turned out to be one of the most used features in the whole house. Every morning Guy and Sheila sit on bar stools and eat breakfast off the counter while baby Bridget faces them inside the kitchen in her high chair. If she spills her porridge there's no harm done to the kitchen linoleum, and she's having the fun of being with her parents. They also use the wide counter for between meal snacks and as a bar. When they have the gang up for a buffet supper they put the food on the counter. Until the cook has washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen, Sheila can hide the mess by closing a series of louvred doors above the counter.

The big room is the living room—with a dining area at one end and a large stone fireplace at the other. This is still strictly Guy's room. He was so anxious to have everything perfect that he went to the lumber yard with the contractor and selected all the chestnut paneling. Next he stood over the carpenters and made sure they put it together properly. He designed the gun rack and television cabinet on opposite sides of the fireplace.

Sheila takes over

But the bedroom wing is all Sheila's doing. "By the time we got to the final touches like selecting doorknobs and wallpaper," says Sheila, "I'd made so many decisions that I couldn't face another blueprint. I simply told Ken to paint the nursery yellow and to use the same 'wormy' chestnut wood, the same grasscloth wallpaper and the same white doorknobs in our bedroom that we'd used in the rest of the house. 'Just make it match that bedspread,' I said. I was the most surprised wife in town to see it turn out beautifully. It's like a smaller living room with its own fireplace, a TV set and soft chairs."

Sheila also selected the furnishings throughout the house with her usual helter-skelter air. "My decorator friends tell me I did everything backwards," says she with a shrug. "I bought draperies first when I should have chosen the carpets. I used wallpaper where they would have used paint and vice-versa, but I don't care. I wanted it to be our house and it is. The furniture may not be smart but it's sturdy. The colors are restful like our hills. Guy likes it and that's enough for me."

Which is an attitude that practically guarantees a happy life for two opposites in one house. **END**

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a shy girl discovers love

(*Continued from page 39*) tomb instead of the Folies Bergère, he had the tact not to say so. And of course she could tell him how wonderful he was in the play—but she couldn't rhapsodize like Pier, or discuss the technical problems of the show, or laugh the way Pier could, so lightly and joyously and *easily*, at his wit. So when Jean-Pierre turned his attention back to her bubbling, beautiful sister, that was to be expected. All men loved Pier. Why not? So sweet and pretty and good. She did seem, Marisa reflected, watching, just a little young for Jean-Pierre Aumont, who had lived so much—but then, maybe Pier was just what he needed to take the sorrow out of his eyes.

So you could have knocked her over with a feather when Jean-Pierre phoned the next day and asked if she, Marisa Pierangeli, would have dinner with him.

The first date

That was how the miracle began. Very quietly at first, so that no one, especially Marisa, could have told what was happening. Why, she couldn't even tell what happened on her date. She got home at a respectable hour and let herself in with the brand-new key that had been given to her on her twenty-first birthday, and she found Pier and Mama sitting up waiting for her. The minute she shut the door they descended on her like a pair of vultures. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Where did you go?"

Marisa thought. "Oh. To dinner. A very nice place. . ."

"Yes?"

"And then for a walk. . . ."

Pier was dancing with impatience. "Tell us what happened. Tell us all about it!"

Marisa sighed. "Well, we had a shrimp cocktail and then soup and then . . ."

"Not *that*, you idiot! What did you *do*? What did you *talk* about?"

Marisa paused. "I don't exactly know," she said slowly. The dark lashes lowered while she concentrated. "Oh, yes!" she said. "We talked about Mozart!"

"Oh, *Marisa*, for heaven's sake . . ."

But Marisa was half way out of the room, on her way to bed. At the door she turned to look back. "Good night," she said. "I had a simply wonderful time . . ."

And that was all anyone got out of her, that time or the next or the next. For they saw each other three times in that brief week before they said goodbye and Marisa packed her bags to follow Pier home to Hollywood. When they parted they made no plans to write to each other. Their goodbyes were a little sad, but not heartbreaking. They had had fun together, but that was all. Neither of them knew that the miracle was begun.

But Marisa, from that first date on, walked with a firmer step. She, the ugly duckling, had been chosen over Pier for the attentions of a man any girl would give her eyeteeth to date. And she hadn't had to act a part, she hadn't been one bit phony. She'd been Marisa, that was all, and he liked it. They'd talked about authors and music and painting and all the things she loved best—and he had known about them from 'way back. He had told her about his daughter—such a beautiful little girl in his photos—and she had seen the tenderness and the concern in his eyes, and she knew he was really interested in what she had to say about her young sister Patriza, who was almost the same age as Jean-Pierre's Tina. And when they talked about her, Marisa, he had listened gravely to the interrupted dream her life story was, and he had told her that it wasn't over—that she could have a different dream and make it come true. She could make her own place in this new world in which she had to live, he'd said. Of course it would take work. She'd have to improve her English and overcome her fear of competing with Pier. She'd have to go out and go after the things she wanted, but it could be done.

His words echoed and re-echoed in her head. On the way back to America, Marisa made up her mind. She would talk to that man who wanted to give her a screen test. She would stop sulking about what she could not change and make something good out of what had to be. And she could do it now, though she could not have before, because a boyish-looking man with sad eyes had shown her that she didn't have to be Pier, or anyone else, to be somebody. She would be Marisa, whom Jean-Pierre Aumont had liked. She could do anything.

And for Jean-Pierre, the miracle was this: he knew he could love again. It had been years since Maria Montez' death, but he had never ceased to mourn. At the beginning it was almost more than he could bear. His child, Maria Christina, alone kept him from utter despair. Later he was able to go back to his work, and find forgetfulness for a while in that. But his heart was closed to all but his daughter. When he needed a date, he made one with a friend, or with a starlet who would be happy to be photographed with him—and that was the end.

Performers all vie for attendance records, for it's a measure of their popularity and helps boost their fees. Joni James sang at Asbury Park's Convention Hall Saturday night. She played to standees. "Did I break the attendance record here?" she asked the manager . . . "It depends on how you look at it," the manager told her. "The three Maguire Sisters played here. You, Joni, had two more people in the audience—but they had two more on stage." *Leonard Lyons in The New York Post*

But Marisa was different. Marisa he had called because he wanted to see her. He had found no need to take her where they would be entertained—he merely wanted to talk to her. He found pleasure in her company, and when he made her laugh—that deep laugh coming from a depth of joy no one had ever really seen in her—his heart responded with equal joy. He saw so much in her—secrets behind the dark eyes, talent in her quick perceptions, and that hidden well of happiness covered presently by her discontent.

When Marisa left, Jean-Pierre realized that he had awakened once more to life.

Then he met Grace Kelly.

People said three years later when Jean-Pierre married Marisa that she reminded him of Grace. But the truth is this: Grace reminded him of Marisa.

Grace, too, was cool and poised in a silence that might be haughtiness but was more likely shyness. She, too, would explode from time to time with a sudden, unexpected glee, almost like a little girl. Only this time it was Grace instead of Marisa; this time he was ready for love.

But that is why, when the idyll with Grace was over for Jean-Pierre and he came to Hollywood again, he and Marisa were ready for each other.

"We meet again . . ."

Marisa by then was a star. She had done what he had told her to do, and it had succeeded—just as he had said. She was, professionally, out from under Pier's shadow—she had made her place in the sun. Now she needed only her sort of people. This time when the phone rang and Jean-Pierre asked for her, she had no terrors. Just joy. She had read about his romance with Grace, and frankly, she had been—how can it be said—just a little pleased that it came to nothing. That she had been indirectly responsible for it, she had no idea. But now it was over, and now Jean-Pierre was in Hollywood, and he wanted her to come to dinner. And to bring Mama and Pier if she liked, and anyone else. There began to grow in Marisa's eyes the glow of happiness and love.

Because right from that first evening at Jean-Pierre's home, they both knew. And the next night when he took Marisa to a première. And the night after, when he phoned, and the night after that when they saw each other again and felt that they had been parted for years!

On the fourth date, Jean-Pierre proposed. Well, it wasn't a real proposal—because even though both of them knew that they would be in love and be married, it was still so very soon. So he made a joke out of it. "When we're married . . ." he would tell Marisa, and go on to elaborate the marvelous things they would do. And Marisa would agree, "Of course, when we have our third child . . ." and continue the jest that wasn't a jest at all.

When a month was up, they stopped joking. "Would you marry me, Marisa," said Jean-Pierre across the dinner table, very seriously. Marisa laughed with the new laughter that came to her so easily now. "I'd love to," she said, watching the sadness leave Jean-Pierre's eyes forever.

"So soon?"

And so they went home to tell Mama about it. Mama was a little nervous. She liked Jean-Pierre just fine. She liked the new light in Marisa's eyes even better. But—"So soon?" said Mama. "You hardly know each other. Better to wait."

"Wait for what?" said Marisa. "We know each other quite well. We are in love. We want to marry."

"Good," said Mama, "marry. But not yet. Wait just a little bit. Don't tell people so fast." She smiled at her son-in-law-to-be, who is forty-three years old. "I know you are not irresponsible children, but . . ."

"We will wait *a little*," said Jean-Pierre. "Because there is someone else I must tell. And in the meantime, we kids will say we are going steady." And so they did.

"Maria—this is Marisa"

The next day Jean-Pierre flew to New York, to his daughter. When he had come to America earlier in the year he had brought her with him. Partly because she was forgetting the English she had spoken with her Mama, partly to visit her grandparents in New York, but mostly because wherever he was, he needed her with him. A beautiful little girl, ten years old, who watched over him like a mother and adored him like a petted child. A child so bright that though she had lost some of her English she went right into her own grade in a New York school, and got high marks from the beginning. Jean-Pierre arrived in New York to be greeted with hugs and ecstasy. "I'm taking you out of school for a few days," he told her. "I want you to come to California and meet somebody."

In California she met Marisa. Maria Christina, not knowing yet about the marriage, was totally at ease. Marisa was excited, but not nervous. Just as she had known "from forever" that she would love Jean-Pierre, she knew she would love his Tina. From the first moment, they were friends. They even looked alike a little, both so beautiful and dark. And Marisa was far from a stranger to children—had it not been she who stayed home with Patriza through those years—how far away they seemed now—when she had been the ugly duckling?

That night, Jean-Pierre told Tina that he wanted to marry Marisa. And because the fates had decreed that nothing should spoil their perfect miracle, Tina flew into his arms, mingling French and English. "Oh—Papa—je suis—so glad!" The next day she dashed into Marisa's arms with promises to learn Italian as well.

And then, back in New York, Dorothy Kilgallen announced in her column that Marisa Pavan and Jean-Pierre Aumont were engaged to be married. No one knew where she got her information—no one outside of the family was supposed to know anything at all. But while any other Hollywood couple would have wept over the loss of their privacy, to Jean-Pierre and Marisa it was a blessing in no disguise at all. "Now," said Jean-Pierre reasonably to Mama Pierangeli, "what should we wait for? Tina knows, you know, and now the whole world knows. Besides, I just happen to have the engagement ring with me, and why shouldn't Marisa wear it? And besides *that*—I would like to have Tina at my wedding, and I cannot take her out of school again, now can I?"

It was that last that did it. Mama Pierangeli had not brought up three children to pull them out of classes for little things like weddings every day. As long as Tina was here—well, the wedding might just as well take place.

And everybody cried . . .

They went to Santa Barbara for it. Marisa wore a white shantung suit and the bridegroom wore blue. Irving Thaw of MGM, a close mutual friend, was the best man, and Pier carried her bouquet as matron of honor. It was the weepiest wedding anyone had ever seen—except that no one could see anything for the tears. Mama cried, sentimental Pier sniffled, Marisa wept buckets, and the judge himself came close to breaking down. Only Patriza and Tina stayed dry-eyed, disgusted with all this inappropriate nonsense on the part of the grownups. "Aren't you happy?" they demanded. "What are you crying for? Nobody died . . ."

The next day the honeymoon began. They took off for Hawaii and in the ladies' room at the San Francisco airport, Marisa lost her engagement ring. She had taken it off to wash her hands, and just forgot about it. "I'm not used to wearing anything on my right hand," she explained miserably to Jean-Pierre while the plane waited for the searchers to come back ten minutes later, "and I have to wear it there now that I have the wedding ring on my left." The search was unsuccessful; the plane left an hour late, with the Aumonts, but minus the ring. "It was so beautiful," Marisa mourned. "Shaped like a rose, so pretty . . . and to think you designed it and I lost it . . ."

Two weeks later the person who had found the ring read about it in the paper and sent word to the Aumonts. They picked it up on the last leg of the honeymoon flight back home. "You must have been inconsolable," the reporters said to Marisa as she slipped it on her finger. She gazed at them, astonished. "Oh, no," she said. "Jean-Pierre made me forget all about it. You see how wonderful he is . . .?"

And that is the way it is for them now. Everything that would have been a disaster for others was a blessing to them. Everything that made them wrong for other people made them right for themselves. Everything that is good and golden has come to them and made its change in their lives. The laughter that pours from them, the happiness that fills the air around them, are things of beauty. The joy of Jean-Pierre, who has found a second happiness to match his first. The radiance of Marisa Pavan, who, when she walks into a room, makes the other girls fade quietly into the wallpaper.

And that is the way it should be, for two people who were picked to have a miracle done to them. **END**

she ran the other way

(*Continued from page 57*) start trembling, as girls have been known to do when the handsome Bautzer speaks to them or even looks in their direction. She remained poised and cool as a cucumber.

No one would have believed it, but try as he might, he couldn't pry Dana's phone number out of her. "Please, just let me phone you once," he begged, after the first turndown. "Well, all right, but not this time," she replied. "Maybe some other time."

Greg: "Then let me have your number."

Dana: "I really am terribly sorry, Mr. Bautzer, but I don't give my phone number out to just anybody who asks for it."

Greg: "But I'm not just anybody!"

Dana: "Excuse me. Of course. I forgot. You're the famous Greg Bautzer and you're good-looking and charming and one of the cleverest men in Hollywood, if not the world. No, Mr. Bautzer, I'm afraid it can't add up to anything good for Dana Wynter. I'm truly sorry."

Cool as all this palaver sounds, Dana's heart kept pounding through it all. Greg was completely flabbergasted. This had never happened before. Always it had been a cinch for him to get a phone number. Cinch isn't even the word for it. Many a time he didn't even have to ask. Many's the number hastily scribbled on a piece of paper or on a matchbox cover and slipped into his fingers at a première, a party or a night club. Or anywhere else.

It wasn't a pose with the twenty-four-year-old Dana. She had, and has, deep-seated religious scruples and morals. Educated in a convent, she has never forgotten the teachings of the nuns. Dana Wynter has the courage of her convictions.

Greg keeps pitching

How did he finally get her number? He asked around and learned that her agent is Al Rocket of the Famous Artists Agency, who is also Ann Blyth's agent. But Al wouldn't give him Dana's phone number either. Greg kept pitching. Finally he got it—and the story is he bribed a secretary in the agency to get it for him!

He got her on the phone. Recalling it, Dana says: "I guess I gave him a rough time at first. He was so handsome and clever and spoiled by all the girls I'm afraid I was very naughty with him. I told him he was spoiled. It just goes to show you how wrong you can be about people. I've since found him to be the most lovable, least spoiled person I've ever known. Spoiled can mean self-centered too, you know. Greg is anything but that. He is always thinking of other people, always attentive. It's not put on. That's one reason he's so successful. His sincerity comes through in everything he does."

But she didn't know that then, and she didn't want any romances with men-about-town. So Dana kept changing her phone number. Greg kept bribing secretaries. Dana kept giving excuses for not

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going out with him: She was busy studying scripts, she was making a movie, she was doing a wardrobe test. She remembers one excuse vividly and also his reaction to it. She told him over the phone, "I can't go out with you, Mr. Bautzer—you're too glamorous!" And she remembers how he laughed about it. "That's something about Greg that few people know," she says. "Everything is always light and gay with him. He can always see the light side, even when the joke is on himself."

But in November of last year, four months after their first meeting, the devastatingly lovely, brown-eyed, high-cheekboned, patrician Miss Wynter—who also happens to be a warm and wonderful human being under that regal five-feet-six appearance—finally broke down and went out on her first date with Greg. They went to a première and to dinner. Romanoff's, of course. Actually, Dana loves nothing better than American hamburgers and ice cream. But she went along with Greg's glamour routine. And she had fun.

She found that they had a lot to talk about and a lot of things to do together. She learned that he, like she, prefers simple clothes. She learned that he could discuss everything from the Central African Federation to interior decorating. She's interested in law and medicine; so is he. They both love dancing and tennis. They love practical jokes and modern art, movies and the theatre, books and travel, antiques and watermelon, New York in June and huge Christmas trees, reading poetry, fiction, biography, history, plays, Sibelius and Bach and chocolate sodas.

Beloved Greg

Many women have loved Gregson Bautzer, glamour boy and hard-working attorney, playboy and intellectual. And, a good many years ago, he was married to Marion Janss, a Pasadena socialite. The marriage didn't work out, but when it was over Greg was eager to try again. He met Buff Cobb, fell in love with her, and they were married. That marriage was as brief as his first. Badly disillusioned, Greg felt he never dared to marry again.

But he was too romantic to give up love. Besides Lana and Joan, he went with Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Jane Wyman, Mari Blanchard. All his dates made headlines, and when he seemed to be settling down, the papers were full of marriage rumors—and other rumors, too.

But the truth is this: the girls admired and/or loved him not just because of what the papers called his "flashing, always-tanned good looks," or because of what they went on to describe as his "caveman tactics!" Good-looking he was and is, but that is not the Bautzer secret. And a caveman he is definitely not. Athletic, yes. But what the women loved best about Greg was his tenderness and attentiveness.

That's what Dana found in him, too—much to her surprise. Once she saw it, she fell hard and fast—again to her surprise. And to Greg's relief. After all, it had taken him four solid months to get the first date! How long, he wondered, would it take to marry her? For obviously, this was no publicity-mad starlet. Also no girl who would marry "for fun" and forget about it if things should ever get rough. This time Greg was sure of his feelings. He was ready to get married.

And to *his* astonishment, six months from their first date—Dana said yes.

And if anything, the tenderness and thoughtfulness Greg had shown before, increased. For example—

The nine-day wonder

Dana, an only child, flew back to see her parents last May, in Marandellas, Southern Rhodesia, Africa. They have lived in Africa since 1949, when Dr. Wynter was called there from London to perform a special operation and fell in love with the country.

So it was that Dana, who had left Marandellas a few years ago to attend Rhodes University, had to go back to get the blessing of her parents on her marriage to Greg. Dana felt she must tell her parents about him and get their consent.

Greg was supposed to accompany her. Reservations had been made, everything was set. But a tremendously important lawsuit involving a company on whose board of directors he sits demanded he divide his time for at least a month between Hollywood, San Francisco and New York. So he was tied down. Immediately the usual Hollywood scuttlebutt started: Dana had to fly home alone because Greg was backing out on her, Dana was forcing Greg's hand. All ridiculous gossip.

Dana was gone only nine days, dreadfully lonely days for both herself and Greg, and yet exciting days too. Greg kept in constant touch with her during all of her journey, going and coming. He phoned her at every stop—in New York, Paris, Rome, Capetown, Johannesburg. He was in continuous touch with her airline and knew exactly when she landed at and took off from every airport along the route. He had her paged everywhere. Sometimes the long-distance operators had to keep the wire open as long as an hour, and never less than fifteen minutes. On top of that, he had huge bouquets of flowers waiting wherever she landed. He even had flowers scattered all over Europe in places that her planes never touched due to last minute changes in her itinerary, all brought on by her haste to get to Africa and then back to Hollywood!

"None of my marriages has been tranquil," says Zsa Zsa Gabor. "A woman puts her entire beauty and youth into marriage, and what does a man do? He uses all his charm all day long at work and in the evening he is tired. This is very dull."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

Greg also spoke to her on the phone every day during her stay at her parents' estate. The phone service is somewhat primitive. But Greg always managed to get through to Dana.

He also sent her cables every day. Not just short messages—three or four pages.

Again, on her return trip, Greg spread a carpet of flowers from South Africa all the way back to Hollywood. When she made an early-morning landing in New York a limousine loaded with flowers was waiting.

The topper came when he met her at International Airport in Los Angeles with Harry the Toff ("Toff" is Cockney for a Beau Brummell-type sharpie), the Yorkshire terrier he had given her. Plus another limousine. Plus more flowers. Plus a three-piece orchestra that played her favorite song (and Greg's), "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face," from their favorite musical comedy, *My Fair Lady*.

Many a man could take courting lessons from Greg Bautzer. Harry is again a case in point. No secretary goes out and picks a gift marked "From Greg Bautzer." Greg picks them himself. And each gift carries a special meaning. One day, during the shooting of *The View From Pompey's Head*, a basket of yellow flowers arrived on the set for Dana. The basket was lined with a special material that Yorkshire terriers like to sleep on. Dana now carries Harry in the basket. Harry also sleeps in it. That's romantic *and* thoughtful.

"I told them about Greg"

While visiting her parents, Dana had a reception thrown for her by the Rhodesian branch of England's Women's Volunteer Services in Salisbury. As Dana tells it:

"I thought it was going to be one of those tea-and-crumpets-and-meet-the-ladies sort of thing that my mother had trumped up; instead, the ladies put me up on a platform and made me talk about Hollywood. They also asked me about Greg. They had heard and read a good deal about this fabulous man. And here one of their neighbors' daughters was going to marry him!

"I told them I had come to get my parents' blessing and that Greg had wanted to accompany me but couldn't. They knew all about it. They laughed! Apparently one of the phone operators in Salisbury had spread the word about the long-distance calls.

"They asked, 'What's he like?' I replied, 'He is the most handsome, most brilliant man in the whole world and I love him.' "

A wife should take care of him

Dana doesn't believe that marriage-plus-a-career can work out for a woman. "I think that when a man marries he has the right to expect his wife to be there to take care of him when he comes home at night. The career girl—that is, the one who holds onto her career after she's married—tends not to be particularly talented in that direction. That's why so many of those marriages fail. I have discovered that a career is not enough. A woman must be married and have a home to be happy. I haven't found complete happiness in my career. I am sure I will find it with Greg."

Dana wants children, and so does Greg: a girl first, then a boy, "because Greg likes girl children—he thinks they're cute!"

Dana and Greg want a house high on a hill with a view, a swimming pool and a tennis court. Greg plays a great game of tennis. So does Dana. Says Dana of Greg, who is considerably older than his bride: "I think Greg is a great deal like my great-grandfather, who died at the age of ninety-two. He went swimming in the Thames every day, winter or summer, all year long. He also played tennis. Yes, Greg is very much like that."

Hollywood's loss

That's the kind of man Dana has. And what has Greg got? Greg has got himself a girl with great, distinguished, good looks—not just ordinary good looks but the warm, luminous beauty usually associated with Latins, although, as pointed out, she is strictly English. She combines poise with a fine sense of humor and charm with lively intelligence. She is well educated and has good taste in clothes. She possesses an outflowing quality that draws you to her the minute you meet her. It stems from her tremendous interest in other people. She has her eyes open at all times, looking head-on at all the life going on around her.

Dana is a lucky girl and she knows it. Most American women have become so self-sufficient, they don't expect the sort of attentions Greg Bautzer is capable of lavishing on the one he loves. Dana, however, finds his romantic considerations most delightful.

And Greg? He is the luckiest guy in the world. He could have looked the world over and never found anyone who could have filled the bill as well as Dana. Hollywood has lost a lovely star; Greg Bautzer has gained a lovely wife. **END**

Dana Wynter is in D-Day, The Sixth Of June, *a 20th-Fox film.*

why jack lemmon left his wife

(*Continued from page 33*) been there more than a few moments before she practically echoed Jack's remark word for word, "Our marriage just wasn't good. We tried." It was almost as though they had coached one another. We talked for a little while about all the rumors that had cropped up since their parting.

And then, suddenly, out of the blue—Cynthia burst into tears!

"I don't want you to think I asked you here to give you a third degree," I told her. She looked so young, so distressed, so lonely and I felt very sorry for her.

"Oh, it isn't that!" she said, speaking quickly. "There are just so many things I would like for you to understand. The most untrue gossip about us is the whisper that there is some other woman involved. One of the columnists said that Jack was again seeing Melissa Weston."

Naturally, I had also heard the talk that Jack could not forget the very social and pretty Melissa, whom he had met through the Gary Coopers.

"Jack met Miss Weston when we were separated before," Cynthia, now again in full possession of herself, went on. "Yes, this is the second time we have separated. But he never saw her except with a group of friends and it was just as ridiculous the first time it was printed that they were romantic about each other as it is now.

"As for those snide rumors that he became interested in June Allyson while they were making *It Happened One Night*—they are not worth dignifying with a denial. This is the most far-fetched gossip of all. Both June and Dick Powell, who was the director on the picture Jack and June made together, for heaven's sake, are close friends of ours."

I laughed. "All right, Cynthia. I believe you. But it's hard for me to believe either of you when you say there's no hope for your marriage. Tell me—where is Jack right this minute?"

"He's home—baby sitting with little two-year-old Cris while I'm here talking to you," she said, and for the first time she laughed.

"And, when Jack called me on the telephone to tell me that you two were separating he admitted that he was home with the flu and that *you* were taking care of him. Really, if this isn't the *craziest*, I've never heard it!"

Children of divorce

Now—as they say in the movie scripts—let's flash back to Jack and what he told me the day we had our long talk.

You remember he, too, had said, "Our marriage isn't good"—and he went on, "I didn't feel our baby should be brought up in a home where there was bound to be tension, quarreling and unhappiness."

"Then you *had* been quarreling?" I asked.

"No, we didn't quarrel," was the paradoxical reply young Lemmon gave me. "But we both knew we were *headed* for unhappiness. We both have such dread of inflicting unhappiness on the little human being we love the most, our baby.

"Cynthia and I are both children of unhappy marriages. My parents didn't separate until I was eighteen. That's even harder than if I'd been younger. For many years I knew how unhappy they were together, holding on to something no longer lovely just for my sake."

It is not hard to find out that Jack has enormous admiration for his father, who is the head of The Doughnut Company, a concern that makes mixes for baking.

"My father started in a small way," Jack went on, obviously eager to talk about the senior Lemmon. "His business grew to be a tremendous success. He had hoped that I would come into the firm, but when I was at college I used to appear in the amateur plays and I knew I wanted to become an actor. My father never objected."

I thought to myself—I don't believe either your father or mother have ever objected to anything you wanted to do. When he up and decided, "He runs faster who runs alone," and decided to say *au revoir* to his wife and child, the parents probably said, "God bless you," and let him do as he pleased.

Jack's father was in Europe at the time of the separation from Cynthia, and so Jack moved into the elder Lemmon's apartment—that is, when he didn't have the flu and went home to his wife.

"Do you feel that you and Cynthia are incompatible?" I went on, scouting other fields in this puzzling parting.

"Not at all," was his surprising reply—if anything he could say could really surprise me at this point. "Cynthia and I like the same things—we like the theatre and movies, and we also have many friends outside our careers. One is a painter, one a writer. Our closest friends are the Richard Quines—he was my director on *My Sister Eileen*, you know. June and Stu Erwin are other good companions."

What do your friends think?

I asked, "What about Jimmy Cagney?" I had seen Jack and Jimmy and Mrs. Cagney and the Ralph Bellamys all having dinner together the night after Jack told me that he and Cynthia were parting.

"I never knew Jimmy until we made *Mister Roberts*," Jack answered. "We became very close friends during the making of the picture. I have great admiration for him as an actor and a person."

"But, what does he think of this separation?" I asked, knowing that Jimmy has been happily married for years and years and couldn't help but think the parting of the young Lemmons strange indeed.

"We never discussed it," Jack replied. "Cynthia and I sent notes to our families and our friends about our decision—and then I called you up."

"Perhaps you *should* talk about it to your friends," I persisted, "and you and Cynthia should talk about it. There's got to be some reason." I took another shot in the dark. "Did you object to Cynthia's making several TV shows and continuing with her own career? Two careers under one roof have upset more than one happy Hollywood home, you know."

Jack shook his head. "That's silly. She is talented and should have a career if she wants it."

I tried one more angle with this young man who sounded more and more as if he was talking about his best friend and not the wife he is leaving—or rather, has left.

"Do you think that Hollywood came between you? The glamor of big success, your winning the coveted Oscar, all the heavy attention you are getting?" was my question.

Jack said, "As I told you before, my family is prosperous. I had it good as a kid and a young man. It isn't as though I had fallen into good living after I came to Hollywood. I can tell you in all truthfulness that nobody is as happy over my success as Cynthia—and nobody gives me better advice on my acting."

So I gave up on that angle. Here is this boy, John Lemmon III, who has never been denied anything and success literally has been laid at his feet. You would think that he and Cynthia would be the two happiest people in the world, having everything that life holds dear for attractive young people, a home, a child and fame.

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Then suddenly they decide, "Oh, no, we want to live our own lives." It doesn't make sense.

To say that Cynthia hasn't been a big help to Jack wouldn't be telling the truth, and he is quick to give her great credit. She is pretty, she is charming, she is young—and everyone who meets her likes her. Everyone likes Jack, too. He has a great sense of humor, he speaks well and he is a nice boy. Why all this sudden urge to throw off the shackles and go it alone?

"I honestly don't think our marriage has any chance of being a happy one," he repeated doggedly—and there we were, right back where we started from.

Chris will be happier!

Several days later, I repeated to Cynthia what I had failed to get out of Jack, "What really brought this about?" I was quite surprised to find out, as we talked, that she too put great emphasis on the unhappy lives together of her parents, just as Jack had.

"Both Jack and I were brought up in homes where there was no love," she told me some time after she had had her little crying spell. "My mother died when I was about seventeen—but she and my father didn't speak half the time. It was pretty miserable for me.

"I figure if Jack and I are headed for that kind of marriage it is better to separate while Chris is little. Then, if I marry again and Jack marries again, we can share him in *happy* homes."

This seemed curious reasoning. I said, "Broken marriages are said to be the cause of so many unhappy children."

"I don't believe it," Cynthia protested, "Chris could grow up seeing me happy and Jack happy—even if we aren't under the same roof. I'm young, and I hope to make a good marriage."

I threw up my hands. "I give up," I conceded, "here you aren't even divorced and you're talking of future *good* marriages. Are you so fully convinced that there isn't a chance of reconciliation? After all, you and Jack have survived six years of marriage on what I am beginning to believe must have been on the *friendliest* terms I have ever heard!"

Cynthia smiled, "I'm sure it must be puzzling to an outsider. But you see, Jack and I don't believe in fooling ourselves. You know I come from Pontiac, not far from your home town of Dixon, Ill. We mid-westerners at least try to be forthright and honest with ourselves. Isn't that so?

"Don't forget that Jack and I married quite young—perhaps drawn together in the beginning by our mutually unhappy childhoods. We were both struggling for a foothold and we made so many TV shows—which is where we got our start—that we had never had time to really know each other. We just worked, worked, worked.

"Then Hollywood came along—and I'm sure I don't have to repeat *that* story to you. Success was not long in coming to Jack—and with success came leisure, between pictures, at least.

"In six years we had matured—and do you know what we found? That we were the best *friends* in the world. But we were not happy as man and wife."

Now we were getting someplace, if you ask me—and I hope you do. I have had much time to think about the young Lemmons since my talks with them.

If they only knew

I sincerely believe that they have reached that point that comes in *all* marriages when the romantic glow of boy-and-girl love has grown into something really more wonderful—*if they would only realize it.*

I'm talking about the companionship and yes, good friendship that is the real basis of a lasting marriage. It can't all be moonlight and thrills—like it is in movie scripts. Real people don't live like that.

The Lemmons, I believe, are going through this transition. If they can just be careful—if they will just be smart and stop and think about what they may be losing, I think there is a big chance for them to get together again.

Perhaps it won't be immediately. Jack has already left for Trinidad, where he will make *Fire Down Below* with Rita Hayworth. The picture will be several months shooting.

I think he was glad to go—at this time. I also think that Cynthia is relieved at this reprieve of a couple of continents and the Atlantic Ocean between them. This chance to be apart and maybe discover just what they do mean to one another may be just the thing they need.

I certainly hope so, for I like them both very much.

As Cynthia said before she left my house, "Jack and I are still such good friends that we went to the same party a few nights ago. Not together, you understand," she put in hurriedly, "but we had both been invited and we didn't want to embarrass our host and hostesses by making them choose sides by inviting one or the other of us. We want to keep it that way. When Jack comes back—we will see each other."

I certainly hope so, Cynthia. I hope you will see each other as you really are—two young people who have too much between you, too many of the good things of life, ever to lose them—apart. **END**

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elvis presley

(*Continued from page 41*) hard to believe sometimes. "Man," he tells you, "I sure hope it keeps up." So do his parents, Vernon and Gladys Presley, who have been able to retire in a $35,000 home in East Memphis which he purchased for them. But most fervently of all, so do the increasing tens of thousands of girls who crowd the theatres, armories and arenas when Elvis comes to serenade them.

In San Antonio, Texas, they formed a human pyramid trying to reach the high window of his dressing room backstage. In Washington, D.C., those who couldn't get close enough for an autograph when he sang on the S.S. *Mt. Vernon,* anchored in the Potomac, had to be led from the boat in tears. And when he played the ballpark in Jacksonville, Florida, kids who did reach him nearly ripped him bare.

What Elvis is like

The young Southerner who is causing this furore is only twenty-one years old now, and of mixed Scotch, Irish and Italian blood. He doesn't drink or smoke. He has never gambled. But he is tall, a full six feet, with eyes set deep and dark in his head, and features strongly, almost insolently, masculine. His singing style is unlike that of the great crooners or sobbers who have come before him. Elvis just lets go—but with tempo. Some critics call it rock-and-roll. Others say it's hillbilly. And perhaps the most accurate compare it with tribal chanting. Certainly there is a lot of sex in his voice. Elvis doesn't soothe his fans—he sends them. When he gets to rolling with "I Got A Woman," "Long Tall Sally" or "Blue Suede Shoes," the quivering and fainting begins.

The navy shore patrol had to be called out to quiet his audience when he sang in San Diego recently. At that Ft. Worth concert forty girls had driven over in a chartered bus from Dallas to see him, and two of them exhibited scars on their arms where they had tried to carve his name into the skin with pen-knives. Told of this after the show, Elvis, wearing a lavender sports coat, black dress pants and a pink mandarin-styled sports shirt, shook his head in perplexity. "I don't get it," he said.

But he would rather be puzzled than have it stop, because if things are fat for him now. his early years, which began on January 8, 1935, in the small town of Tupelo, Mississippi, were on the thin side.

"We were never wealthy, but never what you call real hungry," he says.

A twin, whose brother died soon after birth, and thereafter an only child, Elvis was brought up over-protected, in his opinion. "I couldn't go out with the other boys, go swimming, or even play away from the house until I was fifteen," he remembers. What is significant about this is that on his twelfth birthday, when Elvis wanted a bicycle, his mother bought him a guitar instead.

Most men get into show business in unique ways, but never before via a toothache. The story involves the film version of John Steinbeck's *The Pearl,* which was filmed in Mexico. The distributor, Emilio Fernandez, came to N. Y. to make a deal. He suffered a toothache and went to a dentist in the Paramount Building, Dr. Arthur Epstein. During the drilling Fernandez recited his mission. Result: Dr. Epstein bought the American rights.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Elvis played it. He wasn't very good, sounding mostly like someone beating on a bucket lid, as he expressed it. But it got him to singing more than usual, which pleased his folks. They recalled that, at the age of four, he could sing louder than anyone else in the choir. To this loudness he began to add a quality of tone which lent itself to folk songs and won him fifth prize in a Mississippi State Fair singing contest.

There was always a girl

Elvis never did study music, but he kept up his guitar playing ("I just know a major chord or two," he says) and attended the L.C. Humes Jr. High—High School in Memphis for six years, during which time he found there was always a girl he couldn't keep his eye off.

"First thing you know, when I was sixteen and a sophomore, I fell in love with a girl who was nineteen and a senior," he recalls. "She was taller than I was, and heavier too. But I thought her the most beautiful girl in the world."

When *that* girl confirmed what other ones he had previously gone with had told him, that they thought he could sing, he decided to have a recording of his voice made for himself some day.

He went to work after graduating from high school (with average marks) for a precision tool company, moved on to a furniture company where he ran a table shaping machine, and wound up delivering material for the Crown Electrical Company in Memphis. In the meantime he had saved enough money to have the Memphis Recording Company, managed by a Sam Phillips, cut a record as he sang "I Don't Care If The Moon Don't Shine," and "Blue Moon Of Kentucky," to his own guitar accompaniment. Phillips, who also issued records under the Sun Record Company label, decided Elvis' voice ought to be heard around the country.

Actually only a few hundred records were initially distributed, all within a 300 mile radius of Memphis, but the response was so definite that on the strength of it Phillips signed Elvis to an exclusive contract. Lovers of his records began calling for Elvis to make personal appearances, and he decided to try his luck playing the smaller towns through the south and the eastern part of Texas. The first time that Col. Parker, the hill-billy impresario, saw him was in November of 1954, but Parker was busy then managing a tour for the famous Eddy Arnold. A few months later Parker was in Texarkana, Texas, when he happened to hear that a young singer playing Boston, Texas, had pulled more fans in to see him than the town had people. Parker investigated, and this time he signed Elvis to a contract.

The panic is on

Through subsequent months, and in the course of two tours, Elvis, supported by a three-piece "combo," played a hundred dates, from Washington, D.C. on the north, down to Florida towns on the south, and as far west as Colorado. And without fail he got riotous welcomes. Then, in January of this year, Elvis went national—and the real panic was on. He made an appearance on the Dorsey Brothers' television show, a network telecast, and was such a hit that he was brought back a half dozen more times.

The first time the Dorseys presented Elvis the girls in the studio audience were shocked into silence. But at his next appearance they were ready for him and swooned and fainted all over the place. By now Hollywood was talking about a screen test. Elvis agreed to come west and make one for producer Hal Wallis.

"How much acting experience have you ever had?" he was asked.

"Never read a line in my life," he replied frankly.

But the job Elvis did won him a seven year contract with Wallis, binding him to make one picture a year for the producer during this period. By the time he has made two of these films it is expected by the studio that he will be as effective as the late Jimmy Dean was.

This is studio talk, not Elvis'. All he knows is that he enjoyed the day of the test as much as any day in his life, and that when he saw himself on the screen he thought he looked like his parents.

Show business people are usually puzzled the first time they see him. As he comes lumbering out from the parted curtain when he is announced, his guitar hanging low and somehow more like a gun holster rather than a musical instrument, they ask, "What's the matter with him?"

But when he galvanizes into action, they snap rigid in their seats.

It's not just looks

It's not just Elvis' looks that are provocative—though his 180 pounds of blue-eyed, dark-brown haired masculinity provoke a great deal. It's also what he says.

Walking out on the stage of the huge Shrine Mosque in Richmond, Virginia, last year, he announced, as he was supposed to do, that his first number would be, "I Was The One." But then, as was not according to script, he added, "I usually have a quartet to sing along with me on this one. If anyone wants to come up and help me, they're welcome."

The next moment there were 300 girls climbing onto the stage, the stage manager was lowering the asbestos curtain to cut them off from the audience so that no more youngsters could crowd up, and an emergency police call had been put in.

Elvis hadn't meant to start anything. It's just that he hates to meet folks (and that's what he considers his audiences) without being friendly and making a little conversation. The same instinct on his part got things off on a wrong footing in Las Vegas at the New Frontier Hotel.

It was decided that a special matinee performance would be staged for young people, who would be charged a dollar apiece to drink Coca-Colas and listen to Elvis—with all the proceeds going towards a $35,000 fund being raised for a night baseball park for the youngsters. Elvis was to sing without fee. The hotel agreed to provide its ornate banquet room and the refreshments without cost.

All went well until Elvis made his entrance and looked over his audience of 700—mostly girls his age or under.

"I'm sure glad to see you all," he began, "because ordinarily the hotel doesn't allow anyone in here under eighteen unless they bring their own whiskey."

That did it. There were peals of laughter and the kids threw themselves into listening to Elvis as strongly as he threw himself into his singing. He did fifteen numbers and then the fun really started. After he went off stage the girls started hunting for him—through all the halls, banging on room doors and calling to him. It was evening before they were finally all hunted up and sent home.

More boy than man

All his appearances, including TV, are going to bring in more money for Elvis per week than most lads his age make in a year. But he is all set with his plans on how to handle his income. "I am going to save a lot and spend a lot."

Actually, he is more boy than man when it comes to extravagance. Except for the home he bought his folks, and his cars, two of which he uses for traveling, his spending is minor. For recreation he likes to hunt up an amusement park and play the games of chance along the midway, throwing baseballs at a pyramid of bottles or tossing darts at balloons. One day he came home with twenty-four kewpie dolls he had won at a carnival. From time to time he will get gadget-minded. One day he turned up for the beginning of a tour carrying a portable movie projector and a can of 16 millimeter film, including an old Abbot and Costello movie.

"It's for when I want to relax when I go to bed at night," he explained. "I'll shoot the picture on the ceiling and lay there and look at it."

But for real relaxation Elvis admits he likes girls—or rather a girl. If he can get a chance to go to a dance with one where he won't be recognized, and if he can get onto the floor with her and close his eyes to dream around slowly—that's the kind of dancer he is, by the way—he is happy.

He doesn't want to get more serious than this now because he knows his future still lies in traveling and moving quickly to take advantage of opportunities. That future, as he sees it, should eventually mean acting, and just acting. He is perfectly willing to put away the guitar for good, and even get away from singing, for a career in the movies.

And that's the way things look ahead for Elvis Presley—except for one thing. His own parents married very young and he admits that the marrying urge can strike him too. "Most any time, I suppose," he says. **END**

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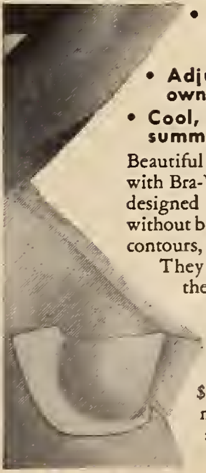

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Once and for all, how many times has Artie Shaw been married, and where is he now? —J.T., N.Y.C.

A. *Shaw has been married seven times, is currently in Spain building a house.*

Q. Is it true that Prince Rainier stands to earn a million bucks from picture sales of the Kelly-Rainier wedding? —F.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Yes, but Rainier plans to give the money to local Monaco charities and the Red Cross.*

Q. Hasn't Anna Kashfi, the Indian beauty, been seeing an awful lot of Spencer Tracy? —C.Y., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

A. *Kashfi hasn't seen Tracy since they finished* The Mountain *six months ago. Mostly she has been seeing Marlon Brando.*

Q. The love affair between Joan Collins and Arthur Loew, Jr: Is it serious? —H.D., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Can you tell me how long actress Cleo Moore was married to Huey Long's son?—V.L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. *Six weeks.*

Q. Is it true that Dorothy Mature, former wife of Victor Mature, saw a lot of Frank Sinatra in Spain? —E.E., N.Y.C.

A. *They both stayed at the Castellana-Hilton, ran into each other occasionally.*

Q. Is the Italian Count Mario Bandini, seriously courting Kim Novak? Isn't he the same Bandini who gave Anita Ekberg a whirl in Rome? —L.V., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. *Bandini, former Ekberg admirer,* has *turned his attention to Novak.*

Q. Is Marlon Brando still engaged to Josanne Mariani?—H.F., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *There has been no announcement to the contrary.*

Q. Why is it that Spanish newspapermen hate Ava Gardner so violently? —F.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *She refuses to be interviewed or pose for photos at her home outside Madrid.*

Q. Is it true that Jeff Chandler's scar over his left eye was given him by a girl? —C.Y., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *No, it's the result of an automobile accident.*

Q. In *Trapeze* wasn't trick photography used to make Gina Lollobrigida look taller than she really is? —A.A., DOVER, N.H.

A. *Lollobrigida was photographed so that her legs, which are too small for her body, appeared longer than they really are.*

Q. Is it on the level that Rock Hudson has been fighting with his studio? —I.D., DENVER, COL.

A. *Like all actors, Hudson wants better stories.*

Q. I've been told that Jimmy Dean never got along with his father. Why was that? —V.L., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. *Dean got along very well with his father; lived with him in Santa Monica.*

Q. In *High Society* doesn't Bing Crosby wear high heels? —N.L., SPOKANE, WASH.

A. *In all his pictures Crosby wears lifts in his shoes.*

Q. Every time I see Debra Paget in a movie she has different colored eyes. How come? —G.K., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. *For various roles she has been given various colored contact lenses to wear.*

Q. Does Sal Mineo really work as an embalmer in a mortuary?—S.B., N.Y.C.

A. *No, but Sal's father is a casket manufacturer.*

Q. Is there any chance that Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman will reconcile? —W.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Not now.*

Q. Does Rossano Brazzi's wife really weigh 300 pounds? Has Mario Lanza's voice deteriorated completely? —B.C., WHEELING, W. VA.

A. *Lydia Brazzi weighs between 150 and 200 lbs. Music authorities say Lanza is not in good voice.*

The 'Burning' Question:

WHO IS TODAY'S HOTTEST TEEN-AGE STAR-TEAM?

Answer:

The Audience Award-winning Guy from "Battle Cry"! The sensational girl of "Rebel Without a Cause"!

TAB HUNTER · NATALIE WOOD

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THE BURNING HILLS

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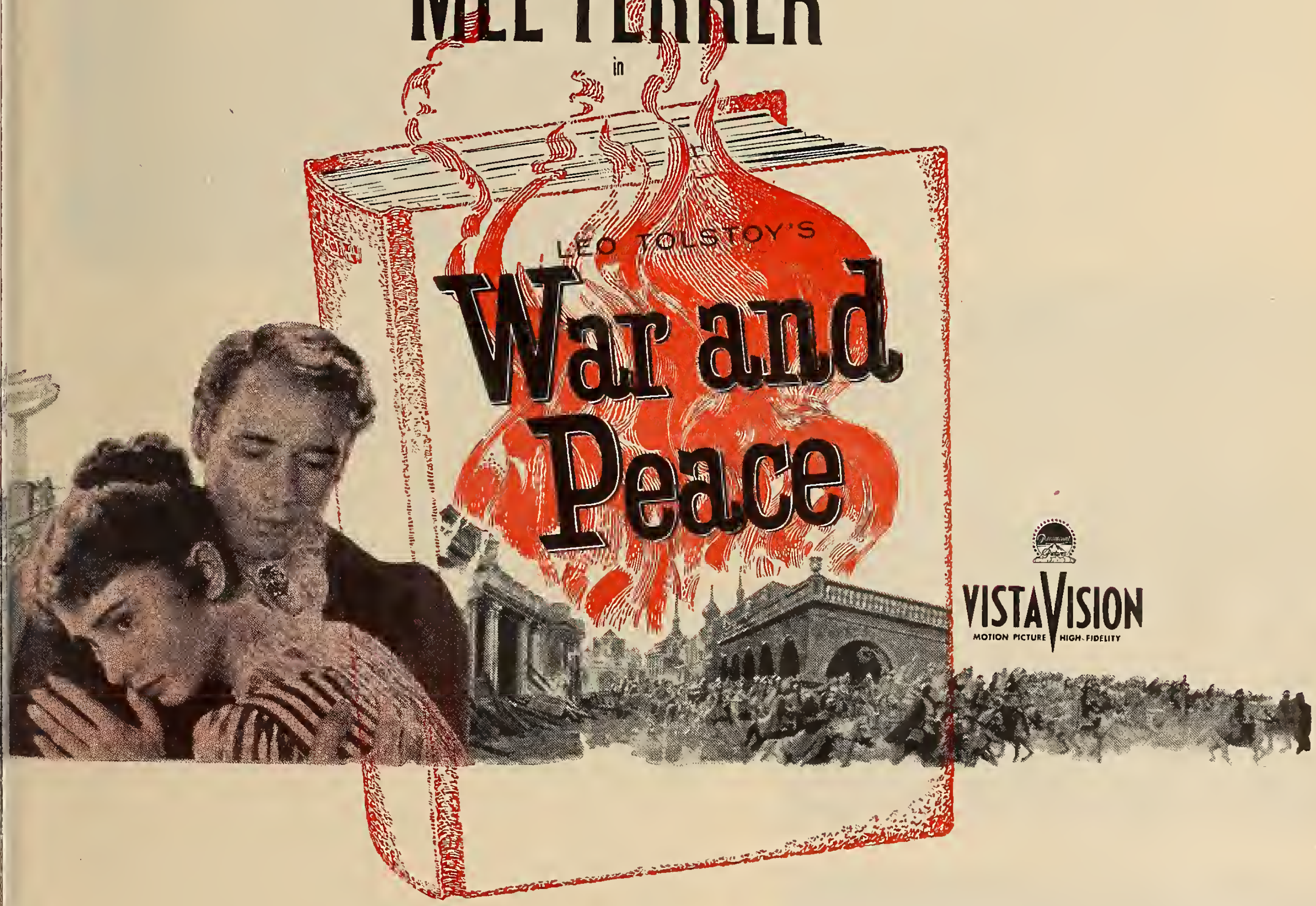

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JOHN MILLS

Produced by DINO DeLAURENTIIS · Directed by KING VIDOR

Based on the novel "War And Peace" by LEO TOLSTOY

Color by TECHNICOLOR

anything can happen to you at the pasadena playhouse

by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Not so long ago a handsome athlete named Andy Carey strolled across the Spanish patio of an impressive building in Pasadena, California, labelled, "Community Playhouse." He had nothing much on his mind except taking a casual gander at the favorite hometown haunt of his pal, Victor Jory. Andy, as you know, is the star third baseman for the New York Yankees.

Inside, he just missed being skewered by an enthusiastic squad of fencers, then dodged his way through chattering youngsters togged out in everything from jewelled Cleopatra bras and Roman togas to skimpy leotards. Eventually Vic Jory steered him to a buzzing rehearsal stage on the fifth floor. There Andy braced himself as if Ted Williams had crossed up the Yankees by slamming one to the hot corner.

A perky, round faced doll with starry eyes was charging the academic atmosphere about her with emotion. At the first break he moved in, asked Lucy Marlow for a date and. since she happened to be a baseball fan, got it. By now he has her on a contract for life—as Mrs. Andrew Carey.

But as swiftly as this hustling ballplayer operated, someone else beat him to the dotted line. Before Andy barely got acquainted, Lucy had two other contracts—in Hollywood, for *A Star Is Born* and then *My Sister Eileen.* Today, Lucy Marlow not only has her man but a movie career as well. And she can thank the fabulous Pasadena Community Playhouse for both.

Romance has never exactly withered on the vines around the Playhouse patio. Dana Andrews met a tall blonde named Mary Todd at the Playhouse and married her. They're still married—and happy. Bob Preston found Cathy Feltus, the right girl, there too. Joan Taylor and Leonard Freeman. now a writer. made it a team in Pasadena. Vic Mature tumbled for his first wife, Fran Evans, there and Gig Young discovered Sheilah Stapler. Georgia Ellis. of the Hopalongs, took the name of Anthony Ellis. now a CBS writer-director, because they found time to hold hands between classes. Bill Leslie of *The Long Gray Line* met his bride, Marj Wilson, on El Molino Street.

All this, and the chance to learn acting and become a Hollywood star, can happen to you at the Pasadena Playhouse.

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And to celebrate Ivory's new Twin-Cake, here's a gift for you—a 79¢ Hazel Bishop Once-a-Day lipstick for just 4 special Large Ivory wrappers. It's the amazing lipstick you can put on in the morning and be sure your lips stay radiant 'til night. You'll love its swivel case, too! So mail in your coupon now . . . supplies are limited.

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NEW White Rain LOTION SHAMPOO

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .
Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

White Rain
LOTION SHAMPOO
Toni

ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD

by Bill Campbell's mother

Many times I've thought of disposing of an old-world globe I keep in the bedroom. But I chuckle every time I look at it, because it reminds me of one of my favorite stories concerning both my sons. Bob (who is writing movies now) was the studious one. His greatest pleasure was to stay home and read—or paint or write short stories. Although he received a regular allowance, he didn't spend very much of it. Bill, on the other hand, was wild about dancing. Let him hear of a dance going on within a twenty mile radius and he *had* to go. If he ran out of money, he'd know just the right thing to say to get an extra dollar out of his mother. I'd give him the money with the admonition, "But don't tell Dad." A couple of days later there would be another dance and he'd butter up his father, who in turn would say, "All right, I'll scrape the bottom of the barrel . . . but don't tell your mother." After exhausting the resources of *both* parents, Bill would go to work on his brother. Bob tried to be a little tougher. "I haven't the dough to lend you," he'd say —hoping that would be the end of that. It never was. The trouble was, Bill had a pretty good idea where Bob kept his cash, and would usually find it and reproach his kid brother with, "What do you mean. you haven't got it?" Bob would always relent and lend Bill the money. So Bob finally figured he'd have to resort to drastic measures if he was ever going to accumulate enough money for a set of oils he wanted. For weeks he racked his brain for a suitable "bank." Then he got an idea. When Bill was out of the house one afternoon, Bob took the globe, and somewhere in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean he cut out a square, in trap door style. In the empty center of the world he scotch-taped a small paper bag. In the bag he put his money. Then the cut out section was fitted back into place. It would take the closest inspection to find the hidden treasure. Bill, who never even came close, still went to dances. Dad just scraped the bottom of the barrel harder!

FRAY-FOR-ALL

■ Charlton and Lydia Heston are the proud parents of Fraser, their first-born, who arrived ten years after their marriage. And both agree that the child has changed their lives considerably.

It started even before Fray was born. When Charlton learned of the impending arrival, he rented the adjoining apartment, knocked out a wall and turned it into a nursery. He designed most of the nursery furniture himself.

Now that Fray is older (nineteen months), he visits his dad on sound stages, received the role of the infant Moses in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments,* has a credit card at Ciro's, travels with his parents to their farm in Michigan or their apartments in Hollywood and New York, and made his first location trip to Phoenix for Heston's film *The Maverick.* Fray also keeps pace with his dad socially. Heston played tennis before, but now the baby goes along in the pram for a sun bath. When he goes to the links, the golf car becomes a baby carriage. And when Pop does his morning exercises, it's Fray who sits on his chest.

This policy of keeping the family together also applies to Lydia. "For the next few years, my wife isn't accepting any plays that call for long tours," Charlton explained, "because we want our baby to get to know and depend on us."

That's another reason why young Fray has such an active part in the family life. Everywhere his things are in evidence for young Fray has no restrictions. There are his toy box in the living room, his private kitchen to the left of the entry, and his bedroom with its special screen boasting his press clippings and his call sheet from *The Ten Commandments.*

Of all of Fraser's possessions the most prized is a white cowboy jacket made from the skin of a deer shot on his father's Michigan farm. He's a real "smasher" in it, especially when astride his pinto rocking horse.

The one toy obviously missing from his play-gear is an electric train.

You can find that in Charlton's room.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

DEBORAH KERR co-starring in M-G-M's **"TEA AND SYMPATHY"** in CinemaScope and Metrocolor

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Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day. Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smoothness of flawless skin like Deborah Kerr's! Flatters like a powder . . . clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that *stay* color-true. Neat, too — no loose powder to spill!

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

ELVIS!

IN THIS SECTION:

- An Open Letter to Elvis Presley
- Wedding Bells for Bing?
- Love for Brando?
- New Kicks For Terry Moore?

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Dana and Greg: he grew accustomed to her face.

WHEN BING CROSBY SAID TO ME, "Kathy Grant and I are thinking very seriously of marriage," I knew the long drawn out guessing game about *this* romance was over.

For over a year-and-a-half the world has been speculating about the pretty brunette beauty and the beloved Groaner, particularly since she was converted to Bing's religion and they started dating none but each other.

I have been particularly close to this love story and I can tell you some facts about it which I know to be true:

This time last year, they were NOT close to marriage for many reasons. First, Bing who is 52 years old, thought there was too much difference in their ages, Kathy being 22.

Secondly, he was very much involved with his four sons, Gary—just starting his singing career on his own; the twins Phillip and Dennis spending all the time they weren't at school at the family home in Holmby Hills; and Lindsay, the baby and apple of his Dad's eye, living at home with Bing when the two of them weren't vacationing in Palm Springs or at Hayden Lake.

Then, gradually, the picture changed. Both of the twins received their "Greetings" from Uncle Sam and left to serve their training period in Germany. Gary began touring with a stage act with Louis Armstrong in this country and Australia before he, too, was summoned by the Army. Last, but far from least, Lindsay decided to attend college in the East and enrolled at Williams College in Williamstown, Mass.

It was as though Cupid himself had taken an active hand in clearing the decks for Bing and the devoted Kathy who has had eyes (and heart) for no one else ever since she met him.

It's true that she is young in years. But she is a very mature young woman. A really sincere student, she returned to her native Texas to receive her degree at Teacher's Col-

The bells are ringing for Bing and his gal

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Open letter to ELVIS PRESLEY:

■ All right, Elvis—you've got the teenagers wingin', singin', rockin' and rollin' in a mass frenzy which hasn't been equalled since the early days of Frank Sinatra.

As also happened in Frankie's case you are the target of blasts from critics, commentators, even from the pulpit and from professional "viewers with alarm" that you are a demoralizing influence on the young. One writer never mentions your name without putting the adjective "disgusting" before it.

Now, this may come as a surprise to you—but I am not typing these words to pan you! I've been around show business too long to believe that any singing "fad" can really corrupt the fine youth of this or other countries. The worshippers of Frank Sinatra fifteen years ago are now wholesomely bringing up families of their own, and their hysteria over the skinny "swooner" hasn't hurt them at all.

But, Elvis—I've got a few thousand words for you boiled down to just a few: Cut out the bad taste in your act—the hip-swinging, torso-tossing nonsense which has brought on all the criticism. In other words, remove that gag "Pelvis" tag which has been hooked onto your name.

I believe that you are very serious about becoming a good actor as well as a sensational singer. Producer Hal Wallis has big plans for your movie debut with your trusty guitar. You can bet on one thing—there won't be any bad taste slipping by in your screen performances. So why not drop it now? You don't need it, boy.

I want to congratulate you on the many appearances you make for worthwhile charities and for the kind way you handle the kids who get a little out of line in their over-enthusiasm about you. Away from the spotlight you conduct yourself very well. I sincerely believe you are in show business to stay. You have talent and looks. Just drop the "freak" stuff, Elvis. You don't need it any longer.

lege in Denton. Her entire outlook is that of a woman ten to fifteen years older than she is.

Kathy cares nothing for the gay spots or for frivolous pastimes. On a typical evening, Kathy and Bing will have a quiet dinner at Chasen's or La Rue's and then spend the rest of the evening at his house listening to records teaching the foreign languages they are studying, particularly French and Spanish.

As to the gossip that Mrs. Catherine Crosby, Bing's mother, objected to a second marriage for her widower son—all I can add is that Kathy has been acting as Bing's hostess at his social affairs at home for a long time, and Mrs. Crosby is always present!

You can bank on one thing—this marriage has been well thought out. There's been no jumping before leaping—and I predict happiness ahead for two nice people.

IF YOU COULD BET on prospective marriages like you bet on race horses, the bookies would have collected a fortune wagered by "those in the know" against big-eyed brunette beauty Dana Wynter marrying "perennial" bachelor, Greg Bautzer!

This is the handsome and successful lad who was supposed to be immune to matrimony. At various times his name had been linked with Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Mari Blanchard, Ginger Rogers, Jane Wyman and a dozen other beauties.

When Dana, the elegant British beauty from South Africa, came along and seemingly captured Greg's heart, you'd hear the whispers at parties, "Oh, it won't last long. I hope she doesn't fall TOO much in love with him. They say the girls who do never get over him."

To say that these gossips were knocked cold on June 10th when the attractive barrister took the lovely Dana as his bride in Carmel, California, is putting it mildly!

Greg has been a friend of mine for a long time and I asked him when he knew he was really in love with Dana for keeps.

"When she got off the plane returning to Hollywood after visiting her parents in South Africa," he told me, "I didn't know how accustomed I had grown to that beautiful face (as they sing in *My Fair Lady*) until we were apart. When I saw her get off the plane, smiling, running toward me—I knew she was the girl I want for the rest of my life."

And just to prove it, Greg had a small orchestra gathered outside Dana's bungalow at the Bel Air Hotel to serenade her return, playing nothing but their favorite number, "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face."

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: There have been so many good ones (we've seldom had a gayer social summer) it's hard to choose. But I had a ball at the James Masons' swank soiree at their home celebrating the completion of *Bigger Than Life*, his first movie as a star-producer.

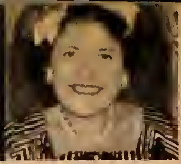
I have to laugh when I look back on the "feud" between James and me before he even came to Hollywood. He wrote an article for *Cosmopolitan Magazine* panning Hollywood to a fare-thee-well before he ever set foot in our town. So I wrote a fiery answer panning James for panning us—sight unseen. Things were pretty hot between us

Guess which Mason stole the show at the party of the month?

Judy's birthday party

Betty Hutton's return

Anna Kashfi: Brando's dish?



for quite awhile, it seemed.

Now I have come to know him and Pam and their famed precocious daughter Portland as a gay, charming and delightful family for whom I feel a sincere fondness.

Leave it to little Porty (who always attends the Masons' parties) to get things off to a flying start. It was also Judy Garland's birthday and James and Pamela had a surprise birthday cake for her to be brought on later in the evening.

As Judy entered, Porty greeted her with a loud, "How old are you?" much to the amusement of everyone, including Judy, who is young enough not to worry about that answer.

It seemed to me that Maureen O'Hara seemed to be having an extra good time with the witty and charming director Freddie De Cordova, her date for the evening.

Jean Simmons, in a pretty maternity outfit, simply glowed—and so did her "old man" Stewart Granger. Both were so happy over receiving their American citizenship papers a few days previous.

There's little doubt but that Frances Heflin (Mrs. Van) was the most "colorful" gal present. She was so sunburned her face matched her flaming hair.

Kirk Douglas, minus his Van Gogh beard (for *Lust For Life*) at long last, was lonesome for his wife, Anne, who had not yet returned from a visit to her native France. "She'll sure be glad I'm rid of that *brush*," Kirk cracked.

Both June Haver MacMurray and Ginger Rogers were in their favorite white—these girls are beginning to look alike to me.

But the real star at the Masons' party, who completely stole the spotlight was 10-month-old Alexander Morgan Mason who is going to be as much of a WOW in his way as Portland is in hers. He was brought down early in the evening to take a bow—and maybe you think he didn't eat it up.

"He's a ham," said vivacious little Portland—"just like me."

THE NEXT NIGHT, SID LUFT gave a birthday party for Judy at Chasen's—an intimate affair for just about 30 of her close friends. If he'd had them all the figure would have run into the thousands.

Judy, thinner than I have seen her in months and looking very gay and happy, told me how thrilled she had been earlier in the day when her three children had surprised her with a cake. "They insisted that I eat lots of it, and me on a diet," she laughed.

With such entertainers as Judy, Phil Silvers, pianist Joey Bushkin and composer Sammy Cahn on hand, it didn't take the evening long to get on the musical side.

I've never seen anything funnier than Judy and Phil doing a routine that was suspiciously reminiscent of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in their heyday. Judy and Phil brought down the place.

Later, I had a chance to ask Phil if he's marrying lovely New York model Evelyn Patrick. "Nothing would surprise me less," cracked Phil. Now what does that mean? My money says it's "Yes" for Serg. Bilko.

I was very glad to chat with Lauren Bacall who told me that Humphrey Bogart is so much better he was sunning himself on his boat at Balboa. Bogey's main problem now is to put on weight after the major operation he underwent months ago and his long convalescence. It's good news to his fans that Bogey is expected back at work at Columbia in *The Good Shepherd* in September.

John Huston and Liz Whitney Lunn were seated next to each other at dinner and were talking about nothing but their race horses.

Of course, the James Masons were there and vivacious Ann Miller among the good friends wishing Judy a heartfelt "Happy Birthday."

NO ONE GOT a bigger kick out of Marilyn Monroe becoming Marilyn Miller (Mrs. Arthur) than Ben Lyon.

When Ben was casting director at 20th Century-Fox some years ago a beautiful, limpid-eyed blonde came to see him about a job. Her name was Norma Jean Dougherty. (She was using the name of her husband at the time, Jim Dougherty.)

Ben was very impressed with the beauty—but not with her name. "We'll have to change it," he said—and she was willing. "What do you suggest?" the girl asked timidly.

Ben, who was and is happily married to my best friend, Bebe Daniels, thought back to an old romance of his before he met Bebe. The girl he had been engaged to before he met and fell in love with Bebe was the lovely blonde musical comedy star, Marilyn Miller.

"How about *Marilyn*?" he suggested, and then not wanting to handicap her with the same name as another famous star, he said—"Not Miller—but Monroe. How does Marilyn Monroe strike you. The MM initials were lucky for one lovely girl, they may be for you."

That's how Marilyn Monroe was born.

It's a fantastic fate, indeed, that now finds her name—Marilyn Miller—at last!

NEVER LET IT BE SAID that bombastic Betty Hutton has lost any of the zing and fire (that earned her the reputation of one of Hollywood's most important stars) now that she's making her comeback with Dana Andrews in *Spring Reunion*.

The first day of shooting with supporting actress Florence Halop, of the *Meet Millie* TV show, an explosion occured which Betty later tossed off as a "chemical disagreement."

Florence was more explicit. "I guess she thought I was much older judging from the fat 'Mama Bronson' character I play on TV. First, when I showed up looking my real age, much younger, I was told to dye my natural blonde hair black because Miss Hutton is a blonde. Against my better judgment, I did this.

"But was it okay? When Miss Hutton saw me she said, 'You should have dyed your eyes, too'."

The gals were supposed to be "best friends" in the movie. The very first scene together proved they could never be that!

Betty, looking like peaches and cream, said sweetly, "I guess we were just chemically unsuited to work together but I really had nothing to do with the casting of the picture one way or another. If the producer wants to remove someone from the cast, it isn't my affair."

Anyway, no one can ever claim that movie making is dull when our girl Betty is around!

WHO'S GOT MARLON BRANDO? That's a tricky question. There's no doubt that before she took off for Korea to enter-

Hello to young lovers Roger Smith and Victoria Shaw

Vic is leading the good life

Terry (Mrs. McGrath) Moore travels light

tain our occupation forces there, Rita Moreno was Marlon's favorite girl. The peppy little Puerto Rican with her hot-tamale looks, her cute lingo and Latin vivacity had Marlon very, very intrigued.

But along came the East Indian charmer, Anna Kashfi—who is just the opposite of Rita —I mean Anna is quiet, and gentle-voiced, very intellectual and arty, and now seems to be leading the field.

Of course, where Brando is concerned, all this is subject to change with or without notice.

At the moment, Marlon and Anna are together most of their free time. She cooks Indian dishes for him at her apartment. He takes her on long drives up the Coast. They frequently drive 90 miles up to Santa Barbara for a tete-a-tete dinner by the sad sea waves.

They met in the Paramount Commissary just a few days before Marlon took off for the ill-fated trip to Japan (it rained the company out) on location for *Teahouse of the August Moon.* He wrote Anna many letters, so she wouldn't forget (?) him. She didn't.

The first girl he called after his return to Hollywood was Anna and he's been seeing her much more than anyone thinks.

Rita isn't exactly wearing her heart on her sleeve—but well, she likes Marlon and does not care who knows it. And, he's been known to change his mind about his favorite lady.

(But, Rita—he seldom goes back to one.)

YOUNG LOVE OF THE MONTH: At a party following the premiere of a new picture, Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith sat with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Debbie said to Victoria and Roger, "You're so much in love, you two, why don't you get married?"

Eddie chimed in "I'll bet you've never proposed," and Roger replied, "That's right, I never have."

So, without further ado, right in front of half of Hollywood, he got down on his knees and popped the question to his Fair Lady.

Thus did one of Hollywood's youngest and freshest romances come to its happy climax.

Victoria, the beauty from "Down Under" (Australia to you) is one of the most important young actresses of the year. The critics are doing raves over her in *The Eddy Duchin Story* with Tyrone Power and that other Miss Knockout, Kim Novak. Yet, few girls have ever achieved fame as easily as did Vicky.

She was discovered by Bob Hope when she appeared in his personal appearance act in Melbourne last year. Bob liked the looks of the pretty model and said casually, "If you ever come to Hollywod look up my agent, Louis Shurr." He's probably said that to a dozen or so pretty girls. But Victoria took him seriously. Not only did Jeanette Elphick (her real name) come to Hollywood and look up Louis Shurr—within twenty-four hours she was making a screen test at Columbia.

During one of several later tests, she worked with a young actor named Roger Smith. Roger had been discovered in Honolulu, where he taught Jimmy Cagney and other actors on location how to play the guitar. Both being signed by Columbia they saw each other a lot. Roger tried to date her from the first.

"I thought he was just a fresh Yankee and said, 'No,'" now laughs Vicky, "until we fell in love. I'll be saying 'Yes' to Roger for life when we marry in August."

VIC MATURE AND I HAVEN'T always seen eye to idea. But, I say—give credit where credit is due and the former playboy has checked up plenty on the credit side of his ledger recently.

Last month, visiting his mother down South, he answered back a critical preacher who called Hollywood a city of sin, without hope. Vic got newspaper headlines when he said, "Hollywood has done more for the unfortunates of the world than all its detractors."

Also, he is sponsoring a team in the Colt League in Pasadena where he once studied drama at the Pasadena Playhouse. The star of the team is Vic's godson, Mike Daugherty,

the letter box

Some of the wildest rumors I've heard since I've been writing this column came from some of you letter-writing fans this month.

To both JOYCE WILSON, EATON, INDIANA, *and* ELAINE FARRAR, GRENLOCK, NEW JERSEY, *I say no, No,* NO—*it is* NOT *true that James Dean is still alive, horribly mutilated from his automobile accident! Please do not believe such morbid gossip.*

FROM PEGGY BLUFORD, OAK RIDGE, TENN., *comes another shocker:* "I hear everywhere that Perry Como is going blind. Please tell me the truth." *The truth is that Perry's eyesight is fine, Peggy—thank God.*

And still another to make you gasp comes from DOROTHY HERRON, BROOKLYN, *who wants to know:* "Is the reason that Tab Hunter makes so few pictures that he has an incurable disease?" *Good heavens—Tab tells me he hasn't even had a cold in three years. Don't worry, Dorothy, Tab's fine.*

FRED DALIAS, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., *has a good idea for some producer:* "If they ever decide to do the life story of beloved old Wallace Beery, Ernest Borgnine is the man to do it." *You've got something there, my friend.*

At Graduation time I received many letters—from DARLENE ROBERTS, COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON; BETTY MARSHALL, DALLAS; RONALD LINDSEY, MORTON, TEXAS; DAVID IDLEWINE, JUNCTION CITY, OREGON—*to name just a few—asking me how to get a start either acting or becoming a reporter.*

To you youngsters wanting to become actors I say wait until you have proven that you have talent before tackling New York or Hollywood.

To budding reporters, my advice is to try to get a job on your hometown newspaper. Yes, I practiced my own preaching. I was a teenager when I got my first job on the DIXON STAR, *in Dixon, Ill.*

who is such a fine pitcher that even the big league scouts have heard about him.

Vic's current ambition, he says, is to "Lead a good life and stay out of the headlines." Sounds to me like this actor who used to prize a headline more than diamonds, is beginning to really mature—just like his last name.

WHEN A WHOLE HOLLYWOOD PARTY of us went to the opening of the Hilton Hotel in Cairo last summer, no one—absolutely no one, and this includes Irene Dunne, Ann Miller, Merle Oberon and me (and I don't travel light) had more luggage than Terry Moore. She was wearing very bouffant skirts and it seemed to me that every dress had its own trunk or suitcase.

Now that she is Mrs. Eugene McGrath and traveling constantly between Panama, her husband's home, and her Hollywood studio, Terry laughingly tells me, "You won't believe this, Louella—I flew in with an overnight bag containing one nighty, one robe, a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste."

IT'S NOT TRUE THAT:

Kim Novak became engaged to Count Mario Bandini while in Europe. (Mack Krim is very much still in Kim's life.) . . .

Nick Adams was Jimmy Dean's best friend. (Nick tells me that Jimmy had a lot of friends, but no best.) . . .

Acting the child-murderess in *The Bad Seed* has made Patty McCormack a neurotic little girl. (Her director, Mervyn Le Roy, says Patty is as happy and normal as blueberry pie.) . . .

Clark Gable was seriously ill in the hospital. (Truth is, Clark, feeling perfectly well, took a room adjoining that of his lovely wife Kay, hospitalized with a slight heart attack.). . . .

Spencer Tracy and director Fred Zimmerman had so many battles filming *The Old Man And The Sea* in Cuba that Zimmerman quit the picture. (Zimmerman quit all right—but his battles were with producer Leland Hayward.) . . .

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis really wanted a boy. (They're delighted with their daughter, Miss Kelly Curtis.) . . .

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis will forget their present troubles as they have done in the past and shake hands and make up. (Even their best-wishing pals are convinced that Martin and Lewis are through as a team after fulfilling certain cafe and night-club dates they are forced to make to avoid lawsuits.) . . .

Van Johnson is becoming difficult to work with because he turned down *10,000 Bedrooms*. (He just didn't see himself in a Conrad Hilton type role and said so to MGM.)

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

Is Kim engaged?

Was Nick the pal?

Is Van hard to please?

Are Dean and Jerry through?

Are the Curtises proud parents!

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the *softest* way!

"I use Lustre-Net—everyday!"
says Vivian Blaine
co-starring in
"PUBLIC PIGEON
NUMBER ONE"
An RKO-Radio Picture.
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HAIR SPRAY

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

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Makes any pin-curl style set faster, manage easier, last longer!

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Lustre-Net
REGULAR
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SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Contains no lacquer at all. Spray it on regularly when you comb your hair.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only $1.25 plus tax
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TIRING IN HOT WEATHER

Why add to your problems at "problem times"? Why put up with hot, "chafey," uncomfortable external pads, when Tampax* is as available as your corner drug or notion store? By getting rid of unnecessary bulk (belts, pins and pads) internally-worn Tampax makes you feel far cooler—even, in many instances, less tired. For discomfort is downright tiring—and *nothing* could be more comfortable than Tampax.

Tampax is far more fastidious, too, than "the other way." The wearer's hands needn't ever touch the Tampax. It prevents odor from forming. It's easy to dispose of, applicator and all. No wonder millions of women prefer this modern sanitary protection; *nothing* could be more convenient!

If you plan an active summer, comfortable Tampax is an absolute necessity! It's the only kind of protection that lets you go swimming—any time of the month. It never "shows" beneath the most abbreviated clothes. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Regular TAMPAX
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
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10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Safe • Sure • Hygienic • Comfortable • Easy-to-Use
TAMPAX

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
Lust For Life
Storm Center

FOR SHIVERS
The Bad Seed
The Black Sleep

FOR SUSPENSE
Unidentified Flying Objects
Santiago
Huk!
Congo Crossing
Dakota Incident
The Proud Ones

* *PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Van Gogh was one of the first modern painters to be inspired by the simple peasant people around him. They were the subjects for some of his greatest paintings.*

"Intensity" is the key feeling in Lust For Life *—an intense dedication to art, to love, to living.*

To paint for one's self is not enough. The artist craves recognition and respect from others.

*LUST FOR LIFE

drama of a great artist

■ Here is the life story of a great artist whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. His paintings burned with color and were a glorious testament to his vitality, but his eccentric, tortured personality cut him off from satisfying contact with people and led him, in desperation, to suicide. Vincent Van Gogh was his name. His father (Henry Daniell) was a minister and his background was middleclass. Vincent's (Kirk Douglas) uniqueness was scorned, his emotional intensity was terrifying to people who had long since locked up their feelings. Vincent grew up convinced he was an outcast and a failure. His last attempt to conform was when he became a minister and was sent to a wretched mining town in Belgium to preach. He disgraced the cloth (or so his superiors thought) by giving away his worldly goods to those who needed them and by living in squalor like a miner. Only his brother Theo (James Donald) sensed the awfulness of his spiritual struggle and sympathized with it. When Vincent decided to paint, Theo faithfully (and financially) supported him and tried to sell his startingly original work, but with no success. Rejected in love, Vincent took up with a hard-drinking laundress (Pamela Brown) and lived with her and her child until she (Pamela) couldn't bear it. Painting obsessed him, it took precedence over all. For a while he shared a house in Arles with Paul Gaugin (Anthony Quinn) but their personalities and theories clashed violently. Then Van Gogh became a victim of emotional disorder, and in one seizure, sliced off his ear with a razor. He voluntarily committed himself to an asylum, was temporarily relieved and turned to painting again. However, his maniacal concentration took him so far out of himself he couldn't bear the tension. "It is impossible, impossible," he murmured as he stood painting in a golden field of grain under a blazing sun. And then he shot himself. *Lust For Life* is an excellent film: its grandeur stems from Van Gogh's tragic, noble striving to capture and record the beauty of life. His paintings (borrowed from museums all over the world) glow in triumph on the screen. Among the fine cast are Niall MacGinnis, Everett Sloane.—CinemaScope, Metrocolor—MGM

(*Continued on page 24*)

"NOW I KNOW WHAT FREE-WHEELING MEANS!"

Bike or not, you'll simply breeze along in Gossard's pantie girdle legs can't feel.* *See how it's up-shaped? Edged with elastic net? Your legs are completely free, never stop you with that old pantie feeling. And this boneless pull-on of elastic net weighs next to nothing, has a satin elastic panel for your fashion front. You're sure to love this easy goer. Slews of gals like you, do!*

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#810 pantie girdle. Petite-S-M-L in White, $7.95
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#2821 Flair uplift fits so well, it's packaged to help you help yourself. Just 1½ ounces of nylon all-elastic with exclusive contour straps, embroidered nylon marquisette. White. A B C $3.95

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SEE PAGE 90

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movie previews

(Continued from page 22)

THE BAD SEED

an eight-year-old murderess

▪ If your child is a monster it may not really be your fault—except insofar as you have genes which pass personality traits from one generation to another. The catch is—those traits often skip a generation, which is Nancy Kelly's dilemma. I mean, the dilemma is—her eight-year-old daughter (Patty McCormack) is a murderess totally without conscience. Years ago she threw an old lady down the stairs (but no one connected her death with this cunning, charming pigtailer in pinafores). Just recently she's murdered a classmate because he won a penmanship medal which Patty felt she deserved. And when a somewhat sadistic handyman (Henry Jones) sees through her she locks him in the cellar, taking the precaution to set fire to it first. A child like that can be a terrible trial—and what is one to do with her? Especially one so fine and loving as Nancy whose own mother, it turns out, was a notorious lady with poison. It is a bloodcurdling melodrama (based on William March's hit play); it is a rather unsettling theory that Mr. March presents but that, I suppose, can go down as poetic license. With Eileen Heckart, Evelyn Varden —Warners

HUK!

terrorism in the Philippine Islands

▪ In 1951 the Huks (former guerillas turned terrorists) were setting fire to plantations in the Philippines and generally making life impossible for reasons of their own. That's the set-up when George Montgomery arrives after 14 years of who knows what in the United States. His father has just been murdered by the terrorists but George is not the mourning kind. He is—thinks Mona Freeman—a cad. Mona is the wife of John Baer, who is the son of plantation overseer James Bell, who is puzzled by George's desire to sell his father's plantation and take the loot to the U.S.A. When the Huks, led by Kalak (Mario Barri), try to hasten George's departure by throwing knives at his back and flaming torches on his property George begins to resent it. A good deal of action, some very nice photography accompany George's growing concern with the fate of the Philippines. Eastman Color.—U.A.

(Continued on page 26)

Why break dates
when your face breaks out?

Hide broken-out skin instantly with Tussy Medicare...it helps heal as it conceals! No single cream, salve, or lotion can even begin to cover up (and help clear up) problem skin like Tussy Medicare.

Hide and heal this easy way! First, super-cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It delves deeper than soap; floats out irritating grime. Next, use skin-colored Tussy Medicated Lotion as your make-up base. While it conceals—it helps *heal* blemishes, because it contains germ-fighting hexachlorophene! Complete Medicare Set, $2.00 and $1.10. No tax.

For handy touch-ups—Tussy Medicare Stick! To look "spotless" all day long, always carry a skin-colored Tussy Medicare Stick. And use it faithfully every two hours to guard your skin from infection. $1. No tax.

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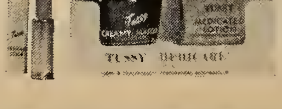
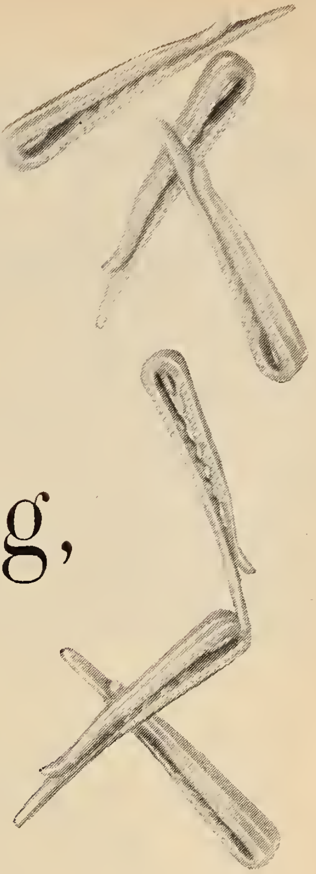


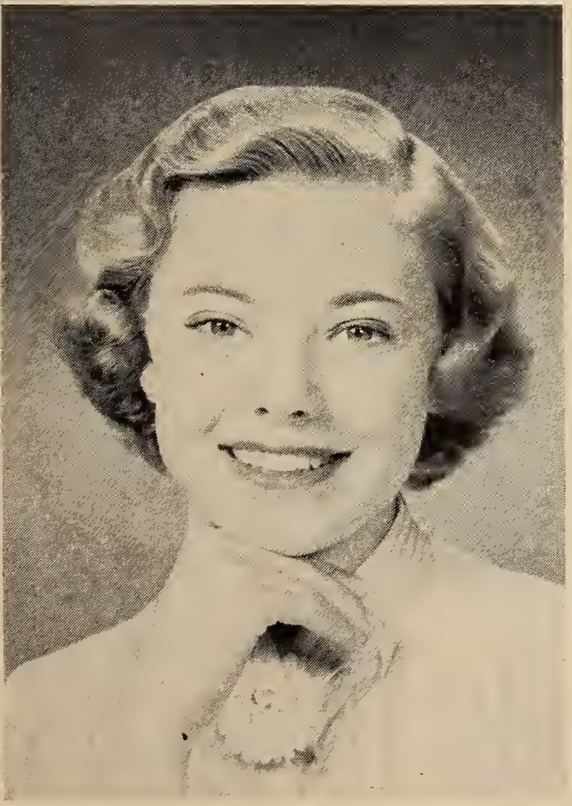
New! BOBBI– with "Casual Curlets" and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave



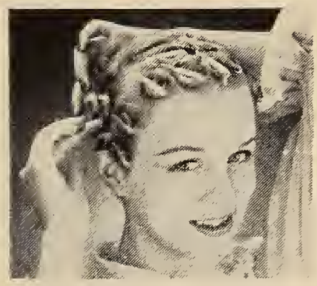
A stronger wave than ordinary pin·curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles

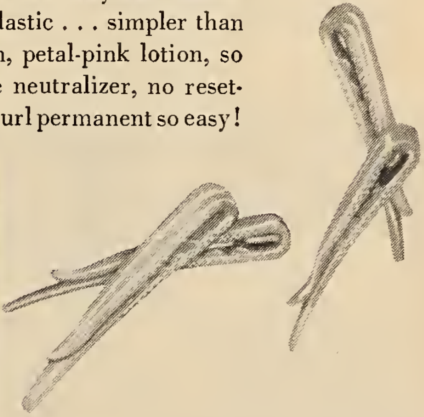
Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set "Casual Curlets". . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets." Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.



Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets". . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!



New "Casual Curlets" are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

All New
Bobbi
Pin curl Permanent
ALL NEW LOTION
NEW PLASTIC PINS

All-new BOBBI in a bright *blue box*
Each package complete with 55 "Casual Curlets" and 6 neckline curlers.

movie previews

(Continued from page 24)

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

documentary on "flying saucers"

■ Ever since 1948 or so people have been seeing flying saucers. (Some people have even been seeing the little men in them, but that's another problem.) The fact is, there *have* been unidentified flying objects in the sky and the Air Command has seriously been investigating them. Here is a documentary film based on reports and official investigation. Included are two authentic film strips—one taken in Montana, the other in Utah, showing unidentified objects in formation. They look more like aspirin than flying saucers but the official conclusion is, "Not balloons, not birds, not aircraft—not faked." What are they? Nobody knows The film follows the course of one Albert M. Chop who, reporting to work at the Public Information Office at Wright Patterson Air Base debunked saucers as nonsense. But that was in 1950. Two years later, Chop, an eye witness to radar contact with the objects, and about as close as anyone to all the information ever received or analyzed about them was still up a tree as to their nature. But Chop was convinced that there *are* U.F.O. which is about all anyone can say.—U.A.

SANTIAGO

adventure in Cuba

■ When the Cubans were fighting for freedom, Alan Ladd was around dispensing guns to whichever side paid. It was not that he was basically bad, it was only he'd been kicked out of the U.S. Cavalry and was bitter. So here we are on our way to Tampa, Florida, with enough ammunition for an old fashioned world war. Ladd makes it to Tampa, staving off an attack of rival gun-runners led by Lloyd Nolan, but then he's told he must deliver the goods to Santiago to collect his ransom. This means running the Spanish blockade, and it is dangerous. But what can he do, loving money so well? The transportation to Santiago is not very modern, it's an old Mississippi sidewheeler captained by Chill Wills, but the company is exciting. Nolan and his club are aboard, also Rossana Podesta, commonly known as Cuba's Joan of Arc. It's a long, long ride. And a hard, hard fight with Ladd finally showing his true blue colors. CinemaScope.—Warners

STORM CENTER

a lesson in freedom

■ Bette Davis has made a good life for herself since the death of her husband. Childless, she's become head librarian in the comfortable little city of Kenport. It's an honored position and the children, particularly, love her. Well, the city council (on which serve opportunist Brian Keith and her old friend Paul Kelly) ask her to withdraw a book called *The Communist Dream* from the library. Bette dislikes the book but she has an American view of freedom and refuses to comply. So she's fired. That's not all. Nearly to a head, the 20,000 citizens of Kenport reel from her in loathing. One little citizen (Kevin Coughlin) a bookworm—much to his inarticulate Pop's horror—becomes alarmingly hysterical at the fall of his idol. His love turns to hate and, among other things, he proceeds to burn down the library. The citizens of Kenport awake, having learned their lesson at considerable expense. For what they were doing, after all, was using Communist methods to fight the Communist menace. With Kim Hunter, Joe Mantell.—Col.

CONGO CROSSING

a criminal colony in Africa

■ Congotanga is an unpleasant little colony in the African jungle, and a haven for criminals since it has no extradition laws. Ruling the place in a lethargic way is Colonel Peter Lorre; running the place is cultivated gangster Tonio Selwart and his buddies; loathing the place is American engineer George Nader who's on a surveying assignment. The latest plane shipment to Congotanga unloads Virginia Mayo (she's fleeing a murder rap) and a man who commissions inhabitant Michael Paté to murder her. She figures it's a good idea to stick pretty close to George and accompanies him upriver—but Paté has hired himself on as assistant surveyor. While working on his maps George discovers that Congotanga's boundaries have shifted, making it unsafe for criminals. Those criminals would not like this news to be made public, would they? Technicolor.—U.I.

DAKOTA INCIDENT

Cheyennes vs. Linda Darnell

■ Picture the West; picture Dale Robertson on a tired horse on a dusty road with younger brother Skip Homeier in conflict about shooting him in the back. They have just robbed a bank and the third crook is putting Skip up to this naughty deed. Switch to the town. A beautiful woman (Linda Darnell) is waiting for the stage to Laramie at which place she plans to shoot her faithless lover. While she is waiting, Senator Ward Bond is orating about the shameful way we treat the Indians and John Lund is lurking around, saying nothing. To make a short story long, Republic puts these people (plus Dale and Regis Toomey—Linda's fiddle player) on the stage. Then they're all stuck in a ditch without food or water while the Cheyennes hover on the rocks above planning to kill 'em one by one. Trucolor.—Rep.

THE PROUD ONES

a superior Western

■ When cattle come to Flat Rock, Kansas, it means plenty of trouble for Marshall Robert Ryan. Flat Rock becomes a boom town, and every boom town has its villain (in this case, Robert Middletown) waiting to lower it. Middletown and Ryan have been enemies from way back. Virginia Mayo (Ryan's girl) knows that this hate will lead to murder and wants Ryan to run. Meanwhile, along with the cattle comes Jeffrey Hunter who dislikes Ryan sight unseen Ryan killed his Dad and Jeff believes Pop was unarmed. While that little wrinkle is being ironed out, Middletown is generally corrupting the town via his saloon and gambling tables. He's also hired a couple of gunmen to get Ryan who, having been hit on the head, now has moments of blindness. Well, where will it all lead? Go see—it's an interesting, sometimes exciting Western. CinemaScope.—20-Fox

THE BLACK SLEEP

an old fashioned tale of horror

■ The mind of man is a puzzle indeed, but Basil Rathbone's the surgeon to solve it. He *has* to. You see, his beautiful wife has been in a coma for eight months and he's desperate. He has a couple of things working for him—a drug called "The Black Sleep" which simulates death, and a crew of demented assistants who mind the abbey while Basil performs his diabolical operations in the tower. What he does is turn drugged and captive people into screaming maniacs. Then he throws them into the cellar for observation. Perfecting those brain operations is an uphill job! Among the grisly cast are Akim Tamiroff, Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, John Carradine—and two healthy if nervous specimens—Herbert Rudley, Patricia Blake.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

TRAPEZE (U.A.): Tony Curtis finds injured Burt Lancaster in Paris. Tony wants to learn the triple roll on the flying trapeze and Burt is the man to teach him. Gina Lollobrigida starts the trouble when her yearning for the spotlight is equalled by nothing else. Great circus atmosphere and wonderful trapeze shots.

THE GREAT LOMOMOTIVE CHASE (Disney): Fess Parker, who looks and acts like a Southerner, is really a northern spy attempting to dismantle the southern railway system during the Civil War. Jeffrey Hunter, a motorman, suspects it and the chase is on.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME (MGM): The life story of Rocky Graziano played by Paul Newman. Pier Angeli plays his wife and Eileen Heckart his mother in this film. The action doesn't let up for a moment.

THE LEATHER SAINT (Para.): Father Gil Allen (John Derek) needs money to buy an iron lung and build a swimming pool for several polio victims in his parish. He does so by leading a double life as prizefighter.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT (20th-Fox): Gregory Peck is a war veteran who is now fighting his battles on Madison Avenue and in his typical suburban home. His struggle to maintain both his integrity and his wife (Jennifer Jones) is exciting. With Fredric March, Marisa Pavan.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Col.): Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin, whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw handle their roles as Eddy's two great loves beautifully. You'll like it.

GABY (MGM): Derived from *Waterloo Bridge*, Gaby is a tender, moving story of two youngsters who fall in love in London during the war. Leslie Caron and John Kerr star as the lovers.

NEW! Only Helene Curtis has the exclusive new "control" ingredient.
And it's in *all* Helene Curtis Spray Net—*Regular, Super Soft,* and new *Ultra.*

Helene Curtis Spray Net actually
trains your hair!

trains while it sets pincurls...

trains while it holds your wave...

The most exciting thing that's happened since the permanent wave.

SUPER SOFT
(for gentle control)
no lacquer
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spray net
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(for firmer control)
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REGULAR
AND SUPER SOFT
SPRAY NET
69¢, $1.25
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Now, SPRAY NET actually *trains* your hair to stay curled—thanks to Helene Curtis' exclusive new "control" ingredient. Only SPRAY NET has it!

Use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET to set springier, bouncier pincurls—to hold your hair softly in place. Gradually . . . excitingly . . . your hair gets the *habit* of curling—your wave *remembers* its place! This exciting training won't happen overnight—but it will happen! Soon your hair needs only gentle reminder-sprays between shampoos.

SPRAY NET is non-sticky, non-stiffening, enriched with lanolin. But the big difference—the wonderful plus: *this* is the hair spray that actually *trains* your hair to stay curled!

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SAVE! GIANT 11 OZ. ECONOMY SIZE Only $1.69 plus tax
Limited time only!

new!
refillable aerosol
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Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET has it!
Fill it yourself.
Take it with you.
New Purse/Spray, glamourous in black and gold, holds days of sprays. With new ULTRA SPRAY NET, $3.25 value . . .

special introductory price,
only $1.85
plus tax

when do you need to douche?

Millions of women trust their own instincts; it's the surest guide for any fastidious woman. They feel it's right to douche after menstruation . . . when faced with the problem of extra secretions . . . *whenever they want to be especially sweet and clean in every respect.*

They don't rely on makeshifts, either. They demand that a douche should both cleanse and deodorize—as a "Lysol" douche does. Spreading into folds and crevices, "Lysol" kills odor-producing bacteria on contact (the bacteria that are the cause of "embarrassing odor," if unchecked)—to give a lasting sense of *internal cleanliness, internal daintiness.*

The "Lysol" user is apt to be poised, confident, sure of her charm at *all* times. Join these smart women—be a "Lysol" user too. Get your bottle of new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. . . . Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-569.

"Lysol" ® Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

"HI, NEIGHBORS!"

I meet the most fascinating people every day — living in Hollywood

■ Living in Hollywood I've discovered that many of my neighbors are movie stars and are likely to pop up anywhere.

Gordon MacRae seems to be the most frequent popper-upper. One afternoon I was standing in a drug store on Vine Street browsing through the movie magazines. The magazines were near the door and I was absorbed in an article when a fellow mumbled, "Excuse me," and squeezed past to the drug counter. I glanced up and caught Gordon MacRae grinning at me. He had good reason—the story I was reading was about him!

Driving toward the San Fernando Valley the same day I spotted a husky fellow crossing in the middle of the block. "Hey you!" I bellowed, "don't you know that's against the law?" He turned, put his hands on his hips, and merely stared at me. It was Jack Carson.

Red Skelton played the same trick on me. I was walking across Beverly Boulevard when he quickly stopped his Corvette sports car to let me cross. He shook his head in disgust, but grinned when I nodded a sign of recognition.

I sometimes see Debbie and Eddie Fisher driving around on Sunday afternoons. Eddie's long black Cadillac convertible attracts my attention easily, but if that isn't enough I can't miss his loud singing.

Some months ago I was waiting for a friend in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel when a bellhop rushed over to me carrying a charcoal drawing. He explained it had been left by a movie starlet and wanted to know if I could possibly identify her. I wasn't any help so he asked another bellhop.

"No, I don't know who it is, but the guy coming downstairs right now is a real movie fan, he'll know her!"

The guy was Johnnie Ray, who identified the girl in nothing flat.

Entering Ciro's I once saw about twenty admirers clamoring after Marlon Brando for autographs.

"My grandmother's sick and I gotta rush outa here," joked Marlon.

"Well, call a doctor and sign our books," they pleaded.

After several minutes of quipping Marlon gave up and signed. When he pulled out in his car one fan teased, "Hope your grandmother gets well."

To which Marlon muttered, "Oh Jack, you *are* solid."

MARLON BRANDO

GORDON MacRAE

JOHNNIE RAY

One of my biggest surprises was to board a LaBrea bus and find myself sitting next to Debra Paget and sister Lisa Gaye. They were going shopping! (And in Hollywood buses are sometimes more convenient than automobiles.)

Another day I saw a group of fans mob Dan Dailey. A friend with Dailey remained patiently aside while Dan talked and signed autographs. None of the autograph seekers recognized Dan's friend as Tab Hunter.

Strolling along a busy street last summer I stopped to look at a window display. I sensed someone in back of me and glanced into the window to see if I could catch a reflection. All I could see were two huge eyes. I guess the gentleman must have read my mind because he remarked, "Big, aren't they?" The eyes belonged to Eddie Cantor.

It's just like running into familiar neighbors while dashing through town.

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the private life of
ERNEST BORGNINE

■ When Ernest Borgnine made his screen debut in *From Here To Eternity*, everyone pictured his private life as that of a brute. Then when *Marty* came out, they said that Ernie was a tongue-tied Bronx bumpkin.

But the truth is that Ernie is neither.

Put the Oscar-winning actor on a dance floor, and he doesn't suddenly develop two left feet. In fact, when he was in the Navy assigned to the USS Lamberton. he won the ship's contest for jitterbugging.

Borgnine is also well-traveled and well-read. When he was eight, his mother took him to Italy, where they attended many performances at the La Scala Opera House. The few places that his ten years in the Navy didn't cover, he made up for when he joined the famed Barter Theater of Virginia. The players toured Europe in *Hamlet*, and hit every large and small town in the U.S.

Gordon MacRae and Dan Dailey were surprised at Ernie's eager approach to the trio's six song numbers in *The Best Things In Life Are Free*. After recording "Button Up Your Overcoat," Gordie said to Borgnine, "If you've never had lessons, how come you sing like that?"

"Have you ever known an Italian who didn't have a song in his heart?" he said.

Ernie says what he thinks. According to him. "My wife loves to barbecue, but I hate burnt meat!" . . . When someone suggested he sounded like Jolson and should record for Victor, he came back, "You must be mad." . . . When critics praise his acting, he pulls out a faded clipping of his Broadway appearance in *Harvey*, which refers to him as "the jerk who talked over the laughs."

Marty would have been shocked at Ernie's practical jokes. At lunch recently he ordered chicken soup with matzoh balls. While the waitress was serving the others, he slipped a ping-pong ball into the soup, and had her flabbergasted when he fished it out and started bouncing it on the table. "Chef's getting a little careless, isn't he?" he deadpanned. No one should consider him tongue-tied after that.

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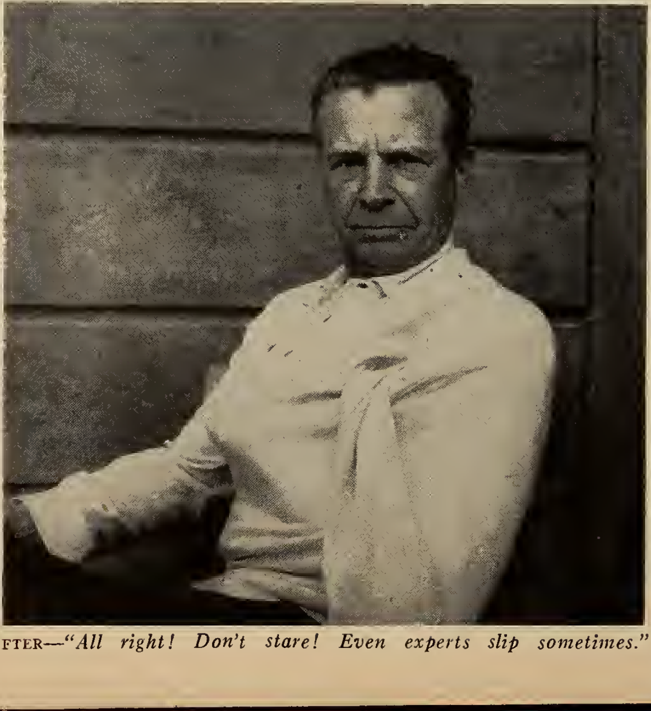
RADIO
PICTURES

The most talked-about movies are coming from the NEW RKO

JUNE ALLYSON—

unregistered nurse

BEFORE—*"See, June," Dick said, "it's easy—anyone can ski."*



AFTER—*"All right! Don't stare! Even experts slip sometimes."*

■ Maybe you remember, last winter, when Dick Powell broke his collar bone while whizzing along on his skis. "The fact that I'm fifty had nothing to do with it," he wrote to a friend. "There was this rock, you understand." At any rate, the story was well covered in the nation's newspapers and by-and-by everyone knew about Dick's busted clavicle.

Few, however, ever heard the the Little Woman's side of the story. It seems that June, having worked steadily for more than a year, wanted to get away from it all. She and Dick had managed to wangle this one week together, and June dreamed of relaxing herself into nothingness in the peace and quiet of Sun Valley. Even movie stars, however, don't always get what they want.

Having arrived at the ski resort they were ushered to their quarters, consisting of a room for two, with bath. This might be sufficient for some people, but not for June Allyson. When she packs, the resultant luggage resembles Burton Holmes' equipment for a world tour, and the inside of the luggage looks as though Bonwit Teller had donated all their tissue paper. In brief, June can spend two weeks packing for one week's trip, and unpacking is pursued with the same meticulous care.

At any rate, the day they arrived Dick threw on appropriate clothes, grabbed his skis and took off for the ski lift. "Come on," he called over his shoulder to the *petite* figure swathed in tissue paper.

"As soon as I finish unpacking," said June.

When Dick returned later that afternoon, June was still at it. "I put all your things away," she said, "but there's no room left for mine. We really ought to have more space."

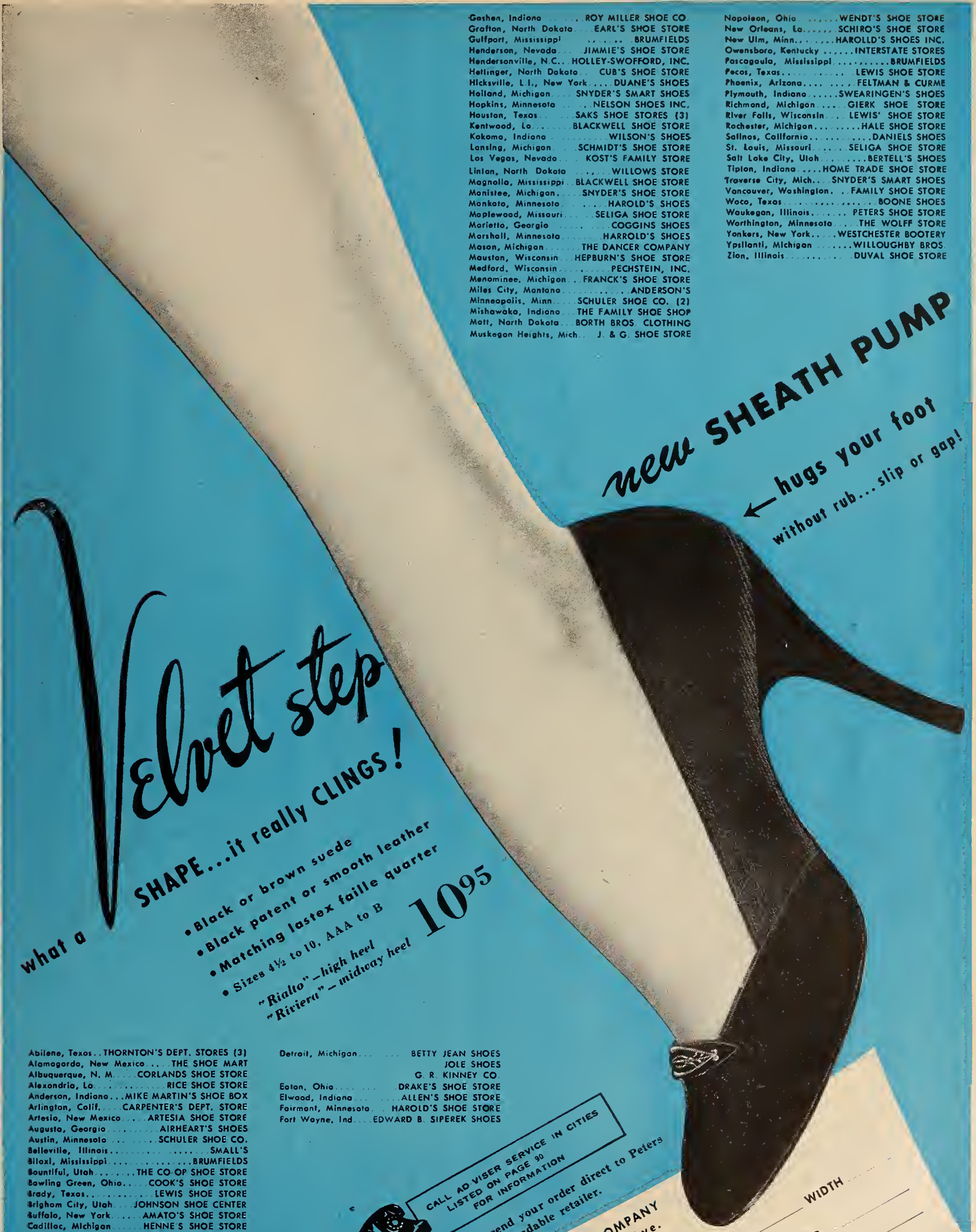
So Dick arranged for a larger suite, and the next morning June transferred Dick's things to the new quarters and began unpacking her own. He stopped in to see her around noon, his face aglow with health. "Come on," he urged. "Get on your skis."

"As soon as I finish unpacking."

She finished that afternoon and surveyed the apartment with satisfaction. It was neat as a pin. Finally, dressed to the teeth in her new ski outfit, June started out the door. Then the telephone rang.

"Doll," said Dick. "I'm in the hospital. I broke something."

She ran to the elevator. "Top floor!" she panted, figuring that all hospitals of such resorts were located on the top floor. There was a roof garden or something up there, so she tried the basement. Nothing down there, so she inquired. The hospital turned out to be on the same floor as their suite, and (*Continued on page 34*)



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JEFF CHANDLER · DOROTHY MALONE

CO-STARRING

WARD BOND · KEITH ANDES · LEE MARVIN

SYDNEY CHAPLIN WITH FLOYD SIMMONS · MICHAEL ANSARA

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL Screenplay by SAM ROLFE Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Universal International

(Continued from page 32)

Dick looked miserable.

"We'll have to go home," he said.

"I guess so."

"Look, Howard Hughes is sending a plane up for us tonight at 11 o'clock. We can get home faster that way."

"Okay," said June. "I'll go pack."

By 10 o'clock, with super-Allyson effort, everything was back in the suitcases. Then they waited for the plane. It didn't come at 11, it didn't come at midnight, and by 1 a.m. it still hadn't arrived. But there was a train that would take them out of there at 2. They decided to take it.

This was a milk-type train, not equipped for vacationers, let alone a man in a cast. They sat together in the one seat available, Dick uncomfortable in his cast, and June barely able to see past it.

"Please," she said to the reasonable facsimile of a porter, "my husband is in pain. He simply must have a bed for the night. Can't you find us something?"

The man piled a mattress on top of their luggage for Dick, and June was given an 1890 style top berth. Dick was ensconced in his "lower," and June was just dropping off into exhausted sleep when her husband's voice floated up.

"I need a pill," he said. "This thing hurts. Can you get me a pill?"

"Your pills are in my coat pocket," said June. "Under your mattress."

Using the three arms belonging to the two of them, they managed to heave the mattress to one side and grab the pill bottle out of the coat pocket. Then Dick popped the pill into his mouth and found he couldn't swallow it. By this time the pain was agonizing. "Could you get me a glass of water?" he said.

"Sure," said June, and then remembered that her robe was in a suitcase under Dick's mattress. Not only that, the railroad employees were incommunicado, as had been proved when she tried to get help in the battle for the pills. There was no help for it—she simply had to wander through the train in her pajamas. She did, and still swears every man on the train was equipped with radar to detect Wandering Women Without What They Should Be Wearing. From Dick's bed of pain to the first available water cooler, June encountered no less than seven males, all unaccountably roaming around in the middle of the night.

The remainder of the trip continued to be every bit as ghastly as the beginning. Los Angeles looked wounderful. June had just entered the Powell living room when the telephone rang. It was the studio.

"We need you for retakes in the morning, at 8 a.m. Glad you're back."

The next morning, in Make-up at 7:30, they asked about poor Dick.

"Poor Dick is fine," she said. "The doctor says the bone will heal quickly."

"But you," they said, "you must have had a wonderful time."

And they never understood why Miss Allyson bared her teeth and growled.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

I should have worn roller skates

■ Elizabeth Taylor looked the part of a flirtatious Southern belle of the 1850's. Ebony curls danced provocatively as she walked and her wasp-waist was accentuated by a voluminous hoop skirt.

It seemed like such a simple scene compared to the others in MGM's *Raintree County*. In the past few days the script had called for Liz to lure co-star, Montgomery Clift, away from his childhood sweetheart, to vividly recall the horrors of her childhood, to give birth to a baby, and to throw a hysterical tantrum.

Today was different. Clift, fully recovered from his accident, merely had to walk into a photographer's gallery. There, he was to see Elizabeth and exchange a short greeting.

So, while the stand-ins kept posted at the taped marks on the floor and the lights and camera were lined up, we talked with Liz, or rather, we listened as she tried out her Southern accent on us.

"There's something about these old-fashioned costumes," she explained. "The minute I put one on I refuse to get out of character. It just seems natural to talk with an accent. Marguerite Lampkin of Louisiana is my dialect coach, and we go over the script daily to be sure I don't slip north of the Mason-Dixon line."

Portraying a Southern vixen has offered other problems besides dialogue. A big headache was learning to manipulate the hoop skirts which measure twelve feet around and weigh a minimum of nine pounds. "I spent two days practicing in front of a mirror," Liz confided, "trying to copy that coquettish glide. Women of that era always looked as if they're walking on melted butter. Frankly, I should have just worn roller skates."

Of course, Clift's auto accident was the biggest set-back. Production had to be suspended six weeks.

Director Edward Dmytryk interrupted our interview and called Liz and Monty for the scene. Monty walked in and was ready, but not Elizabeth. What with the scrims and screens, lights and mammoth new 65 mm camera, there was no room for Liz and her many splendored costume to get through. She tried both sideways and with a full frontal push, but to no avail.

Finally, a crew member disassembled one of the sides of the set, hoisted it up on a crane, and waited while Liz glided in. Then, he lowered the wall around her.

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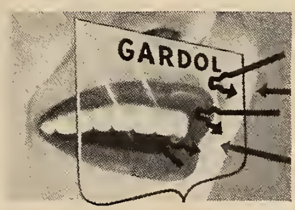

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"Wild" West

Wally Cox's
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Sal Mineo's "Gal"

TV TALK

Elizabeth Montgomery (daughter of Robert Montgomery) and Gig Young are so in love.

Singer Mel Tormé, expert on frontier history and owner of a gun collection, writes Westerns.

Mel Tormé has not only changed his "velvet fog" voice, he also is finding other outlets for his talent besides singing. He wants to be an author. And, unlike many people in show business, he does more than talk about it or hire a ghost to do the actual work. After his unhappy marriage with **Candy Toxton** (now **Mrs. Hal March**) ended, Mel sat down and wrote a Western. What's more, it's a pretty good one. Mel has always been interested in the West, and has made a serious study of such people as Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson. On top of that, he is fascinated by guns and owns a big collection of them. So both the historical background and the "shoot-'em-up" parts of his book are authentic . . . The **Marilyn Monroe-Arthur Miller** romance is of much longer standing than the newspapers would have you believe. Months before the columnists first learned about it, it was an old story to many of their friends. Way back when Marilyn was spending a lot of time with the Milton Greenes in their Connecticut home, she was seeing Miller, who had a place nearby. Incidentally, you've heard of the old custom at theater openings of the audience crying "Author! Author." Well, it no longer happens on Broadway—*except* when one of Arthur Miller's plays is opening. Then the cry goes up; and Miller, in his tuxedo, always comes out and takes a bow . . . We hope the people who work with **Wally Cox** on his new show have been briefed by his old co-workers on Wally's little idiosyncrasies, especially where animals are concerned. They'd be wise, in fact, to eschew using any animals at all, such is Wally's excessive worry about how they're treated. The SPCA has nothing on Wally. Once, when a script called for Wally to dip a couple of goldfish from one tank to another, he refused to consider it until he had carefully checked and rechecked to make certain that the temperature of the water in the first tank was *exactly* the same as the temperature of the water in the second . . . Do you know the one man who's responsible for all the new variety shows on TV? **Ed Sullivan.** His show has been such a success for so long that variety shows are the easiest things to sell to a sponsor. That's the reason **Ray Bolger, Herb Shriner,** and **Steve Allen** all are using the variety format . . . Our prediction for one of the biggest hits in the new TV season: CBS-TV's *Air Power.* This is a honey of a powerful show . . . TV may steal another idea from radio—using one personality to introduce several different shows (like the way **Dave Garroway** pops in and out of *Monitor*). To give, say, Thursday night on NBC a continuity—and to keep you from dialing out—the same emcee will keep popping up all evening long . . . **Bert Lahr** is known as one of the great clowns of our time, but he also is a very serious and intelligent man, with an amazing interest in and grasp of world affairs. . . . All the rumors you read about **Bob Montgomery's** actress daughter **Elizabeth** and **Gig Young** are true. They are in love . . . Speaking of Bob Montgomery, that suave actor-producer-socialite, who delights in his deserved reputation as a raconteur, is beginning to look like—of all people!—**Sherman Billingsley** of the Stork Club. Two more dissimilar men couldn't be found. Billingsley, of course, has trouble getting through even pretty simple sentences; he could never tackle the highly literate phraseology of Mr. Montgomery . . . The most important person in **Sal Mineo's** life is his mother, who is also his manager. When he's in New York, he stays with her up in the Bronx, and when he's in Hollywood he calls her every single day without fail. Sal's entire family takes an interest in his career; one of his older brothers, Mike, has started acting (and he's doing very well on TV) and everyone from Mama to friends of the family helps Sal answer his fan mail. He needs help—there's tons of it! **Maria Riva** has one of the most distinctive mink coats in show business. The skins instead of being vertical, are horizontal—even on the sleeves. And the skins are *not* all the same color; they alternate, one row dark, the next light. Sound strange? Looks wonderful! Maria, incidentally, is not always bubbling with good humor first thing in the morning. One a.m. she got into a cab with straggly hair and not one touch of makeup. "Elizabeth Arden's," she directed the driver. "You can use it," he grinned at her. Maria was not amused . . . People who saw **Anita Ekberg** and **Anthony Steel** off on the plane from Rome to London right after their wedding could hardly keep from hooting with laughter. It was a mighty hot day in Italy that day, but the bride kept her glamorous mink coat on, for the benefit of the many photographers. Anita then, her fellow passengers reported, spent her entire flight time combing out her long blond hair, stopping only to don her mink again—for the benefit of the photographers who were waiting at the London Airport. All very different from some celebrities. How many times, for instance, have you seen pictures of the impeccably well-dressed—and wealthy—**Grace Kelly** or the **Duchess of Windsor** swathed in furs? . . . There was, by the way, one aspect of the wedding in Monaco that was *not* picked up by the press, believe it or not. Here it is: Five members of the Kelly wedding party, including brother Jack and his wife, flew from the states to Europe for the event on a *tourist* flight! It's rather nice, after all the talk of splendor and suites on the Constitution and sumptuous palaces to find out that some of the Kelly family travel just like millions of other vacationing Americans . . . Two stars who surprise you when you meet them in person are **Dewey Martin** and **Hal March.** Both are much shorter than you'd think after seeing them on TV. Dewey, incidentally, is not exactly known for his chuminess during television rehearsals. Usually most of the actors go out together for a quick bite during their lunch break; Dewey prefers to be alone. Of course, he may just want to put a little extra study into his part. He's serious about his career. As is Hal. In fact, New Yorkers don't usually see Hal at the splashy big opening nights; he's more likely to show up, with his new wife (who is almost as tall as he is), at one of those serious little off-Broadway openings. Hal doesn't go to the theater to Be Seen; he goes to learn about acting . . . When **Paddy Chayevsky** is in a social group, he likes to be the center of attention. Paddy unconsciously seats himself so that he is in the center and all eyes can turn toward him easily; he then proceeds to "hold court" in a way. There's nothing show-offy about his attitude; Paddy merely likes to talk and hand out opinions and wax witty. He has opinions and is witty, so his captive audience rarely complains. Paddy *still* hasn't seen *The Catered Affair* in the movies. Although it was based on one of his TV plays, he had nothing to do with the film version (except make money by selling the film rights) and doesn't consider that it's *his* the way *Marty* was . . . None of their friends were at all surprised by the breakup of the **Edward G. Robinson** marriage. It's been coming on for years and years and years . . . **Shirley Jones,** up close in person, looks just as wholesome and peaches-and-cream as her most retouched photographs. She has, too, a placid air about her that is at great variance with most glamor girls. Where they rush or hide behind dark glasses or duck the crowds, Shirley just keeps smiling along. A great deal of inner poise for one so young and inexperienced . . . **Siobhan McKenna** is both friendly and humorous. Although the parts that have made her famous here (in Broadway's *The Chalk Garden,* TV's *Cradle Song,* George Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*) have been serious, Siobhan herself has a delightful sense of humor. She's most hospitable too; if she meets some people she likes in New York, she invites them up to her sublet apartment for a drink and a game of chess.

Hollywood's favorite

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SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
in lotion form

Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Deborah Kerr. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!

Deborah Kerr

co-starring in

"THE PROUD AND PROFANE"

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision.

Look, it's here! The first and only

Richard Hudnut's NEW SILICONED PIN-QUICK

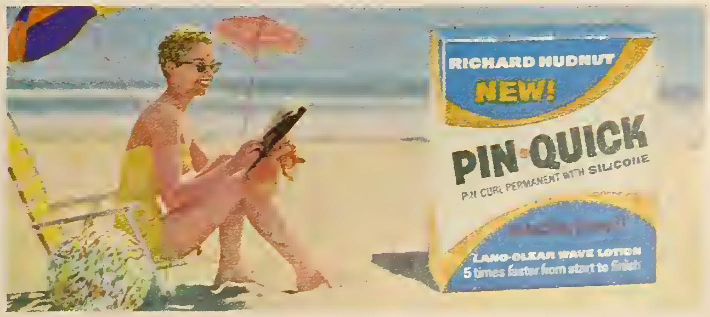
Weather can't weaken it! Water can't wash it out!

Guaranteed to last longer! 5 times faster, start to finish!

Weatherproof Pin-Curl Permanent

You know how ordinary pin-curl permanents are: they start to fade from the first shampoo, wilt on the first damp day. But Pin-Quick curls are locked in to last till you cut them off. You can get a softer, casual pin-curl wave that can't weaken in wet weather. Can't wash out. With miracle-working Silicone, Pin-Quick helps keep your hair soft, lustrous, far easier to manage!

And Pin-Quick's new Lano-Clear Wave Lotion makes longer lasting curls, while it protects them with lanolin. Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. Unlike other pin-curl permanents, you can dry it safely *in minutes* with a dryer or in the sun. See how beautiful a wave can be—when it's New Weatherproof Pin-Quick! $1.50 PLUS TAX

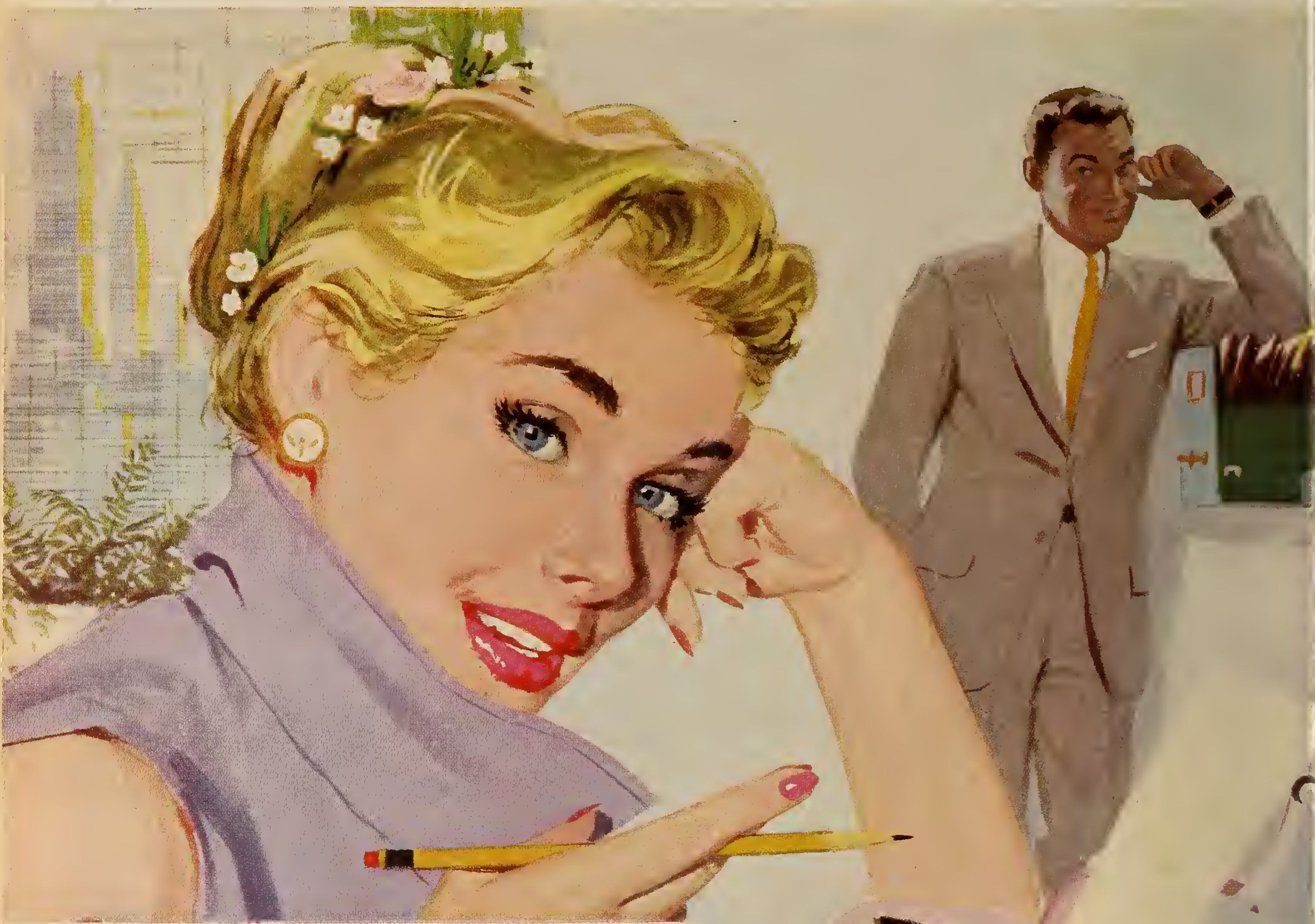

RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW!
PIN-QUICK
PIN CURL PERMANENT WITH SILICONE
LANO-CLEAR WAVE LOTION
5 times faster from start to finish

5 times faster! Dries in the sun or with a dryer in minutes.

RICHARD HUDNUT GUARANTEES NEW PIN-QUICK TO LAST LONGER THAN ANY OTHER PIN-CURL PERMANENT—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

You're Prettier than you think you are!

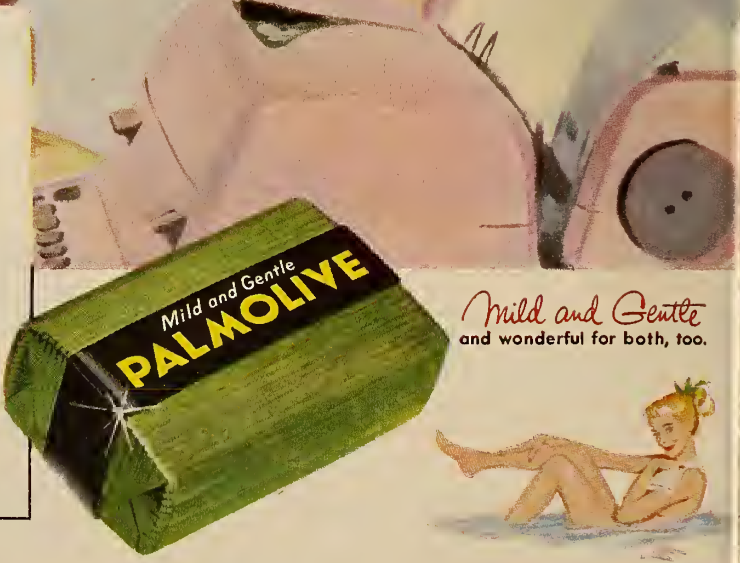
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Prove it to Yourself in 60 Seconds!

1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream. See the ugly smudge the pad picks up? That's deep-down dirt that casual cleansing misses . . . dirt that hides the fresh, natural prettiness of your complexion.*

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! *Rub your face the same way with a cotton pad after a 60-second massage with Palmolive Soap. Pad is still snowy-white . . . proving that Palmolive care cleans deeper, cleans cleaner, cleans prettier! And mild Palmolive won't irritate skin.*



Mild and Gentle
and wonderful for both, too.

New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

EXCLUSIVE

Marilyn Monroe took my hand and pulled me toward her a little apart from the crowding, smiling faces of the sixty-five Indonesian newspapermen and dignitaries who had accompanied President Sukarno of Indonesia to Hollywood. They were encircling her like bees around a beautiful white flower. . . . "I just wanted to say a little private 'hello' to you," she said softly in that sleepy little girl voice of hers. "You have always been good to me, always been my friend." . . . "And you have always been honest with me," I said, fully conscious of the keen disappointment of the gentlemen from the other side of the world who were so eager to get to Marilyn. . . . I asked the question that was uppermost in the minds of everyone where Marilyn was concerned, "Marilyn, what about your marriage to Arthur Miller?" . . .

please turn the page

louella parsons reports on "one of the

(*Continued from preceding page*)

That I had touched a sensitive topic was conveyed in the quick added pressure she gave my hand. "You know I have had two unhappy marriages. I want to be very, very sure this time."

The rest of her answer was unfortunately drowned out by noise, for by now the impatient Indonesians were completely surrounding us eager to talk to, or just look at this girl whom they proudly told me was the blonde screen idol of their country and of all the Eastern world.

The "most beautiful girl in the world," I noticed was loving every minute of this adulation and excitement being every inch the glamorous movie queen as Josh Logan, (her director in *Bus Stop*), host of the party, presented one wide-eyed admirer after the other to her. Marilyn literally was eating it up.

It wasn't long after the Logan party that Marilyn answered my question. "This is the first time I've ever really been in love," Marilyn Monroe's usually soft voice actually sang with happiness when she called me from New York just a few days before her marriage to Arthur Miller.

"Think of *me* getting such a wonderful husband—Arthur's a marvelous person. Not only a brilliant man but a sweet, understanding human being."

Her excited voice went on: "Louella, I think you know better than anyone the unhappiness I have known. I've never really been happy in my life until now."

And then just like every other thrilled bride-to-be she told me quickly of their plans. "We're hoping to take a boat to Europe for our honeymoon. Won't that be grand—a honeymoon on a ship."

I reminded her: "Marilyn, you sound different from the time I talked with you at the Josh Logan cocktail party in Hollywood." "Oh, I was just being on guard," she laughed.

They probably will be NOW honeymooning in the seclusion of the beautiful estate just outside London which Marilyn rented before she completed *Bus Stop* in Hollywood preparatory to her residence in London making *The Sleeping Prince* with Laurence Olivier.

It was known from the moment Marilyn leased the property that her business manager and mentor, Milton Greene and his wife and child (who had shared her Beverly Hills home until she was taken ill during *Bus Stop* and moved into an apartment) would NOT reside with her in the large English house.

Marilyn is a girl who does not like to live alone. There-

Photo of MM by Magnum

strangest romantic matches of all time"

fore, the gossips deduced that she planned to occupy the place with someone else—the best guess being that the "someone" could jolly well be her bridegroom, Miller.

That these two should fall in love will, I am sure, go down in theatrical history as one of the strangest romantic matches of all time.

Both technically in "show business," their particular niches are as far apart as the poles.

Marilyn, the gorgeous sensationalist . . . the sex symbol of the world, the luscious blonde who has lived in headlines.

And, Arthur Miller, the tall (six-foot-two), dark, gaunt, brooding playwright who guards his privacy like it was the gold in Fort Knox and who has never been associated with anything but the most cultural and arty in the theatre.

As I look back on the past year of Marilyn's life, what amazes me most is not that she is in love again but that for so many months, in which she was never out of the spotlight, she was able to keep the identity of the REAL man in her life such a deep dyed secret.

It was not until Miller was on the verge of leaving New York for Reno to divorce Mary Grace Slattery, his Irish wife of many years (they have a boy and a girl age eight and nine) that the talk broke into the gossip columns.

Before this, it had been well circulated that any number of men were pursuing Marilyn. It was printed that Marilyn was still seeing her ex, Joe Di Maggio, the former baseball star well touted as still carrying the torch. Another "hot" rumor was that the millionaire head of a broadcasting company had fallen for Marilyn. The name of Marlon Brando (with whom she dined once) was also linked with the Monroe.

All the time she was suspended and off salary from 20th Century-Fox for turning down two pictures and had entered herself as a "student" at the Actor's Studio in New York, you'd hear:

"Where is she getting the money to live in a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria?" And, after she moved from there, "It costs even more to live on Sutton Place in her new quarters. Some rich man must be interested in her independent company, or more likely, even more interested in Monroe."

Of course, Marilyn heard this gossip. She has always been very hep to everything that is being said about her. But it is typical of this girl I've known for so many years—ever since the late Johnny Hyde (the agent who started her in Hollywood) brought her to my house—that she made no effort to silence the untrue gossip. Marilyn can

(*Continued on page 96*)

Arthur Miller (above)
skinny, sensitive playwright and (left)
the sexiest woman in the world

Rock discloses:

the little things that make a husband happy

by Jane Wilkie

■ He reminded me of a big, happy puppy dog who doesn't know which bone to chew first. I never saw anything like it. Rock Hudson strode into his dressing room wearing Army coveralls of heavy khaki and enormous Army boots (he was making *Battle Hymn*) and informed me with a great sigh of satisfaction that he was very comfortable. It seems that that morning, for art's sake, he'd been doused from head to foot with water, and had just changed clothes. "This is all I have on," he beamed.

Those were his first words, but they sure weren't his last. For a guy who's supposed not to want to talk—you couldn't stop him. And comfortable? Inside and out!

The first thing he did was take off his boots, and wiggle his bare toes in my direction.

"You mind feet?" he inquired.

"I'm not squeamish," I said. "But how about Phyllis? What does she do when you appear barefoot?"

"She takes off her shoes, too."

"Does Phyllis knit socks for you?"

"No."

"Does she darn your old ones?"

"I don't get holes in my socks." He smiled proudly. A model husband!

"How's the dog?" I asked him.

"He's fine."

"Where does he sleep?"

"With us. Demi has very nice bedroom manners," he assured me. "Tell you something, though. He's too dependent on Phyllis. We went to Palm Springs for the weekend and left the pup with Pat, and when we got back he had a bad case of the shakes."

"Poodles are like that," I said. "I wonder how he'll react when there are children for Phyllis to love."

"We're not having any—yet," he said.

"Hmmm," I said. "What are you going to do about the house?"

"We're going to stay put for a while."

"How about drawer space? Have you bought any bureaus yet?"

"Completely furnished."

"But the closets? When I was up there Phyllis didn't have a closet to her name. Your shirts were hogging all the hangers."

"You know that other bedroom? The little one? Phyllis is decorating that one for her dressing room."

"When you decorate," I asked him, "do you and Phyllis agree on colors?"

"I like 'em bright, she likes 'em subdued. So she went out and bought a noisy red chair for the living room. And when I came home and saw it I said, 'Don't you think that's a (*Continued on page 76*)

AQUA-PU

how esther has changed

by LEE CORDNER

■ About a year ago, on Wednesday, July 20, 1955, at shortly after five o'clock of a smoggy Los Angeles afternoon, Esther Williams, 32, formerly employed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios as an actress, drove her late-model Cadillac through the MGM gate on her way home.

Esther was going home to her husband, Ben Gage, and her children, Benjie, 6½, Kimmie, 5½, and Susie, 1½, with extensive plans for a "new" career.

Now it's a familiar gambit to write of the "new" Esther Williams or the "new" any other movie star. Yet it is a matter of observed fact that Esther today *is* quite different from the Esther Williams I first met back in 1949. She lived then in a ridiculously small house tagged "Hodge-Podge Lodge" by her friends. She was one of MGM's most dependable stars, meaning money-makers. Ben had a local TV show called *The Rumpus Room*. Benjie was only a matter of months old and Esther was fighting the good fight with the diapers.

Two years later, in 1951, I sat across from Esther in the "keeping room" of her brand new farm house. It was Kimmie's turn to be only a matter of months old. Ben had given up the TV show to devote his full attention to managing the various business enterprises that Esther kept getting into. And Esther was still the dependable movie star.

"I'm no Ethel Barrymore," she said to me that night. "I have no illusions about myself as an actress. Wet, I'm good. Dry, I'm nothing. The minute the public gets tired of seeing me dripping wet, I'm going to quit and come home and spend the rest of my life being a wife and mother."

I knew Esther well enough to know she wasn't kidding and that she meant every word of it. I also knew her well enough to know that she was an exceptionally gifted wife and mother and that the "husband and kiddies" routine was no false front.

Yet five years (and one daughter) later, Esther walked away from MGM with plans to keep herself busier than the studio had ever dreamed of keeping her, Why? And what was to happen to the children, the ones with whom she was going to spend so much time when she quit?

"The lethargy of staying at the studio was getting me down. I just couldn't sit there any more. We stretched one basic script out over a period of fourteen years and twenty-two pictures. Except for the costumes and the locale, they were all the same. All of a sudden I had to prove that it didn't have to cost over $3,000,000 to make a picture with me and that without forty-eight dancing girls backing me up I was nothing. It kind of made me mad to have people think I couldn't do anything else but stand there dripping wet and then dive back into the pool again."

As for the children, Hollywood had long since learned for itself that the three Gage kids come (*Continued on page 94*)

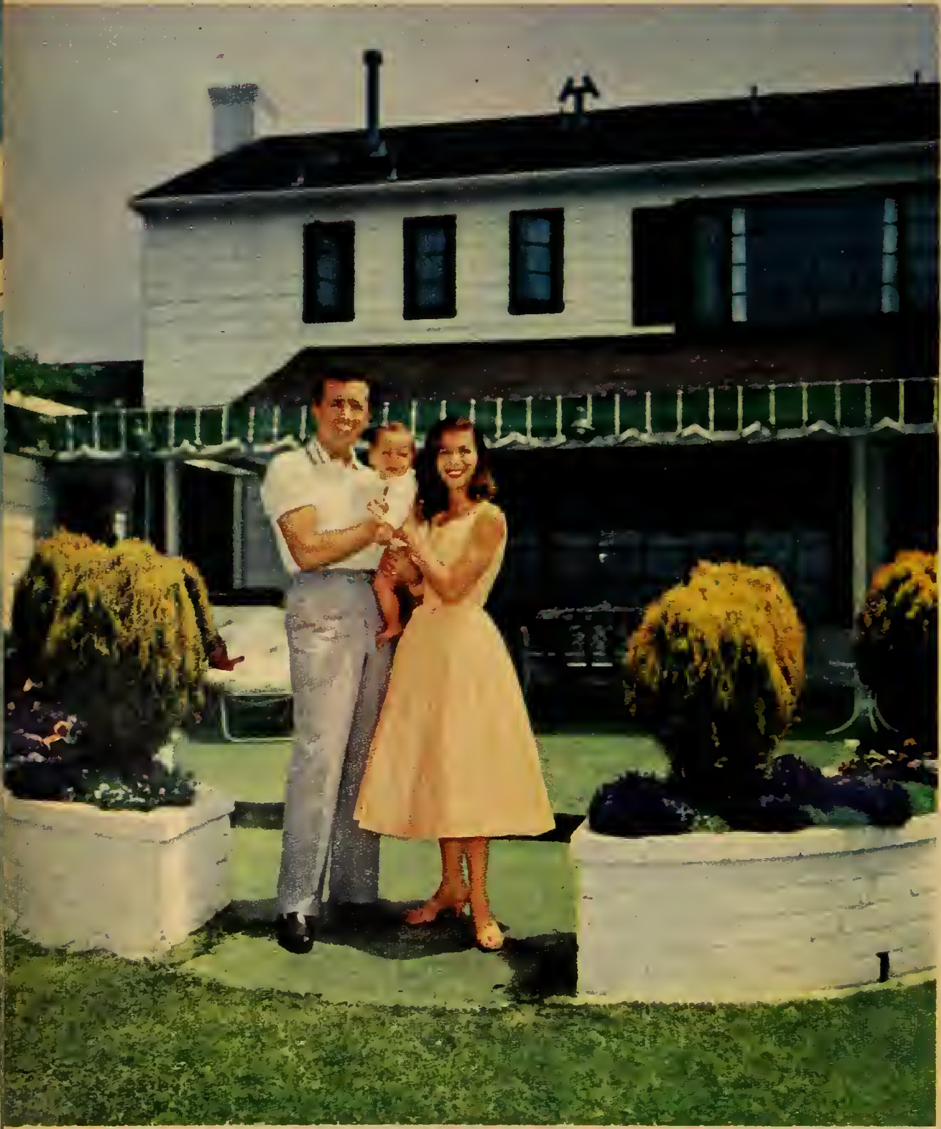
L DRILLIN
ERSFIELD

Esther and husband Ben with sons Benjie and Kimmie

she knew what fame was—what she wanted now was some fun . . .

the Damones' design for living:

the den–with a house around it



Vic Damone is on the road a good deal, singing, shows up at their 10-room house at all hours of day and night. Pier, who gets lonesome, is likely to pack Perry at any moment, and join Vic—and the baby has taken so well to life in a trunk that he actually went to Holland all by himself—or almost!

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

When they are home, though, they collapse happily in the den (top), use the formal living room (directly above) as a workshop! The pink bedroom (left) took Pier the longest to decorate.

by MARVA PETERSON

■ "Say, Vic, you sure you want to go home at this hour?" asked the cab driver who had just picked Vic Damone up at the airport. He'd recognized his famous fare and already he had Vic's best interests at heart. "Four a.m. is an ungodly time for a man to be arriving home. My old lady would murder me if I barged in at this hour."

"Singers and traveling salesmen keep strange hours," Vic commented sleepily. "I'll risk it."

The risk wasn't too great. Pier expected him home some time that night. Vic had called her that morning from New York, as he always does when they are in separate cities. He'd told her how much he loved her, how he missed her, and that after (*Continued on page* 70)

Nick Adams

Perry Lopez

James Stroman

Sal Mineo

Tab Hunter

Natalie Wood:

"LET'S GET MY ROMANCES STRAIGHT!"

by JAE LYLE

■ There was the story that she had eloped with Raymond Burr. Then another story that Tab Hunter had talked her into running off with him, closely followed (the story, that is) by a report that she had taken the fatal plunge with Nick Adams.

None of these were true, of course. Actually, Natalie Wood has never even been engaged—although this doesn't mean too much because she has said that she never *will* be engaged to anyone. Exact quote: "Engagements slow me down. I won't get married that way. If a boy I love and I are sitting somewhere, and we suddenly decide to get married, we'll up and go. That's how it will happen."

But the truth is that it is not apt to happen in the near future, not even with the most favored candidate for her heart, Scott Marlowe, young actor from the Actors Studio group in New York, who is just getting his start in Hollywood.

Of course, Scott, Raymond, Tab and Nick are not the only "He" interests in Natalie's life; other names which fall from her lips these days when she talks boys include Sal Mineo ("He's just a doll!"), Martin Millner, Dennis Hopper, Bob Vaughn, Perry Lopez and James Stroman. One day, while lunching with her girl friend Jackie Eastes, Natalie wrote down the words "Let's Get My Romances Straight" and then listed the names of the boys mentioned above, numbering them, apparently in order of preference.

At the top of the list was Scott. Second was Nick Adams, with whom she worked in *Rebel Without A Cause.* Then came Raymond, who was with her in *Cry In The Night* last year, followed by Martin Millner and Bob Vaughn. Tab Hunter didn't show up until sixth. Sal was seventh and Dennis Hopper eighth.

The list was made at the time Natalie was being co-starred with Tab in Warner Brothers' *The Girl He Left Behind*, and it is Tab whom she has known the longest in her life—ever since she was twelve (she was eighteen last July 20th). And she has been going out with him ever since they first met, for that matter. *But there is definitely no real romance between them.*

"We never even think about ourselves that way," she explained once.

"Why not?" she was asked.

"Oh, the chemistry is wrong or (*Continued on page 84*)

Number-one man Scott Marlowe

how they got to

DEWEY MARTIN tells his story:
The Poor Kid From The South

AS TOLD TO LOU LARKIN

■ You know, a few years ago when I made my first picture, I got more money at one time than I'd ever had in my life. So I sat my mom down one evening and asked what she wanted more than anything else. "You name it, Mom," I said, "I'll get it for you."

Mom looked at me as though I were still a little child. She thought for a minute and then said, "People that are happy don't want anything, but to stay happy. Thank you for offering, son, but I don't need to be any more pleased than I am."

That's the way my mom is. But she has good reason to be happy now. So do I, I think. Mom and I didn't always have it this easy. Not by a long, long shot. There's one thing you ought to know first. I'm thirty-four (*Continued on page 88*)

Hollywood from no place

CAPITOL THEATRE
JENNIFER JONES
NEW YORK FRAME & PICTURE CO
GIFTS
LAURENCE OLIVIER JENNIFER JONES
DANGER KEEP OUT AND KEEP CLEAR
Carrie
BARBER

RITA MORENO: I Fled The New York Slums

■ Three years ago I went back to visit the little room in the Bronx flat in the New York slums in which we had lived, my mother, my brother and I—and I was horrified. It was so small, so drab and dark, so crowded with all the possessions of a whole family living there in one room, the same way it had been when I lived there with my family.

I told the people in the room that once it had been my home and they looked back at me with dull eyes, taking in my new clothes without envy, but seeming to ask a question: How had I ever escaped?

How had I?

It was a long, hard struggle.

There are about a half million (*Continued on page 92*)

Kim's gay adventures in Europe

An intimate diary by Muriel Roberts, her travelling companion

Kim and Muriel Roberts settle down on the Ile de France for their exciting journey to Europe.

■ April 14: *ANCHORS AWEIGH:* Kim and I got no sleep last night. Who could sleep? Both of us too excited. 3 in the morning: Kim decides to have a last minute review of her French verbs. "Je vais. Nous allons. Vous allez." Fine. (I think.) 4 a.m.: Kim remembers some items we forgot to pack. Spend next hour looking for them. 5 a.m.: Time to bathe and dress if we want to arrive at the dock early. 8 a.m.: Up the ramp and on to our stateroom on the *Ile de France.* This is our stateroom??? It appears to be a combination Stork Club, greenhouse and day nursery.

There's a surprise Champagne Bon Voyage party. All her good friends attend and there are roses on the tables, violets on the chairs, lilacs on top of the trunks, camellias floating in the bathtub, and baskets on the beds. (Do we sleep in a spare life-boat tonight???) 2 in the afternoon: When our guests leave, Kim and I make our way to the promenade deck for our last look for nearly two whole months at America. We become homesick. Decide to return to the cabin to unpack. Find invitations to join the Officers of the Bridge later in the evening. Kim thrilled—but sleepy. Napped from 3 to 7. Awoke. Wanted some soup before dressing to meet Officers of the Bridge. Fell asleep again before finishing soup. It's now 11 p.m. and no sign of life from the adjoining room. Haven't the heart to wake Kim. Know she'll hate to disappoint the Officers of the Bridge . . . but . . . . . . !

April 15: We got our sea legs today. Attended Mass in the morning. Kim spent most of the day exploring the ship and posing for pictures with and for our fellow passengers. In evening she was guest of honor at a private dinner party given by Ship Commander Roger Lombard. Through some top secret and mysterious manner the Commander had found out that three was Kim's lucky number. So he arranged to have all the courses served in threes, with the waiters each coming around three times. There were three salads, three entrees, three desserts, three bottles of (*Continued on page 57*)

"We want Kim," shouted Frenchmen wherever Kim appeared. In fact, she became the country's most talked about star.

Kim and Ginger Rogers have a taste of shrimp. This was Kim's first attempt at rich French food so she ate carefully for a few days.

Part of Kim's second day in Cannes was spent listening to gypsy music. Behind her is Mrs. Kirk Douglas.

Kim's adventures: on the gay French Riviera all the

Kim toured Cannes on a rented bicycle. A few nights later, she attended a party hosted by Aly Khan; told him her impressions while dancing.

She could have danced all night—and did until four a.m.—with Egyptian, French and Italian members of the press (notice Kim doing the cha-cha). Even director Otto Preminger got to dance with Kim

men pursued her

Aly gazes at Kim. The girl to right is Bettina, his current flame.

Rupert Allan, her escort, brings a tired Kim back to the hotel.

(*Continued from page* 54) champagne (ooh-la-la), etc. After the hors d'oeuvres Kim whispered to me, "What shall I do, I'll never make it?" She needn't have worried. For whenever she put down her fork for a moment to say something to one of the guests at our table, a gallant (though slightly over-anxious) waiter whisked away her plate. Didn't matter whether she had even tasted the food or not. This wasn't too upsetting until dessert time came along. The chief chef had whipped up a most fabulous strawberry soufflé. When Kim tasted it her eyes widened with pure delight. Then the Commander asked Kim something. And that was that. Wish I had our camera with me to snap the stricken expression on Kim's face when she finished answering and discovered her fabulous soufflé had been replaced by *glacé vanille.* (Translation: plain vanilla ice-cream.)

After dinner, the gala in the ship's ballroom. To Kim it was all very much like a prom—but on a magnificent scale. And the girl who had never been to a prom of any kind in her (*Continued on next page*)

French gasped at Kim's outfit traveling to Italy.

MORE>

Kim's Roman holiday included meeting a Count, Mario Bandini. When Kim went to Venice, he joined her and they took a gondola sail.

Kim's adventures: in Italy, the land of romance,

(*Continued from page* 57) whole life —was now Queen of the Ball. The Commander, who is as French as French can be, led her to the center of the floor for the first waltz and all the other couples retired to the side of the room. For ten minutes Kim and the Captain were the sole dancers in the huge ballroom. It was like something out of an old Viennese operetta and I could see by the look in Kim's eyes that she was relishing every moment of it. Because the Commander wanted to avoid a mutiny, he eventually, if reluctantly, stepped aside to allow the other officers and gentlemen of the *Ile de France*, to have their turn. Kim's theme song tonight might well have been "I Could Have Danced All Night." She did. The sun was peeping through on the starboard side, when she turned in, still talking dreamily about proms and gallant Frenchmen and . . . long lost strawberry soufflés.

April 17: Rough angry seas. Neither strawberry soufflés nor any other delight could have enticed our gal today. I woke at noon. Heard moaning coming from Kim's room. Hurried next door and found I now had one pea-green traveling companion.

"Muriel, I'm awfully sick," she wailed.

"You're just a rotten sailor," I answered, refusing to admit that the heaving and tossing of the ship were making me feel a little squeamish too.

"Can't help it. I'm awfully sick." And back went her head underneath the pillow.

Consulted my handbook for advice on the Care and Coddling of Sea-Sick Sirens.

Returned stocked with dramamine and various and sundry other types of

Kim toured Rome with the Count, went to the Colosseum.

Kim visited the Italian Museum, the Vatican and St. Peter's (above).

Kim, Muriel and the Count picnicked in Venice, where Kim sketched everything in sight and also agreed to pose on a sand-bar for her friends. Muriel found the Count a thoughtful and wonderful person. In his mid-thirties, he is a genuine nobleman as well as a successful businessman. From Venice Kim traveled to Paris (with the Count following), then London, then aboard the United States for the trip home.

she found a special guy

pills invented for just such emergencies. My patient consumed them *all* without protest, and fell off to sleep again.

Decided to write some letters plus a note to the Officers of the Bridge expressing regrets—but we would be unable to join them for dinner. Shipboard version of rock and roll got steadily worse. Decided to lie down myself. Suddenly heard a tremendous crash. Sounded as if the ship had struck an iceberg. (Are there icebergs in this part of the Atlantic?) Scrambled out of bed and dashed into Kim's room. Found her cowered in the top left hand corner of her bed, her green complexion now a chalky white. The poor thing was scared to death and I needed no explanation why. The reason was obvious. Kim's five foot trunk, unable to hold ground due to the ship's violent motion, had toppled over, strewing Kim's clothes all around the room. The trunk itself was now occupying a greater portion of Kim's bed. Fortunately she had awakened in time to see it coming and had been able to pull herself out of its direct path. Spent the next hour getting clothes and (*Continued on page 98*)

JANE RUSSELL'S TEEN-AGE ESCAPADES!

By Jane's Aunt Ernestine Henry

■ At the age of fifteen Jane took a notion to come and live with me in Fontana for a couple of semesters. I can't say it was the most tranquil period of my life, but I wouldn't have missed it for all the tea in China. I still cherish a compliment she paid me. "You're so much like Mother, I never get homesick. Except Mother says, 'Oh dear, somebody phoned—' and for all she remembers, it might be the king of Siam. *You* say, 'Jimmy phoned at 5 after 6, he wants to take you to the picnic Sunday and he'll call again at 7 to find out.' How about moving back to the valley, Aunt Ernie, so you can take my messages for me?"

You can imagine the rejoicing when Jane came to stay with us. At fifteen, she'd developed. Nature'd given her a lovely face. Yes, and lovely curves too. And here I'm going to digress for a minute to get a load off my chest. I've *said* it till I'm blue in the face. Now I'm telling the world. From *The Outlaw* on through *Mamie Stover*, I've sat through Jane's pictures in a kind of dazed fascination. I make no pretense at being a critic of the arts, but I *do* make this statement. She's *got* to be a good actress, for that girl on the screen isn't any more like my niece than I'm like a gazebo. If you're old enough to know what a gazebo is.

They've built her up as a sexboat. Professionally, it's paid off and she's grateful. Personally, it hasn't changed (*Continued on page* 72)

the incredible DOUBLE LIFE of Steve Allen

Evenings at the Allens' Park Avenue apartment are quiet—except for the sound of Steve's typewriter, and Jayne's chatter. When guests come over he quits writing—but that doesn't mean he talks! Mostly he stares at the wall and listens happily to Jayne, who bubbles in private the way Steve does on television.

by ALICE HOFFMAN

■ You would not recognize the Steve Allen you know from *Tonight* if you sat around and talked to him in person.

When you see Steve on his show, you see a genial fellow who plays a pretty mean piano; who sings, not quite like Bing, but nice and relaxed; who cracks jokes, some of them his own; who ad-libs with a flair; who mugs a little, and who may even shuffle off to Buffalo. Seemingly the easiest-going of guys, he does all sorts of crazy things on camera. He rolls up his trousers to prove he has knobby knees (he has); he swims; plays a little basketball; talks to a snake; feeds a porpoise; goes out on the street to sell newspapers or, dressed like a cop, stops the traffic in front of NBC's Hudson Theatre. A spontaneous fellow, you'd say, with hardly any worries in the world. He'd be the life of any party.

Oh yeah?

Steve away from the cameras is an hombre of a different hue. He is quiet to the point of silence. Alone with you, he does not look you in the eye. He will answer questions, in his diffident way, but he hardly ever offers any information, seldom makes a sudden observation. What may sound spontaneous often turns out to be an Allen cliché that he has pulled many times. You soon find out that you have to handle all the small talk and most of the big talk too.

Entertaining in his own living room, he makes like a clam. He has been known to spend an entire evening sitting on the floor, his back to his company, watching television!

At first you think, "Maybe he has a hangover." But no, because Steve doesn't drink enough to call it drinking. Most people could take his monthly ration of grog at one sitting and not even think of hiccupping. He may quaff beer for commercials, but off screen he has trouble worrying down more than (*Continued on page* 77)

ANITA EKBERG'S UNUSUAL IDEAS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE

ANITA'S PRE-MARITAL ANTICS

■ We couldn't believe our ears when we heard what she had to say.

Modern Screen finds Miss Ekberg's views at once shocking and stimulating. We disagree with what she says, but are presenting her controversial notions to you, unexpurgated, in Anita's own words, so that you can make up your own mind about them.

Independent and unorthodox Anita delivered her latest unconventional opinions about love just a few weeks before her marriage, when she announced that *"It's nobody's business but my own if I had twelve affairs up until the day I'm married."* Until this unusual attitude, Anita was amazed at Hollywood's reaction to her friendship with Michael Rennie in the last weeks before her marriage to Anthony Steel. To her it seemed laughable that anyone paid any special attention to the quiet dinners for two they had. She also saw no reason why anyone should question the propriety of Michael visiting her at home. However Rennie was captivated, Hollywood was gossiping, and we think Anita was secretly pleased by it all.

Her story on Rennie is this: *"I met Michael two years ago. I'd always had a crush on him since I saw him in* The Day The Earth Stood Still. *He's so handsome, so smart. I think if I'd really gotten to know him before I met and fell in love with Tony, something interesting between us might have developed . . . But I never actually knew him until I came on the Paramount lot. I was in* Hollywood Or Bust; *he was in* The Loves Of Omar Khayyam. *He came on the set to visit me. You know how people can embrace and kiss on a movie set. It was so with us, but before you know it, some extras are calling columnists."* (Again we wonder if Anita was displeased). *"They called me and I said, 'Ridiculous. We are simply friends.' Can't people be friends without everyone making something out of it? Why can't I admire and like someone else just because I am engaged to be married?"*

Anita has been linked romantically

with many men from Ty Power to Frank Sinatra. But she insists she had only one previous serious love affair before Steel—and that broke up for the daffiest reason!

For more than a year Anita and the gentleman dated steadily. According to Anita, he refused to buy her a $12,000 mink coat which she believed she badly needed to further her career.

"It wasn't as if he didn't have the money," Anita said petulantly. *"He has lots of money. The furrier even promised to let me have the coat for less than half price just for the promotion he would get from my wearing it. But he wouldn't buy it. In other ways he was a gracious, charming host. But not when it came to the coat.*

I said I would make the money up to him, pay it all back. No, I didn't get the coat. It burned me up. You should be able to depend on someone who is supposed to love you.

After I broke up with him, he kept calling me out here from New York every day, right up until the time to go to Italy. Now he sees his mistake. He's willing to buy me not only the coat but anything else. But it's too late.

It will be some other girl who will benefit by my experience with him in the future. When she asks him for a fur coat, he will not be so reluctant to give it to her.

In the meantime, I shall be divinely happy as Mrs. Steel."

ON LOVING ANTHONY STEEL

“*I fell in love with Tony the night I met him. I'd seen him in English pictures in Sweden. Oh God, he's handsome.*

I was winding up work on Zarak *with Victor Mature and Michael Wilding in London. The publicity man on the picture called me up. He said that Mr. Steel (whom he knew) wanted very much for me to go to a première with him in three weeks.*

'I do not go on blind dates. Tell him no', I said.

Instead, he connived with the publicist and the night of the première I was invited to an informal little party in the Savoy Hotel. I had arrived and was in the middle of my first drink when in he walked, wearing a tuxedo.

'Oh, oh,' I thought. 'What's this.'

I soon found out. After introductions and a couple of drinks together, I went to the première with him.

I liked what I met and saw. He was very sweet at the picture. It was The Conqueror. *He grabbed my hand through half of the picture. Afterwards, we went to one night club after another. He didn't bring me home until four. By then I was so much in love.*

We saw each other constantly after that. We were always together, everywhere, even when I was working at the studio.

Anthony flew home with me to Malmo, Sweden to meet my parents and brothers and sisters. My visit, my first in four years, was cut short after two days when I was called back to London for retakes.

Then I returned to Hollywood to start Back From Eternity *at RKO. Anthony followed in ten days. He stayed as long as he could. Before he left he proposed and I accepted. Then he flew to Italy to begin his own picture. It was there that I joined him for the wedding when my own pictures were finished.*

We have our future pretty well blue-printed. It calls for a Hollywood home for now. Eventually we may live in Italy because we both love it there.

To me, marriage is more than just the physical, the mutual attractiveness to each other. I think it would be pretty poor if Tony married me for only my physical appeal. There must be a meeting of the minds. Tony does not act like an actor when he is away from his work. When we're together, we never talk about acting. We talk about everything else. Travel, life, people.”

ON KEEPING TONY SATISFIED

“*After six months, the honeymoon is probably over. We may go to a party. Perhaps my husband is attracted to another beautiful girl. Let him flirt. I don't care.*

I would want Tony to appear interesting to other women. It was his attractiveness that first drew me to him. I wouldn't want him to lose it.

If he really loves me, then I can be very sure of him. He may go around the corner or out on the porch and neck with her. But that's about it.

You try and lock him away from others and you remove the fascination that made him attractive to you in the first place.

If Tony had to be away from me many months where there were no other women, I could understand if he saw a lot of his leading lady. It would not mean they were in love or that Tony did not love me anymore.

In my opinion, most American women hold on too tightly to their husbands.

A wife has no reason to take her husband's freedom away from him. And he has no reason to answer to her for his freedom. If he loves her, he will be back. His time is not hers to take away from him.

Here husbands have to have permission to go out of the house. Why should they? And why should they have to explain where they are going? It's none of the wife's business where they are going.

If you give a husband a long rope, he will hang himself sooner or later, if that is his intent. Otherwise, he will come back of his own accord. Whereas, if you hold the leash too tightly, he will cut the rope.”

ON LIKING OTHER MEN

“*Just because I am marrying him does not mean that I shall never look at another man again. Why should all your attraction for the opposite sex be over when you are engaged or married?*

I have an admiration for all men. Like that Cary Grant. I adore him. If that admiration dies, you might as well kill yourself.

In fact, I don't see why your husband would want you if you did not appear attractive in the eyes of other men or if you did not note that other men were also attractive.

I hate anyone trying to tell me I can't do this, I can't do that.”

Anita will soon blossom out in RKO's Back From Eternity, *Paramount's* War and Peace, *and Hal Wallis'* Hollywood or Bust.

*John Wayne's children tell almost all

■ It was one of the last nights the Wayne kids would ever spend as "a family, all together," and they were making the most of it. Giggling, eating, reminiscing—the works. After all, things were changing. Toni was getting ready to get married (did, too, a few weeks later), Pat was disappearing on location trips all the time now that he was in the movies, Melinda, having turned fifteen, was concentrating on boys, Michael at twenty-one was a full-fledged business man, about ready to put his giggling days behind him forever. So when they found themselves all home on the same evening, for once in a blue moon, they flopped down all over the living room, and gabbed. It was Toni who got onto the subject of their father, merely by pulling a new lipstick out of her bag and showing it to Melinda.

"Remember," Toni said thoughtfully, "Dad's face the first time he saw me in lipstick?"

"Oh, boy," Michael chortled. "Was that something! How old were you—about ten?"

"I was not," Toni said indignantly, "I was at least fourteen. And all the girls at school were wearing lipstick, so naturally, I did, too. And then Dad came over to the house one day, and when I walked in he hit the ceiling. 'You've got make-up on,' he bellowed. 'Oh, come on,' I said. 'I'm almost fifteen, Dad.' You'd have thought I had it smeared an inch thick from the fuss he made!"

"I don't see why you had so much trouble," Melinda put in. "I never did."

"Naturally," Toni said. "I broke the ice for you. You had a cinch. Why, when you got your first formal—"

"Dad went shopping with me," Melinda interrupted. "I didn't know he knew anything about women's clothes, but he has pretty good taste."

"You see?" Toni said. "Whereas when I got *my* first evening dress he really flipped. He stood there looking at me for ages and then all he could get out was, 'You're grown up!' Though I must say he recovered O.K. That was the time he took me to my junior prom in high school, and it was a very nice evening—even though he dances some *(Continued on page 87)*

Toni, Pat Melinda Michael

***There are two sides to every story. In October's Modern Screen John Wayne will answer back.**

The day was hot, so three guys took their gals to the beach

Gayle hurries the gang toward the beach through fields near Sal's Bronx, N.Y. home.

The teams line up and play ball— the hard way. Just about to catch the ball is Gayle, who found Sal to be a pillar of strength.

It started out as a game— and turned out to be a wrestling match with the girls sharing the honors.

let's join Sal Mineo at a BEACH PARTY

"Last one over is a . . ." That's all Sal had to say and the gang fairly flew over the fence leading to the beach. That's Jack Stewart with the radio, Sal, Loretta Schatzkin, Gayle Sheldon (who was Sal's date), Phyllis Roseman and Sal's brother, Mike. The girls all model, and Gayle is also a budding actress.

and had a ball!

They picked straws to see who'd do all the cooking and lucky Sal won. Everyone shared in the eating!

All Ben Cooper wanted was to go swimming in the rain. Was that such an unreasonable request?

GIVE A GUY A BREAK

Ben had been looking forward to Dick Kallman's swimming party, even in a downpour. Margaret O'Brien and Norma LaRoche plied him with music—but all Ben would sing was "I Love To Go Swimmin' With Wimmen'." He played "Over The Waves!" three times. When food came around, he wouldn't eat. "Come on out and at least watch while I swim!" Finally they gave in. Ben stripped, splashed, swam, then asked Dick: "Give me a hand getting out." And that is how Dick Kallman got to go swimming with his clothes on.

the den with a house around it

(*Continued from page 49*) he wound up the recording date he'd be on the next flight out. He promised he'd catch *something* going west, if he had to charter a private plane.

Pier had laughed at his recklessness, but she half believed him. Vic had done crazier things than that out of impatience to reach her in a hurry. Last year he had cancelled dates in Florida, Detroit and Chicago so that he could fly to London, where she was working in *Port Afrique*. The clubs threatened to sue, but Vic simply couldn't stand the separation. He threw caution to the winds and got his agent to book him into the London Palladium, where he could work and be near his wife. He still felt the same way.

"Don't try to meet me," he shouted across the long-distance connection, "but I'll make it as soon as I can."

"I'll be waiting, darling," she promised before she hung up.

And now it was well into the small hours of the morning. Vic had caught a non-stop plane, but it had run into headwinds and arrived five hours late. He was dead tired and now, to top it off, a kindly cab driver was trying to discourage him from going straight home!

"You'd be smart to try that new airport hotel," continued the cabby. "A lot of business men come in late and go right over there to sleep."

"Yeah, I suppose they do," Vic agreed, "but let's try my place tonight, okay?"

"You're the boss," said the man cheerfully, and he drove away whistling, "Lost In A Dream," off-key.

As they headed for west Los Angeles and the Bel Air section in particular, a cold mist blew in from the ocean. It enveloped the taxi and slowed them down to a crawl. Vic dozed in the back seat.

"You sure this is the right way?" muttered the confused driver. "I've never been up in these hills before."

"Just keep going," directed Vic sleepily. "We live at the very top. It's the last house on the right—has white columns in front and the dogs bark."

"Oh yeah, I can see it up ahead," said the cabby with obvious relief. "I hope you make out O.K. with the missus. I see she covered your car over. Good idea to protect it from the salt air."

"Covered what?" Vic sat bolt upright. His eyes were wide open and straining to penetrate the fog. By the glare of the headlights he, too, could see a strange shape in the circular driveway. It was covered with some shiny plastic material.

Before the cab had stopped, Vic had the door open and he was running to investigate. There stood a silver-grey Thunderbird, completely covered with cellophane and tied with a huge ribbon. The card attached said, "Welcome home, darling, from Anna Maria."

A-number-one

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone have been married just over one year. They've known near-tragedy and unbelievable happiness. And none of the newness has worked off their marriage. If possible, they are happier, handsomer, wiser and wealthier than they've ever been.

They are happier because of many things, but the A-number-one reason for feeling so blessed is ten-month-old Perry Damone. This husky, smiling son is remarkable in himself, but he seems miraculous to Pier and Vic, because the events preceding his birth were so harrowing.

As the story goes—Pier had her doctor's permission to fly to the desert for sun and rest while Vic finished up some singing engagements in the east. A few minutes out of Ontario, Pier went to the powder room to brush her hair and freshen her make-up. She stood there, daydreaming and running a comb through her long, thick hair. The next thing she remembers she was thrown against the top of the cabin and back to the floor. The hostess had neglected to tell her the plane was about to land and to take her seat.

After this freakish accident, the doctors feared that Pier would surely lose the baby. Later they held out some small hope. However, if he were born, there were grave doubts that he would be unaffected by the rough fall.

But Perry proved to be indestructible. He was born on September 21st and he hasn't had a day of serious illness to date. Right away he started conforming to his parents' idea of what a little angel should be. He developed tight, curly hair, a toothless grin, and a love for people and dogs.

"He's so much like Vic," marvels Pier happily. "I only have to look at him to know what Vic must have been as a baby. And every day they grow more alike in disposition, looks and sense of humor. Perry even has a gold identification bracelet like his father's. It just kills me to see the same type of gold link band that I'm used to seeing on Vic's wrist on that chubby arm.

"Marisa gave him the bracelet when he was christened. She's his godmother and when she asked me what to buy for the baby I said, anything so long as it's something Vic has, too. Well, the bracelet was the perfect choice."

Little Perry is also a traveling man like his father. When he was hardly four months old Pier had to go to England. She hated to leave him behind, because the pediatrician had cautioned her to be on the alert for any possible after-effects of the accident. So she got him a passport. He flew to London with his wonderful nurse, Marta. They weren't in England very long before Marta begged to take her little charge to the Netherlands to visit her sister. Pier could see no danger in one more short hop so she gave her consent. All told, Perry has logged about 18,000 air miles, and he's not yet a year old.

Coming home

Their second biggest delight is the home they return to after their travels.

"We'll always spend some part of every year in Europe," says Pier, "but a family needs a home base, and I hope this will always be ours."

The house that Pier and Vic bought, after renting a few smaller homes, is at the top of Bel Air. It's at the absolute end of one of those winding mountain roads that makes Bel Air so spectacular and so expensive. Pier saw the house first and completely succumbed to it. The view of the hills and the distant ocean reminded her so much of Italy.

Vic was a little more practical in his approach. He liked the American Colonial architecture of the house with its velvety green lawn, but he didn't want to be stampeded into a quick sale. He wanted to be sure that they bought a house whose real estate value would increase, if anything. He wanted a house that was large and well-built, so that it would take care of their family needs for a long, long time. And he wanted a house that wouldn't look dated in a few years.

Vic asked Paul Trusdale, a friend and real estate developer, to look at the house with him. The expert checked the construction, the taxes and the future of the neighborhood. He pronounced it a "find." Vic not only bought the ten-room, two-story house, but also the lot next door for a future pool and guest house.

Once Vic agreed to buy the house, nothing could stop Pier. She plunged into the job of decorating as though her life depended on it. She drew floor plans. She made scale models. She worked out her color combinations, and she bought a lot of fine paintings by a young Frenchman named Jean Tabead.

"It's a wonderful way to make the months speed by," Pier confided to her sister not long ago. "You start measuring, budgeting, ordering and reordering and by the time the house is half-furnished the baby is here."

And that's about what happened to Pier. She chose all her paint colors and wallpaper before they moved into the house, so they wouldn't have to live with that topsy-turvy mess. As soon as the painting was done, she and Vic moved into an empty house, and for months they ate off a borrowed card table and sat on borrowed chairs, while the Herman Schlorman Co. made their furniture.

Den of Damones

Pier went to just one decorating firm (owned by friends of Vic's), because her obstetrician didn't want her traipsing from store to store, hunting for just the right piece of furniture. She outlined her ideas of how she expected to use each room and then she and the professional decorators went to work assembling a whole house. She explained to them that the den would be the family's room. She and Vic eat breakfast in this sun-filled room and have a snack here at night. They watch television and scatter the evening papers around in here. As Perry grows up, he can drag in his toys and books, if he wants to be near his parents. Anything goes in the den.

Charles Jehlinger, late president of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, was renowned for his tyranny. His pet hate was dead space in a scene. During a performance by his students, he roared: "What is this interminable pause?"

"I think," quivered one of the actors, "it's the end of the play!"

Walter Winchell in The N. Y. Mirror

Trying to fit all these needs into one room took a little thinking, but Pier managed. She put a dainty wrought iron table and chairs at one end of the room. The glass top table with the pale blue frame seems to disappear into the background when no one is sitting around it. But when the Damones are having their usual morning meal of two raw eggs, fruit and coffee, it is very much there.

At the opposite end of the room is the fireplace and a television set. A contoured couch and coffee table face this side of the room, and separate the eating area from the den part.

"We only expected to use the den when we were alone," says Vic, "but it has such an easy, informal air that we can never get our friends to move into the regular living room. The den gets all the company and our pink and black living room is used mostly as my rehearsal studio.

"The boys—Johnnie Williams, Ian Bernard, Sid Bulkin and I—go in there where the piano is, to rehearse my new numbers. We work out night-club routines and figure out my whole act. I'm away so much that it's darned nice to be able to work at home some of the time."

The chair fixation

Vic also transacts a lot of business in his second floor office. He had a huge, custom-built desk and floor-to-ceiling cabinets and shelves put in the extra bedroom. It makes a handsome and useful office. Vic selected his own wallpaper and all the fabrics. And he was particularly fussy about the chairs.

"I have a fixation about chairs," Vic admits jokingly. "Most of them really aren't comfortable. I believe that you've got to feel a chair the moment you sit down, or it's not the right chair for you."

He tested all the chairs and couches Pier was considering buying. Before he'd let her keep any of them he tried them out. He insists that guests in his house test, too, and he's right. Sitting at the Damones' is exceptionally comfortable.

The master bedroom was Pier's special delight. She spent weeks picking out the right shade of delicate pink for her sheer curtains and bedspread. She selected only the most fragile-looking French furniture. And it was worth all the effort, because the room is like a pink cloud. Just brushing her hair in this room gives Pier a happy glow.

Provocative Pier

Being married has wrought a subtle change in both the young Damones. They have more assurance, more confidence. Having the baby and a home of her own has been responsible for Pier's changing from a sweetly obedient daughter to a poised and provocative woman.

"And does she have self-confidence," laughs her husband. "In her last picture she was supposed to sing a French song and then do one half of it in English and one half in Spanish. The studio expected to dub in a professional singer's voice, but no. My wife said she would do her own recording, so the director called for a full orchestra, a musical conductor—the works. And my shy little bride, who'd never even watched a recording session, stepped up to the microphone and did the sound track on the first take. Now RCA Victor wants her to sign a record contract!"

Pier is wise in wifely ways, too. She adores her handsome husband and she shows it by always looking her best, being cheerful—and just a little demanding.

"It's good to tell a husband you're in love with him," says Pier. "Girls should do this more often. But then you must also make him appreciate you, too.

"To show what I mean. Before we were married Vic had a bad habit of always being late with me. Finally I told him that if he really loved me, he'd think of me an hour before our date and then he would be on time. He liked my reasoning, and he's never been late since."

Vic has matured in other ways as well. When he first hit Hollywood he was so caught up in the excitement of show business and his own success that he couldn't stop anyone or anything. He didn't have time to catch his breath, much less plan for the future. But having a wife and a son has changed Vic's values. He's no longer self-centered. In fact, he's always thinking of others. He thinks of ways to make their work lighter—for Marta the nurse, and Adriane, the Italian-speaking cook. He's forever bringing Pier flowers or a sweater or a piece of jewelry, and he's on wonderful terms with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Pierangeli.

These character changes are beginning to be reflected in Vic's singing, too. It has gained new depth and richness. His friends have noticed this for some time. His fans are responding, too, and his latest Columbia record, "The Street Where You Live," looks like a million-seller. But that's not what Vic Damone counts as his greatest blessing.

"I've got my wife, I've got my son, I've got a beautiful home," says Vic humbly, "I can't ask for anything more. I'm the most happy fella." **END**

Pier can currently be seen in Somebody Up There Likes Me *(MGM) and will soon appear in Columbia's* Port Afrique.

jane russell's escapades

(*Continued from page 60*) her. Under any conditions, she'd have grown into the human she is—honest to the bone, hating sham as she hates little else, living by an unshakeable set of values that have nothing to do with stardom. My point is that she's *not* the sexy type—and don't holler before I explain what I mean.

Of course the boys buzzed around, attracted and attracting—which is the healthy and normal thing. Jane inherited her goodly share of the instincts old Mother Eve handed down the line. But she used them *her* way. Never once did I see her give a boy the come-hither, never once did she flaunt her charms nor make herself obvious. Her approach was frank and direct. If she liked you, you knew it. If she didn't, you knew it sooner. There wasn't a wriggle nor a fluttering lash in her make-up. There isn't today. Watch her on the rare occasions when she steps out. You'll notice that she doesn't wear the sheerest hose nor the skin-tight gown. You'll notice that the neckline's somewhere up around her chin. She detests all forms of exhibitionism and being stared at is her idea of no-fun.

Having spoken my piece, let me try to give you a picture of the 15-year-old. As though it were yesterday, I can still see her at the dinner table, eyeing her spinach. At our house you ate your spinach. My husband said so, and the few laws my husband made you didn't break. Anyway, not when he was looking. I can still hear Jane saying, "If I could just cut my head off, shove the spinach in and stick the head on again." To this plea, her uncle remained unmoved. Down went the spinach.

A generous warmth

Her outstanding quality was the kind of generous warmth that would have endeared her to a cannibal. She never owned a stitch that Pat (my only daughter) wasn't welcome to. "You like it? Take it. It's too small for me anyway." More important than money, she gives of herself without stint. From childhood on, she has always carried a torch for the underdog.

Basic goodness and all, I often found her hard to handle. I'd go out and she'd decide to clean house. I'd come back and the place would be spotless. Now how could she have done all that in an hour? Answer: she couldn't. Stuffed into a huge chair way off in the corner lay a jumble of papers and clothes, all neatly tucked in by a steamer rug. Or Jane and Pat would do the dishes. Real fast. Too fast to be true. Not till I opened the refrigerator did I find the dishes, scraped and stacked away in the bottom. Of course they never pulled the same stunt twice. *That* dumb I wasn't. But Jane could always dream up a new one. Of the two, I guess you'd call her the leader in mischief. Pat strung along as a willing accomplice.

Whatever mischief was afoot, I managed to get wind of. You don't need magic to know when a girl ditches school. Her teacher tells you. You don't need magic to smell smoke on her breath. "Open your purses," I'd order, and there of course were the cigarettes. I'd squash them and dump them down the bathroom drain. To make a big deal of it would have been foolish. Or they'd say, "May we go to the library?" They'd go to the library all right. For ten minutes. After which they'd hitch on a truck to San Berdoo. Some neighbor'd see them and report. Sometimes I'd punish Pat and let Jane off. That way I punished both of them: Pat taking the rap made Jane feel terrible.

Believe it or not, those crazy kids used to amble over to Route 99—no country by-road, mind you, but a six-lane highway zooming with motor traffic. There they'd judge their distance, flop as close to the road as they could, without being hit and lie like dead till the headlights of some car picked them out and squealed to a stop. Meantime they'd scamper off to the orange grove, giggling their fool heads off while the petrified passengers hunted for sprawling bodies. This was their notion of a rib-tickling joke.

At the end of the year she went home to her mother (my sister Geraldine). Jane kept coming back for weekends and holidays. And when my sister and I got together, which was often, what would we chatter about except our children? Jane's doings were as familiar to me as Pat's.

By the time she became a high school senior, she could stay out till 1 for Saturday night parties. Any boy who brought her home later, no more dates with *him.* "But, Mrs. Russell," one young man protested, "my *car* was stripped—"

"They didn't," she asked, "take out the engine, did they?" And that was that.

In jail

There was another rule. Not exactly a rule maybe. More like a deal. "Jane," said my sister, "I never really fall sound asleep till you're in. I know you're all right, I trust you completely. But every mother worries about possible accidents. So just come to my room and say, 'Mother, I'm here.' Then I'll go off like a baby."

One night she kept waiting for "Mother, I'm here," and waited till 2 a.m. when the phone rang. Sure enough, Daughter. "Ma, I'm in *jail*. Come and *do* something." What my niece called jail turned out to be the Santa Monica Police Station. Sister found boy and girl sitting side by side, eyes big as turnips, scared half out of their wits. Still, Jane wore her stubborn look.

"We've got nothing against *her*," the sergeant said. "I *told* her she could go. But the boy ran through two stoplights. We're holding him till his guardian gets here."

Typically, Jane was loyal. "As long as *he* has to stay, I'm sticking with him."

"Me too," said Jane's mother, who sat herself right down on the steps beside them. Which cheered everyone up.

Then there was the night Jane made it under the wire, but just about. She'd gone down to the beach with a bunch of girls and phoned that she was staying out for the evening. Well, it stood to reason that she hadn't stayed out for a hen party. "Who brought you home?" asked her mother.

"Bob Waterfield."

Sister relishes that story. She always winds it up with the same comment. "First time I ever heard the name. By now it has a kind of familiar ring."

About boys and Jane she never worried. About school and Jane she did. She wanted Jane to graduate. *Not* to graduate struck her as a kind of disgrace. Math was Jane's biggest problem. Only Jane didn't worry about it. If she flunked math, it wouldn't be the end of the world—an attitude that staggered her mother, who arranged for special coaching each morning from 7 to 8 a.m. Jane studied hard in these pre-school sessions, but began to cut her actual math class. One day her mother saw her darling daughter strolling down the avenue when she should have been in class. That was a real blow. My sister started to pray in direct simple language. "Lord, you gave me this kind of girl. What shall I do?" He must have told her to take the girl as He'd made her. Because presently she dried her eyes, blew her nose, calmed down and went about her business. And Jane managed to graduate.

A letter from Jane

Sister treasures the memory of a letter Jane wrote her from Banff, where she'd gone on vacation with friends. It ran something like this. "Mother, you've brought me up beautifully and you'll never have any regrets. But *I'm* a person now and you're a person. When you're a child, your mother decides for you. Now I've got to make my own decisions. I've stopped being a child."

All right, she'd stopped being a child. So shift to a few days after her return, when she took ill in the night. Nothing serious. Some minor upheaval or other. But down the hall rang the cry—"Mama! Mama! Mama!"—exactly the same as when she was nine. Her mother of course went running, thought I shouldn't wonder if she smiled a little as she ran. Seems children don't grow up in all directions at once. The process is gradual.

It was shortly thereafter that all the publicity started over Jane Russell, the great big volumptuous vamp. (Yes, I know the dictionary word, but *we* call it volumptuous.) Actually, our Janie was green as grass and pretty well upset by the whole business. Yet in calling herself a person, she'd whacked the nail on the head. You couldn't force her into any phony mold. You couldn't make her pretend. The few people who met her realized this. One woman, for instance, came out to do a story. Jane was in bed, getting over a cold, her hair loose on the pillow, a little bed-jacket on. Interviews were strange to her at the time. "I don't know what to *say*," she blurted. The woman looked from Sister to Jane and back. "Siren!!" she gasped. "Good heavens, that *baby?!!*"

Jane and *The Outlaw*

But the climax came with the opening of *The Outlaw* in San Francisco. Pat went up with Jane. Certain disturbing rumors reached our ears and since Geraldine couldn't leave the boys just then, I acted as her stand-in. By the time I got there, Jane was beside herself, screaming up and down like a wildcat over the way they had pictured her on the billboards. I'd seen them enroute to the hotel and felt like screaming with her. Instead, I listened. To Jane in her wrath. To a horde of people with advice, telling her to sue, to break her contract, adding to her confusion. My niece (*Continued on page 74*)

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When she gave birth at home, Jan Sterling had

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF HER LIFE

■ Six months ago Jan Sterling defied convention when she refused to go to a hospital for the birth of her first child. He was born—by Jan's choice—in her own bedroom.

Adams Douglas, the handsome, six-month-old son of Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, is descended, through Jan, from John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States. Jan is much prettier than John Quincy Adams; but when she speaks, she shows that she has inherited a great deal of his independence and courage.

"Having a baby at home without even an aspirin for an anesthetic before the birth is not painless. I defy any childbirth—even natural childbirth—to be painless. But it's a pain worth bearing. It's a pain that makes you understand that you are achieving something. And the minute your baby is born, the pain is over.

"You're not sick when you're going to have a baby," she says. "But hospitals treat expectant mothers as if they've got some terrible disease. You can't get out of bed, you can't have visitors, and you're so full of drugs you can't even think about the wonderful thing that has started to happen to you.

"As soon as Adams was born, I was aware of the wonder of everything. I felt like I'd just swallowed three cocktails. I felt like I did the night before Christmas. I was so happy that I could hardly keep from laughing."

Of course Jan admits that "Everything that happens isn't fun." Adams was born at one in the afternoon, and her labor pains had started around 7:30 that morning. Anesthetics were handy if she wanted them. But, like so many believers in natural childbirth, she found that they just weren't necessary for her.

"When the pains got bad, I went into the bathroom and held on to the edge of the sink. It wasn't much fun then, but Paul was with me all the time.

"And the minute the baby was born, Paul came over and held my hand and said, 'He looks like he's just won a street fight, Jan.' Half an hour later the doctor allowed Paul to hold the baby in his arms.

"I wasn't sick or exhausted. I ate hamburgers and baked beans for supper, and I was allowed to keep Adams at my side every minute. And that night Adams slept in the bed between Paul and myself. Sick? Frightened? I have never before been as happy. I do not know whether I can ever feel as wonderfully happy again."

Jan Sterling is in 1984, co-starring Edmund O'Brien.

(*Continued from page 72*) was just twenty years old. She needed help. I slipped out and asked to see Howard Hughes. It was our first meeting but I saw no point in pulling my punches. I gave him our blunt views on the sensationalism. He gave me a straightforward look. "Well, you know, Mrs. Henry, I can't make a Shirley Temple out of her."

Laughter breaks the ice between people. We had a long talk. Then I marched myself back, cleared out the whole kit and caboodle of advisers and sat Jane down. "I've just come from a chat with Mr. Hughes," I told her. "I found him a very nice man with a lot of problems here that you and I can't even begin to guess at. His judgment may differ from ours, but he honestly thinks this is the way to sell his picture. And it *is* his picture, his time, his energy, his millions of dollars. I wouldn't be too angry with him just because he doesn't see things the way we do."

She listened quietly and when I got through she thanked me. Jane's a fair-minded girl. "Nobody else ever bothered to show me his side. What should I do?"

"Well, I certainly wouldn't sue. I wouldn't do anything. I'd just go home."

So she went home and married Bob.

We all knew by then that Bob was the one and only. We knew they'd marry, but didn't know how or when. Except my sister always said: "He'll never stand still for an elaborate wedding, not *that* one." Jane didn't give a hoot. To her, the thought of eloping was a big thrill. The day before Easter they drove up to Las Vegas with another couple and saw this little church. Bob sent Jane in to see whether she liked it. She *liked* it all right. It looked heavenly, all banked up with the most gorgeous flowers. For Easter of course. "For me too," Jane decided and didn't even bother to go out and tell Bob this was it.

"Will you marry me?" she asked the minister.

"When?"

"Right now."

He seemed puzzled. "Where's the groom?"

"Out in the car."

"Well, if you'll fetch him in, I think w can manage it."

Meanwhile at home they were putti on an Easter play. My sister was call to the phone, wearing the trailing robes Mary Magdalene. "Mother, we're marrie came Jane's voice from Las Vegas.

"Good. When will you be back?"

I asked her if it hadn't been a shoc Her eyes twinkled. "Ever take a goo look at Bob's shoulders, Ernie? I was ve glad to shift the responsibility from mi to his."

Meant for each other

He's never given her cause to chan her mind. "Waterfield," she says, "w handpicked by the Lord for that girl. H loves and understands her. He knows ho to handle her and she respects him for They're both strong-willed characters b he's the head of that house, and to be th head of Jane's house is no small job. used to watch them before they we married. They'd feud and fuss and mak up, then start the whole thing over agai from scratch. Bob's a stickler for promptness. When they had a date, he expecte Jane to be ready by the time he got ther Once she *wasn't* ready. Well! No girl wa going to keep *him* waiting. First thing heard was his car roaring out with a ban Next was my daughter wailing, 'Mothe he's *gone*, he's *gone!*'—as if the earth ha swallowed him up for good. Half an hou later back he steams and out she goe with him, meek as any lamb. I don't kno what Jane would do with a man who le her walk all over him, like some husband do. I suspect she'd never have marrie him in the first place. As it is, she'd rathe please Bob than anyone in the worl Which is how it should be."

Bob's a poker-faced guy. I don't thin I've ever seen him howl with laughter But he's got a dry humor that tickles Jane

Sister tells of the morning she droppe by as Bob was leaving. Jane sat at th table, grumpy as all get-out. "What' wrong, Daughter?" asked Geraldine.

"Nothing," cracked Bob. "She just wake up *sweet!*"

The fact is there's no living with he till she's had her coffee. "I hate people, she growls, "who grin before breakfast. She's a pepper-pot too and can fly off th handle over nothing.

It's no wonder to me that Jane's nerve fray now and then. Everyone's trouble are her troubles, and even her vitality ha its limits. When she goes day and nigh without rest, that's when it's best to kee your distance from Jane, who needs he sleep even worse than she needs her coffee. In the end, completely worn out, she'l hit that pillow, sleep twelve hours on night and ten hours the next. On the thir day you can talk to her. Or she'll talk t you first. "When children don't take thei naps," she'll explain, "they get naughty.'

Sentimental Jane

Jane makes a point of not being sentimental. But the Waterfields celebrate *tw* wedding anniversaries—Easter Eve, which is a movable day, and the date itself Uh-huh, she's not sentimental, but she's been overheard calling the baby "Mother's little Toodledeoots." And she'll probably have my head for spilling that item. They got him when he was six days old and named him Buck after Bob, who used t be called Robert Waterbuckets on the football field. He's a beaut, with baby no-color eyes, which are turning brown. This pleases Jane, since she already has a couple of blue-eyed children. They planned to keep the news of this third adoption t themselves for a while, but little Tracy leaked it by telling the whole school.

I can't help smiling now over one o

those positive statements Jane used to make before she reached the age of wisdom. "I'm certainly not going to bring up *my* children the way Mother did. Mother says, 'If you do thus-and-thus, I'll feel so bad.' Not me. Because children don't *care* how you feel. I'll tell them *they're* the ones who're going to suffer. I'll say, 'Of course if you run in front of a car, you're bound to get hurt. But run in front of a car if you want to, that's *your* affair.'" Needless to say, she's changed her tune.

One day the housekeeper took Tommy and Tracy to spend the afternoon with Bob's mother. On the way home a car rammed them. Jane had gone to a movie with Geraldine, and Bob had arranged to meet them when it was over. As they left the theatre, a traffic officer came up. "I don't want to frighten you," he said, "but there's been an accident, and your children are in that ambulance that just went by. I don't think they're badly hurt—" Jane never spoke. Just turned green. Bob brought the car around. He's a person of great self-control. Sure, he wanted to break all the speed laws but drove extra cautiously because he was shaking inside, half out of his mind. At the hospital they found Tommy unhurt. Tracy's face was all blood. When the doctor washed her off, however, there was only a little scratch about this big. The kids took it in stride. "We had a ride in an ambulance," they chirped. It was the grown-ups of course who suffered nightmares.

A close family

When people wonder whether you can love adopted children as well as those born to you, I think of the Waterfields and give them a rousing yes. No children could be better loved or cared for. And it's not the material things I have in mind, it's the togetherness, the sense of sheltering family. Bob's a man who'd rather be caught dead than demonstrative in public, but with the young ones he can't keep his feelings from showing. About table manners and such he's exacting, as I think he should be. But I wish you could see his face when he rassles with Thomas and teaches him the holds. Or when both kids go running to meet him and he squats and catches one on either knee. "He's not waiting," says Geraldine, and her words hold a special meaning for both of us. Lots of men don't fuss too much with their children as babies. Her husband didn't. But when they lost little Billy at fifteen months, he was pitiful in his grief and bewilderment. "I was waiting for him to grow up," he mourned and mourned. Waterfield's not waiting for his kids to grow up. He enjoys every minute of them.

With three in the family now, he thinks they should quit. Jane thinks they ought to have a sister for Tracy. Ask her who's going to win out, and she'll give you the wise wife's smile and the wise wife's answer. "We'll see," she says.

I could go on about her for hours, but enough is enough. So I'll just tie it up with a bit of dialogue. Before starting this story, I talked it over with Sister. "Don't drool over Jane," she warned me. "She won't thank you to paint her the angel she isn't."

"Well, how would *you* size her up?"

"Between us, and don't quote me, she's hard to beat. But then I'm her mother."

"But then I'm her aunt, and of the same opinion. Does that make me a drooler?"

She chuckled and leaned over to pat my hand. "You know something, Ernie? You say whatever you want as long as it's true. And as long as you don't call her Toodle-leoots." **END**

Jane can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film The Revolt of Mamie Stover.

This new golden richer shampoo makes your hair obey . . . Makes it instantly easy to manage . . . because Pamper can't dry your hair. You see—Pamper is so very, very gentle . . .

SO MUCH RICHER,
SO MUCH THICKER
YOU CAN FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE

Pamper
Pamper
GOLDEN LIQUID
shampoo
"Gentle as a Lamb"
Toni
Pamper
shampoo
Toni

Gentle as a Lamb

(*Continued from page 45*) little loud?'"

"You must be a real trial," I said.

He nodded happily. "I'm terrible."

"Do you agree on furniture—on woods, for instance?"

"Both like 'em old, kind of rich looking."

"Do you know a genuine wormhole from a recent awl puncture?"

"Don't know a thing about it." He attacked lunch then, which had been brought to the bungalow. Knowing Rock likes his beef rare to the point of revulsion, I asked about Phyllis's preference.

"She likes it well done."

"Then how does she cook, say, a rib roast?"

"Does it medium rare."

"But what does *she* eat? Maybe the outside slice?"

"No—the second slice. She doesn't like the outside slice. But I do." He grinned at me—sort of a Mephistopheles-type grin. "She doesn't eat much."

"All the more for you?"

He shook his head. "Not since the dog. Demi gets the leftovers now."

"Poor you," I said. "You'll blow away."

He pulled one of those lightning shifts. "Hey! I've got a joke for you. Did you hear the one about the man charged with murdering his wife, and when the judge heard his reason, he withdrew the charges?"

"No," I said.

"Well, the guy said he killed her because of the way she woke him up. She'd been doing the same thing every morning for twenty years and he couldn't stand it any longer." Rock got up from the table and came around to my chair. "If you don't think this is funny, maybe I don't do it right. Now close your eyes."

I dutifully shut my eyes, and with one finger he gently poked me in the cheek. "Ed," he whispered. Then he touched my chin. "Ed." Then the forehead, the ear, then the cheek again, each time whispering "Ed."

It gave me the creeps and I agreed it was a good story. Then I told him one. It wasn't exactly printable, but Rock thought it was repeatable. In fact he went into the other room and phoned Phyllis. He was still laughing when he came back.

A different Rock

I hardly even noticed him walk into the room again—which is something, when a guy as big as Rock makes an entrance. I was thinking about the Rock I used to know, who sat silently while I prodded him for information, looking vaguely miserable—as if he wouldn't mind talking about himself if he only had something cheerful to say. That guy wouldn't have broken off in the middle of a thought to tell me a joke, and if I had told *him* one—there wouldn't have been anyone on the other end of a telephone for him to share it with. It was quite a difference marriage had made.

In the middle of this, as I say, Rock walked back in, and sure enough, he was talking again!

"Listen," he said, out of a clear blue sky, "when you were in Europe, did you get to Bavaria?"

"No," I said, somewhat startled.

"You should have. I found a little town away up in the mountains, where all the houses were painted bright colors and everybody skiied all day long. There were maybe 500 people, all red-cheeked and healthy, and I never saw a happier bunch. It was like another world. They were always singing and yodeling."

A far-away look had come into his eyes.

"Hey," I said. "Come back."

The daydream went out of his eyes and he smiled at me. "I'll tell you some real news. I'm going back."

"To Europe?"

"Not only that. To Africa, too. I'm going to make *Something Of Value* over there, and Phyllis will go with me. We'll go to Rome first and have at least three weeks there."

"Wonderful!" I said. "And can you still carry out your plans to meet Phyllis' family?"

He nodded. "On the way to New York we'll sneak into Montevideo."

I didn't have to ask why he used the word "sneak." I remembered the time Rock had gone east to visit his grandmother in a small town. Correspondents had run the phone ragged, and in order to restore peace and quiet to his grandmother's life, Rock had had to leave.

"Then," he said, "we'll go on to New York and see *My Fair Lady.* The next day we'll fly direct to Rome."

"Where will you stay?"

"I hope I can find some little out of the way place for us. It's so crowded over there now. But the hotel doesn't matter. We won't spend much time there. Rome will just be a base. We can take all kinds of side trips—to Naples and Sorrento and Capri. Anywhere we want."

"What are you anxious to show Phyllis in Rome?" I asked. "There are so many layers—the religious, the art, the history."

"Just about everything there is to see. The little restaurants and the Forum, and of course St. Peter's. And the catacombs. I didn't see them when I was there before. Then we'll fly to Nairobi and spend four or five days there getting our wardrobe before the picture starts. Then three or four weeks on the picture, then back here to finish it."

"Will Phyllis be able to stay with you the entire time?"

"The whole time," he caroled.

African safari

"Do you think you'll go hunting? After all, there's something to *hunt* in Africa."

"Everything from water buffalo to tsetse flies. Sure. And Phyllis wants to hunt, too. I may even buy her a go-get-a-lion hat."

"When do you leave?"

"In a couple of weeks."

"Well," I said. "Have a wonderful time. Arrivederci, and all that sort of thing. What are you doing when you're not packing or getting stuck with yellow fever serum?"

"I'm learning to play the guitar," he said. "And Phyllis is taking piano lessons. She's learning What Is A Note. Starting from plink."

"Do you have the hi-fi going all the time you're home?"

"Sure."

"Can Phyllis stand the volume?"

"No," he said mournfully.

"Do you think she ever plays records while you're gone?"

"Sure. Show tunes and things like that. Phyllis loves show business."

"She does? I thought she'd have none of it."

"Not for herself. But she understands it, having worked in the agent end of the business. I get kind of violent sometimes about my work, and she understands I have to get things off my chest and then I'll be a happier character. I can talk to her about it. The first part of the Sunday paper she grabs is the drama section."

"And you?"

"The funnies. I'm lucky in more ways than one. I have a wife who doesn't fight with me over the funnies. And we do other things. We're learning to play bridge."

"Just learning—at your advanced age? Why not before?"

Rock shrugged. "There was always gin rummy, I guess."

"How about sports? Tennis, anyone?"

"Neither one of us plays. We're more than happy to be anywhere near the water."

"What for? Phyllis doesn't swim."

"Oh, she's learning," he said proudly. "The swim fins help. But it's the combination of the sun and the sea that we like."

"Like your trip to Acapulco? Did you fish?"

"Caught my first sailfish."

Most men, talking about their first sailfish, would turn the incident into a tome. They'd tell you the name of the boat, the weather conditions, the tackle used, the time to land the fish, the aching arms, and they'd finish by showing you a snapshot. Not Rock Hudson. Not these days. He's got too much else to talk about to linger anywhere. "Phyllis goes fishing, too. Loves it. Used to go hunting and fishing in Minnesota with her brothers and sisters."

Phyllis escapes with her life

A horrible thought hit me. "If Ed murdered his wife because of the way she wakened him, how come Phyllis has escaped with her life?" In his bachelor days Rock had to be wakened by an alarm clock of the bouncing variety, set underneath an inverted dishpan. Anybody trying in person to rouse him was in danger of having his head removed. During his boyhood, Rock's mother had had to learn to duck; in fact, he had thought of interesting her in a judo course.

"Phyllis seldom wakens me," he said, and we exchanged knowing glances.

"Then how do you manage to get out of bed?" I asked.

"Telephone service."

"Don't tell me a mere telephone is successful," I said.

"It's out of reach. In order to stifle it I have to get out of bed. That usually does it. But some mornings I could murder it."

"And where is Phyllis while you're going through all this suffering?"

He thought a while. "Sometimes she gets up earlier and makes the coffee," he offered. "It takes three cups before I return to consciousness."

"Do you agree on television programs?" I asked.

"I don't like television."

"And Phyllis?" I persisted.

"She loves it," he groaned. "So I watch it. But I still don't enjoy it."

I concluded this marriage is on a 50-50 basis. Maybe he gets his roast beef the way he wants it, but Phyllis, by gum, gets her television.

The stubborn Rock

Rock will tell you any old time that he's stubborn. So I asked how Phyllis got around this particular obstacle, thinking that 6' 4" of stubbornness is quite something to get around.

"She laughs it off," he said.

"Does she sweep the pine needles off the path by the house?"

"No. She knows I like it that way."

"How about your procrastination?" Rock never even begins to get ready for an appointment until the last desperate minute, a habit that drove to distraction his friends of bachelor days.

"She's used to it."

"Does it take her long to dress?"

"Does the whole bit in fifteen minutes."

"Does Phyllis have a hobby?" I asked.

"The house is her hobby," he said smugly, and you could tell this is the way Rock wants it to be.

"Do you take her out to dinner often?"

"Sometimes. She loves it. I'd rather stay home. Why is it all women love to go out to dinner?"

"If that isn't just like a man," I said. "Because, you idiot, they're home all day, that's why. Can't you understand that?"

"It doesn't make much sense to me," he said, with all the air of a man who has found happiness inside four walls and can't imagine wanting to leave them. A home-loving man.

"Now that you've been married six months," I said, "have you run out of conversation? For instance, when the two of you go out to dinner, do you sit there in silence like Old Marrieds?"

He thought about that for a while. "Sort of," he said finally. "Phyllis doesn't talk much. Neither do I."

"That's what *you* think," I thought, but all I said was, "Now, what about silent communion? Take for instance, a woman comes into the restaurant wearing a large pink hat and gym bloomers. Do you have inner convulsions you can share?"

He roared, delighted. "You've got it! We just look at each other and have the time of our lives. I read somewhere that being married is having somebody's eye to catch across a room. Now I know what that means."

"What do you laugh about?"

"Everything. There was the toasted cheese sandwich in Acapulco, for instance. Phyllis ordered one and the waiter said, 'Yes, madam, one club sandwich.' 'No,' she said, 'toasted cheese.' 'Yes,' he said, 'a club sandwich. I'll bring it right away.' 'No,' she said, 'I want a toasted cheese sandwich.' So she ate her club sandwich and we both got hysterical. Silly things like that, we laugh about."

"What do you tease her about?" I asked. "You must tease her about something. You do it to everybody else."

"Well, I teased her into remembering not to throw away my denims when I'd just got them broken in. And I teased her into taking golf lessons, only it backfired. She's a better golfer than I am."

In debt

"What else?" I said.

"I owe her $999,945.25," he said.

"Whatever for?"

"It was a World Series bet," he said. "One million dollars. I lost, but I'm gradually decreasing the debt."

"How?"

"Oh, little bets. Like I bet you 25c that was a Cadillac that just went by, or I bet you 50c that woman at the drug store counter orders a sundae. The only trouble is, Phyllis is smart. It's a slow process for me."

"All right," I said. "What does she tease *you* about?"

"I get jangled," he said. "You know. With words. Like the time Douglas Sirk talked to me about doing *Battle Hymn* after I'd finished *Giant*. He said something about having enjoyed working with me and that he'd like to direct me again. I got so flustered—he threw the compliment at me so suddenly—that all I could think of to say was 'Ditto, darn it.' Phyllis nearly died laughing at me."

"What are you planning to give her for your six-months anniversary?" I asked.

"A can of sauerkraut juice," he said.

"Hmmm?"

"Sauerkraut juice. I've already given her a gift. I got mixed up on my dates and when we'd been married five months I gave her a present, and some flowers and things, and took her out to dinner. So when the 9th comes around again, she'll just get a token gift."

I started to say, "A token of what, exactly?" but I didn't. For the first time, as he talked about the anniversary, even though he joked, there was a difference in Rock. It wasn't that he grew sad, or even nostalgic. But a little of the gaiety went, and was replaced by a tenderness, the sort of gentleness that only a big guy can have in his voice and his eyes.

So I asked him something else. "Were you lonely before you were married?" I said.

He looked at me. "Yes."

"Are you lonely now?"

"No," said Rock Hudson, and this time, his mind didn't go skipping off on a tangent. It rested on that, on coming home to a house twinkling with light, a kitchen where a steak is broiling the way he likes it, and a wife who understands him, and laughs with him. No, he isn't lonely any more. And it's made quite a change in the guy. **END**

Rock Hudson will soon appear in MGM's Something of Value, *U-I's* Written on the Wind *and George Stevens' Warner Bros.* Giant.

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steve allen's double life

(*Continued from page 62*) a half can of the foamy stuff. Sometimes he'll toy with a little mild wine, just to be sociable, and this last year he's developed a vague taste for one goblet of champagne with dinner. But most of the time he just sticks to tomato juice or fidgets with a water glass.

Then you think, "He's just sleepy today." It is true that Steve is the perfect "B" type: He doesn't really start operating until dusk. He hates to get up in the morning, and therefore seldom does. If you meet him at 1 or 2 p.m., he's still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. (This is a big reason, incidentally, why his radio and TV successes have been midnight shows; he would be starving today if he'd been handed many early-bird assignments.) But no; even at 11 p.m., after a good ten hours of sacktime the night before, the off-screen Steve has that same uncomfortable air.

Finally you decide, "He's sick; he just doesn't feel well today." This, too, is not the cause. In the first place, he eats such plain foods that he couldn't have anything wrong with his stomach. He doesn't smoke at all, let alone too much. The asthma he suffered so cruelly from as a boy has practically disappeared. And, although he has a tendency to get a little big and soft, he lost weight on studio orders before he made *The Benny Goodman Story* and has not returned to his heavy scale-tipping.

Give him crowds

To understand Steve's party-pooping, you have to realize that he does not like to see people alone or in small groups, and that he doesn't do it if he can help it. When he has to meet people, he's usually flanked by his press agent or his manager or his wife, Jayne Meadows. With her around, he doesn't have to talk. No one has ever accused Jayne of not being able to handle a little chit chat; with her, it flows and flows and flows. You can almost hear Steve's sigh of relief when she whips into view and takes the conversational load off his shoulders. He smiles, leans back, and leaves it to Jayne. Some people have left their Park Avenue apartment after spending an evening with the Allens and, when Jayne's voice stops ringing in their ears, realize they can't remember one statement from Steve except lines like "Yes, dear," and "The dinner was wonderful."

"This is a *comedian?*" you ask yourself.

Yes, this is a comedian—merely not one that is "on" all the time. Before he can relax and wax witty, Steve Allen has one requirement: a great big audience down front. George Burns and Groucho and Phil Silvers take one look at a small group of people and immediately turn it into a bunch of grinning faces. Steve, finding himself in an *intime* set-up, either looks expectant, gazes off into the distance, or literally squirms. He readily admits that he doesn't feel at ease until he stands on a stage and faces the amorphous mass of a studio audience. Not for him the Godfrey theory of TV performing—pretending you are talking to one or two people in a living room. The mere thought would send Steve scurrying backstage.

Why is Steve so ill at ease around a few people in the flesh? Because he has never completely recovered from his unhappy childhood. It made him the introvert he is.

Born in a trunk

Looking back on his early years, Steve says that sometimes, "I wanted to kill myself."

Stephen Valentine Patrick William Allen was born in New York City on December 26, 1921. His father, William G. Allen, a singer and straight man known on vaudeville bills as Billy Allen, died when Steve was only eighteen months old. His mother, Belle Montrose, was bereft without her partner-husband, but continued with her career as a comedienne, taking little Steve with her from one backstage to another for five years. Being born in a trunk isn't always the fun it's cracked up to be: An only child, Steve may have enjoyed having Sandra Berle, Milton's famous mother, as a sometime sitter; and even at that young age, he undoubtedly reveled in his mother's affluent periods. But it was also a life that precluded any regular playmates and that included weeks of no bookings for Belle and dingy hotel rooms as a home for little Steve.

The money problem

Not the provident type, Steve's mother never saved enough from her good weeks to tide her over the bad ones in any style. Now retired and living alone in California, Belle Montrose has to depend on her son for money. Steve visits her occasionally when he's on the coast, but her mercurial disposition and non-abstemious inclinations don't jibe with Steve's personality. He loves her, but they can't get along for any sustained period of time.

Steve's childhood—riches one week and walk-up flats the next—was the cause of his becoming, as an adult, very security-conscious. He has no desire for great wealth, but he is determined never to be poor again. Thus, although he could live on a fairly grandiose scale on the net from his $350,000 per annum, he prefers saving and investing his money. In contrast to other TV couples, he and Jayne live a modest life. They have only one car and one full-time servant. Steve has relatively few clothes. Their Park Avenue apartment, while comfortable, is hardly extra-plush. When Steve's three sons by his first marriage come to visit—on vacations and in the summer—all the boys have to pile into the one extra bedroom.

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Life with the relatives

Steve's mother's relatives, the Donohues, didn't exactly brighten up his boyhood either. When he was five and ready for kindergarten, his mother ceremoniously parked him with her two working sisters and her two bachelor brothers in Chicago. She couldn't keep him with her any longer, and anyway—as she is the first to admit—Belle Montrose wasn't good for her son. She had a knack of getting him into trouble. One day, when she took him out for a drive, they had an accident and Steve ended up in the hospital with a concussion. Another time, when she took him to her agent's office with her, she saw a police dog in the waiting room and told Steve to "Pat the nice doggie." He dutifully did—and got his face thoroughly scratched in return. Everyone figured Steve would be safer at the Donohues', and there his headquarters remained until he went off to college—except when his mother periodically retrieved him, or when she fought with her family and yanked him away, or when he was sent away to school, or when he ran away.

Steve was so miserable that, when he ran away, he did more than pack a knapsack and head for a neighbor's house. He got on his bicycle and headed for Gary, Indiana, and then, switching to freight cars, made it as far away from Chicago as Houston, Texas. He went back "home" only because he was footsore, and hungry.

Steve hated it at the Donohues'—partly because they were so garrulous that he had little chance to get a word in edgewise or any other way. The Donohues liked to scrap and declaim and talk, talk, talk; Steve's ears got so sore that he consciously refused to add to the Donohue din, thus picking up the habit of silence that has persisted over the years. They were also superstitious people who brooked no back talk from their logical little nephew. They insisted, for instance, that he would drown if he took a bath after dinner. Steve tried convincing them otherwise, but he soon discovered that there was no percentage in butting his ideas against four brick walls. He gave up and withdrew into himself.

His asthma, which plagued him as a boy, also made him quiet because it made him feel bad a lot of the time. (He is so improved now that he can even take a few dogs and some cigar smoke in the same room with him; these two allergies lasted for years after he left the Donohues.)

His relatives, never understanding, jeered at him and dubbed him "The Sphinx"—hardly a move to make him talkative.

Besides the Donohues, Steve had to contend with too many schools. He spent his first six study years in ten—count 'em, ten—different public and boarding schools. This, as any child of a peripatetic parent will tell you, is rough. Time after time, just as he'd grown a root or two and made a friend or three, Steve would be yanked up and out and on to another strange place. The same routine prevailed during his high school years: He went to six separate schools then.

The way out

There was a silver lining to the cloud of Steve's childhood, however: He is convinced that it helped make him the comedian he is today. One of his most fondly held theories is that every good comedian had a tough time of it as a kid, usually financially and religiously. Having been a Catholic in Chicago may not qualify Steve as a full-fledged member of a minority group, but, if his theory holds water, he had enough early troubles to help him become a comic in later life.

Bottled-up but bright, Steve sought outlets for expression when he was still quite young. In his teens, as now, he tried performing; after all, show business was in his blood. He had taken piano lessons for three years when he was a child—the sum total of his formal musical training—so he started playing at local weddings and small social events while he was in high school. He spent some of his earnings sitting in night clubs and studying big-name bands on week ends; he inculcated himself with their styles so thoroughly that he can still sit down at the piano and imitate any one of them. To this day Steve's not at home in anything but the key of G and he still can't read music, but a parlay of persistence and a good ear has made him a pianist. He got good enough quick enough in high school to appear on *The Morris B. Sachs Amateur Hour*, a Chicago version of the old Major Bowes show; he didn't win, but the experience helped him realize that, although he couldn't face his aunts and uncles with equanimity, he could perform in front of large numbers of non-relatives.

Writer, composer, humorist

Steve also found self-expression in writing, and here, too, small successes came soon. Some of his adolescent poems were published in local papers and magazines, and one essay won a prize. He enjoyed writing so much that, when he entered Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, as a freshman, he majored in journalism. To this day, scribbling is an important part of his life. Besides *Fourteen For Tonight* (a collection of short stories) and *The Funny Men* (his polite but perspicacious analyses of other comedians), Steve has written a jazz column for *Down Beat*, bop versions of fairy tales, an NBC spectacular, and is doing a new monthly piece-about-everything for *Cosmopolitan*. Up on a shelf in his front hall closet at home are other unpublished works—part of a Broadway musical, a tome on song-writing, a mountainous semi-autobiographical novel. Added to these are hundreds of songs, his most famous being "Let's Go To Church On Sunday Morning," "Cotton Candy," "An Old Piano Plays The Blues," and all the theme music on *Tonight*. When, three years ago, Steve got the lead in a Broadway play called *The Pink Elephant*, he proceeded to do a lot of writing on that too. First asking permission to "change a few lines," he ended up almost completely rewriting his own part—a move that didn't exactly endear him to some of the other cast members, who had to struggle along with the original author's not-very-funny lines, but a move that did make Steve the hit of the show. *The Pink Elephant* was a flop; Steve was great.

Steve not only gets pleasure and profit from writing; when he vents his displeasure, he takes to the typewriter. Although he can talk in no uncertain terms to his TV staff when they goof or don't come through with good ideas, he prefers posting sharp-toned notices on the bulletin board in his office above the Hudson Theater. When he's involved in a feud with a columnist or another TV star, he does it via the U.S. mails. When Jack Paar, an alarmingly outspoken fellow, decided that someone on Steve's show was lifting ideas from his afternoon program, Jack said so out loud. Steve, in denying it, wrote page after page to Jack and put a stamp on it.

Whether his writing's for fun or for feuding, it's a sure thing that Steve wouldn't have such an output to his credit if he were more of an extrovert.

Marriage and radio

Steve didn't decide to make his major career in radio rather than writing until he switched to Arizona State Teachers College in Phoenix, Arizona, for his sophomore year in 1942 (a move he made to relieve his asthma). One deciding factor was that there was more money in the airwaves: He got $45 a week for working parttime at KOY, a local radio station, doing the usual beginner's chores of announcing, newscasting, acting, scripting, record-spinning, jingle-writing and sweeping up. He spent some of this largesse on dating a pretty little freshman named Dorothy Goodman. While he was doing a short hitch in the Army at a California camp (he was discharged because of his asthma), he sent for Dorothy and they were married. Returning to Phoenix with his eighteen-year-old bride, Steve started school again, but he had to quit and turn to KOY fulltime. A baby was on the way, and he needed more than $45. Ambition had set in, too, and Steve trained his sights on Los Angeles, where the networks had headquarters. Augmenting his income by piano-playing in nightclubs and steak houses, he managed to save $1000 and, in 1944, Steve, Dorothy, and Steve, Jr., headed for Hollywood.

Even with the wartime manpower shortage, he didn't land a job until the Allen kitty was almost gone. Just before starvation set in, he landed an announcer's job at Mutual, then got promoted to an early-morning disk jockey show. CBS gave him his next boost up the ladder by making him a man-about-their-studio; he even covered wrestling matches for them, and in his spare time made a couple of bad movies that, to his relief, hardly anyone ever saw.

All this time Steve was learning, learning, learning. Most of his friends being musicians and songwriters, he picked up some minor musical talents that have stood him in good stead: He learned enough to fool around on a tuba, fingered the trumpet enough to get in some licks, and picked up the clarinet a few times. (Benny Goodman, of course, did the recording for the sound track of *The Benny Goodman Story*, but Steve, still learning, took clarinet lessons to get the fingering perfect.) When he got his big break—a late-night disk-jockey show—he was ready to toss out the records and provide some all-'round entertainment himself.

Divorce

Steve's career was going great guns. By the summer of '50, he was raking in some $900 a week and got to summer-substitute for Eve Arden's *Our Miss Brooks* on the network. But there was trouble at home. He loved his children—Steve, Jr., had been followed by Brian and David—but he and Dorothy had drifted apart. It was not a question of his "going Hollywood" at all; his house was small, his tastes were simple. And there wasn't any other woman. But, as so often happens when two people have married very young and one of them goes on to make a splash, incompatibility sets in. Dorothy, busy with the three boys, didn't have time to enter Steve's social life, especially when he worked at night and had to socialize in the daytime. More and more, Steve found himself going without her, meeting people she never met. They were leading two lives and speaking two different languages, and soon their little foibles got on each other's nerves.

Steve would look at Dorothy and, in his mind, compare her unfavorably with the girls he'd seen at a party. (He knew, of course, that those girls didn't have three little hellions at home to take care of, but the knowledge didn't help the comparison.) Their little house always seemed full of diapers and late dinners and broken toys (again understandable, but still annoying). Dorothy wanted more help from Steve around the place, but he was at just that point in his career when he needed to be out with musicians and agents and fellow performers.

With his home collapsing for the umpteenth time in his life, Steve was desperate. After all, he had been brought up not to believe in divorce, he loved the boys, and he felt guilty. During this black period, he would drive around by himself stewing about the situation, returning home swearing he would make everything all right, and then let some little thing make him blow his top. He even tried drinking; that, of course, didn't help either. One night he consciously *tried* to get drunk to forget. He succeeded in getting drunk, but when he woke up with an A-No. 1 hangover, his unhappiness was still there along with a splitting head.

The only solution, as Steve and Dorothy saw it, was a divorce; and after Steve moved to New York, Dorothy got one. Steve today is still very sensitive about it, and about having remarried, three years later, outside his church. But both of them, happily remarried, have made excellent readjustments. Steve had the help of a psychiatrist, and of Jayne, who turned out to be a terrific stepmother. In fact, before Steve married her, he made sure that his boys knew her and liked her; Jayne entertained all three during their vacations when she and Steve were courting. When Dorothy was remarried, to a movie musician, Steve's conscience was finally almost stilled.

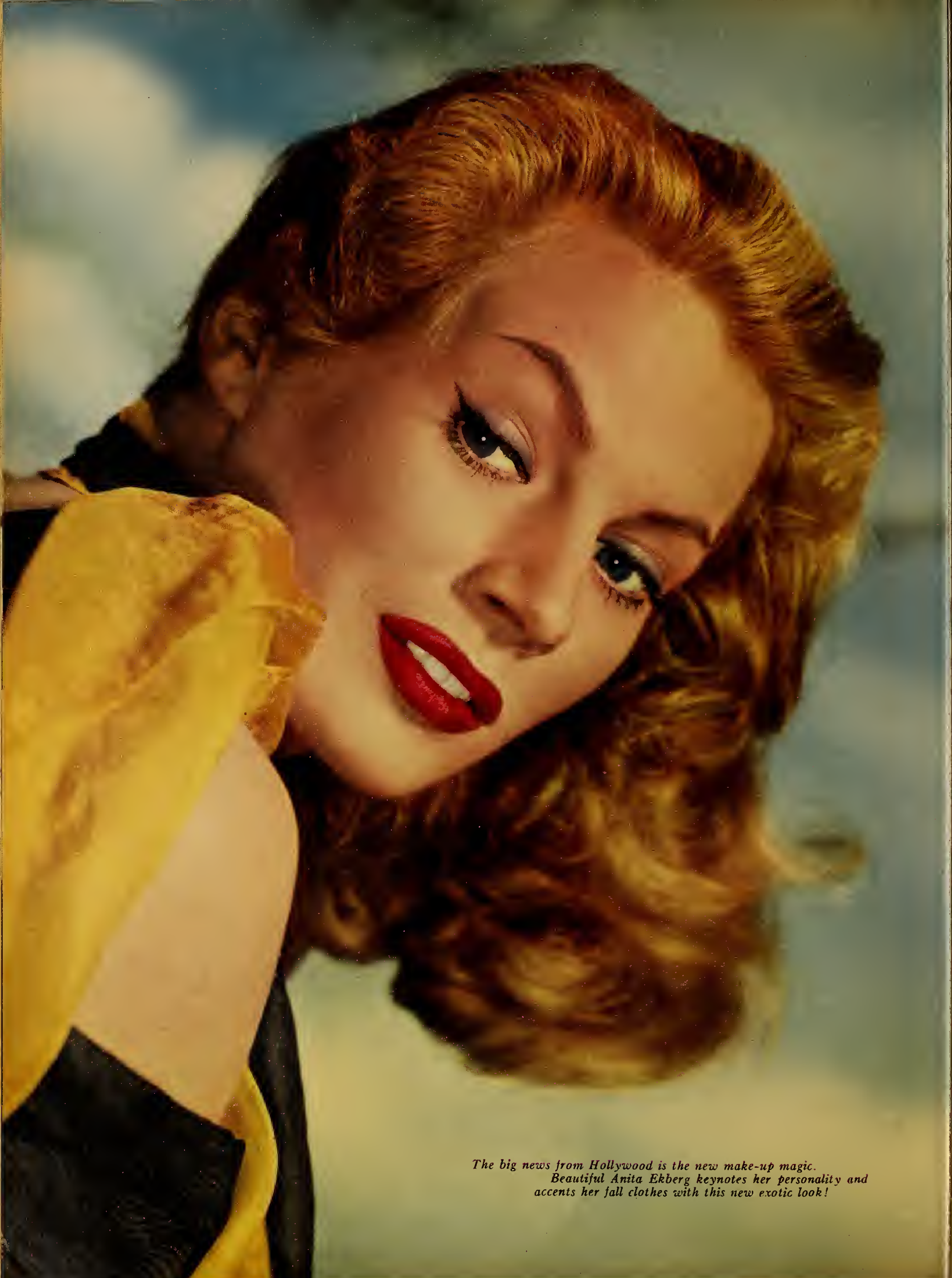
A family affair

Jayne's and Steve's courtship was a real family affair. One time, when the boys were in the east, Steve took a house on the water out on Long Island for them, and Jayne spent most of her spare time traveling out there to swim and picnic with the small fry. When the boys were in the city and Steve was busy, Jayne would pick them up, take them to her and her sister Audrey Meadow's apartment, and stuff them with cookies. One time a reporter, bent on getting an interview on Audrey, ended up writing a piece about Audrey's sister Jayne and her three prospective stepsons.

At first glance, Jayne Meadows wins a prize as The Most Unlikely Wife for Steve Allen. He tries to appear as ordinary as possible; Jayne takes great pride in having been born in China (her father was a missionary), in having learned Chinese before she learned English, in designing some of her own distinctive clothes, in Being Different. She put shutters at the windows of their apartment in New York "Because people in New York have draperies; in Hollywood, where everyone has shutters, I'd have draperies." Steve dresses conservatively; Jayne sports bright colors, spike heels, earrings that jangle to her shoulders, and very V-neck dresses.

But look at the Allens more closely, and you'll see more basis for a good marriage. Jayne is a very talented homemaker. Many's the night she hems up a skirt while she sits at home watching his show and waiting for him to come home. She can cook; she does make curtains; she whips up Christmas ornaments; she takes an intense interest in their apartment.

They can share their career troubles. Steve can help Jayne find that perfect play to reaffirm her status as an actress. Jayne can offer shrewd advice on Steve's added assignment: how to beat Ed Sullivan from 8 to 9 on Sundays, where NBC is pitting Steve against the oldest established permanent variety show in TV. That will be the Battle of the Season and the Battle of the Sphinxes, and we're taking no bets. **END**



The big news from Hollywood is the new make-up magic. Beautiful Anita Ekberg keynotes her personality and accents her fall clothes with this new exotic look!

Color your life

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how YOU can be alluring

■ You can be simple or smart—sultry or sweet—tall or short—thin or fat—and you will be attractive to men. But nothing will captivate and hold a man so surely as your capacity to be alluring. Webster defines the word allure as "to tempt" or "to entice". The first step on the road to allure is to change your make-up. Get rid of summertime's old tired make-up. The colors will be all out of step with the brand new look that is entrancing Hollywood's guys this fall. Buy dramatic new make-up colors that are brave and bold and yet full of mystery and interest. Read the ads carefully—study all of the facts about each product, then use the trial and error method. In this way you will find the preparations that are just right for you. A bewitching make-up is the keynote of the new look. Brows are longer and darker! Blue eye shadow the favorite on the lids! The lip-line is lush and full! The lip color is a rich commanding red! The complexion tint is warm and glowing with new rose pink! Anita Ekberg, now in Paramount's *War and Peace*, posed for us to show you the beauty and intrigue of the new make-up magic. Here are the rules so that you, too, can enjoy the new fall make-up. Start with a clean, clear skin. Blend in make-up foundation, touch the cheekbones with a spot of rouge and blend to the outer brow line. Blend blue eye shadow on your lids. Outline your lips with a lipstick brush, giving them length, roundness and fullness—fill with lipstick (study Anita's lip make-up carefully). Powder, brush your brows, lengthen and darken them with a brow pencil. Brush mascara on your lashes, spread each lash so that they don't all cake together. Once again touch up your lipstick for definite accent. Your mirror will tell you that you are now on the way to the new look! The thrill of it will automatically make you stand straighter, determine to get a new hair-do, take better care of your hair, select new clothes! Glamorously made up, dressed up and with a new verve for life, your friends will say that you have changed. You will have the new look! As an exciting new person your conversation will sparkle, your manner scintillate. New desires will come into your life—and new fulfillments. The promise of "allure" will be completely realized. You will have it—and him!

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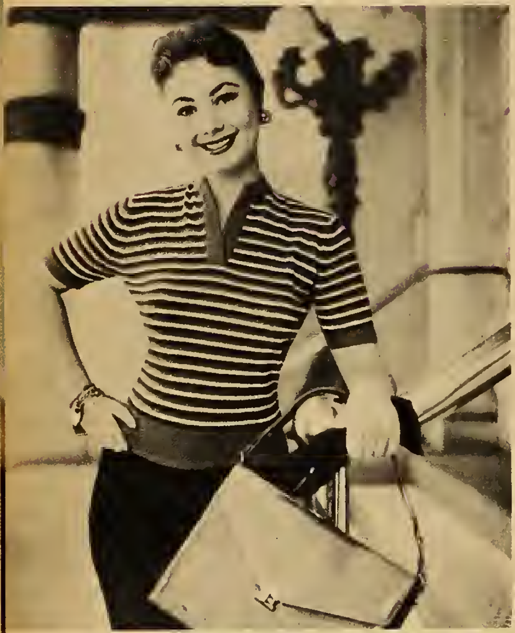
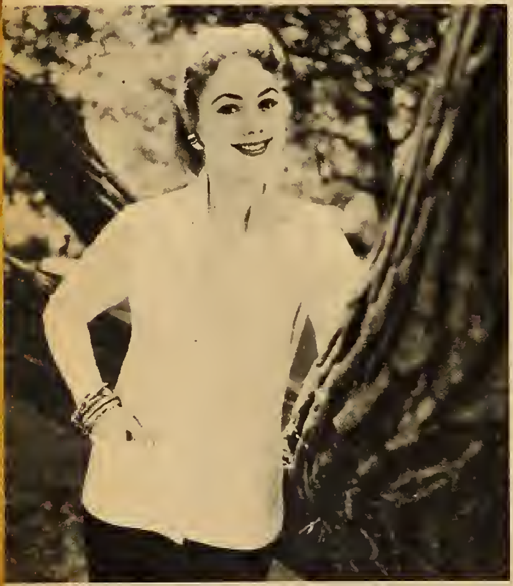
new clothes for



■ A man's eye takes one quick jump from head to toes, so you must walk in beauty. Shirley Jones of 20th's *Carousel* chooses a Velvet Step shoe wardrobe that can take any gal right up the fashion ladder to meet the challenge of all roving eyes. These famous shoes come in a dawn to dusk selection with promised comfort and admiration through all the hours. All the shoes are under $11.00. Below, Shirley wears a black suede pump (detail, photo 3). Her heavenly coat of inimitable Cloud Number 9 cleans like a dream, is water-repellent and lined with Milium. Her baby cowhide handbag is by Rolfs. Shirley's shortie Cloud Number 9 coat has a belted back, notched collar and turned back cuffs. Both coats come in blond, silver, black, brown, biscuit or charcoal blue. Both by Haber-Levy. Shirley carries a saddle leather hand-tooled Clifton handbag. Candy Button stockings are a novel fashion note with Shirley's wedgie pumps (detail, photo 1). The Ultralite Medallion Samsonite luggage in the new two-tone design. Shirley's full-fashioned nylon stockings are by Willys of Hollywood. See opposite page top to bottom: Candy Buttons, Daisy Chain, Candelabra, Wind Up, Charmer. On the left, Shirley wears two of Catalina's outstanding sweaters. The white rib-stitched cardigan with shawl collar and patch pockets is made of 100% Zephyr wool. White, black, navy or flame. The short-sleeved, full-fashioned striped slip-on with slash neck is of Belgimere, imported lamb's wool. It comes in a wide variety of colors. Shirley carries a roomy and wonderful kip calf handbag by Meeker.



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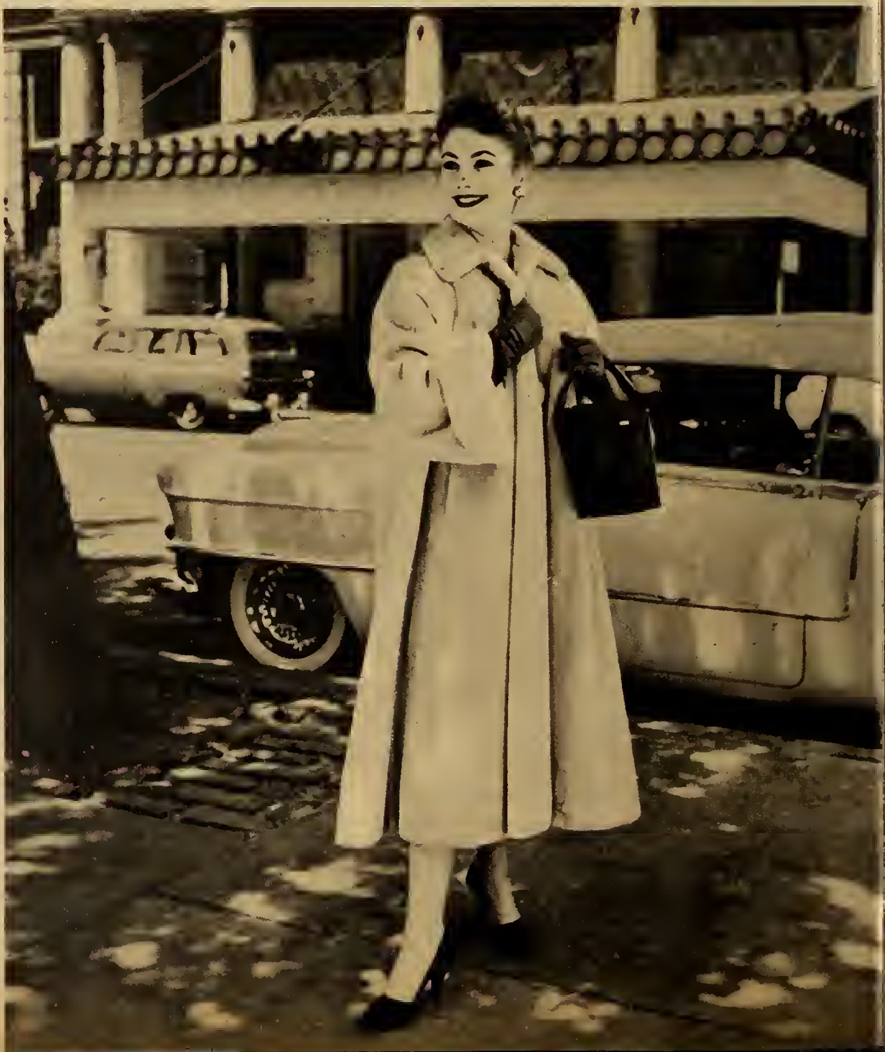

All photos by Roger Prigent

the new you

1

2

3

4

velvet step shoes

1. Unlined soft glove leather, crepe sole, wedge heel pump. Black, slate grey benedictine, or basque red.

2. Suede vamp, figured elasticized cloth back or quarter, medium heel. Black or brown.

3. Suede pump, high heel. Black suede or smooth leather.

4. Smooth leather, sweater pump, high heel. Brown or black smooth leather, brown or black suede.

5. Unlined soft glove leather, crepe sole, wedge heel. Black, tan, red, slate grey or avoacdo.

"let's get my romances straight!"

(Continued from page 50) something, I guess," she flipped back.

Strangley enough, Nick Adams, who has perhaps the greatest future of all of Hollywood's younger male players, would himself have been Number 1 with Natalie, instead of Number 2, had he not introduced Scott to her. The first time Natalie ever had a good look at Scott, a chance to really study him, that is, was on television when he and Nick had the leads in an NBC *Matinee Theatre* play, *The Bottom Of The River*, in which they both were young New York hoodlums. A few days later Nick was to take Natalie to a preview of *Bad Seed* when he remembered that he had a friend who also wanted to see the picture, and he asked Natalie if she would mind having another boy come along.

She said no. Nick phoned his friend. And that's when she met Scott. They took to each other instantly. Last June when Nick returned from location at Sedonia, Arizona, where he played the second male lead in *The Last Wagon*, starring Richard Widmark, he ruefully recalled introducing Scott to Natalie. "Gee, I get back to find that they are practically married," he said.

This isn't the case, of course. Natalie, just a few weeks ago, put it this way. "It's true I go with Scott," she said, "but if I had to tell whether it was serious or not I wouldn't know. If serious means will I run off and get married, it isn't that serious!"

Sal Mineo is probably on Natalie's list because she sees a lot of him when he is in town; they are close to each other in their thinking about their work; but he is almost a year younger than she is and not actually a candidate for her hand.

The most aggressive of the boys on her list is probably Martin Millner, in his late twenties, who has had good roles in pictures like *Mr. Roberts*, *Pete Kelly's Blues* and *Screaming Eagles*. When he was on location in Phoenix, Arizona, some months ago, he used to telephone Natalie every night—the first extended, long distance courting she had experienced. Another of the more "mature" men is Raymond Burr, who was signed not long ago to play Barbara Stanwyck's heart interest in *Love Story*.

Bob Vaughn, who has been given a contract by the Hecht-Lancaster organization, and at this writing is being considered for the starring role in *Cry Tough*, bears watching as a figure in Natalie's life. A special, fond quality comes into her voice when she talks about him. It isn't sisterly, like when she talks about Sal, or bubbling with fun, as when she laughs about the gags she and Nick have pulled. It has a note of promise in it, as if Bob could mean a lot more than he does, if events threw them closer together.

Too young to marry

Yet the truth about Natalie, at this very moment, is that her career has gripped her imagination more strongly than the promise of marriage, or even motherhood, for that matter. Oh, she has talked about marriage and children. "When I do get married I am going to be the best mother," she says. "I am not going to be possessive. I'd like to have a boy first, and then a girl. (Continued on page 86)

1000 PRIZES FOR YOU

We want to know how you like—or maybe dislike—the stars and the stories listed below. And we want to know what others you're interested—or disinterested—in, so that Modern Screen can go on being your magazine! In return for your ideas, we'll send you free one of these exciting Dell novels—provided your questionnaire is one of the first 1000 to reach us. So check your choice and send it in today!

☐ The Young Lovers by Julian Halevy ☐ This Side Of Paradise by F. Scott Fitzgerald ☐ The Steep Ascent by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE PIER ANGELI
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE DEWEY MARTIN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RITA MORENO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE KIM NOVAK
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE JANE RUSSELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE STEVE ALLEN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE ANITA EKBERG:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

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(*Continued from page 84*) And that would be all." She visits girl friends who are married, but they don't report that she sits around their homes mooning over their married bliss, or that she tries to visualize herself in their place as a young bride.

As a matter of fact, Natalie thinks that most of her girl friends, who married the boys they went with in high school, should have waited; she thinks they settled down too young. And that's why she is reported to have once said that she wouldn't marry until she was thirty. Her fans, aghast, wrote her by the hundreds not to wait that long.

Natalie probably won't. But one thing she is sure of, she will never give up acting. Up to now she has appeared in about twenty-five pictures. "I want to be in a hundred more," she has said. "And I want to stay in movies until I can do only character roles. That will be all right with me."

Well, few of Natalie's friends agree that she will find contentment in *just* a career. They think she is far too feminine a girl, with too much all-out promise as a woman, not to realize eventually that she must not only live a woman's normal life, but also that it would be wise to enter the major phases of such a life, bridehood, wifehood, and motherhood early enough to assure full returns emotionally.

She knows one young couple who are ideally happy. The girl, an old playmate of Natalie's, is nineteen. The husband is twenty-one. Natalie comes to visit them, sits and watches them, studies their complete absorption with each other . . . but is not yet convinced that this is true—*really true!*—bliss.

Sometimes she talks to Scott Marlowe about them. But not often. Scott is a dedicated boy as far as acting is concerned. He does love to be with Natalie. And she knows this. And they have a fine time together because even if they aren't really crazy about each other, they have so many mutual interests, especially acting, which makes the bond between them pretty solid.

To understand Natalie one must understand the feelings of a young actress. For instance, some of her girl friends asked her to meet a boy they knew in high school who had begged to be introduced to her.

"He's a wonderful athlete, Natalie!" said one of the girls. "You ought to see him go over the high hurdles!"

"Yes, I know," Natalie responded. "But can he act?"

Drives boys wild

It has always been a little like that—her devotion to her career providing just the right amount of balance to keep her from becoming completely boy crazy. And, just as might be expected, this seems to drive the boys she knows wild; at least some of them have gone to extremes in their efforts to win her interest.

She was hardly twelve when she got her first presents from a boy—a watch and a ring. She thought they were just trinkets for which he had saved up. But she was wrong. When next she heard from him, it was by way of a letter from the reformatory. He had robbed a jewelry store.

At fifteen she was going steady with another boy, until the time came when she decided it was taking up too much of her life. She broke it up. A few days later the parents of the boy telephoned and asked if she would go to see him in the hospital. He had actually shot himself with a rifle, although fortunately he sustained just a flesh wound.

"Why did you do a thing like that?" Natalie asked when she reached his bedside.

"I didn't want to live without you," he replied, his tone desperate.

"It's a darn good thing you missed!" she told him.

That boy is now married and they have both laughed about the incident since.

Natalie and James Dean

It is a pretty good bet that if Jimmy Dean were alive today the list Natalie made of the boys she likes would have read differently; there are some who think that his name would have led all the rest. Natalie has refused repeatedly to comment about herself and Jimmy. But she was heard once saying that the happiest day in her life came during the filming of the picture she made with him, *Rebel Without A Cause.*

"It was when we did our love scene in the deserted house," she recalled. "It seemed to me that everything I had ever dreamed up for myself was taking place at that moment."

From Jimmy, of course, Natalie not only received romantic companionship but also professional stimulation, actor to actor, that was highly rewarding. They loved to do impersonations of other actors; Natalie's routine included take-offs on Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*, Blanche Du Bois in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Jo Van Fleet in *East Of Eden*, and even one of Marlon Brando.

Today she gets this sort of double return, professional as well as social, from her dating with Scott. "When I marry it will be to a man in the business I'm in," Natalie has said. "Someone who understands the requirements, the hours, the necessary separations. Someone who will understand the things I mean when I am talking acting."

Well Scott is certainly highly qualified that way. He is not particularly eccentric about being a player, although appointments have actually been made for Scott to pose for magazine photographs, sometimes for Natalie and him together—and he has bluntly declined to do them.

He loves to go out with Natalie—but away from the bright spots where the columnists and gossip gatherers congregate to record the comings and goings of the stars. They do go to night clubs and smart dining spots occasionally, but only to see specific artists whom they know or in whose work they are interested and find inspiration. They went to the Interlude to see Frances Faye, for instance, to the Keyboard when Jerri Sothern was there, and they will go anywhere Harry Belafonte happens to be singing. But generally they are more apt to be found in a quiet little restaurant somewhere, or sitting together in the balcony of a movie, or maybe just window-shopping along the street on an evening, dressed very casually, and rarely recognized by anyone.

The little drama

But one night, while walking along Hollywood Boulevard, they got a little crazy and decided to present a little domestic drama right then and there, improvising as they went along, for the benefit of passers-by.

"I am tired of having you always going out with other men!" Scott cried out in ringing tones. "I want my wife to stay home!"

"And I'm tired of staying home while you go out with other women!" Natalie retorted.

And thus they kept it up while their audience, the people along the street, turned and stared at them with shocked faces.

Because Natalie is still so young, and because Scott hasn't yet got a real footing in the movies, a lot of their friends believe that their preoccupation with their individual problems will cause their romance to blow sky high.

Natalie has heard this and has even reported it to Scott—at which time they both laughed about it. And then, lately, they have come up with a sort of answer. They are working on an idea of making a picture together.

After that? Well, not long ago Natalie had a conversation with one of her studio's executives. She wanted to know if the studio was worried about her romances.

"Why should it be?" he came back. "The studio thinks romances are great."

"What if I married?" she challenged.

"The studio wouldn't care, Natalie," he replied.

"No?" she said, a bit astonished. Then, after thinking about it a little while, she added, "Oh. Well, that's different."

Exactly what she meant by the answer, still remains to be seen. **END**

Natalie will soon appear in Warner Bros.' The Burning Hills *and* A Crime A Night.

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Christopher Morley's story, *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*, is being adapted for TV at the Hal Roach studios. Morley wrote this story when he was starving. A publisher advised him that the surest way to get a story accepted was to make it (1) a story about Lincoln, or (2) about a dog or (3) about a doctor. Morley took no chances.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

(*Continued from page 66*) vintage I never heard of."

"That," said Pat, "is because basically Dad is a man's man. Now he never had any trouble with *me!*"

"Ha!" said Melinda. "Seems to me I heard about how you had to be taught to swim by being pushed off a pier when you were five. No wonder you grew up athletic!"

"And I'm not exactly the indoor type myself," Toni said. "A lot of choice I had, being sandwiched in between you two boys, and all those swings and trapezes and things in the back yard. And Dad always announcing, 'I want you children in Good Physical Condition!'"

"He used to roughhouse with me, too," Melinda added. "He always seemed so big. But I notice he's shorter now!"

The other kids howled. Melinda has just reached what they devoutly hope will be her full height—five-foot-seven!

"Yeah," Pat said, "but it was Mike and me Dad always took fishing, and spear fishing, and hunting—and I never noticed him teaching you girls to block, either."

"Well, it never did much good with me," Michael mourned. "It's my jinx. I had to go and get hay fever."

"It's not hay fever," Toni corrected. "It's an allergy that gives you hay fever."

"Never mind what it is. All I know is every time I got out on a grassy football field, in two minutes I couldn't see a thing."

"Poor Michael," said Melida, giggling. "Maybe you ought to give up and be an actor like Pat."

"Oh, NO!" roared the other three in unison. Michael drew himself up. "I," he said, "am a business man."

"Anyway," Toni said, "you wouldn't stand a chance in the competition. Pat's the ham in the family."

"I'm the ham!" Pat said, indignantly. "Every time you come in from a date with Don you glide around the house like Tallulah Bankhead!"

"She's thinking about wife-hood," Melinda said. "Dad is giving her instruction."

The Duke gives lessons

Patrick sat up. "What's he telling you? I hope it's about housekeeping. I don't know where you disappear at chore time, but I never saw anyone make such a fuss about taking care of her room."

Toni laughed. "If you must know, I hide in the closet. And as I've explained to you, I'm too near-sighted to see the dust. But with Dad—it's not so much telling as—er—object lessons. Over New Years, for instance, when Mike and his girl and Dan and Don and I went to Catalina on the boat. I yelled to Don to come get his things out of the cabin so Gretchen and I could unpack. And Dad positively howled down the hatch, 'Don't you boss him or anybody else around like that!'"

"Dad's a fine one to talk," Michael commented. "For a man who's losing his hair, he sure still has his temper."

"Oh, not the way he used to," Toni said. "I remember once when the laundry starched his shirt collars, and I can still see those shirts flying down the stairs! He wouldn't do that now. I don't *think!*"

"Besides," commented Melinda, "if he still had a temper, you'd never get away with teasing him about it. Or ribbing him about his hair."

"You, Miss," said Pat, "are the one who insists on checking every time he comes over to see how much more has disappeared."

Melinda wasn't listening. "Remember how sore he got when I flunked math? But after he gives you the heavy treatment, he always makes you laugh."

"Not always," Michael said. "I remember once when he didn't. Know what I mean, Toni?"

Toni nodded. "The time we deaded the duck."

That was the time Duke Wayne came home from work and got the news about the ducks. Michael and Toni were four and two respectively, and on Easter their father had given them each a pet duck. That fateful day an older boy in the neighborhood had suggested a funeral. Happily cooperating, the two Wayne youngsters had stuffed dirt down the throat of one duck and were working on the other when a maid tore into the garden and stopped the slaughter. Duke was furious when he heard about it.

"Come here!" he bellowed to the two toddlers. "What did you do today that was naughty?"

"We deaded a duck," offered Michael. Wayne proceeded to put a large hand over each small face, shutting off their supply of air. "How do you like it?" he demanded.

When she had stopped crying, Toni offered the only argument she could think of. "But Daddy, we only killed *one* of them."

Feminine logic

"Dad called that," remembered Toni, "a shining example of what they call feminine logic." Regardless of how many ducks were "deaded" that day, the kids never forgot it. "Cripes, was he mad!" Michael said, thoughtfully. He thought about it for a while. "We still can't fool him about anything," he added. "He's—er—on the ball. He keeps up with the world too well."

"Oh, I don't know," Toni said. "Look how I got my car."

"I wish you'd *tell* me how," Melinda commented. "I've been asking for one for absolutely years. I don't know why I should be the only one in the family without wheels!"

Toni settled back against a cushion. "I will tell you how it is done," she said. "Dad asked me what I wanted for graduation and naturally I said a car. But he said I was too young and his answer was a positive no. I had all his friends working on him, but he still held out. So I said all right, if he wouldn't get it for me, I'd earn the money and buy it myself. That got him. It wasn't long before I heard via the grapevine not to make any plans, that Dad was going to give me a car."

"Well," Melinda said mournfully, "he must have caught on after he thought about it. I suppose I'll just have to wait. Anyway, I'm living proof that he doesn't spoil us, in case anyone wants to know."

Dad never pushed

"I'll say," Pat put in. "Why, the whole time I worked in that picture we made at Big Bear, I'd notice Dad watching me—but he never said beans, never gave me any advice, or tried to push me ahead." He paused. "It's funny—the way he always knows the way *you* want things."

"Still," Michael said, "you must admit you got your start easier than most, having Dad for a father."

"I know. I don't kid myself about that. But it has its disadvantages, too. Standing in his shadow is no cinch—you must feel that over at Batjac, too. Sometimes I'm not sure I want to go on with it."

"Now, Pat," said Melinda, "dear Pat, clever Pat—you wouldn't let such a great talent go to waste—would you, precious Pat?"

"What *is* this bit?" Pat demanded. "Every time I open my mouth, I get smeared with flattery. What's the object?"

The others giggled. "We're on a be-nice-to-Pat kick," Toni laughed. "A careful check of available finances has shown that you are the only one who has any."

"I don't see why," Melinda complained. "You're not the only one who has worked. I worked at Batjac during Christmas, and Toni has worked at department stores—and Michael had a paper route when he was a kid, just the way you did."

"The answer is obvious," Pat remarked. "I save. You spend. Why don't some of these boy friends I never hear anything about pay your way into the movies?"

"They do," his sister retorted.

Pat smiled hopefully. "Tell me about them."

"Oh, no," Melinda said. "The only ones I tell are Toni and mother, and that's the way it's going to stay. If I told you and Michael I'd be a dead duck. A girl has to keep some things to herself, around this house, if she wants some peace."

"Why, baby," Michael said. "We wouldn't tease you. We'd give you advice and protection. We always have."

"Oh, sure," Melinda said. "Like you did that time at dancing school."

"What time?" Toni asked innocently.

"The time the kids who were supposed to be in the recital didn't show up and they made us dance for the audience. We nearly died of embarrassment, remember?"

"I begin to."

"And first you and Michael danced together, and then Pat and I had to follow you. And my dear brother had my dress caught up in back and neither of us knew it. And did you and Michael give us the high sign? No sir, not you two. You just sat out there in the audience and went into hysterics. If Dad had been there, he'd have waved or something."

"He's a gentleman"

"Dad would have laughed, too," Michael defended himself. "He's got a great sense of humor."

"He's a gentleman," Melinda said. "You can rely on *him.*"

"True," Michael said soberly. "He's always there when you want him. That time I went camping and fell down a mountain and punctured my lung. He flew up right away. It was so great to see him there—"

Pat was thinking of something else. "Remember when we were always paired off the way we were at dancing school? Melinda and I, and Michael and Toni. Whereas now Michael and I hang out together and you two girls are thicker than thieves. Melinda's always in Toni's room, and—"

"Yeah," Melinda interrupted, grinning. "Picking up after her."

"—and now," Pat went on, "it's all ending, in a way. All of us going in separate ways. Toni getting married, and Michael becoming an executive—"

"And you becoming a millionaire," Michael put in.

"—and Melinda practically in college at Sacred Heart already—we're really not kids any more. It's funny."

"Better not let Dad hear you saying that," Toni advised. "He hates to admit that we're growing up so fast."

"It's all right," Michael said. "He's got Aissa to baby now."

They smiled at each other. "Lucky kid," Melinda said. "I wouldn't trade Dad in for any father in the world."

Pat looked around the room, stretched out his arms, and yawned. "Yeah," he agreed, happily. "I guess we all turned out not so bad at that. Goodnight, you Waynes. I'm going to bed." **END**

John Wayne will soon appear in MGM's The Wings Of Eagles.

how to get to hollywood

DEWEY MARTIN

(*Continued from page 52*) years old and I've never been so happy in my life.

People ask me, is that because I've married Peggy Lee?

Well, yes and no.

I say yes, because as a man I'm experiencing the sensational feeling of having found a girl like Peggy, falling in love with her and winning her as my wife.

To be in love twenty-four hours a day, to know that Peggy loves me, well, that's—what word do you use? Sensational? Exciting? There's no word for it that I know.

But there's a separate kind of happiness I've found. It's something I had to make for myself and I'm going to give it to my marriage. And for my money it's the most important gift a man has to give to a woman.

It is not being afraid of life.

Now that was something I had to learn for myself. It had to be part of me *before* I married Peggy.

You've got to have Hope

I've never really talked about my life before. But, maybe now it would be a good thing for me.

I'll tell you what I've learned: Hope. You've got to have hope.

I don't remember Dad very well. I was seven when he passed away. He was a musician and had a cowboy band that used to play at dances around Katemcy, Texas, where I was born. Our family, (I had an older brother) was pretty well known in that section. My grandfather was a country doctor.

The only thing I remember about my dad was that he had a lot of friends and let me help him make beer. You couldn't buy beer then, during prohibition. Most Texans made their own. I guess Dad was a good amateur brewer because every so often he'd make a big mixture in a vat. My job was to start the beer out of the vat through a siphon hose for each bottle and I can remember everybody laughing when I'd get a mouthful of home brew.

Calamity

Dad died in 1930. Mom tried for months to keep us going on what she could earn doing laundries, and as a cleaning woman. When she saw it was useless she decided to go to Oklahoma.

My cousin came down to Texas with a trailer. We loaded all our belongings on it. Chairs, tables, clothes, dishes and Mom's most cherished possession, a big, bulky, table radio.

On the way to my cousin's farm in Oklahoma we took a detour around a washed-out road. Half-way through the by-pass, the car hit a sudden dip and suddenly, before we could do anything, the trailer turned over, toppling everything we owned into the biggest mud-hole I've ever seen. Our bundles of clothes sank like rocks.

The furniture took longer to sink and I can remember my mother crying as she watched her beloved radio slowly submerging in that great pool of muck.

It seems funny now, but it was a calamity then. The depression had set in and there were few jobs to be had. My mother knew she'd never get enough money for another radio and it was the only pleasure she had.

We saved a few personal belongings from the mud-hole and arrived in Oklahoma with not much more than the clothes on our backs.

My aunt and uncle had a fair-sized farm and there was a lot of work for me to do to earn my keep. I was only seven but I felt a lot older. But I still believed in Santa Claus.

Two days before Christmas my mom took me aside and did her best to explain that there just wasn't any Santa Claus for poor people.

My vision of a beautiful pair of leather cowboy boots for Christmas melted to nothing. I was too shocked to cry and besides my mom told me that, with my father gone, I was the man in the family.

I was too young to understand thoroughly what my mother meant by that, but I got a back-breaking example a few months later. Mom got a job picking cotton. I begged her to take me along.

In the fields all nature seems to be against you. The sun beats down like a blow-torch on your body. Insects attack your bare skin. The cotton grows low and you have to bend to pick it. At the end of an hour your back muscles are screaming to relax, but they're so full of cramps you can't stand up straight. In the meantime, you find that as you pick the cotton the scraggy leaves and stems of the bush have laced your hands and finger tips with a thousand little cuts and every ball of cotton you pick is a movement of pain.

In early afternoon, just when you feel you can bear it no longer, things get worse. The sun is hotter, the insects are more numerous, and the cuts on your hands go deeper. By sundown you're nothing but an exhausted lump of humanity.

Finish what you start

I wanted to quit a hundred times that day, but Mom wouldn't let me.

When we finished we stood in a silent line of grim-faced people dragging our long burlap bags of cotton, waiting for the foreman to weigh them. Ten hours of excruciating labor and Mom got paid one dollar and seventeen cents. Mom said, "I just couldn't let you quit, son. You might as well learn while you're a young one that a man's got to finish what he starts." She cried and put her arms around me.

I went to bed early that night only a day older, but ten years wiser. I didn't know how to spell it, but I knew better than any kid my age what the word responsibility stood for.

The next day Mom said she was taking me to school. I'd heard about school and teachers and didn't like the idea at all, so I started to sulk.

Mom was patient for a few minutes. Then she said, "Would you rather pick cotton?"

I went to school.

The teacher told me I could get into the third grade if I learned the multiplication table in a week. I failed at that, so I went into second grade.

One morning in the school yard one of the boys, unknown to me, knelt down behind my legs. Another one walked up to me and pushed. I toppled over the kneeling kid and that started it. I got angry and jammed my knuckles into the nearest eye.

In their fists these kids held short sticks. And each end that protruded from the sides was sharpened to a point.

Ten minutes at their mercy and I was bloody from the holes they had punched in my skin. They left me on the ground. The teacher found me and brought me home.

Revenge

For days I planned my revenge. My chief object was to get the leader of the gang by himself. I finally cornered him late one afternoon. I was scared to death as I faced him, in the corner of the school yard. He was frightened, too. Then he ran by me toward the play-swings. As he ran ahead of me he grabbed a swing, took it a few feet with him, and then shoved it back at me.

The swing seat was thick, heavy wood and it caught me on the head, just at the hair line. I still have the scars.

After the doctor sewed it up I went back to school. None of the older guys bothered me any more.

When I was twelve I got mixed up with some kids who were making money stealing pigeons. There are a lot of pigeon fanciers in Oklahoma. We'd steal the birds in burlap bags and sell them.

I told Mom I was working after school, to explain the money. But one night she asked me questions about my "job." I broke down and admitted everything. Mom looked at me as if I had cursed at her. I never felt so ashamed in my life.

The next morning, I sneaked into the back yard of the kid who kept all the stolen birds. I got to the roost and opened all the doors. They flew home.

A shootin' feud

Then Mom took me to Alabama where she got a job in a grocery store. At the school there I made friends with a boy of fourteen. The other kids wouldn't go near him and no one told me why. We got along fine until one day we were walking down the main street of the town. I heard a shot and the kid grabbed his shoulder and fell over. The street was suddenly a bedlam with policemen and excited people. They took my friend away in an ambulance.

A man with a sheriff's badge said to me, "You're a dang fool, kid, and danged lucky. Your buddy's family is havin' a feud with the Hokisons. They're shootin' each other up all the time. Go home!"

When I was fourteen Mom said she had saved enough to get to Long Beach, California where a relative was holding a job for her as a saleswoman.

On the West Coast things were booming. The depression was about over and in a month I had three jobs. I went to junior high, washed floors in two restaurants and sold newspapers. The beanery jobs gave me meals, the papers cash.

One afternoon while selling final editions, a Navy flier bought a paper. That wonderful green uniform he wore hit me like a beautiful bolt of lightning. In that instant my mind was made up. I wanted to be a Navy flier.

Day after day the desire got stronger and the ambition to pilot planes burned like a hot coal in my chest. I wrote the Navy Department in Washington and found that to get Navy wings you had to go through the Naval Academy. For three years I studied and saved for college. At the end of two years I had plenty of learning for my age, but no money and no chance for an appointment which was tough to get.

I enlisted in the Navy early in 1941 after I heard that sailors could take competitive examinations for the Academy. Too late I learned that I'd have to serve a year as an apprentice seaman before I could take the tests.

I spent that year as near to planes as possible, as a metalsmith, and wound up in Oklahoma, as an instructor.

When the war came the Navy put on a big drive for pilots. My commanding officer told me that I'd now have a chance to take my pilot's exams. But, he added, there were only 200 openings and about 80,000 enlisted men were taking the tests.

No Santa Claus

I could hear my heart drop. Mom was right. There just wasn't any Santa Claus. Nevertheless, I took the tests.

And the result was the first real break the world ever gave me. I made the 200.

Then the Navy sent me to the University of Georgia. The other guys in the program and I took four years of college in eighteen straight months of study.

After another six months of pilot training I joined Admiral Halsey's Task Force 58. I flew Grumann fighter planes for two years.

When the war was over I was just another sailor wondering what I was going to do with the rest of my life. I was at loose ends so I went to Arizona where I punched cows.

One night my landlady kiddingly suggested that I might enjoy acting in a little theater group that had been organized in Phoenix.

Out of pure boredom I joined the group. And the instant I walked onto that dinky little stage I knew that I wanted to be an actor. I told the woman in charge I wanted to be a professional. Reluctantly, but kindly, the woman gave me the addresses of twenty-eight schools for drama, all located in New England.

I wrote letters to every one of them. A week later I got the replies, all discouraging, except one from Ogunquit, Maine. The letter was signed by Maude Hartwig, who later was a tremendous help to me. She suggested I come to Maine and study under the GI bill.

To Maine

I sold my jalopy and had just enough bus fare. I traveled four days and arrived in Maine without a dime. I talked a nice old lady into letting me have a closet-sized room in her boarding house. It was in the attic and had a bed and a table and one light. I'm not tall, but I could barely stand in the room.

At Ogunquit I did everything. Built sets, painted them, swept the floor, acted as ticket-taker and moved scenery. I did everything but act!

A month later Miss Hartwig said I could have a small part in a play called *The Distaff Side*.

Opening night was a fiasco. I forgot most of my lines, didn't know up-stage from down-stage, got mixed up on entrances and exits, stumbled over scenery and in the third act became paralyzed.

After the show somebody said a talent scout from Columbia Pictures, a woman, had been out front and wanted to see me. I thought it was a joke. But she told me that if I could get to Hollywood she'd see that I got a screen test.

That same night I talked to a veteran drama instructor at the school.

He said, "Dewey, maybe you've got talent, maybe you haven't, but right now you don't *know* anything about acting."

I called the woman from Columbia next morning and said I didn't think I was prepared.

I stayed another year at the school and then went to New York.

In the big city I played a few minor roles on Broadway.

Then I operated an elevator in an apartment building to earn money for food.

Finally I heard about a drama group in Hollywood that was supposed to welcome new actors. I wrote them a letter. They replied, "Don't come to Hollywood!"

So I came to Hollywood.

"Go home," young man

In Hollywood I got a job as an usher at the CBS studios.

I worked mostly at night. During the day I tramped from one agent to another. Most of them wouldn't even see me. Those who did told me to go back to Oklahoma.

Finally one agent got me a part in *Knock On Any Door*. I played a young hoodlum. In a wave of foolish over-confidence I quit my job at CBS. After two weeks work in the picture, I was unemployed again.

(Continued on page 91)

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THESE ADS FEATURE THE AD-VISER SERVICE:

H. W. Gossard Co.....Page 23
Peters Shoe Co.....Page 33
Hollywood-Maxwell Co.....Page 85
Post Graduate School of Nursing....Inside back cover
Vaisey-Bristol Shoe Co.....Back cover

(Continued from page 89)

Then I got in the May Company department store as a package wrapper.

James Dunn had lost one of his important actors in his picture, *The Golden Gloves Story*. He had thumbed through Actors' Guide, saw my picture and was reminded of my part in *Knock*.

The money I scraped together to get in Actors' Guide was a good investment. Jimmy got to me at the May Company at 5 p.m.

At seven the next morning I was in Chicago. At eight I had a script. At nine I was before the cameras.

I hoarded the money from *Golden Gloves*. I lived for months on it and finally, after a lot of unsuccessful screen tests, Howard Hawks chose me for a big role in *The Big Sky*. When the picture was through, he signed me to an exclusive contract, with steady money every week.

Shortly after I completed *Big Sky*, I went to Sun Valley on a magazine story. I met Mardie Havelhurst, there. She was an Oregon State co-ed model.

A few months later we got married.

It didn't work. In a year we weren't happy any more. The reason? I don't know and I don't think Mardie did. But it was pointless to stay unhappy, whatever the cause. We got divorced.

After that I made six movies.

Then I got to play the young criminal in *Desperate Hours*.

Can you imagine acting with *two* Academy Award players? Frederic March and Humphrey Bogart!

Now I'm in *The Proud And The Profane*, with William Holden and Deborah Kerr.

Actors like Bogart and Holden and Miss Kerr are the best friends I have. And a man like director George Seaton makes you glad you decided to be an actor.

"Peggy and I"

Now all the other problems are working themselves out. We'll spend a lot of time together, Peggy and I. Peggy took care of that beautifully. She simply cancelled all her professional appearances for the next three months to be with me on location shooting in Utah.

A lot of Hollywood producers have been wanting her since she got the "most promising actress" award in the Audience Award Polls last year.

But she hasn't promised a thing to anyone except me and that was love, honor and obey.

You remember those beautiful cowboy boots I dreamed of and never got for Christmas when I was a kid? Well, I finally got them a few weeks ago. On the front of each one are my initials, D-M, in white leather. Peggy took one look at them. Now she calls me "Dewm-Dewm."

We're going to have a good life together. I'll tell you something else. I'm too happy to talk about myself any more.

You see that ship out there?

It's a freighter, you can tell by the dips in its silhouette, fore and aft. Ten-thousand tons, about. It's packed with crates, bags, cars and people. A few passengers, but mostly crew. But, traveler or sailor, every one of those people has a head full of dreams. Some little, some big. We're all that way, I guess.

I guess I'm sounding like a corny poet. But it's true. Every one of those people out there on that horizon are strangers to me, but the way I'm feeling I find myself wishing hard for them, hoping they all find what they're searching for.

Nothing's too tough for a guy with hope.

END

Dewey can currently be seen in Paramount's The Proud And The Profane.

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how to get to hollywood

RITA MORENO

(*Continued from page 53*) Puerto Ricans living in New York, many in complete hopelessness, and we were among those who suffered badly. When my mother brought me—a four year old—from the town of Humacao in Puerto Rico to the United States, she supported us by her work as a seamstress. She made shirts then. I don't know how much she was paid but it was low enough so that she used to complain bitterly about getting so little for them.

I was far from a help; to tell the truth I had a miserable time at the start. I was sickly, I couldn't speak a word of English, and I felt like a stranger lost in a huge, friendless city.

I remember that on my first day in New York I came down with chicken pox and was taken away from my mother in an ambulance; frightened to death, convinced the devil or worse had me. (You don't go to the hospital with chicken pox ordinarily, but this apparently was Board of Health policy with cases in areas as congested as ours.)

They put me in a large ward and there I lay, jabbering away in Spanish and understood by no one, as far as I knew, until I noticed a little boy of my age across the way. I could tell he was a Latin and that he talked Spanish—and I was right. But it did me no good. He didn't like girls and he wouldn't speak to me.

I learned my first two English phrases in that ward. I learned to yell at the boy: "Hey, you!" And I learned what he meant when he yelled back: "Shut up!"

I shut up. Lying there on my little hospital cot I began dreaming my way into a better life. I mean that I sensed when they washed me and treated me, that I was getting tender care, with sometimes love behind it; and that there was a goodness involved, a large goodness, in the hospital, in the city in which it stood, and in the country around it. And I felt that one could become part of it all if one wished.

The wish was important

I wished. Hard. And, don't worry, I am not going to make this into a fairy story. Wishing didn't get it all for me. What I look like, what talent I have, what luck came my way—all this has helped. But at that time I had no looks—I was skinny, just a stick with black beans for eyes; I had not so much talent as urge, and my luck was always lousy.

So the wish was important. It's always important. The wish made me go to my mother and beg to be taught something—to be taught something even before I started school the next year when I would be five. "I want to learn," I cried.

"Learn what?" asked my mother, spreading her hands wide apart. "What could a little thing like you want to learn?"

I thought of what I liked and the answer was simple. There was something I liked more than anything else. To dance. And dancing was something my mother must have understood too, I guess. Because if I had said something else, she might have done nothing. But I wanted to dance, and she wanted me to dance. So she worked the harder and sent me to the best teacher we knew, Paco Cansino.

It is funny, but just to be learning something is in itself a thing of hope. I walked around my city as before. It was the same city. But now different to me because I was becoming something—a dancer. Did the people know, I wondered, as they passed me? And that's what hope is: same city, different girl; same poverty, but you can't see it for the dreams you're wrapped in.

I learned to use my dreams for excitement in those days. I would go into the five-and-ten, walk and look around, and tell myself I could have anything I wanted. Sometimes I would overdo it; suddenly I would know I couldn't have anything, and I would burst into tears and run out of the store. What I am trying to say is that I didn't completely escape the misery of poverty. But I wasn't beaten by it.

When I was five years old there were two important events in my life. I danced publicly for the first time in a Greenwich Village cafe (with Paco), and my mother entered me in kindergarten at P.S. 132. The dance was a success. People laughed and applauded. The school episode didn't start off so well. I was frightened and refused to stay in class without my mother when she wanted to leave.

"All right," she said to me in Spanish. "You wait here while I go and get some gum. Then I'll be right back."

I waited, and after a while knew that something was wrong, that she wasn't returning. And I was ready to cry, I guess, when something extraordinary happened. The teacher went to the piano, began playing, and we children danced.

I forgot all about my mother and the gum, and joined the dancing. So this was school in New York! I had never imagined anything so wonderful.

That night I insisted on sleeping with my clothes on so as not to be late for class. My mother scolded. My aunt and cousins also raised a fuss. But they made no impression on me. They weren't even in my world.

I mean I was still in the midst of awful drabness. But if I have told this right, you will see how I was also far, far, out of it!

"Look at that little one!" my aunt used to say. "Where is she? Not here!"

And I wasn't.

Danced for health

I don't want to say things as if they are facts when I am not sure that they are, so I will just give some opinions here. I had anemia when I was a child and I think I was cured by dancing. I think that dancing is more than just exercise, I think it restores health and brings beauty. I think that if a girl is going to be shapely she'll be more shapely if she dances a lot. And if a girl has a tendency not to be shapely I think she might still get a nice form by dancing herself into one.

For all those years I've never stopped dancing.

That time when I danced in Greenwich Village at the age of five was just a lark to please my teacher, Paco. My debut as a "professional" came at the age of nine. The daughter of Jewish neighbors whom I knew was going to sing at a Bar Mizvah, celebrating the thirteenth birthday of her younger brother.

"You come too and dance for them," said the girl. "They would love it."

My mother made me a fruit salad of a hat and I did an impression of Carmen Miranda. They did love it. And they made me join them in a Hebrew dance they did, the Hora, with everyone joining hands and revolving in a circle. And afterwards they paid me five dollars—and I was no longer an amateur! All the way home I floated. And there I sat and looked around at our meager quarters and thought to myself, "I'm on the way."

I didn't so much mean that I was on my way some place as that I was on my way *out* of there. At any time in my youth I could have accepted what I was, where I was, and let myself sink there. But I didn't. Life put its finger on me many times and

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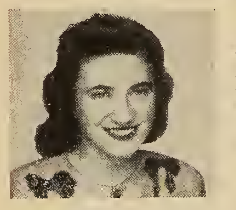

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pushed me under but I slipped aside and bobbed up again. Getting on the stage or into the movies were constant thoughts in my mind, but never possessed me as much as the simple desire to improve myself so I could live as I knew people should—humanly and decently. It meant work—and I worked.

The big chance

After the Bar Mizvah I began dancing in a little theatre in Macy's department store, doing routines after school and on weekends. After three years Paco and I figured out that I had performed 770 times. But I did more work than that. My Macy's dancing got me into early television—experimental TV for Dumont Network and others. I never got paid either; they used to tell me that it was my big chance because only producers could afford television sets those days and I was sure to be seen by someone important.

Maybe they fooled me but I don't think I worried about it much then. The big thing was that I was getting noticed. An agent came to see me and to handle my engagements. Places where I had danced sent for me to come back. I was cast in a Broadway play *Skydrift* (which ran a week). One day my agent took me to see Elizabeth Taylor in *National Velvet* and afterwards made a recording of my translation into Spanish of four of Elizabeth's lines from the picture. The next thing I know I had been taken to see Carlos Montelban (brother of Ricardo) who was in charge of dubbing American pictures into Spanish for MGM productions. "How would you like to be Elizabeth Taylor's voice whenever her pictures play in Spanish-speaking countries?" he asked. You know what my reply was. And from then on Elizabeth Taylor, or maybe Margaret O'Brien or Peggy Ann Garner would be the actresses Spanish fans would see, but it was my voice they would hear speaking for these stars. And finally I began making records of radio commercials in Spanish.

I can remember thinking to myself then: "I am thirteen years old and I am a somebody." I don't think that people should go around being proud, but it isn't wrong to be proud enough—to be proud to the point of being able to feel, "I am this." No one should feel that she is nothing.

Mr. Law steps in

It wasn't always success with me. When I was fifteen I began having a bad time. There didn't seem to be much work and when I did get it, I did badly. I got a week's work in a big night club in Manhattan, Leon and Eddie's. and they just didn't like my dancing. I did Classic Flamenco. They wanted modern. This made me just want to learn that much more.

One weekend I got a job in a small Bronx night club, being offered $20 for Saturday and Sunday. I was just getting ready to go on and do my dance for the second show Saturday night when the owner of the place suddenly grabbed me, sat me at a table, and threw a fur coat around me. "Act like a patron!" he hissed. And then I saw what was wrong. A police officer had entered the place and was looking at me. In New York you cannot work in night clubs if you are a minor, and I was only sixteen. I put on my "twenty-one-year-old look" but I didn't fool Mr. Law. He sent me home.

Finally, I was so desperate that I took a step I hated—I started to go to secretarial school. I paid $30 for a six week course, but quit in three weeks to take another dancing job when it was offered to me. I had learned to type fairly well and even had a smattering of shorthand, but I already knew that it was dancing which was going to make the big difference in my life.

"We're free"

Actually I didn't get to leave that one room where I had spent most of my life until I was eighteen years old. One afternoon at that time I came home and showed my mother some papers I had.

"What is it?" she asked in some alarm.

I guess I sat down and cried. "It is our freedom! We can get out of here." I hurried to add, before she got the idea that she was being dispossessed, "A movie contract, Mom! We're going to California!"

How had it happened? Simply. Without drama. I had been in another play, *Signor Chicago*, with Guy Kibbee. It wasn't a big hit and we all knew it wasn't going to run long. But it turned out to be a big success for me. Someone saw me; someone came to talk to me for two hours about the sort of roles I might be able to fill in Hollywood, and that someone signed me. His name was Louis B. Mayer and it was at the studio he headed then, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, that I started.

Now, six years and fourteen pictures later, I am at 20th Century-Fox Studios, getting my biggest chance, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner, in the movie version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical play, *The King And I.*

I don't know whether I will become a big star. Believe me, this is not important. I only have to remember how harsh and mean life can be, and I'm willing to settle for much less than stardom. For just ordinary happiness, for instance.

What I want most to say is that I have escaped. That's what I would have liked to tell those people who live in the same room we had. That alone is worth it all.

Rita can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film The King And I. **END**

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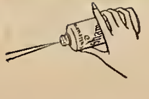

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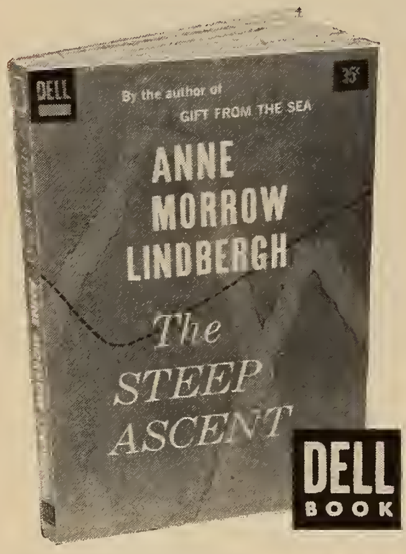

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how esther has changed

(*Continued from page 47*) first where Esther Williams is concerned. A top agent called her on the phone one evening several years ago and launched into a business discussion. He had the feeling that he wasn't getting the message across, a feeling that was confirmed when Esther suddenly broke off with, "I'm sorry, I've got to go. Benjie has a loose tooth," and hung up. A small boy's loose tooth was more important to her than a great deal of money. It's part of Esther's basic charm that she can cope with Hollywood's hardest-headed businessmen on the phone while standing there with a runny-nosed child under her arm.

Yet the soft, sentimental side of Esther Williams is reflected in one of her last acts while at MGM. "It's funny," Esther says, "but a few months before I had even thought of trying to get my release from the studio I suddenly had a terrible urge to re-decorate my dressing room. So I did—all white and movie-starrish. Yet I knew even while I was doing it that I'd never use it. I hope Debbie Reynolds gets it. She's a nice kid. All I was doing was what every woman does when she realizes she's going to leave. She housecleans. She wants to leave everything neat and tidy behind her."

Fame, Esther realized suddenly in the summer of 1955 meant little or nothing any more. What counted now was that she could work for fun and, more important, that she and Ben could work together.

"I had never realized it before," she explains, "but all the time I had been in pictures I had never had to lean on Ben. I do now. We're a team and he's my husband and I lean on him but good. Fortunately, he's big enough. And in more ways than one."

What were the plans with which the confident Esther was going to launch her "new" career? And how did she intend to reconcile these plans with the bringing up of her three children?

"Easy," says Esther, who swims twenty-five laps a day, every day, and to whom the word impossible is as a light cold to a pneumonia specialist. "I'm going to spend just as much time with the children now as I ever did, if not more. And when I'm with my children, I'm *with* them."

Esther isn't just phrase-making. Several years ago, when Benjie and Kimmie were younger and a good deal lighter than they are now, the four Gages were having dinner at a small desert resort where they were spending a weekend. Benjie and Kimmie, being children, started to act up at the table. When the usual parental warning signals failed to register, Esther simply picked them up, one under each arm, and marched out of the dining room. She kept on marching, right up to their room, sat them down, ordered their dinners sent up and stood a pleasant but firm guard over them until they had finished.

The plans? The big one didn't really begin to materialize until the week Esther made her first television appearance as a guest star on Milton Berle's first show of the 1955-56 season. She already had enough things going for her to keep her financially solvent for the rest of her life. What she wanted now was some fun, something she could throw herself into with the same kind of fresh enthusiasm that took her so quickly to the top of the movie heap. She found it on the Berle show.

"NBC had built a swimming tank for the show," she explains. "I had seen swimming tanks before. Practically lived in them, in fact. But this one, for some reason, made something click in my mind."

The click resulted in the Esther Williams Aqua-Spectacle of 1956, a title which suggests—and correctly—that there will be an Esther Williams Aqua-Spectacle of 1957, and no doubt 1958 and 1959. Fully financed by NBC (in return for four Esther Williams TV shows over a period of two years plus a share in the Aqua-Spectacle profits) it opened in London July 30, on NBC-TV September 29 and then took off on a cross-country tour that will last into March or April of next year.

"Oh, great," was her friends' reaction to this brain child. "And what are you going to do about the kids?"

"Why," said Esther, "we'll take them with us. What else?"

Last April, with all the tentative plans for the Aqua-Spectacle beginning to fall into place, Ben flew to London to iron out all the practical details for the July 30 opening. Why London? "Because," said Esther, whose business head is the despairing envy of every young starlet in Hollywood, "it costs a lot less to put such a show together in England than it does here. Furthermore, it will be thoroughly broken in before we bring it back for the TV show—and not a soul in the United States will have seen it."

Details. Ben rented an eight-bedroom house in St. John's Woods, the Bel Air of London. Esther arranged for a young Swiss girl to serve as a tutor for Benjie and Kimmie. Jane Boyd, the children's nurse for the past four and a half years, was promoted to Esther's maid. ("That was Ben's idea," Esther grumbles. "I don't *need* a maid.")

Monday, June 18—boom! Everybody back to work. Benjie and Kimmie pored excitedly over a new geography book, soaking up everything their young minds could absorb about England.

"How do you feel about going abroad?" Benjie was asked.

"We're not going abroad," he announced firmly. "We're going to *London.*" It was a difference every Englishman appreciated hugely.

Right in the middle of everything, just two weeks before they were scheduled to leave, death struck.

Al Scarcella, Esther's and Ben's long-time business associate and close family friend, was burned to death in a tragic accident. Esther turned to her children. "Uncle Al has gone to heaven," she told them gently. "It's a long trip and he'll be gone a long, long while. So we must pray for him. You see, Uncle Al has died. So we will pray for him, and that's the way you will talk to him."

Benjie thought for a moment. "But you'll have to tell us *how* to talk to Uncle Al," he said finally.

Esther drew deep on her thirty-two years of living and explained it to him.

"Gee," said Benjie, "you said it just right, Mom. I couldn't do better than that. G'night." And he went comfortably off to sleep.

A few days later, little Susie looked up trustingly at a visitor. "Uncle Al died," she said, solemnly but matter-of-factly.

"I know, dear," said the visitor.

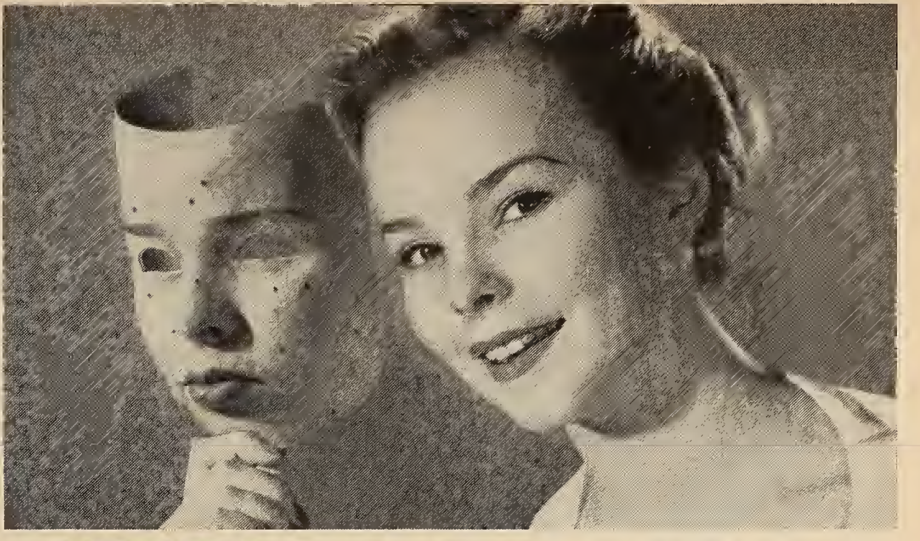
"I love Uncle Al," Susie went on.

"Of course you do."

"I like you, too."

Children can be so wise.

Life goes on, and Esther and Ben and their children go with it. There is nothing like work. Of that, they had plenty. The children went off to London first, by plane, Jane Boyd sheltering them like a mother duck. "Mommie being interviewed and photographed on arrival," Esther explains, "is sometimes a little wearing for the kids. Too, they can get all settled without all the business people



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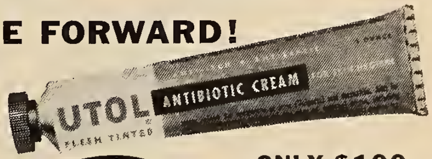

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around. They were met by a parade, and they were paraded all the way to Wembley. They love parades!"

London, Esther predicted on a warm, bright day in June, was going to be a ball. "The kids are going to summer school without even knowing it," she said happily. "And once the opening is out of the way and the show has settled down, I'll be with them more than I've ever been. We're going to do the whole tourist bit together—Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, the changing of the guard, the London Zoo—everything."

The tour will cover from twenty to twenty-five cities depending on how the schedule works out, with a maximum of six days in each city. And it also calls for two identical 180,000-gallon portable swimming tanks. "We work in one and send the other on ahead to the next city to be set up," Esther explains. "We'll play in arenas because the tanks, when they're filled with water, are just too heavy for anything but the solid ground. If we went into a building with a basement underneath the door, we'd wind up *in* the basement. That's why we can't play New York City. Not even Madison Square Garden could hold that tank up."

Esther gets time off for a Christmas vacation ("That's probably when we'll take the kids home for good."), but the vacation ends abruptly in late December, when the show is scheduled to open in Chicago.

Chicago or no Chicago, it will be a typical Gage Christmas. The big farm house will be overflowing with relatives and toys and Esther may even have time to sit down for a minute and look back. Which is not something she often does. "The past is the past," she likes to say. "It's the momentum and enthusiasm of new ventures that counts." **END**

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marilyn monroe

(*Continued from page 43*) She doesn't give false rumors a shrug of her famed shoulders. Marilyn can and has taken anything and everything but public prying into things that really matter in her life.

And the only man who mattered all along was Arthur Miller!

I, for one, am not surprised that Marilyn has fallen in love with a man of Miller's type. She worships knowledge and brilliance—and even those among Miller's friends who are disturbed by this rebel with his own cause for his liberal thinking and daring playwrighting, cannot deny his brilliance.

Once, when she was laughing with me over the silly linking of her name with Joseph Schenck, beloved elder statesman of Hollywood who has befriended and advised Marilyn from the start of her career, she said: "I could love Joe for his wisdom and kindness alone. He looks on me as a child. I treasure his knowledge so much I could sit at his knee like a child." That's the way this girl, who has had practically no education, feels about men of knowledge.

How it started

It is far more puzzling to Miller's few intimates that despite her beauty and fame, and practically in the face of her sensational publicity, the introspective playwright should have fallen for Marilyn.

How did it all start? As neither Marilyn nor Miller will talk, we can go by only the out-and-out facts.

'Tis said they met several years ago, introduced by Elia Kazan, on one of Marilyn's infrequent trips to New York. No spark ignited at that time.

Miller was best known as a young intellectual, content to be recognized solely by his brooding and controversial work, *Death Of A Salesman* (which won him the Pulitzer prize) and other plays—and a man who kept his private life very much in the background.

He had married Mary Grace Slattery after both were graduated from the University of Michigan. The serious minded Miller came of a studious Jewish family and his college sweetheart was Irish.

Success came to him early after the Millers came to New York. They lived in a brownstone house in Brooklyn which looked exactly like all the others on the same block.

But as Arthur made his mark, the old brownstone was beautifully decorated and redecorated inside, boasting many art treasures including original Picassos. Mary Miller never cared about the social life of the theatre. A charming woman, she seldom ventured into the Broadway world of her husband except to attend the first nights of his controversial plays, preferring to be just a housewife and mother of their two children.

Although he is not actively identified with the Actors Studio, the dramatic alma mater of such stars as Marlon Brando and the late James Dean, Miller is very interested in the work of the students and is a friend of Elia Kazan, a guiding factor at the drama school. After Marilyn enrolled at the Studio, it is not too hard to deduce that she met Miller during the months when she was "just a student, striving to improve myself in my work."

At this time, Arthur was readying his new play, *View From The Bridge*, starring Van Heflin and J. Carrol Naish. It was a bit of a jolt to the cast and crew when Marilyn (of all people!) started attending the first rehearsals, sitting by herself in the darkened theatre and quietly watching the performers go through their paces.

She was never actually seen in Miller's company entering or leaving the rehearsals. She was just there.

False rumors began

In fact, Marilyn came so often to rehearsals that the talk got around that she had a "crush" on Van Heflin, the film star from Hollywood returning to his first love, the stage, after many years in movies! (That's how far off the gossip was at this point.) Marilyn and Van barely knew one another to nod to.

Now, another interesting development took place. Marilyn and Arthur started appearing at the same social events in New York, but again they arrived and departed separately. This was becoming almost too much coincidence. Talk linking their names quietly started.

It broke into full volume when *View From The Bridge* opened in New Haven for its out-of-town tryout. Marilyn was very much present. For the first time, Mrs. Miller was not in the audience at her husband's "first night."

This was the first definite tip-off that the Millers had come to a real parting of the ways, a fact later borne out by Arthur's admission that he was leaving for Reno where he would seek a "friendly" divorce from his wife.

About this time, Marilyn returned to Hollywood on the terms of a fabulous new contract she had signed with 20th to make *Bus Stop* and three other pictures. The press, which by now was in a mood to bombard her with questions about Miller, was forestalled when she

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was taken quite ill soon after the picture started. Her doctors ordered Marilyn into seclusion and later her "set" was closed to reporters because of her health.

In Reno, Miller was being more than a recluse. He was almost the invisible man.

But the few who were "in" on the situation knew how very closely Marilyn and Arthur kept in contact via the long distance phone. They talked two or three times a day and it is believed that it was on Arthur's advice that Marilyn moved out of the house she was occupying with the Greenes and into an apartment of her own for more privacy.

A similar howl

It is difficult at best for a romance to be carried on at such long distance and it is said that the lovebirds had a slight tiff over some photographs taken showing too much of Marilyn's legs. I got a kick out of this gossip because I remember that Joe DiMaggio is supposed to have set up a similar howl over those scenes showing Marilyn's skirts blowing up over her head for *The Seven Year Itch*.

Marilyn resented this from Joe and she probably did from Miller although she might as well start getting used to it. Miller is the type who would resent cheesecake "art" involving the woman he loves. Already there is evidence that Miller expects Marilyn to keep her career on the highest level.

It's interesting indeed to think what effect this will have on the sexy career of the blond glamour girl who has been built to stardom on her sensational physical charms.

A cultural Marilyn?

Suppose Marilyn goes along with Arthur in his more "cultural" ideas for her future—and I firmly believe she will. Long before she met him she was reaching out for something more "important" and artistic. Remember the kidding she took because she said she wanted to do Tolstoi's *Brothers Karamazov*?

"The people who laughed at me only proved their own ignorance," Marilyn once said to me indignantly. "To anyone who has read the book it is obvious that I am perfectly suited to play the girl Grushenka—not the title roles."

But already I can see and hear producers tearing their hair and howling to the high heavens if Miller decides to write her stories or even guide Marilyn into "arty" channels.

There is little doubt but that he will have a stronger influence on the Baby Doll of the world than either of her other husbands, the by now almost forgotten Jim Dougherty, now a policeman who married Marilyn while she was in her teens and he was in the Navy (and who had no influence at all); or her second husband, the beloved idol of the baseball world, Joe DiMaggio, still spinning from the surprise of both his marriage and divorce from the one and only Marilyn Monroe. **END**

Marilyn can now be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Bus Stop *and will soon appear in her production of* The Sleeping Prince, *to be released by Warner Bros.*

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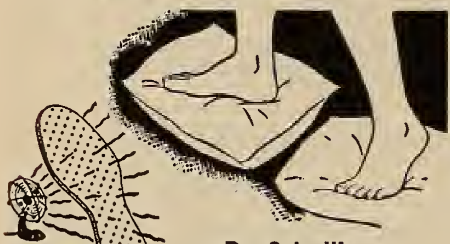

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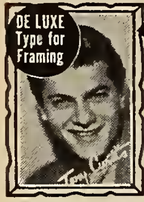

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(Continued from page 59) trunk back into order, then returned to my room. Pow, crash, bang. It happened again. Called the steward, who in turn called the porters, who in turn made a great to-do with Operation Securing-Trunk-To-Wall. Kim remained hidden under bed-covers throughout this fascinating engineering feat. When the trunk was finally lashed down and the stateroom cleared, Kim popped her head out, muttering. "Not my day, just not my day. Not my day at all."

Corny joke from me: "Guess, Kim, this was one of those days when you should NOT have stood in bed." Kim was not amused. Threw a pillow at me. Missed. Fell asleep again.

April 18: Choppy seas. Kim as good as new. Accepted invitation to run the "horse-racing" game in the main salon. The other passengers were delighted. When she ran the "horses" *everyone* won. Which isn't the way it's supposed to be. Just before the bank was broken the steward intervened. Didn't "wish to tire Miss Novak with so much activity," he said! Kim decided to try her luck at the game. We are now $30 poorer.

April 19: Ship pitching like cork. My former patient can't understand why so many of the other passengers are confined to their cabins. Ran around in slacks all day and, because we didn't feel like dressing for dinner, sneaked down for the early sitting. Kim became very excited when she heard the *Liberté* was passing us, and rushed over to the port-hole to see it. (I remained put to keep an eye on our dinner.) Kim returned horribly disappointed. "It's so *small,*" she protested. "I'm awfully glad we're on this one." The waiters all had giggling fits. Later found out why. Kim was duped by the oldest shipboard gag of all: To pass off small passing freighters as the elegant rival sister ships. This is funny????

Europe

April 20: Huge sense of excitement is growing in us. Awoke early this morning with the knowledge that we'd be sighting land within a few hours. At 2:30 p.m. we docked at Plymouth to allow the English passengers to disembark. Kim and I were absolutely awed by the beauty of the rolling hills and lush greenery of the English country side. Only sheer will-power kept us from getting off the boat right there.

But we didn't. We couldn't break our cocktail date with the Officers of the Bridge again. (Amen.)

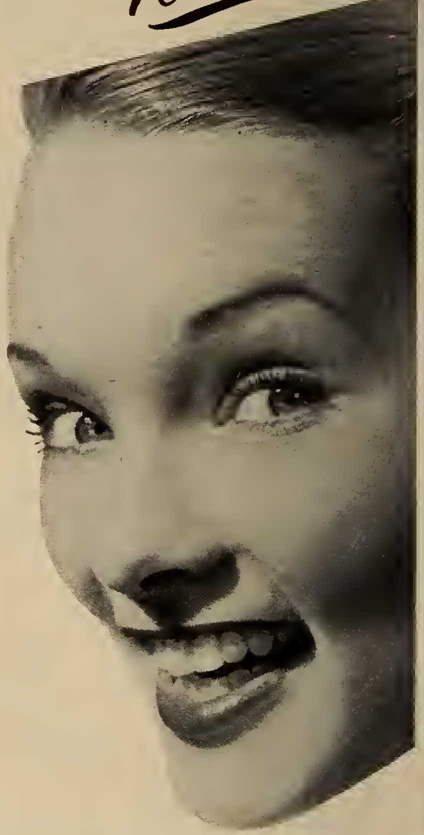
We decided to go to sleep early. We have to be awake at 4 a.m. to go through French immigration.

April 21: We *were* up at 4 a.m. Thought that would give us plenty of time in which to get ready. That's what we *thought!* The French immigration officers will remember Miss Kim Novak as a sleepy-eyed blonde, completely draped in a lavender blanket! Left a better impression on Customs, since we managed to be dressed to the teeth for the grand exit from the ship. Stayed elegant only until we reached Normandy, where we hastily changed to slacks. Wanted to wash off our make-up too. No soap. Reminder: Keep small bar of soap in purse at all times.

In Europe less than twenty-four hours and already we both have fallen madly in love with a dashing Latin whose sense of humor is utterly divine: Our sixty-four-year-old chauffeur, Guido. A dream walking. And our own private guide for our entire stay on the Continent.

Drove from Normandy to Rouen where Kim had a yearning to see the fabulous Cathedral. Guido wouldn't think of our

"Me complain? Never!"



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leaving the city, however, until he took us through the tower in which Joan of Arc was imprisoned and the market place where she was burned. Fascinating.

We are now spending the night at Vichy—the city steeped in a tradition of high adventure, mineral water and the most divine beds with six-foot-high feather mattresses. Kim wonders if she could ship one back home. Reminder: Find out about shipping *two* feather beds home. Sampled much mineral water. But no high adventure tonight. We're confined to the Inn. It's raining.

A bike race

April 22: At the rate we're progressing, the Festival may be over before we ever reach Cannes. We're cruising along Le Route Des Alpes this a.m. and found ourselves plunk in the middle of the famous French motor-bike races. Something had to go! It was us. One hundred miles out of our way. Kim horribly excited by the beauty of the Alps and thought it most obliging of the weatherman to stage a private snowstorm just for our benefit. Headed east for a stop-over at a small French village. Special mission. Kim's French teacher at home had arranged for her to meet one of the most famous heroines of the former French underground. Even though the war has been over more than eleven years, this woman's identity must still remain a mystery and she sees very few people from the outside world. Guido parked the car on the main road and Kim walked the one-quarter mile remaining to the woman's cottage. There she remained most of the afternoon. Talking, seeing the secret passages and trap-doors through which many young men of the French Resistance escaped and the monuments erected in the little back yard behind the house in memory of those less fortunate. Kim said little after she returned to the car. Even Guido's bright conversation failed to penetrate her mood. She had been very impressed and extremely moved by her visit with this remarkable sixty-year-old woman. A quiet dinner at the *Pularde Bressaire Napoleon* in Castellane. Have a hunch this will be our last quiet dinner for some time.

April 23: Today has been absolutely fabulous, fascinating, unbelievable, hectic, exciting, too much, etc., etc., etc. A kaleidescope of people, places and things.

9 a.m.: Arrived in Grasse—perfume manufacturing capital of the world. Kim wanted to pick up a bottle of lavender scent. Was recognized by the managers and bottlers of the perfumery. Big fuss. A dozen workers followed us back to the car—spraying essence of lavender all the way. Then they proceeded to spray the entire inside of the car with lavender. Too much of a good thing is too much! So overpowered by the fragrance we couldn't breathe. Kept our heads popped out of the car windows for the next half-hour. Wonder if Kim will still be fond of lavender after this!

10:30 a.m.: Our car whizzed around a bend and suddenly before our eyes was the *Cote D'Azure,* which, according to our travel folder, is the place "Where the Sky is Always Blue." Blue? Seemed foggy and gray to me. Kim so excited about finally arriving here she couldn't have cared less about the weather.

Something big going on

11:15 a.m.: We approached the entrance of our hotel—The Carlton in Cannes. Guido brought the car to an abrupt halt. From 1,000 to 1,500 people were blocking our way. "Oh, Muriel," said Kim, "something big must be going on. We can't go through the front door looking and smelling like *this.*" (Slacks, windblown hair, too much lavender scent.) Guido had an idea.

1 p.m.: It took us nearly two hours to drive through the crowds and traffic in order to reach the back entrance of the hotel. When we finally got to our suite, Kim asked the manager what all the excitement out front was. Flabbergasted when he told her it was the natives and tourists waiting for *her* arrival!

First step on my agenda was to delavenderize myself. Retreated to my bathroom where I noticed the shower curtains were drawn tight. Pulled them back and found seven photographers hiding in my bathtub!!! We stared speechlessly at one another for a good five minutes. Then one of the boys spoke up. He was obviously quite disappointed. "Oh, a thousand pardons, Madame," said he. "But ees theese not *la salle de bain de Mademoiselle* Keeem Novak?"

"It is *not,*" I replied indignantly.

"Well then, Madame, would you be so kind as to show us the door of *la salle de bain de Mademoiselle* Keem Novak?"

I showed them the door. *Period!* Seven photographers in my bathtub indeed! Is this a forecast of things to come?????

8 p.m.: I just don't know how the girl does it. Despite the procession of photographers, reporters, neighbors, messengers, studio representatives, etc., etc., etc., marching in and out all day, Kim managed to get bathed and dressed on time for the evening's activities. She tried on four different dresses especially designed for her by Jean Louis of Columbia Pictures before she decided what to wear. The red chiffon, the lavender (definitely out), the black lace and the black beaded job with the halter neckline? Chose the black beaded dress. A happy choice. She left the hotel looking like—a gorgeous mermaid.

French lesson

One important item: At the hotel while getting dressed, Kim had decided that this was the perfect time in which to practice her French. Not to say one word in English, at all. Everything went well until she asked for a radio for her room.

In her best French, she asked the *concierge* to bring her a radio.

"Quel dimension?" (What size?) he asked politely. *"Grande ou petite?"* (Large or small?)

"N'importe" (It doesn't matter), said Kim, somewhat puzzled.

Kim was told to be patient.

Within ten minutes the *concierge* returned, carting a giant bucket of ice water.

Five hours later, we are still trying to figure out where *that* translation came from.

5 a.m.: We just returned to our suite. Kim is, indeed, the reigning queen here. At the Festival each of the thirty stars present were introduced to the audience. The event went off as planned until Kim came on stage. Her appearance was greeted with such wild enthusiasm that someone in the wings insisted she walk back across the stage a second time . . . and gave her a gentle push in that direction. Another wild ovation. I think this would have gone on all night if Kim, now thoroughly embarrassed, hadn't scurried back to her seat. Big party after the screening. Kim danced continuously until 4 a.m. with representatives of every country in the world. Don't ask me how she managed. Particularly with the Latin contingent cutting in every other minute. Those Latins dug her the *most!* *"Kim demandez"* is a chant used by vendors in Cannes to sell an ice cream of that name. It has now been adopted by nearly the entire male population here. I think they have a different dish in mind!

April 24: During her entire twenty-three years, Kim had never had a birth-

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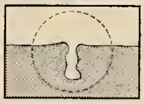

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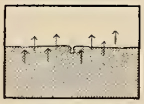

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day, dinner or any other kind of party given *especially* for her. Tonight the main banquet Casino of Cannes was taken over for a surprise midnight supper in Kim's honor. And as a special touch, everything had a lavender (can't escape it) motif. Lavender flowers (with a perfect spray of lilacs sent by Elsa Maxwell from her private gardens), lavender candles, lavender table decorations—well just everything. Kim's arrival at the stroke of midnight was heralded by a special orchestral arrangement of "Ain't She Sweet," with all of the forty guests joining in on the chorus. Kim just stood at the entrance, wide-eyed and bewildered, unable to believe all of this was just for her. Because her lavender formal had mysteriously (with the help of me, who knew about the decorations and thought Kim should dress in contrast to them) been misplaced, her gown this evening was the red chiffon. Lush strapless number with draped bodice, and two streamers floating down the back. Overheard one gentleman say, *"Mademoiselle,* you are like an American Beauty Rose in a garden of orchids." And she was. Kim was in a daze most of the evening—but that didn't stop her from dancing her head off. Returned to the hotel at 6 a.m.

April 26: I am now traveling with nobility. Kim's new title: "My Lady of the Old Mill." Explanation: The Old Mill is an old and very unique restaurant just outside of Cannes. On special occasions they "knight" either distinguished or favored patrons. Tonight the honor was Kim's.

The "knighting" took place with much pomp and circumstance. Two women in armour came over to Kim and without explanation of any kind, whisked her to a lone table in the center of the room. A few moments later the proprietor entered bearing a heavy silver medallion. Very solemnly he placed it around Kim's neck. He kissed her on each cheek, after which Kim was escorted back to her table. Of course, she was thrilled.

Earlier in the evening Kim ate dinner at the famous Chateau Madrid. Kim wasn't sure which intrigued her the most: the grape-stamping routine of a native dancer—or the tremendous black hat he wore. "Oh, if only I had a hat like that," she whispered. "I'd be contented to return home without buying another thing." The dancer evidently overheard her, for as soon as his routine was finished he came directly to her table. *"Mademoiselle,"* he implored, "Will you do me the honor of accepting this as a souvenir of your visit to our city?" And he wouldn't take no for an answer! You should see that hat!!!!! Too much!

April 27: Rested all day.

Kim and Aly Khan

April 29: Sunday: Au revoir to Cannes. We have been up all night. Aly Khan hosted a fabulous party for forty. Kim attended with Ruppert Allen. Naturally, she danced several times with the Prince. Somehow I have a strange, unexplainable, psychic premonition that we are going to be hearing a great deal about a "deathless" romance that began last night. Reminder: Prepare yourself for a barrage of questions and rumors about forementioned "great romance." Try to convince friends back home and local press that there is no truth to them. (There *isn't!*) Kim thought the Prince was a charming man, a gracious host and divine dancer. *Period.* Regret of the evening: We had to leave by 3:30 a.m. in order to get packed and ready for our jaunt to Italy tomorrow—ooops—*this* morning. Got back to the hotel to find five photographers parked outside our door. Asked them to go away. This was no hour for pictures. They refused to go away. Kept ringing the bell like mad. I kept telling them that this was no hour for taking pictures. Three finally gave up and went home. At 5 a.m. we sent down for coffee. Opened the door to admit the waiters and found two exhausted but determined photographers sprawled across the carpet. Kim impressed by such perseverance, invited the boys in for coffee, ran a comb through her hair, dabbed on some lipstick and posed. At 5:40 a.m. yet! They left at 6:30. We finished packing and dressing. Kim's traveling outfit for trip to Italy: Slacks, dark glasses, sweater, and her precious big black hat. She looks just like . . . Kim Novak. Here we go again!!!!!

May 1: Arrived in Rome last night after a delightful drive through the Italian country-side. Guido is *really* in his element. We have been chock-filled with information about every point of interest from Ventimiglia (on the Franco-Italian border) to Rome. After we had checked into the Excelsior, Kim said, "Muriel, let's not make any appointments for tomorrow. No schedules. We'll just leave the hotel as early as possible and be real tourists." Thought this was a grand idea. This morning we were out of bed and dressed by 8 a.m., loaded with energy and ready for our forthcoming assault on the Colosseum, Caesar's Palace and the Forum. At 9 the phone rang. It was one of Rome's foremost hairdressers. Kim had completely forgotten she had arranged an appointment with him. "Oh, it will take less than an hour," she rationalized. "Just need a lavender (again!) rinse and set. We'll still have plenty of time to see the city." The *coiffeur* and equipment arrived at 9:30. Kim had brought a whole carton of her lavender rinse to Europe with her, but the hairdresser was horrified to learn that the rinse lasts only between washings and then has to be reapplied again. Now—*he* just happened to have a lavender tint that remained on for months. No amounts of washing could remove it. The lure of this time-saving concoction proved too much for Kim. She told him to proceed. I returned to my unpacking. One hour later, I heard a loud horrified shriek coming from Kim's room. Rushed in to find our fair lavender-haired girl now a charcoal brunette.

Jean Louis implored Kim not to worry. Merely an unexpected chemical reaction which would be easily rectified.

Two hours later, the unexpected chemical reaction was *rectified.* Kim was no longer a brunette. Her hair was now the color of wilted wheat!

Five hours and three other unique colors later, her crowning glory was finally back to the shade it was before this whole thing began. It was now time for the good old USA lavender rinse. It was also time for dinner. So ended our first day in Rome. Of course there was still some time to see the Colosseum by moonlight. Only tonight there's no moon. Better luck tomorrow—I hope.

Guido and Rome

May 2: We made it. Never has there been a Roman holiday like the one Guido took us on today. Our own private Gregory Peck, he was. We visited the Colosseum (by sunlight), the Temple of the Vestal Virgins, Caesar's Palace, the Forum and, of course, the Fountain of Trevi. Everyone must know by now that if you throw a coin into *that* fountain, you are absolutely, unconditionally guaranteed a return trip to Rome—or your money refunded. Carried away by the movie—we each threw in *three* coins. And came very close to joining our loot at the bottom of the fountain. For Kim was recognized and the crowds started pressing in. Even traffic stopped until Guido came to the rescue

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and spirited us safely back to the car. Next stop: The Spanish Steps. Guido drove us to the top, came around to pick us up at the bottom of this flower-bedecked stairs. Which saved a lot of wear and tear on the energy. No self-respecting tourist can be in Rome without stopping for a moment at Doney's sidewalk cafe. So we stopped. For *one* minute—took a photograph to prove it—and then had to leave because of the gathering crowds.

Lunch in the country followed. This at the Palazzi, which was once the home of the late Mussolini's girl friend. Gorgeous.

Busman's Holiday Dept.: Kim wanted to meet Anna Magnani so we drove out to the studio where this great Italian star was working and an introduction was arranged. Miss Magnani to Kim: "You are very beautiful." Kim blushed like a school-girl. Passed the Colosseum again before returning to the hotel. Still no moonlight.

May 4: We were veddy veddy swank today. Fontanna, Rome's most exclusive fashion designer, invited us to a private showing. *Very* exclusive!!! Guest list: Miss Kim Novak and Miss Muriel Roberts. Kim acted very elegant for about five whole minutes. Then she sat back and sipped bottled Cokes, while four stunning models paraded before us, displaying the *creme* of Italian high fashion for Autumn, 1956. Like a couple of kids in a candy store we wanted one of each. That's what we *wanted*—but never underestimate the will-power of two girls on a clothes budget. Kim relaxed the will-power just a bit and ordered a sheath dress with matching duster, and two coats . . . both identical in style, but different in material and function. One's for the evening, made up in black velvet with a white satin lining. The other, for sport-wear, is of beige wool, trimmed with darker beige jersey. Too much!!! Finally tore ourselves away.

Kim meets the Count

May 5: Madame Palacicini, the wife of a V.I.P. producer here, had invited Kim to a luncheon at her home today. Woke Kim at 10 a.m. "Oh, Muriel," she moaned. "I'm so tired. I want to stay in bed all day. Can't I get out of this somehow?" "You certainly *cannot*," said I. "Start dressing, girl." When Kim returned to the hotel later in the afternoon, she said, "Muriel, I had the most wonderful time. And I met the most thoroughly delightful person. His name is Count Mario Bandini. He's just divine. I do hope I'll run into him again." She didn't have to hope for long. At 5 p.m. the Count called, asking if she would be free to have dinner with him that night.

Kim was glowing all over when she got home from her dinner date. Not only did she have the most enjoyable time with the Count, but she also had acquired another priceless souvenir. She admired a head of Bacchus (god of wine) displayed in the restaurant and asked about its history. The owner told her the story of Bacchus—and to make sure she wouldn't forget it insisted she accept the statue as a gift.

From Kim's torrents of words about her evening, I've managed to sift the following pertinent information:

The Count's appearance at the luncheon was no happy accident. He had heard she was going to be there, and pulled some strings to get himself invited too.

He is in his mid-thirties.

He is a genuine Count—but unlike most counts he is also an astute business man. With his father, he runs a huge and flourishing cannery. With his income from this business, he has also dabbled in motion picture production.

And from my own meeting with the Count this evening, I have come to the following conclusions:

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He looks a little like George Sanders. He *is* divine.

May 6: Count Mario rang up at noon. He wanted to take us on a special tour of *his* Rome. First stop: the Catacombs. Kim was terribly disillusioned by their mildness. "They're not at all the way I expected them to be," she said. "What happened to all the bones of the martyrs?" The Padre, who escorted us, explained that this was as far down as the tourists were usually permitted to go. The Count and the Padre then exchanged a few private words and our tour continued, and Kim *really* saw the Catacombs.

The secret

Next stop: The Stone of Truth. Legend: If you place your hand in the gargoyle's mouth, it will be chopped off if you tell a lie. Mario placed Kim's hand in its mouth and asked her a question. She laughed—but replied. She refuses to tell me either the question or her answer. All I know is both her hands are still in very good condition!

May 7: Our last day in Rome. This afternoon we visited the Italian Museum, the Vatican and St. Peter's. Kim, absolutely overwhelmed by Michaelangelo's Dome, couldn't leave St. Peter's for hours. But our greatest disappointment here is that we have to go before it is possible to have an audience with the Pope. Tonight, Count Mario took us out to dinner at the Hostaria del Orso. The most fabulous restaurant either of us has seen anywhere. There's a floor for cocktails, one for dancing, one for dining. Kim was delighted that we were placed at table number three (her lucky number) at dinner. Methinks Mario had something to do with that. Aside from being attractive and dashing, he is also one of the most thoughtful and gracious men we've encountered in Europe. We didn't get home until 6 a.m. This gave us just enough time to pack in order to be ready for our journey to Venice. Sleep??? What *is* sleep??

May 8: Venice: Arrived 10:45 at night. Our room faces the Grand Canal and from our window we can see the entire city shimmering with lights. But we are not tempted to go exploring now. Kim dead on her feet. Staggered in. And so to bed.

May 9: Something told me I shouldn't have bought those pastries enroute here yesterday. Have been one step away from death all day. Mario arrived from Rome early this afternoon, and upon hearing about Kim's dying companion hurried over to the hotel, bringing the contents of every apothecary in Venice with him. After I assured them that they were not really needed to witness my suffering and that I was convinced Mario's pills would help me live through the night, Kim and Mario left for dinner and a gondola sail on the Grand Canal.

May 10: From now on, it's *Doctor* Mario Bandini. I'm feeling great. So Kim and I took a launch to Torchello, a tiny island 20 minutes from Venice, for lunch. The owner asked if we'd care to see the upstairs rooms. I have a sneaking suspicion that he knew we'd be unable to resist them. And we couldn't. They are something out of a fairy-tale and are furnished with those wonderful huge beds we fell in love with in Vichy. So we have decided to stay here for the next two days.

Mud and mire

May 12: Mario arrived at one and proclaimed it a wonderful day for a picnic. The hotel packed us a fantastic basket lunch, (huge ham sandwiches on thick Italian bread, sausage, pickled peppers, everything)! We hired a gondola for the day and sailed to San Francisco of the Desert; a heavenly isle, inhabited solely by Monks. Kim spent most of the afternoon sketching everything in sight. On our way back from picnic in the gondola, we were startled to see what at first glance looked like a boy walking on water. Mario explained the lad was on a sand-bar picking Scampia. "Why don't you stand out there, Kim?" I suggested. "It would make a wonderful snapshot." Kim was all for it. She removed her shoes and stepped out of the gondola into a pile of thick muck and mire. A mess. Kim made the rest of the trip back—half in, half out of the gondola—with her legs dangling over the side of the boat and into the water. And muttering: "Every day I come here. Every day I pick Scampia. I like the muck and the mire. Suuuuu-rrr-e I do! Everyday I come here . . ." And so on. It's a miracle we didn't turn the boat over laughing.

May 13: Goodbye to wonderful Venice.

May 14: Geneva: Kim is in bed nursing an egg-sized lump on her head—the result of an incredibly freakish accident. After leaving Venice yesterday, we drove to Milan and then to Como where we stopped off to do a bit of shopping. Loaded with packages, Kim stepped into the car, and inadvertently konked herself over the head with an umbrella she had bought for dear Guido. Shocked by that initial blow, she jumped up, and consequently banged her head again—this time on the inside roof of the car. The thud sounded like an earthquake. Kim was completely stunned. Guido burst into tears—and couldn't stop crying until the doctor assured us there was no concussion or serious injury, and that the red lump would go down by the time we reached Paris. The ride from Como to Geneva through the Alps was lovely—but our hearts just weren't in it.

Paris

May 16: Paris at last. Kim's bump is almost gone, but her scalp's still a little tender. First mission on our agenda was perfume shopping . . . on the *Rue de Rivoli*. Suddenly, in the middle of the afternoon, our reservoir of energy ran dry. We returned to the hotel early. The magic of Paris couldn't tempt us tonight. We had dinner sent up to our suite and spent the rest of the evening listening to the Neopolitan records Kim had bought in Italy. Mario phoned—and sent flowers.

May 18: Our weather: Sunny and beautiful. Our condition: Still exhausted. Our activities: Remained in the hotel all day and answered mail. Mario phoned to say he'll be in Paris tomorrow.

May 19: A big day. Went shopping on the Left Bank this morning and bought all kinds of quaint little things. Kim fell madly in love with a painting she saw on exhibit in an outdoor "art gallery," but resisted. Visited the Flea market, Napoleon's tomb and the Louvre. Kim duly impressed with the original Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo and Wingless Victory. But she lost her heart completely to a bronze statue of Joan of Arc which she saw on the street. She couldn't tear herself away from it even though there was so much more to see, and so little time in which to see it. Thank heavens *that* statue wasn't for sale. Mario arrived early and escorted us to dinner. Here we are in the mecca of French culinary art, yet we agreed upon sampling the wonders of a Russian restaurant. But White Russian!

May 20, Sunday. Morning: Mario picked Kim up early and took her for a long drive through *les Jardins des Tuileries.* (The Park.)

Afternoon: Off to the races! Kim's first visit to the track and her first experience of any kind with the Sport of Kings. Of kings, maybe. Not of movie actresses. Losses for the day—$20.

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Evening: Mario took Kim to a wonderful restaurant which features a private violinist for each couple there. For about ten minutes nary a musician showed up at her table. Then, as a special surprise just for her, all thirty came over en masse to serenade her.

May 23: Our last day in Paris! Another picnic. Only this time it was a huge affair arranged by the studio. While dining at Maxim's tonight, Kim was thrilled to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at an adjoining table. Upon leaving the restaurant, Kim and Mario were ambushed by an eager reporter who insisted upon knowing what went with the two. Said Kim, mischievously: "Oh, you can say we're engaged!"

They were both coy and didn't answer. There were two enigmatic smiles instead.

Kim rushed back to the hotel to keep a 3 a.m. appointment with her hairdresser. Her spirit was willing but the rest of her rebelled. When she went into the bedroom to change into something more appropriate than a black dress, she collapsed on the bed and fell asleep. The coiffeur was very gallant about the whole thing.

London

May 31: Aboard the U.S.S. United States, Le Havre: In a few minutes two exhausted but happy wanderers will be going home. The past week in England was as hectic as the entire tour combined. Not a minute let-up. No sleep. The phone never stopped ringing. Everyone wanted to know about the "engagement." Kim was kept busy every minute doing publicity on behalf of *The Eddie Duchin Story*. We didn't think we'd ever get to see any of the sights, but the BBC aranged an efficient whirl-wind tour of the city for us, and in that way we managed to be whisked through Burlington Aracade, the Tower of London, Grosvenor Square, and Buckingham Palace, where we saw the Changing of the Guard. It was fun—but too frantic and too fast. Other highlights of our London visit: cocktails with Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier; a visit with Diana Dors, England's top glamour girl; a drive past Windsor Castle while the Queen was in residency there. (Didn't see the Queen.)

Tired, tired, tired

On May 29, we drove to Blackpool, where the World Première of *The Eddy Duchin Story* was being held. Kim's reception was as sensational as the one she received at the Festival. A wonderful evening. After the post-première party, we hurriedly changed our clothes for the drive to Southampton. We were anxious to get on the boat early in order to have time to relax before sailing. So what happens? We got lost. The drive—which usually takes six hours, took us eleven. We arrived on the pier, within a few seconds of the All Aboard signal. Tired, tired, tired.

June 5: New York: Miss Kim Novak and Miss Muriel Roberts now consider themselves the world champions of Monopoly. For that's about *all* we did all the way home. We played Monopoly in our cabins. And took long quiet walks along the deck at midnight when everyone else had retired. And slept. And slept. And slept. Mario called nightly via ship-to-shore-radio. He plans to come to Hollywood for a visit in October. This Saturday we leave for home. And peace. And quiet. Wouldn't it be lovely? . . .

Oh *no!* A telegram just arrived. It contains our schedule for a one-month long cross-country tour of the United States to plug *The Eddie Duchin Story*. Here we go again! **END**

Kim can currently be seen in Columbia's The Eddie Duchin Story. *She'll soon be appearing in Columbia's* Pal Joey

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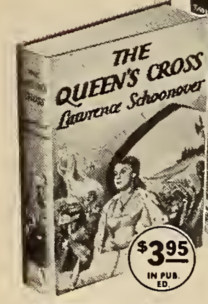

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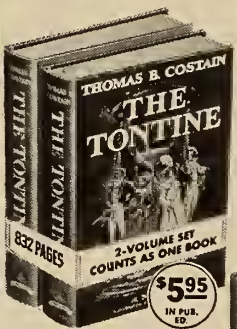

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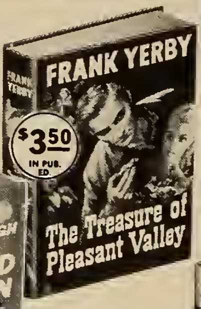

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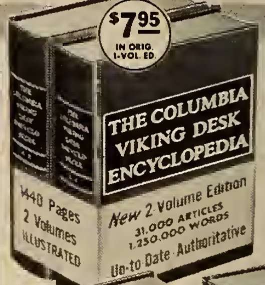

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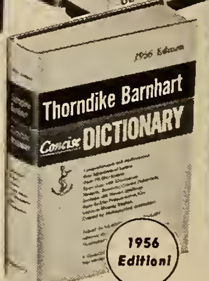

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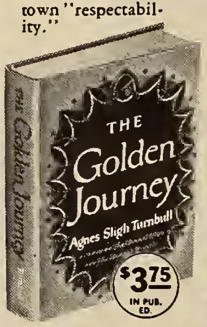

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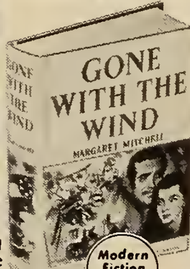

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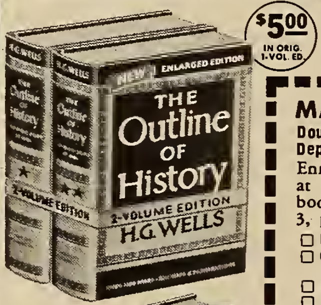

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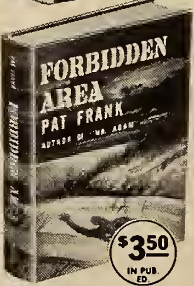

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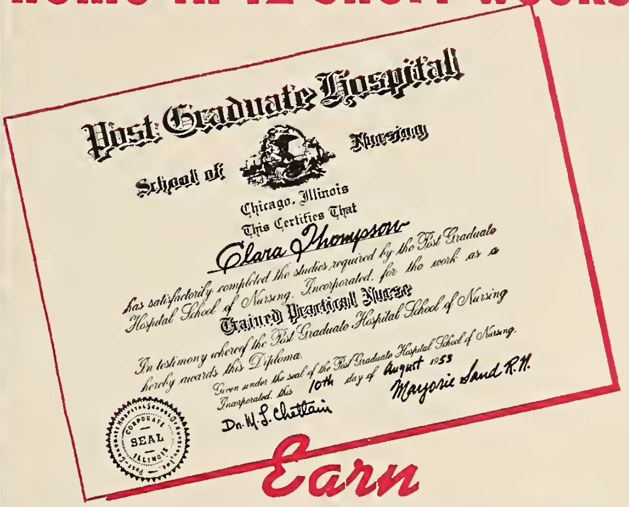

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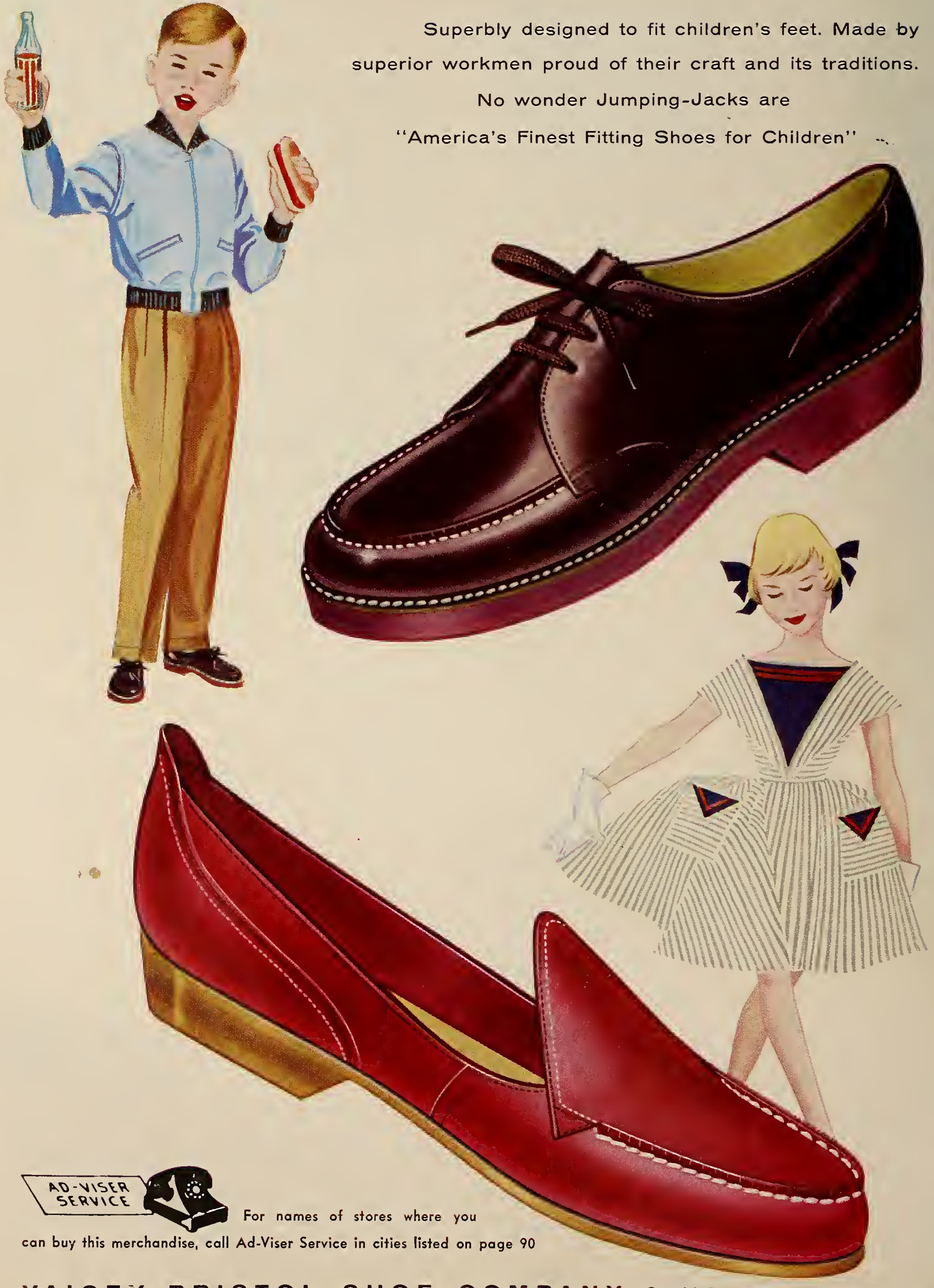
or call Ad-Viser Service in cities listed on page 90.

JUMPING-JACKS

America's Finest Fitting Shoes for Children

Superbly designed to fit children's feet. Made by superior workmen proud of their craft and its traditions. No wonder Jumping-Jacks are "America's Finest Fitting Shoes for Children"



AD-VISER SERVICE

For names of stores where you can buy this merchandise, call Ad-Viser Service in cities listed on page 90

VAISEY-BRISTOL SHOE COMPANY ● MONETT, MISSOURI

"I FLIPPED WHEN ELVIS HELD ME IN HIS ARMS"

B 617601

modern screen

OCT -1 1956

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OCT. 20¢

NOV-1 1956

"The kind of family we'll be"

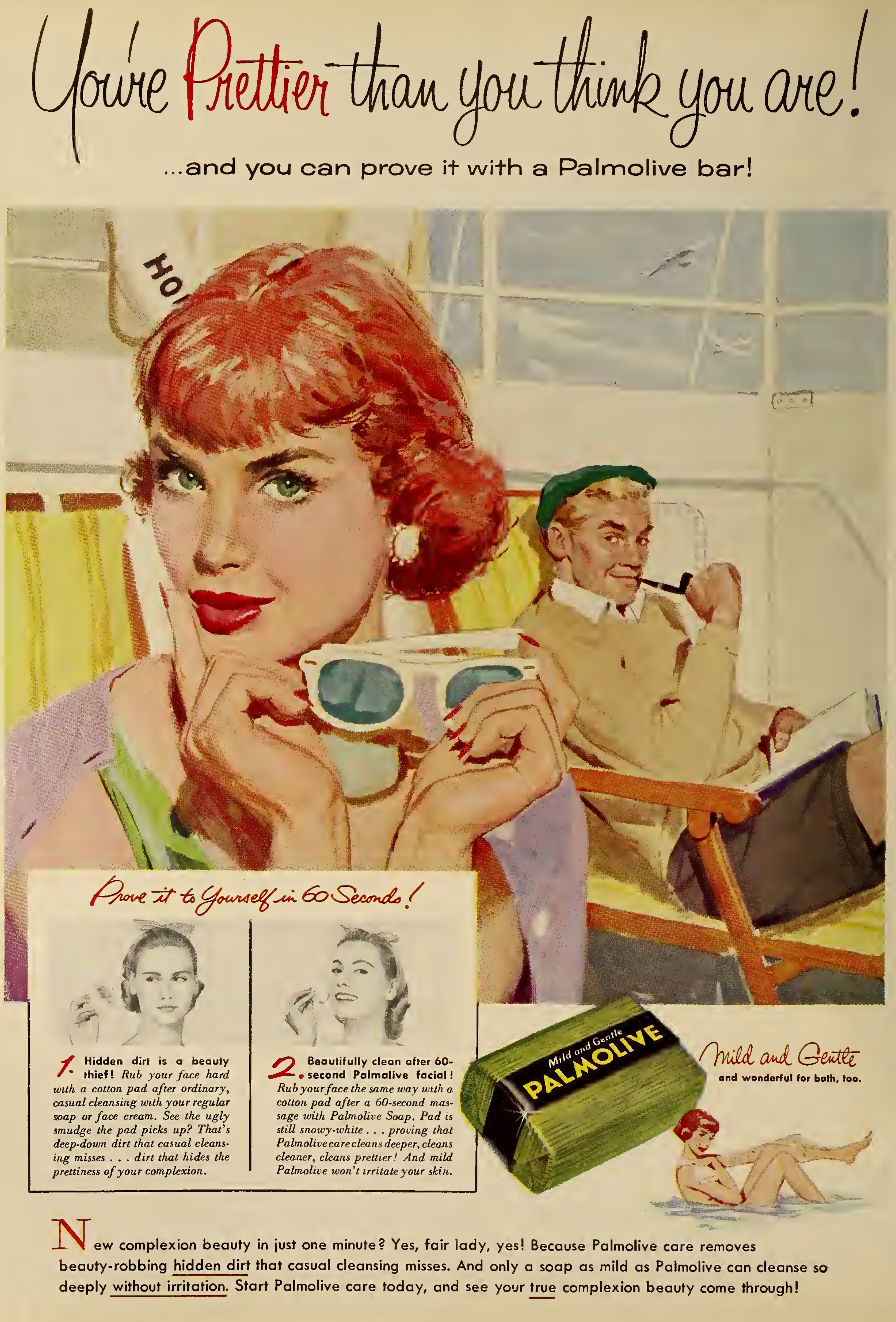
Eddie and Debbie

PECIAL JAMES DEAN TREASURY

Stories and pictures of Jimmy's happiest moments

This beautiful memorial keepsake for you to wear

ACTUAL SIZE



You're *Prettier* than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Prove it to Yourself in 60 Seconds!

1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream. See the ugly smudge the pad picks up? That's deep-down dirt that casual cleansing misses . . . dirt that hides the prettiness of your complexion.*

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! *Rub your face the same way with a cotton pad after a 60-second massage with Palmolive Soap. Pad is still snowy-white . . . proving that Palmolive care cleans deeper, cleans cleaner, cleans prettier! And mild Palmolive won't irritate your skin.*

Mild and Gentle
and wonderful for bath, too.

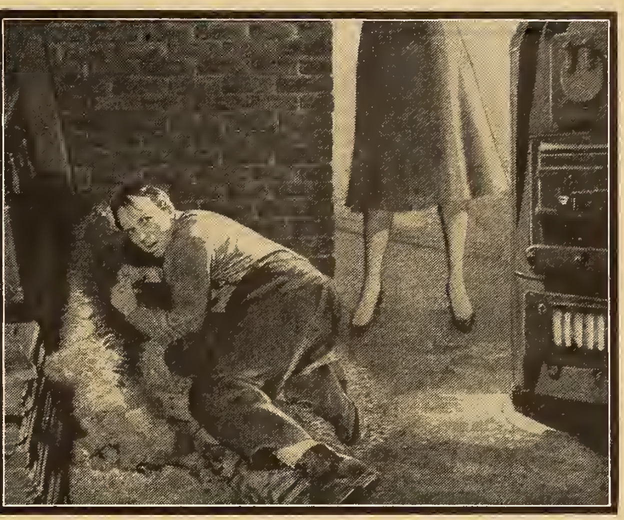
New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

OCT -1 1956

"THE BAD SEED" IS THE BIG SHOCKER!

B 617601

A hidden
shame
out in
the open
--and the most
terrifying
rock-bottom
a woman
ever hit
for love!



This very sensational picture asks the very sensational question:
"how does a girl get this bad?"

Talk all you want
about the man
and the woman--
BUT PLEASE DON'T
TELL ABOUT
THE GIRL!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT THE 2-YEAR-RUN STAGE HIT WITH ITS ORIGINAL PRIZE-WINNING CAST

STARRING **NANCY KELLY** · AND INTRODUCING **PATTY McCORMACK** · WITH HENRY JONES · EVELYN VARDEN · A **MERVYN LeROY** PRODUCTION · Directed by MERVYN LeROY

Screen Play by JOHN LEE MAHIN · Based upon the play 'The Bad Seed' by MAXWELL ANDERSON and the novel by WILLIAM MARCH · MUSIC BY ALEX NORTH · A WARNER BROS. Picture

NEW MUM® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

October, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

YOUR JAMES DEAN MEMORIAL MEDALLION 27

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*Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher on the cover by John Engstead. They'll soon appear in RKO's *Bundle of Joy*. Other photographers' credits on page 87.

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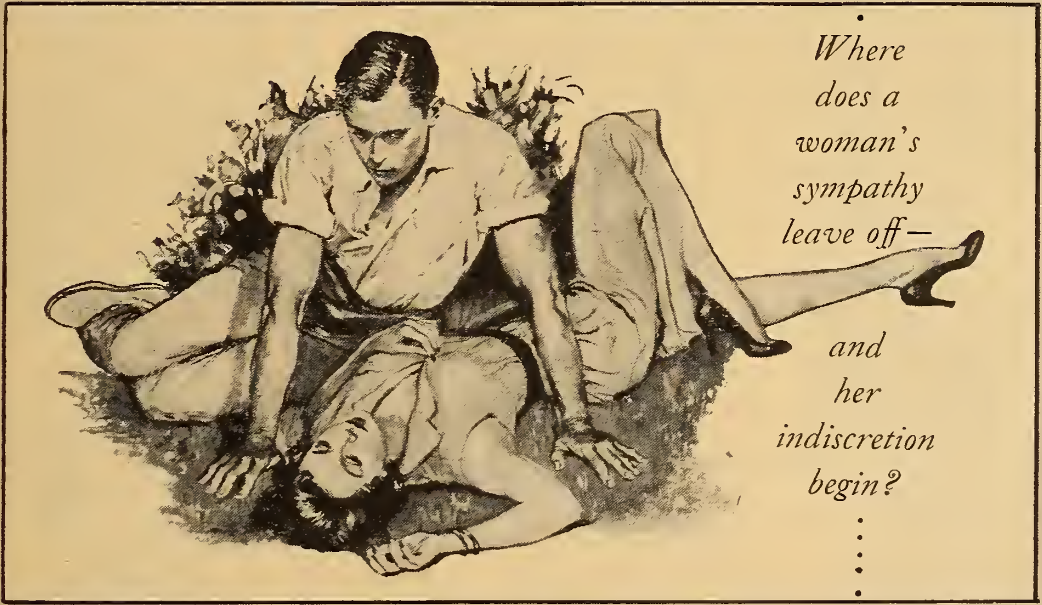
EVEN THE MOST DARING STORY

can be brought to the screen when done with courage, honesty and good taste.



Where does a woman's sympathy leave off— and her indiscretion begin?

"Years from now," Laura was saying softly, "when you talk about this—and you will—be kind..."

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

Tea and Sympathy

straight from the famed stage hit!
starring the players who created the Broadway roles

Deborah Kerr · John Kerr

with
Leif Erickson · Edward Andrews

screen play by **Robert Anderson** · based on the play by **Robert Anderson** · directed by **Vincente Minnelli** · produced by **Pandro S. Berman** An M-G-M picture

• SEE IT FROM THE BEGINNING FOR GREATER ENJOYMENT •

2 clever new bras by famous
Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR
*EXCLUSIVE DESIGN
Stardust
Free Action
$1.00
Stardust
Swing Straps
$1.00

Here's fabulous, *self-adjusting* free action by Stardust. The patented* cross-over elastic construction means *each* direction pulls for itself, "gives" in 2 ways. Both work *together* for action fit and comfort! Lined for chafe-protection. Pre-shrunk cotton.

*PATENT PEND. DESIGN PAT. PEND.

For *better* uplift with *less* shoulder strain, here's your favorite 4-section style with swing straps! Special elastic inserts assure your comfort; and elastic center panel hugs you, for ever-perfect fit. Pre-shrunk cotton, lined for chafe-protection.

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Can you tell me if Burt Lancaster is a millionaire? —B.Y., N.Y.C.

A. *Yes.*

Q. *Pardners,* the Martin and Lewis picture—wasn't Bing Crosby in that picture years ago? —H.T., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Pardners *is a remake of the old Crosby starrer* Rhythm On The Range.

Q. Is it true that after he finished a scene Jimmy Dean used to go back to his dressing room and cry? —H.Y., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. *Dean did that on occasion; it relieved his tension.*

Q. Is Rusty Tamblyn really the national tumbling champion? —E.H., CORNING, N.Y.

A. *Tamblyn won the California state tumbling contest when he was in high school.*

Q. Can you tell me anything factual about Arthur Miller, Marilyn Monroe's new husband?—S.L., TORONTO, CANADA

A. *Arthur Miller was born forty-one years ago on the East Side of N.Y.C. His father, Isadore Miller, made women's clothes. Miller was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1938, married Mary Slattery, a fellow student, two years later. In 1946 he wrote a best-seller called* Focus, *later wrote the plays:* Death Of A Salesman, All My Sons, The Crucible, View From The Bridge. *He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has two children, Bobby and Jane, by his first marriage.*

Q. What is the relationship between director Nick Ray and actress Natalie Wood? —C.L., AKRON, OHIO

A. *Mutual admirers.*

Q. Who has larger bust measurements, Marilyn Monroe or Diana Dors? —N.E., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Monroe.*

Q. Whatever happened to Ann Blyth and how much does she weigh? —K.T., N.Y.C.

A. *Ann recently finished* The Buster Keaton Story, *currently weighs 96 lbs.*

Q. Wasn't the recent Doris Day surgery kept hush-hush? Why? —L.K., DENVER, COL.

A. *To prevent rumor spreading.*

Q. Is it true that Jane Powell left MGM because she wasn't given the lead in *Love Me Or Leave Me,* which supposedly was bought for her? —K.S., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.

A. *That was a contributory reason.*

Q. When Frank Sinatra went to Europe didn't Michael Rennie inherit his crown as Casanova? —V.L., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. *In many quarters.*

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman's daughter Pia plans to become an actress? —L.F., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. *Yes.*

Q. Why did Aly Khan refuse to marry Gene Tierney? —J.J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Only Khan knows the answer; rumor has it he prefers playing the field.*

Q. Whatever happened to Elaine Stewart after that big build-up? —L.B., ORANGE, N.J.

A. *She's just hired a press agent, is avidly searching for a good movie role.*

Q. Any chance of Tab Hunter marrying shortly? —G.H., ELY, NEV.

A. *Not likely.*

Q. Haven't there been secret meetings between Marlon Brando and Gloria De Haven? —K.K., DALLAS, TEX.

A. *One meeting in Miami, not so secret.*

Q. Is there any chance that Grace Kelly will give birth to twins? —L.R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *There are no twins on either family side, so it's not likely.*

Q. Does Audrey Hepburn wear falsies? If not why does she look bustier on some occasions? —D.N., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. *Miss Hepburn wears falsies on occasion.*

ZACHARY...no fear in him!

CHRIS...he climbed for kisses!

MARIE...she'd wait forever!

SIMONE...she traded men!

THE MOUNTAIN

... to a man she was all challenge and desire ... there she was like a woman — waiting to be conquered.

THE MOUNTAIN

... to a woman it was the obstacle to all love ... the rival whose attractions and excitements she could never match!

THE MOUNTAIN

All the scope, the splendor, the full majesty of the Alps ... as it could only be captured in

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY

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SPENCER TRACY
ROBERT WAGNER
in
THE MOUNTAIN

Co-starring
CLAIRE TREVOR

Produced and Directed by
EDWARD DMYTRYK
Screenplay by RANALD MacDOUGALL
Based on the novel by Henri Troyat
Color by TECHNICOLOR

Actual photo of Mollie Ann Bourn, Claymont, Delaware. Right side washed with New Woodbury, left side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory* proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

New Woodbury Shampoo's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

See what happened—when the right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo—the left with her regular brand. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable!

Leading shampoos were tested on hundreds of women, and results checked by *Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. Tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer*—without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses!

It can't dry out your hair because New Woodbury Shampoo contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils.

Costs less, too! You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost more money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as other leading shampoos.

Use New Woodbury today! A generous bottle costs only 39¢. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had—the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise!

Replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein · Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

new
WOODBURY
Shampoo
50¢ SIZE 39¢

THE MAN WHO GOOFED

■ Don Murphy had just finished making *The Strange Intruder* and *Threshold of Space*. He checked his bank account and decided to allow himself the luxury of redecorating the small unfurnished house he'd been living in since he moved West.

When Don first moved into this house, which resembled a New York cold water flat, he was newly arrived in Hollywood. Even though he had climaxed a solid acting career by co-starring with Shirley Booth in *Time Of The Cuckoo*, this fling at making movies was still a risky business. There was little sense in putting his savings into a fashionable penthouse. So he paid the first month's rent on the house and began haunting second-hand shops for furniture. In addition to these, he figured something was essential to cover the crack in the living room wall. One day he found a painting depicting four small boys studying plans for a palace. It wasn't the world's most beautiful painting, but it was old—18th century, the dealer assured him—and cost only $30.00. And, it covered the crack.

Now with the crack repaired and the walls painted white, the painting looked downright dirty, so Don took it back to the same second-hand dealer to sell it for him. Not a week had gone by before the dealer called to say he had sold the painting to a decorator for $60.00. Donald was immensely pleased. 100% profit, less a small commission to the dealer.

A week later, Murphy was the unhappiest man in town. It seemed the decorator had a friend who knew something about art, and suspecting the painting was a rare one, convinced the decorator an appraisal was in order. An expert was called in and the suspicions were confirmed. The painting was an original by Carle Van Loo, painted in 1745 for Madame de Pompadour to enhance her plush chateau. It was valued at $5,000.

The expression on Don's face when told this news would really have been one picture worth a thousand words—all of them muttered by Murphy, and all of them unprintable.

Which one of these quotes from "Women in the News" WINS YOUR VOTE?

1. MRS. DALE CARNEGIE, author of "Don't Grow Old—Grow Up": "Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flatters her figure—as I do. A Playtex Girdle has the same amazing 'hold-in' power six months later as on the day you bought it."

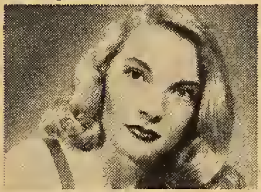
2. HANNAH TROY, leading American fashion designer: "Playtex is the only girdle I know that's completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that 'corseted' look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!"

3. CAROLYN HUGHES, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: "To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic criss-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines."

4. KATHRYN MURRAY, star of TV's Arthur Murray Party: "Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That's why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful 'hold-in' power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort."

5. FRAN WARREN, popular RKO-Unique recording star: "The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won't annoy you by creeping up ever!"

6. MOLLIE PARNIS, brilliant fashion designer: "The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-cotton cups lift and lure, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!"



7. JUNE EARING, Champion swimmer and Aquashow star: "No other girdle with such wonderful 'hold-in' power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon. It's the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing."

8. BETTY KEAN, of the (riotous) Kean Sisters comedy team: "Playtex Lightweight has more 'hold-in' power with less weight than any other girdle I've ever worn—and it costs only $4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much."

9. JUSTINE PARKER, lovely star of many TV dramas: "The Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic 'magic-midriff' that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today's fashions."

10. GRACE DOWNS, Dean of Grace Downs Air Career School: "No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do."

Nothing to Buy! Enter This Exciting PLAYTEX Contest Now! You May Win

$10,000.00 CASH

Just Tell Us Which One of the Above Statements Interests You Most!

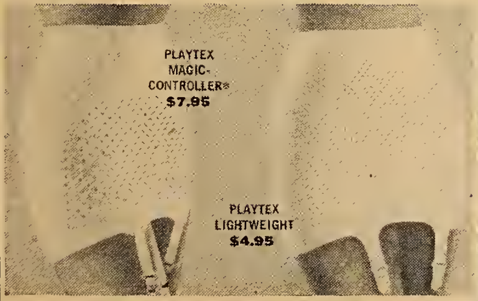
THESE PLAYTEX FACTS WILL HELP YOU WIN!

PLAYTEX
LIVING BRA
$3.95
D-CUP $4.95

*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back . . . doesn't shift, slide or ride.

*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

*Sculptured cups give high, rounded uplift . . . a perfect "sweater" silhouette



MADE OF FABRICON, a wonderful new girdle material of downy soft cotton and latex that gives more "hold-in" power with greater comfort. Air conditioned with tiny air dots—and Magic-Controller also has a non-roll top that stays up without a stay.

1,016 PRIZES WORTH $40,000!
1st PRIZE: $10,000 CASH
2nd·3rd·4th:
MINK COATS worth $5,000 each
5th thru 16th:
MINK STOLES worth $1,000 each
plus 1,000 Playtex Living Bras worth $3.95 each
(Values stated include 10% federal excise tax.)

Just read what these "Women in the News" say about the features of Playtex® Girdles and Bras. Vote for *one* statement that interests you most about either the Playtex Girdle or Playtex Bra. Simply complete the following phrase in 25 words or less—"I vote for Statement No. ——because ...." Enter as often as you wish. Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store. What *you* write can earn you $10,000.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. Simply fill out an Official Entry Blank, or write on one side of a plain piece of paper. Send as many entries as you wish, to Playtex, P. O. Box 140, New York 46, New York.

2. Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 5, 1956.

3. Any woman in the United States or its territories is eligible to enter, except officers and employees (and members of their families) of the corporation, any of its divisions, or its advertising agencies. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.

4. All entries become the property of International Latex Corp., Playtex Park, Dover, Del., the sponsors of this contest; none will be returned. All entries must be original work of contestants submitted in own names. The contest will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of sincerity, originality of thought, and appropriateness to the product. Decisions of the judges will be final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. Winners notified personally or by mail. List of winners available by requesting same and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store.

To: PLAYTEX, P. O. BOX 140, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

"I vote for statement #________because ____________________
(complete in 25 words or less)

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone________State________

*Remember: You may get a Playtex Living® Bra† as a prize. Your bra size*________

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Treat your eyes to Color

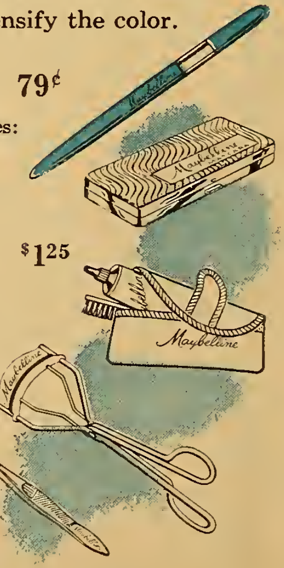
new... eye shadow stick by Maybelline

Maybelline

in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades $1

Sapphire Blue ✶ Amber Brown ✶ Emerald Green ✶ Blue Pearl Grey ✶ Turquoise
Beautiful Gold-Tone Swivel Case

Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.



Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil 79¢
Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can't fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades: Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Dove Grey or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.
39¢ for two long-lasting refills

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara $1.25
The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone vanity case . . . or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.

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Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It's the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10¢.

Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29¢
Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the "grip that can't slip." Straight or slant-edge.

Choice of smart women the world over

LIBERACE TELLS
"why I'm not married"

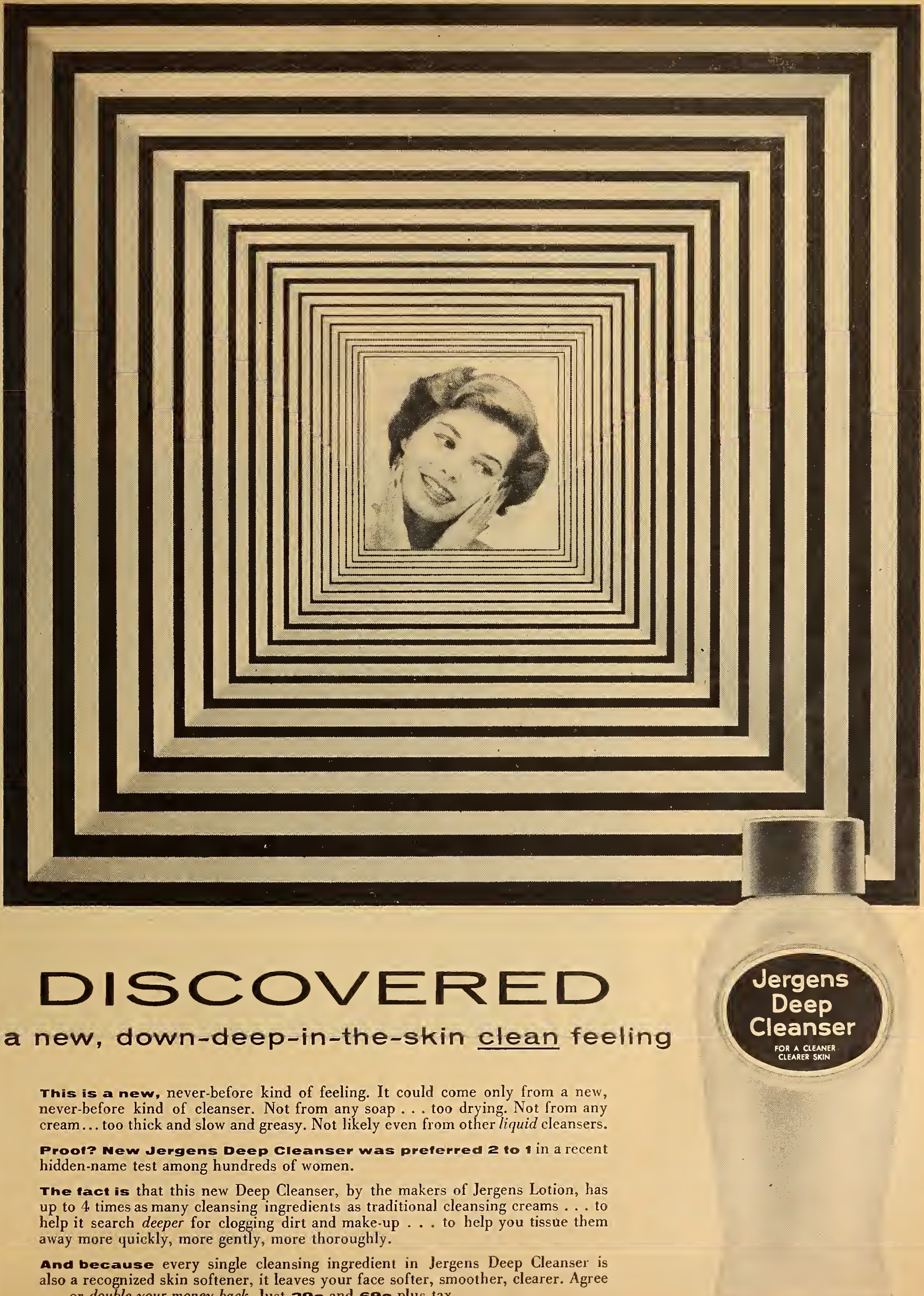
What *isn't* between Liberace and women? Ask him and he'll tell you that "I am self-sufficient as far as love is concerned.

"I work hard. I'm not boasting but I happen to love my work. I lived for a long time without anyone but my family caring whether I was successful. When I finally did make it my fans showed me a warmth, a tender kind of respect that I had yearned for from the beginning of my career. This may be hard to understand, but they have given me a feeling of love. I know I am loved by my fans as a person. It isn't just admiration for an artist or an appreciation of my music. It is the honest, unreluctant love of the little moments a million people can spare from their hearts. Now you take all these and put them together and you have a love that overwhelms me. I'm loaded with the love of my friends and my fans.

"Most people have to find a certain mate. One single person out of the millions, who will give them the love they need. When we were graduated from high school just about everyone in my class went scrambling through a world they didn't understand too well in search of one thing. Someone to love, someone to love them. I understand that. Everybody wants to be loved. It's human nature. But because of what's happened to me as a performer I don't need that kind of love. You see why I'm not starved for love. It's all around me, all the time. So I don't search for it like other people.

"Some day I may find love of the more personal kind. Someday I may find a woman with whom I will want to share my life. But I'm in no hurry.

"And right now, though they can make all the jokes they want, I don't feel that I've deprived myself of anything important."



DISCOVERED

a new, down-deep-in-the-skin clean feeling

This is a new, never-before kind of feeling. It could come only from a new, never-before kind of cleanser. Not from any soap . . . too drying. Not from any cream . . . too thick and slow and greasy. Not likely even from other *liquid* cleansers.

Proof? New Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women.

The fact is that this new Deep Cleanser, by the makers of Jergens Lotion, has up to 4 times as many cleansing ingredients as traditional cleansing creams . . . to help it search *deeper* for clogging dirt and make-up . . . to help you tissue them away more quickly, more gently, more thoroughly.

And because every single cleansing ingredient in Jergens Deep Cleanser is also a recognized skin softener, it leaves your face softer, smoother, clearer. Agree . . . or *double your money back.* Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.

before he
comes home...
splash yourself
with freshness
"April Showers"
COLOGNE
Refreshing
Fragrant
Deodorant
CHERAMY

deodorant
COLOGNE with
APRIL SHOWERS
fragrance

Wrap yourself in the fragrant cloud that says, "Darling! You're home!". . . that's April Showers Cologne. It contains a new kind of deodorant that eliminates body odors, leaving only the springtime scent of April Showers. Use it tip to toe . . . *such heavenly luxury for only* 69¢ *plus tax*

CHERAMY PERFUMER

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
The King and I

FOR DRAMA
Bigger Than Life
These Wilder Years

FOR LAUGHS
The Solid Gold Cadillac
Pardners

FOR SPECTACLE
The Brave One

FOR SUSPENSE
The Burning Hills
Rebel In Town
Walk The Proud Land
Raw Edge

★ **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno and some of the best songs Rodgers and Hammerstein ever wrote make* The King And I *an all-time great movie.*

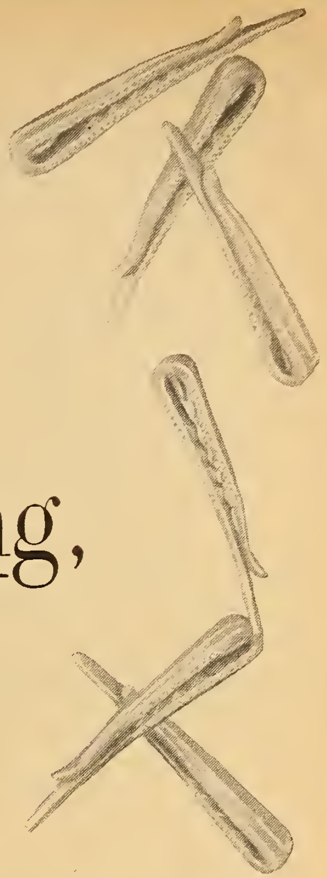
★ THE KING AND I
an enchanting musical

■ Everything is beautiful about *The King And I*—the sets, the costumes, the music, the singing, the dancing and the people. To start with the people—there is Anna (Deborah Kerr) a prim, English widow who arrives in Siam with her young son to educate the King's many children. The King (Yul Brynner) is a captivating combination of grace and arrogance and infantilism. He has a yearning for western culture coupled with an instinct for barbarism which fascinates and sometimes enrages Miss Kerr. She, after all, is a lady, and though she is not entirely appalled by the King's large harem, she doesn't like women to be treated as unimportant possessions. Her defense of an unwilling bride (Rita Moreno) who has been forced to give up her true love (Martin Benson)—and is about to be whipped by Brynner—provides the climax and also the material for an exquisite ballet. The book and lyrics are the work of that team of wizards, Rodgers and Hammerstein—and of course you'll hear "Getting To Know You," "Shall We Dance?" and most of the other songs that originally made this musical a hit on Broadway. Don't miss *The King And I*—it is absolutely enchanting.—CinemaScope, 20th-Fox

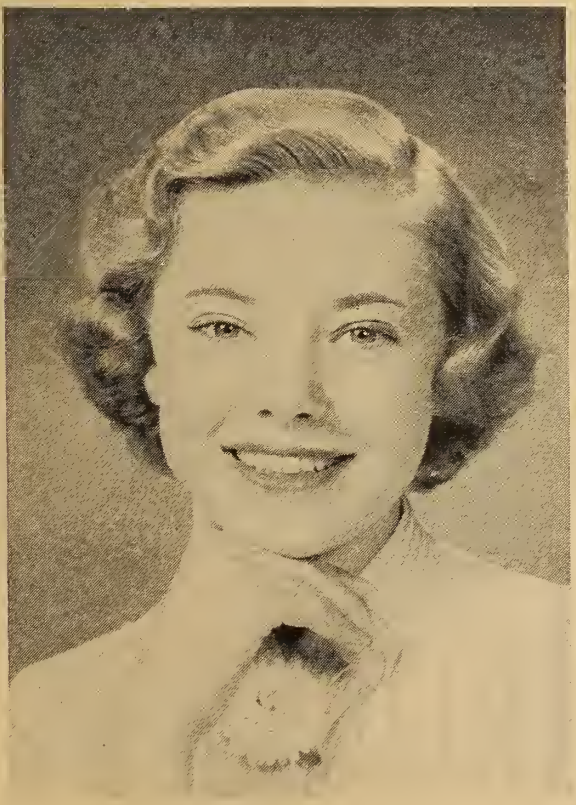
THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
sparkling comedy

■ The unique charm of Judy Holliday has never been more compelling than in this often hilarious movie. Judy, a generally unemployed actress, likes to attend stockholders' meetings of the vast International Projects Corporation—she inherited ten shares. Judy doesn't know anything about (*Continued on page 12*)

New! BOBBI– with "Casual Curlets" and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave



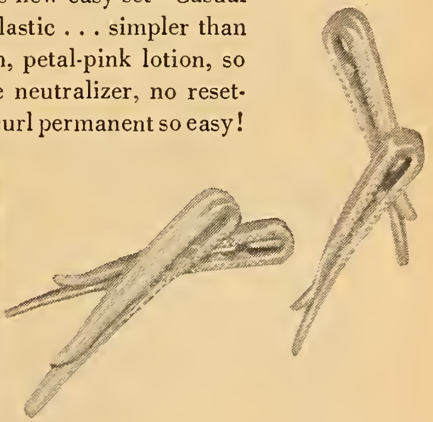
A stronger wave than ordinary pin·curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents



See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets." Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Specially created for casual hair styles

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set "Casual Curlets". . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



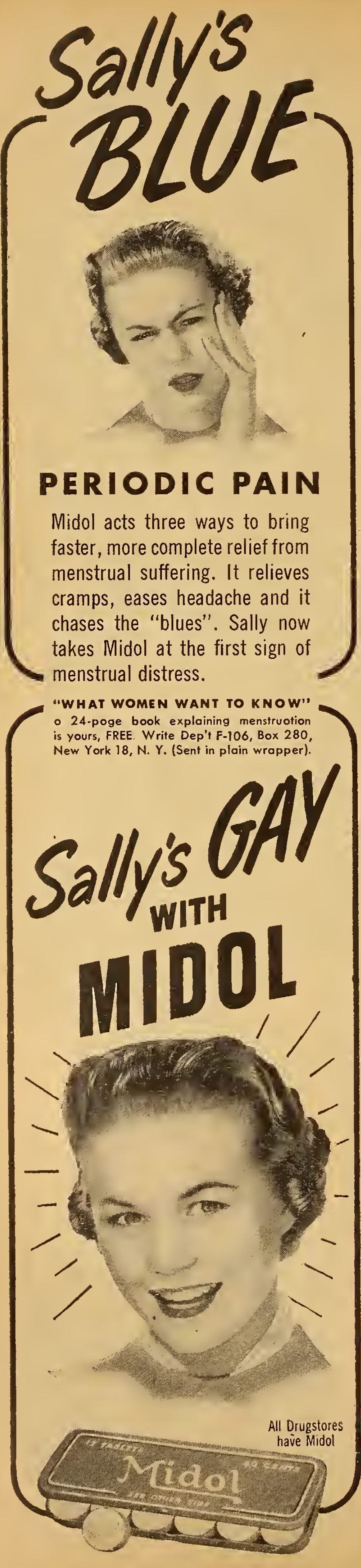
Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets". . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New "Casual Curlets" are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

All New
Bobbi
Pin curl Permanent
ALL NEW LOTION
NEW PLASTIC PINS

All-new BOBBI in a bright *blue box*
Each package complete with 55 "Casual Curlets" and 6 neckline curlers.


Sally's BLUE

PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-106, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL

All Drugstores have Midol

movie previews *(Continued from page 10)*

big business but she suspects that the Board of Directors earns too much money, and she makes such a pest of herself, asking questions, that the frightened Board gives her a job to keep her quiet. The only honest man in the outfit is retiring president Paul Douglas—he's retiring to Washington. When he goes, graft and corruption set in. Judy, with an office, a secretary (Neva Patterson) and nothing to do, creates her own job. She becomes the bosom pal of thousands of stockholders all over the country. Along with their proxies they send her homemade cakes and the latest local gossip. The Board has been dying to weasel government contracts out of Douglas and they send Judy to Washington to soften him up. Actually, they send her so that she won't make trouble over a current shady deal. She not only makes trouble—but brings Douglas back to save the company. The dialogue is sparkling; the romance between Douglas and Judy is tender and funny, and the Board of Directors (John Williams, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman) are harassed and comical crooks—Col.

BIGGER THAN LIFE

another kind of drug addict

■ As if we didn't have enough problems already, here is what will happen to anyone who plans to become a cortisone addict. Cortisone is one of those wonder drugs, remarkably effective in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. It is not like the drug Sinatra took in *Man With The Golden Arm* whose main effect is to kill you the hard way. What the main effect of this movie will be I have no idea—except maybe to shock some arthritics right out of their chronic suffering. I hasten to add that the makers of *Bigger Than Life* stress the fact that when taken under doctor's orders cortisone remains the wonder drug it is. Keeping that in mind—here's the plot. A nice, middle-class school teacher (James Mason) has been leading a calm, dull life with his wife (Barbara Rush) and young son (Christopher Olsen) when he is stricken with a rare, usually fatal disease—inflammation of the arteries. Mason's doctors have been getting encouraging results with cortisone and prescribe it to him. Mason, in his anxiety to feel good, doesn't stick to the dosage and blooms into a manic-depressive with an overwhelming desire to kill his wife and son. There are times when, supposedly acting insane, Mason seems much healthier and more attractive than in the good old normal days (the drug gives him confidence to speak his mind and vitality enough to become somewhat creative). His "normal" wife refuses to inform the doctors of her husband's increasingly peculiar behavior and lets their son be victimized by him. When Mason locks *her* in a closet, she realizes her mistake. Well, it's a slick and well-acted drama, if you're interested.—CinemaScope, 20th-Fox

THE BURNING HILLS

in the saddle with Tab Hunter

■ When Tab Hunter's brother is shot in the back on their homestead Tab knows exactly where to go—to the benighted town of Esperanza in search of a man with a limp, a man with fancy spurs and a man who smokes cigars. These men work for a cattle baron who has been stealing all the land in the territory. When the baron asks Tab to drop dead Tab shoots him dead instead, and heads for Fort Stockwell and justice. Well, the man with the cigar turns out to be sadistic Skip Homeier, the baron's son, and he and a lot of other men set after Tab—who by this time has found Natalie Wood (a fiery Anglo-Mexican whose dad was killed by Homeier's dad). She bides him, fearlessly faces sadistic Skip and drugs him and his crew so that she can make a getaway with Tab. Their getaway is hampered by a half-Indian trapper (Eduard Franz) but you're never quite sure whose side he's on. (Oddly enough, he's on no one's side, which is some sort of switch.) Tab is more resourceful than the Lone Ranger and just as brave in this active film. —Warnercolor, Warners

(Continued on page 14)

Perma·lift
PANTIES
BRASSIERES

for the girl in Perpetual Motion

**Perma·lift's sleek and willowy
Magic Oval Crotch Pantie**

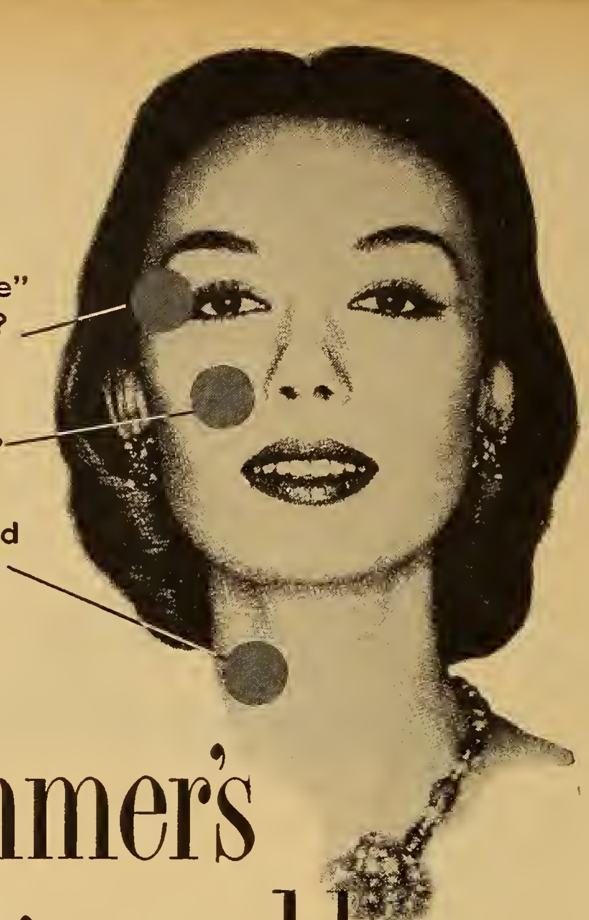
CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER!

Leading an active life can be fun—especially when you're comfortable and perfectly at ease. That's where "Perma·lift's"* Magic Oval Crotch Pantie comes in—it helps you lead the life you love—happily takes you from one caper to another without ever chafing or irritating. And, of course, your new Pantie CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER! Styled of lightweight, yet controlling nylon power net with satin lastex front and back panels, this wonderful new Pantie has no bothersome bones or stays and fits you as perfectly as your own personality. So, try one today at your favorite corset department.

Magic Oval Crotch Pantie #3828—Only $8.95

Bra #131—Lovely Princess Line bra with new Magic Insets that guarantee a natural, lasting uplift. See it in fine cotton, at only $2.50.

**Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*
A product of A. Stein & Company—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles
"Prices may be slightly higher west of the Rockies"


"Sun-glare" crinkles?
Flaky patches?
Coarsened texture?

Summer's dry skin problems

really show up now!

How to deep-soften parched, dried-out skin with extra-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream

Smooth out "sun-glare" crinkles—Lightly pat Pond's Dry Skin Cream around eyes. It's extra rich in lanolin—*homogenized* to penetrate deeper, soften dry lines faster!

Cream away parched, flaky patches—Firmly circle on Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Not thin or watery, Pond's has a richness you can *feel*. Flaky dryness smooths instantly!

Soften coarsened, crepe-y throat—Stroke Pond's Dry Skin Cream *up* throat. Pond's *special emulsifier* restores moisture to sun-dried skin . . . makes skin look younger, firmer. Get a big jar—less than a dollar!

Extra Rich in
HOMOGENIZED
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for faster, deeper softening

LANOLIN RICH
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dry skin cream
HOMOGENIZED • RICH TEXTURED

So effective—more women use it than any other dry skin care

movie previews

(*Continued from page 12*)

REBEL IN TOWN

a western with character

The Civil War's over, but not for rancher John Payne. He hates Rebels and is engaged in hunting down a handful who've turned into bank robbers. The war isn't over for those robbers, either (four sons and Pop—J. Carrol Naish)—who lost their farm in Alabama. Happens that Payne has a seven-year-old son who is accidentally shot by one of Naish's sons (John Smith). John's brother (Ben Cooper) is horrified and wants to stay around for the funeral, but he can't. Brooding up in the hills, Ben defies his father and brothers and decides to go back to town. Brother John knifes him when no one's looking and obligingly ties him to his horse. Payne finds Ben and takes him back to the ranch where his wife (Ruth Roman) recognizes him. She doesn't give him away, though, since she's sick of killing and it's obvious that Payne would kill him in a minute. The day comes that Payne discovers who Ben is, and that's the day he (Payne) has to choose between being a man or a beast. It's an unusual Western because of the idealism of Cooper and the interesting character of J. Carrol Naish, who arrives in town for the climax.—U.A.

WALK THE PROUD LAND

new life for the Apaches

■ If anyone can give pride back to the Apaches it's Audie Murphy. What he wants to give it back *for* is another problem since they, in any case, will be tied down to a reservation and doomed (as we all know) to vanish. Nevertheless, as newly-appointed Indian agent to the San Carlos Reservation (in 1874), he kicks out the American army, removes the chains from Apache chief Robert Warwick and his sub-chiefs and happily sets up housekeeping with Anne Bancroft (a widowed Squaw). He tells her he's engaged, but she has her own ideas about that. When Audie provides guns for the Apaches (to hunt), the legendary Geronimo swoops down to recruit his brothers for a marauding band. Those Apaches stick with Audie, but there's trouble in store for them anyway—and trouble for Audie whose fiancée, Pat Crowley, shows a distinct lack of interest in sharing him with Anne.—Technicolor, U.I.

THE BRAVE ONE

a boy and a bull fight

■ One of the rarest of all events in a bull ring is when the bull's life is spared. This happens in *The Brave One* because Gitano (the bull) is such a magnificent beast that the greatest matador in Mexico can't defeat him. But, essentially, *The Brave One* is the story of a little boy (Michel Ray) and his love for Gitano, whom he adopted at birth. Michel's father (Rudolfo Hoyos), a gentle, realistic farmer, tries to prepare him for the day when Gitano will meet his destiny—death in the ring, but Michel, with unbounded hope and persistence, miraculously has his way. In a pastoral setting, where one gets the feel of life and customs in a small village (and the contrast to that of life on a rich Mexican ranch) you follow Michel through his touching crises of loving, losing and winning back Gitano, up to the thrilling moment when 80,000 hysterical fans, who've begun by shouting for the death of the bull, end by demanding that he live.—CinemaScope, RKO

movie previews

RAW EDGE

mayhem and madness out west

▪ To begin with there's Dan Kirby—he was lynched. Kirby, as his brother Rory Calhoun discovers, was the only honorable man in the Oregon Territory. His Indian widow Paca (Mara Corday) has been handed over to Robert Wilkie, by order of Herbert Rudley who runs the frontier town. There are lots of people who want to get rid of Rudley—his wife (Yvonne De Carlo), all the Indians, Rory, and a father (Emile Meyer) and son (Neville Brand) who desire to take over the territory. Let me tell you, getting hold of Mr. Rudley turns into a real competition, and through it all Neville Brand is trying to get hold of Yvonne De Carlo. She screams every time he comes within ten feet of her—and you'd scream, too, considering his character. When the gunsmoke lifts there's hardly a paleface left in Oregon.—Technicolor, U.I.

THESE WILDER YEARS

tears for James Cagney

▪ Now that he's a big steel man James Cagney starts wondering about the son he sired out of wedlock and never saw. That son (Don Dubbins) is nearly twenty-one and doing quite nicely with his foster father. Barbara Stanwyck, head of the foundling home that arranged for Don's placement, has no intention of helping Cagney find him. Even the efforts of his lawyer (Walter Pidgeon) can't subdue that lady's fighting spirit. But father and son do have a meeting anyway. Meanwhile, there's teen-ager Betty Lou Keim who is in the unfortunate position of being an unwed mother—that is, she's about to become one when Cagney is first introduced to her. Through Betty he learns that one can atone for the past, in part, by being responsible for someone else's future. You'll cry a little.—MGM

PARDNERS

Martin & Lewis shoot it up

▪ Jerry Lewis always wanted to be a rancher—his father was a rancher and got killed—and Dean Martin's father got killed with him—they were pardners. But Jerry is a Mama's boy, and Mama (Agnes Moorehead) has a million dollars which she can double by marrying Jerry off to a large heiress. Jerry's cousin (Lori Nelson) runs the ranch his dad used to own and Dean Martin helps her. When they come east for money—the mortgage is due and the Masked Raiders are always burning down the barns—they come away with nothing but Jerry and Cuddles (a champion bull). So Jerry becomes a rancher and a sheriff, under the name of Killer Jones, but he always remains himself—completely friendly, innocent and incompetent. Of adventures with the Masked Raiders I will only say that Jerry winds up roped to a chair with dynamite (lit) in his pockets.—Vistavision. Para.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

STORM CENTER (Col.): Bette Davis, as head librarian, is asked to remove a book called *The Communist Dream.* She refuses because of her American sense of freedom. A town crisis arises.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME (MGM): The life story of Rocky Graziano, played by Paul Newman, Pier Angeli plays his wife and Eileen Heckart his mother in this film. The action doesn't let up for a moment.

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE (Disney): Fess Parker, who looks and acts like a Southerner, is really a northern spy attempting to dismantle the southern railway system during the Civil War. Jeffrey Hunter, a motorman, suspects it and the chase is on.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Kirk Douglas plays artist Vincent Van Gogh in this excellent film. His brother Theo (James Donald) understands Vincent's tortured personality and tries to help by financing his painting. Painter Paul Gaugin (Anthony Quinn) also helps but their theories clash. Vincent is then stricken with emotional disorders. The color in the film is wonderful.

TRAPEZE (U.A.): Tony Curtis finds injured Burt Lancaster in Paris. Tony wants to learn the triple roll on the flying trapeze and Burt is the man to teach him. Gina Lollobrigida starts the trouble when her yearning for the spotlight is equalled by nothing else. Great circus atmosphere and wonderful trapeze shots.

THE BLACK SLEEP (U.A.) is a tale of horror involving surgeon Basil Rathbone who's working on a drug to simulate death. Between his assistants, and captives (Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney, John Carradine, etc.) it's surprising to find a few healthy people in the film.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS (U.A.) is a documentary film based on reports and official investigations of "flying saucers." A most interesting and informative film.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with

no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay —the softest way!

"My hair always looks its best —thanks to Lustre-Net!"

says **NATALIE WOOD,** co-starring in

"A CRY IN THE NIGHT"

A Jaguar Production
presented by Warner Bros.

REGULAR
Lustre Net

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net

the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!

THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

Lustre-Net
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SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only $1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

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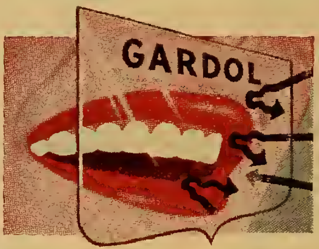
Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours —or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

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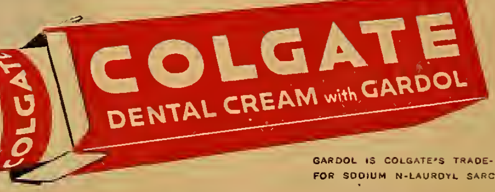

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Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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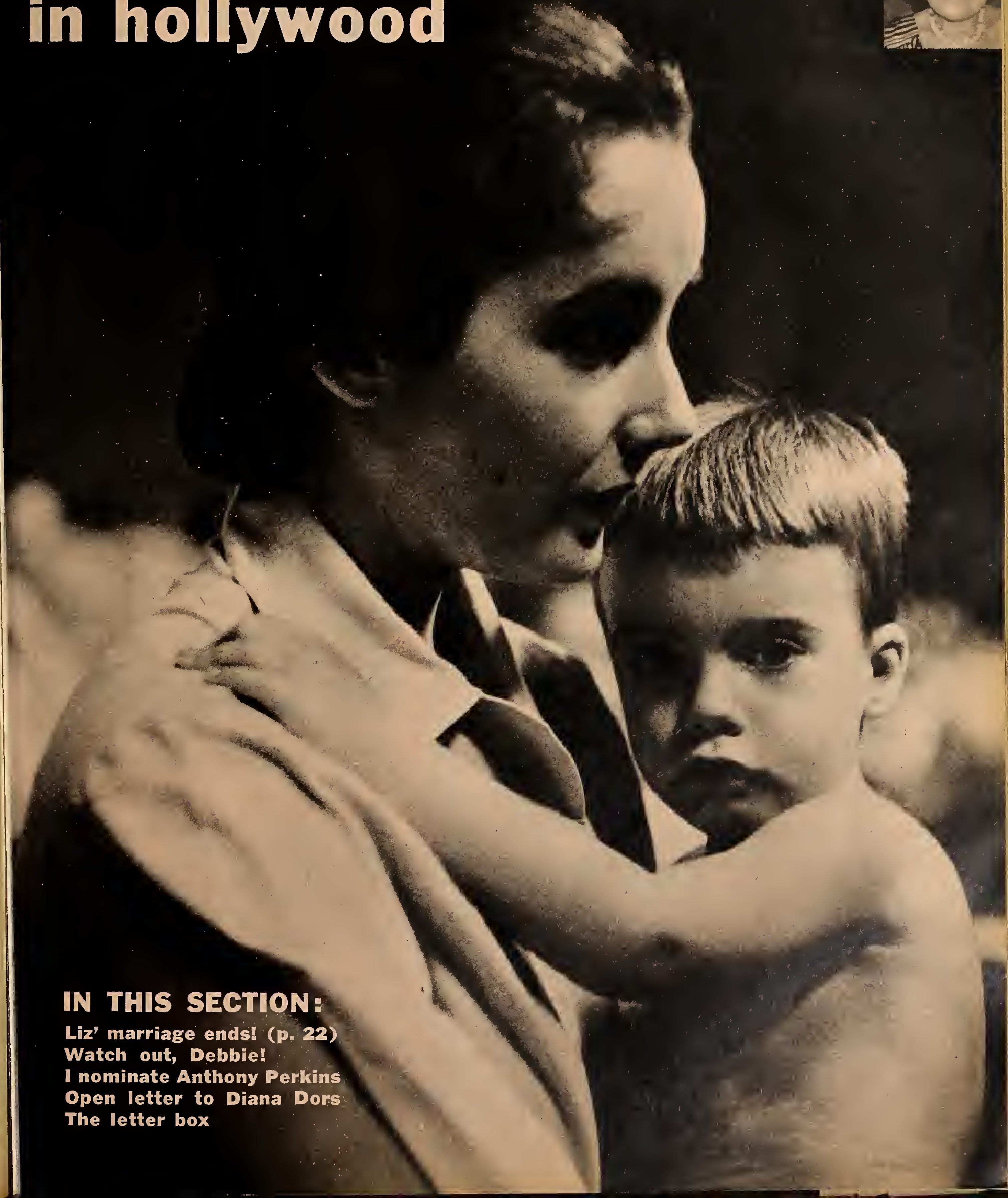
LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



IN THIS SECTION:

Liz' marriage ends! (p. 22)
Watch out, Debbie!
I nominate Anthony Perkins
Open letter to Diana Dors
The letter box

OUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

Remember when Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron got married? Everyone said she wouldn't be happy without her career. Well—Lita's having a baby, not a come-back!

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Nobody ever had more prayers to go with her into the delivery room than Janet Leigh. She had a miscarriage once, and was sick during this pregnancy—but she came through all right—and brought such a beautiful baby home to Tony.

But of all the women in Hollywood who has waited for a second child, Lana Turner is it. Lana, I know this has been your dream for years. Congratulations.

KELLY CURTIS: There are no two happier people in Hollywood these days than Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis and their lovely little girl, Kelly, who is the spittin' image of her pop.

In their new home on San Ysidro Drive in Beverly Hills, Janet and Tony have built a special nursery for Kelly, complete with a small kitchen for preparing baby's formulas. Their bedroom is only a few steps away and even with a nurse on duty they go tiptoeing in several times a night. Tony has been scolded by the nurse for picking the baby up too often.

I asked Tony what the baby's real name is and he grinned, "It's Kelly Schwartz, legally." (Schwartz is his real name.) "But one of these days we may make her name Curtis for keeps if she has no objection."

The new home of the Curtises is a dream. They've remodeled the entire kitchen, which is now all electric, with one of those wall-refrigerators.

Except for the den, the rugs are all pure white—the same color as Janet's miniature poodle, Mercy. Between Mercy and Kelly—what those rugs won't look like before long!

Yes, the poodle is just a mite jealous of the baby, but still spends most of the day sitting under Kelly's crib, the world's smallest watch dog.

COME HOME, PAPA. Lana Turner and Lex Barker couldn't be happier about their expected baby (due in January). Lana tells me she wants this baby very much, despite the fact that childbirth is dangerous for her because of an RH blood type factor.

She almost lost her life when she lost a baby during her marriage to Bob Topping.

Lex was away on location making *War Drums* in Kanabe, Utah, when Lana learned the stork was on its way to their house. She called him and broke the news this way. "Come home soon, Papa. Mamma's going to have a baby."

GOOD LUCK, SHIRLEY! The marriage of pretty blonde *Oklahoma!—Carousel* star Shirley Jones to Jack Cassidy was no surprise at all. When I was in Rome last summer and Shirley was on the stage there in *Oklahoma!* her love for Cassidy and his for her was quietly discussed. He was not free at the

Though they looked happy in Rome when they first fell in love, Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy had their troubles for a time while Jack tried to get a divorce.

For a change, Gene McGrath flew to Terry Moore instead of the other way 'round—to take her to the preem of The King And I. *There's a story on page 34.*

time to marry her.

They were married on my birthday, August 6th. Shirley wired me, "We are going to have a very quiet wedding at Cambridge. Life is very, very wonderful for us. We just want you to be the first to know."

Shirley's right. I always do like to be the first to know.

STILL VERY MUCH IN LOVE are Terry Moore and Gene McGrath. They recently went to Bob Dalton's seaside restaurant, took a table overlooking the moonlit water, ordered their dinner—then suddenly cancelled.

Mr. Dalton was momentarily non-plussed until Terry explained, looking dreamily into Gene's eyes, "Suddenly we aren't hungry."

And here's the wedding closest to my heart. I flew all the way to England to be with Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels to see their daughter Barbara (who is my god-child) get married in St. James Church. Her groom is a BBC producer, Russell Turner.

Ava's coming home—but just to get her divorce (finally) from Frankie. What with her living in Spain, working in Pakistan and generally being a world-traveller, Hollywood hasn't seen the tempestuous, troubled, beautiful girl in a long time.

I nominate for stardom: TONY PERKINS

■ Although now it may seem like blasphemy and the brickbats may start flying in my direction, I sincerely believe that this tall, lanky boy who is already the talk of the town will come close to reaching the place James Dean held in the hearts of the fans.

That's saying a lot. It seems to me the Dean fans are more hysterical in their devotion to him since his death than they were when he lived.

But this young Perkins—he is something rare indeed. Rare in the talent he comes by naturally from his famed father, Osgood Perkins. Rare in the resemblance he bears to Gary Cooper, so marked in their picture *Friendly Persuasion* that a national magazine carried the likeness on a cover. Rare, above all else, in the way his youth and sensitiveness reaches out from the screen to grip the heartstrings—just as Jimmy's did.

After the sneak preview of *Friendly Persuasion*, a fan wrote me: "This is the finest young actor (meaning Tony) since James Dean. Perhaps he will be greater because his talent will grow and mature, a gift denied the tragic young Dean."

Who is this sensational young Perkins? He first attracted attention as the mixed-up boy in *Tea And Sympathy* on Broadway.

Born in New York City on April 4th, 1932, he received his education at Browne and Nichols Prep, Columbia University and Rollins College in Florida before following his late father into showbusiness. He has appeared on most of the top TV drama programs and his movies (most still unreleased) include *The Actress* with Jean Simmons, *Persuasion, The Lonely Man* with Jack Palance, and his first starring role, *The Jim Piersall Story*, for Paramount.

Watch for Tony in the November Modern Screen.

So off they went, arm in arm, back to John Wayne's yacht which they had borrowed.

Bob Dalton is used to the ways of movie stars, having the only "Drive-in" yacht business, a special pier to which Rory Calhoun, Ray Milland, Kirk Douglas, Humphrey Bogart and others tie up their boats when they come in to dine.

Who said life in Hollywood is like any place else?

LOOK OUT, DEBBIE! I hope by the time you read this, you have slowed down. But, as I write it, you are doing much too much, my pretty, pert little friend.

Just out of the hospital, you are suffering from complete exhaustion, your doctors say. And I, for one, don't wonder. For a girl who is expecting her first baby, you have taken enormous chances, Debbie.

Look at the record: You were so ill from chasing around the country with Eddie that they had to take you off a plane in Dallas, Texas, just before you admitted you were expecting a baby. But, you went on to New York and trailed him around everywhere, to his TV broadcasts, to his charity appearances. Everywhere Eddie went, Debbie went, too.

Then, back to Hollywood where you started a movie, *Time For Tammy*, in the second month of your pregnancy, and unbelievably, a second picture, *Bundle Of Joy*, a *musical*, with your husband, in your fourth month of pregnancy.

As though this weren't enough, you continued to be constantly at Eddie's broadcasts and even business conferences, just as you did when you were his little tomboy sweetheart. You even moved out of your home and into your studio dressing room to live—where you couldn't possibly have the comfort and quiet and rest you need.

My dear, I know you love Eddie. And, I'm sure he wants you with him. You have always been so completely his pal as well as his sweetheart.

But from now on, at least until you have your baby—and even after, you are going to have to remember that you aren't a carefree little girl anymore. You are a woman about to face the most marvelous experience of your life. And you are going to have to adjust yourself to the knowledge that you can't forever more be "on the road" with your man. If you are as smart as I think you are, you'll find the nursery very sweet.

MORE BABIES: I've known this to happen in so many cases: right after Lita and Rory Calhoun made up their minds to adopt a baby, they found out they were going to have one of their own! It will be their first after years of marriage, and the happy event is scheduled for January.

Several years ago, Lita lost an expected baby and she and Rory felt they *might* never have one of their own. She wanted one so much that Rory finally agreed they should adopt a child.

Just as they were about to apply to a well-known adoption agency, comes this happy news.

OUT OF SIGHT: A very chastened John Ireland telephoned to tell me that he thought of Joanne Dru all the time he was in London, but he didn't believe she thought about him as much.

That's not what Joanne told me when I

I was shocked to see these pictures of Debbie at work on *Tammy*. She looks like a doll, but if you ask me—she's just overdoing it at this time!

Mind you, I'm not saying Debbie's schedule is any harder than any other star's. But she has to be at work with her four directors by 7:30 a.m. . . .

. . . and until evening she's rehearsing, seeing visitors like George Nader, doing tiring scenes—and trying to run her home by phone! Now, is that what you call rest? Not for a young lady expecting a baby, it's not!

Gary Cooper on the Riviera with Rocky and their daughter—he never travels without them.

The visitor who makes the most stir is Marilyn Monroe Miller, in England with her new husband, to make a movie with Laurence Olivier. Even I was astonished at the reception she got!

Leslie Caron and Peter Hall got engaged in Paris. I hope this ends Leslie's loneliness.

And Frankie spent a few hours on the beach at Rome—relaxing between his many dates.

Bob Mitchum took his family to Paris, and spent a lot of time browsing along the Seine.

talked to her after she received a black eye in what was assertedly an automobile accident. She didn't pan John. She just said she had to be away from him for a while, to take stock of their marriage and the direction in which it was headed, before she made up her mind.

When two fundamentally nice people get in the kind of headlines Joanne and John made recently, it really makes me sick at heart.

END OF A MARRIAGE: It was Elizabeth who called Bill Lyon, her friend and press agent at MGM, and it was just before dinner time. "Bill, can you come to the house immediately?" she said, her voice dispirited and lifeless for one so young. "Mike and I want you to make the announcement that," her voice was so low it was hardly audible, "—that we are *separating*."

It was Elizabeth, too, who opened the door for him when he arrived at the hilltop home of the Wildings. The smile she gave him was wan. He pressed her hand in sympathy.

Mike, good-looking, mature, usually jovial—but at this time unnaturally solemn, was waiting for them in the living room. Liz went and sat beside him.

She was wearing a black-embroidered Chinese housecoat. No makeup. It was obvious she had been crying and it looked as if she might again. But for this moment she remained dry-eyed. She reached over and curled her fingers around Mike's hand.

"We want you to tell us how to put it—that we are going to part for a time," she told Bill, her voice faltering a bit.

Bill said, "Are you sure this is your wish, Elizabeth?" (As well as he knows her, he never calls her Liz.) "Are you sure, Mike?"

Two miserable people nodded their heads. Bill took a notebook out of his pocket. "How do you want me to say it?" he asked kindly.

"Just say," said Liz, "that after thinking about it and talking it over for a long time Michael and I have decided that it is the best thing for our marriage if we separate for a while. Just say that we still have the deepest respect and affection for one another. Say—" But the words wouldn't come any more. She was crying quietly, Mike's arm around her shoulder.

Bill started dialing the newspaper and news syndicate telephone numbers.

A maid came in quietly and said, "Dinner is served, Mrs. Wilding."

Liz shook her head. "Not now. Not now," she almost whispered.

For a little while only the sound of Bill's telephoning and the startling words he was speaking to surprised editors was the only noise in the comfortable, colorful room whose windows revealed the lights of the City of

So many stars are in Europe now that Hollywood is practically deserted!

Ingrid Bergman is not only making Anastasia, *but may be on Ed Sullivan's* TV *show this fall.*

Olivia de Havilland had her second baby, at Neuilly, France. She's named Titine Galante.

the Angels, spread out at their feet.

For two hours after, the three sat talking quietly, Liz never leaving the circle of Mike's protective arm. By 10:30 p.m. all the telephoning was over. Bill got up to leave. Liz and Mike walked to the door with him, and turning—he saw them entering the dining room for a meal that had long since grown cold, if they had the appetite to eat at all.

And, so ends another Hollywood marriage. When you think about it, the end of it isn't much more surprising than the beginning.

The union of the twenty-four-year old girl, still very young for her age, incurably romantic, in love with love—and a continental sophisticate twenty years her senior, who is at an age to sample life like a good wine—didn't have much of a chance in the first place, did it?

WHAT WILL ELVIS DO on the screen? To get the right answer to the *burning ques-*

Open letter to DIANA DORS:

■ Dear "Marilyn Monroe of England:"

You and I got off to a flying good start at the cocktail party given you by your Hollywood boss Bill Dozier. The minute I met you I liked you. Despite all your bosomy publicity and the gossip that you are a hard gal where the American dollar is concerned, I found you friendly, likeable, amusing, happily in love with your husband, and an all-around good scout.

I particularly liked the way you praised your so-called rival, Marilyn. "She's the greatest," you told me in your pleasantly clipped British accent. I sincerely believe you have no intention of making yourself a carbon copy of M.M. either on or off the screen.

But there is one matter, not too little, in which you are consciously or unconsciously, *too* much like her!

That is, in your habit of being unpardonably late for appointments or not showing up at all.

The story is going the rounds that RKO, in a nice gesture to acquaint you with George Gobel, the comedian with whom you are co-starred in *I Married A Woman*, arranged for you to see some of his TV shows run off in the projection room. Several members of the press were invited, to discover first hand your reactions.

Well, they never found out how you like droll George, because you never showed up. A friendly act went for naught and several people were inconvenienced. I wasn't one of them, so I'm not sounding this warning because of that.

Several hostesses, wanting to welcome you to a new community and to have you meet new friends, have told me that you accepted their invitations and then didn't show.

Everyone understands that you are under a strain, launching a new career in a new country, and you can't be everywhere at once. But, Diana, if you can't come there's always the telephone handy to say so!

the letter box

Sal Mineo and Elvis Presley completely dominate this month's mail! Fast coming up is Yul Brynner, from the fans in the cities where The King And I *has shown. Where are you Brando, Sinatra, Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter tom-tom beaters of past months?*

Among the women, Kim Novak is running far ahead of her glamour sisters in my mail. DONNA SCHLISHER, NEW YORK, *writes*: "Please please, please don't let them put Marilyn Monroe in *The Life Story Of Jean Harlow.* Kim Novak is the only girl who has the beauty and talent to play Jean."

"What did Elvis Presley ever do to *you?" storms* MARY ELLEN ELLIS. "If he's 'just a passing fancy'—why don't you let him pass in peace?" *I repeat, teenagers are ma-a-ad for Elvis.*

"Yul Brynner, bald-headed and bare-footed, makes all these other so called screen idols with their correct grooming and wads of hair look like store window dummies, *"opines"* CLAIR TRIPP, KOKOMO, INDIANA. "Yul is the greatest lover the screen has ever seen, without having one kissing scene in *The King And I."*

Sal Mineo made a mistake saying he hasn't a steady girl friend. If I had one letter I had 100 from admiring high school age gals who would like to fill the post.

"Bob Wagner is just the most," *enthuses* EVA ST. JOHN, BELLAIRE, TEXAS. "I saw him on TV in *The Ox Bow Incident* and I am convinced he is the most important young actor in Hollywood." *Wait 'til you see Bob in* The Mountain.

JACK HASKINS, TOLEDO, OHIO, *says he has solved the problem of high prices at the box office.* "I see my favorite actors in films on TV and then I buy the movie magazines (MODERN SCREEN is my favorite) and read all about them. I can't afford $2.50 admissions." *I'm afraid there's too much truth in what you say.*

"D.M.", ROCKY MOUNT, VIRGINIA, *asks,* "Why are all the Hollywood contests conducted for girls *only?* We guys would appreciate a free trip to Movietown, too. Put in a good word for us guys, will you, Louella?" *Consider it put.*

tion of the month—I went to the only man who knows: Hal Wallis, the producer who will launch Elvis as a Hollywood star this month.

"What kind of a musical will he make?" I started off. "Modern, hillbilly, rock 'n' roll, or what?"

Hal scratched his chin before he hurled his bombshell. He said, "Maybe he won't sing at all!"

I'm no enslaved teenager, but even I gasped! "Not sing! What do you expect the kids to do—throw stones at the screen?"

"No," said Hal, "but take it from this angle: everyone knows Presley can sing. Wouldn't they be surprised if he turns out to be an actor, too?"

"But, Hal," I continued to protest, "why take a guaranteed gold mine and test it for salt? Audiences will *expect* Elvis to sing. It'll be a let-down if he doesn't."

Hal grinned. "I didn't say he *wouldn't,"* he backed down. "I just said *maybe* he wouldn't. I haven't the right story yet but we might just find the perfect combination of singing and acting for him."

"Are you going to let him use his revolving hips?" I pried on.

Said Hal, "I've never tolerated bad taste in any of my films, you know that, Louella." Then he smiled. "But if Elvis should just *happen* to rotate the lower part of his spine in his natural vocal exuberance, well—we don't want to disguise him too much from what the fans expect, do we?" Now, what can you do with a man like that?

MY GODDAUGHTER MARRIES. You really would have to have seen the marriage of Barbara Bebe Lyon to Russell Turner to appreciate what the Lyon family mean to London. They were in London all during the war and are adored by all the people.

I drove out to Bebe's house to drive with her to St. James Church in Spanish Place. All the way to the church the fans kept shouting, "Bebe! Ben!" As for the bride, who was beautiful in a long white wedding gown and veil, they almost broke the window of the car until Ben pleaded with them, "If you love us, please let my daughter get to the church in time for the ceremony."

When Douglas Fairbanks drove up to the church he was given a rousing welcome. They shouted loudly for Tyrone Power and for all the other American celebrities.

My mind went back to Bebe's wedding on June 14, 1930 when she married Ben Lyon and I was her matron of honor. We all wore different pastel shades, but we had no such extravagant thing as dyed flowers to match our clothes.

I felt it was worth traveling 6000 miles to attend the wedding of Barbara, who is my godchild.

I FEEL SORRY FOR MARILYN Monroe, who cannot go to the theatre or anywhere without being mobbed. Ben Lyon, who gave her the name of Marilyn Monroe, said it is so fantastic to him to see her being guarded like royalty. "When I first met her," he said, "she was literally starving to death. I gave her her first job."

Marilyn was the first to telephone me when I arrived in London. I was rushing to attend a party so I promised to see Marilyn later. I'll have more about her after I see her.

The telephone girls at the Savoy, who get all sorts of celebrities and famous people, were more interested in my call from Marilyn than any others. Among them Ingrid Bergman, Rita Hayworth, Douglas Fairbanks and Tyrone Power.

"SHE'S A LIVING DOLL," Robert Mitchum whispered in my ear as I joined Rita Hayworth on the set of *Fire Down Below.* "You'll never find a girl easier to work with."

Rita greeted me like a long lost friend. She looks a little older but still very, very beautiful—her long red hair, her trademark for so many years, is pinned back.

She plays a displaced woman who has no passport and is illegally in a foreign country. I saw her play a scene with Bob and Jack Lemmon in which they were supposed to try and make a deal with her to smuggle liquor into Trinidad.

Rita told me she has taken an apartment in London and has her two children with her. She plans to come to the U. S. with the girls after she finishes *Fire Down Below.* She is living a very secluded life and is seldom seen around the gay spots in London. Beyond an occasional dinner, Rita, up to this time, seldom goes out socially.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

WHAT NEXT?

Here's Bob Wagner on a date with Natalie—and he's wearing a beard and carrying his shoes! And Ben Cooper shows up in a one-piece suit—shirt, tie, pants all in one piece!

"KIM—IF I WERE YOU . . ."

In the July issue of MODERN SCREEN we asked you to help Kim Novak make the biggest decision of her life, to choose between love or career.

Your response was magnificent. Thousands and thousands of letters poured into our office. We sent all of the letters on to Kim and both Kim and MODERN SCREEN thank you so much for them.

It was almost impossible to choose among so many wonderful, wonderful letters, but we have selected one which we feel shows extraordinary understanding of Kim's dilemma, and presents a possible solution to it. The letter was written by Mrs. Rae Cross, of 2331 West Kiowa Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado. To Mrs. Cross, we are forwarding a $100 Savings Bond and our heartfelt gratitude—and Kim's too.

Dear Kim,

From past experience I would say "Choose your career"—for now, anyway.

Until you reach the place where you instinctively—and without needing help —know *that you could give up your career and be perfectly happy with Mac and his interests—until then, marriage, or trying to combine marriage and career, would almost certainly result in heartache, frustration, and eventually divorce. Marriage or career—either one is a full-time, worthwhile, but demanding job. Very few women have the attributes necessary to make a success of both. There are some who have succeeded, but they are few.*

A man may successfully combine a career and marriage. It is the normal way of life. A woman must choose. True, many women attempt *both, but something, or someone, often pays too dearly. The competition is too keen. I am not philosophising. I am writing from my heart and personal experience.*

"All the way," you say. There will be times when the lights and the success of your career will make it a vibrant, happy way. There will be times when it will be dark and lonely. Success is a poor substitute for love and the sharing of mutual interests. I know. Nevertheless, since you feel you must reach the pinnacle in acting —be honest and fair with Mac. Don't marry him—hoping that things will work out. Marry your career! If, later on, you want to divorce your career—the separation will not cause the heartaches that come when you divorce a man, plus all the memories of a marriage that didn't have a fair chance.

I do hope that whichever you choose—career or marriage—that you go "all the way" forcing yourself to forget or ignore all the "might-have-beens," all the regrets —giving only your best to your voluntary choice. If you give your best you will receive the best in return.

Very Sincerely,
R. C.

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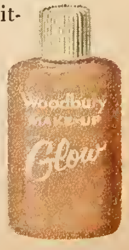

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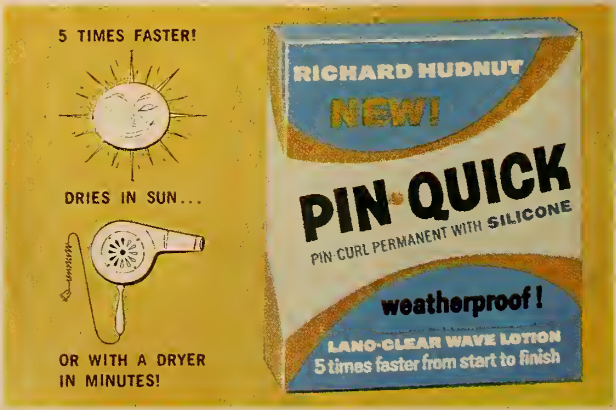
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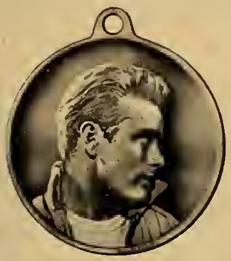


Your James Dean Memorial Medallion

Dear readers—

It is a year now that Jimmy Dean has been dead. That doesn't seem possible, does it? It doesn't to us. There is so much that makes us think, "He died only yesterday." So much that makes us think, "He can't really be dead."

There are your letters, coming in every day, so filled with a warm, alive love for him. There are the people we meet who knew him, the stars whose voices soften and whose faces change when his name is spoken. There are the old issues of Modern Screen, filled with his pictures and his words. There are the stories told us now by his friends, filled with his living presence.

We have one of those stories for you this month, told by a guy who was his pal both before and after Jimmy came to Hollywood—the movie star, Nick Adams. It's a great story. By the way, it is not a sad one. It's the story of Jimmy's happiest moments, and we have some wonderful pictures with it.

But this is the anniversary of Jimmy Dean's death, and somehow, even a great story is not enough. We spent a long time wondering, what is there that we can give you at this time that will endure—like your memory of Jimmy? Something that you can keep always, long after the pages of this magazine have yellowed and aged.

Well, we think we've found the answer. We think we have created something for you that is worthy of his memory. A James Dean Memorial Medallion.

We searched until we found the best pictures of Jimmy that we had ever seen. We submitted them to a famous sculptor. Carefully and painstakingly, he carved in plaster a head that was a marvelous likeness. This statue was given to craftsmen who modeled from it a golden-toned medallion of enduring brass, more than an inch in diameter, its shining beauty protected against tarnishing. Above is an artists' sketch of the Medallion—only a rough sketch, but we think it captures some of the quality of it. The Medallion is so made that you can wear it on a necklace or a key-ring or a bracelet—or enclose it in a locket. If you would like to own it, on page 80 you can find out how.

We hope you like this Memorial Medallion. We think it is finer than putting up a statue, or handing out certificates. It is something that you can own forever, that will never grow old, that you can keep near you. It is something that we are proud to be able to offer to our Modern Screen readers. We think Jimmy would be proud of it, too.

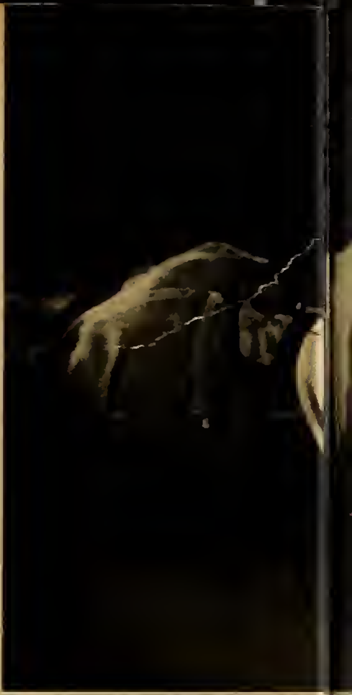
David Myers

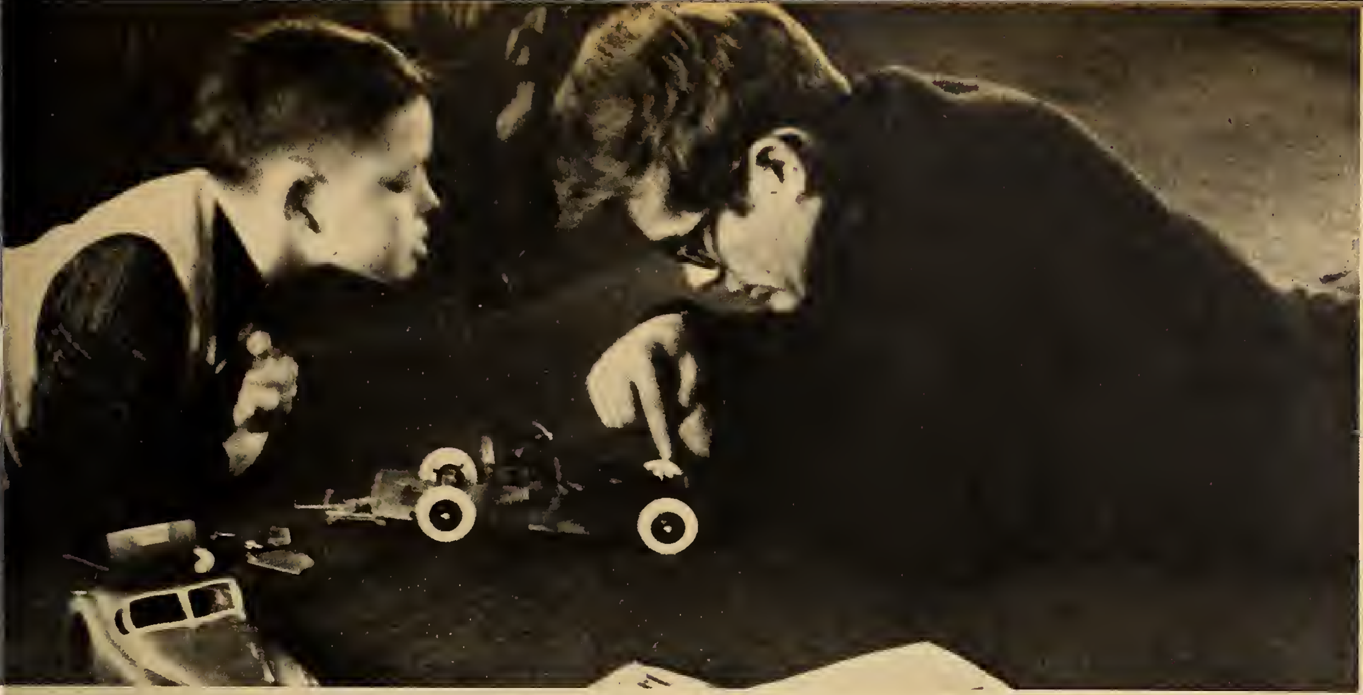
EDITOR

James Dean's pal, Nick Adams, recalls his favorite stories of...

Jimmy's happiest moments

He loved animals because he said, "They accept you on your own terms." They tickled him because they would do just what they wanted to and didn't give a darn. Like Jim.





Photos by Dennis Stock, Magnum

All the tension went out of Jimmy when he was with kids, and he'd play with them by the hour. Maybe because at heart he was such a kid himself.

He got a kick out of trying anything new. If it was dangerous like bull-fighting, all the better. If he looked silly, like at ballet dancing—he was the first to laugh at himself.

■ I wish someone would explain human beings some day. Why is it that whenever I think of Jimmy Dean, who loved the fun of life much more than he loved life itself, I feel like crying? I mean, the first guy to hoot at me, if he saw me, would be Jimmy himself. I remember his reaction one afternoon when we worked in *Rebel Without A Cause*, and we all argued against his decision to use a real knife, instead of a prop, in the famous knife fight scene. All we had to do was catch the look in his eyes as he stared in protest at us, to know that a prop would be too dull, let alone unrealistic, as far as he was concerned.

So he might get cut. So what?

So he did get cut—and he was delighted with the feeling of satisfaction that came to him, a feeling based not only on the fact that he had *lived* his role more than he had pretended it, but that there was a *kick* to this way of acting, as there should be to everything a fellow pitches in to do—and no matter the cost.

I think my sadness comes because nobody seems to have remembered this Jimmy Dean—or talks about this Jimmy Dean, the fun-loving Dean.

The Jimmy Dean I knew was intelligent enough to know that the truth in life comes out in its laughter, and so he lived mostly in laughter when he was with his friends (and, as I later found out, when he was with favorite members of his family). It was true (*Continued on page* 30)

Jimmy Dean's happiest moments

continued

No matter who says what, I know he was happy with his fans, as long as no one tried to pull him to pieces. And one of the greatest moments of his life was when his grandfather told him about his ancestor the auctioneer. But I guess I don't have to say that when he could "get with a beat" on a bongo drum—man, Jimmy was really living then!

(*Continued from page* 29) that he could be introspective. But this was a passing thing with him. He was always curious about his acting ability, wondering if it was something he had inherited, and he couldn't keep from making investigations along that line.

Also he could be touched deeply by sentimentality, since he was only ten when his mother died and her going was a shocking loss in his life that he never fully got over. One day he told me that at his mother's death he managed to undo the ribbon which was wrapped around the funeral door wreath, and slept with it under his pillow for nights afterwards.

But these things didn't always plague him, and the everyday Jimmy was mostly a happy Jimmy. My favorite memory of him goes back to a night when I was sitting at the Villa Capri restaurant in Hollywood with some friends and he entered wearing a leather jacket, tight whipcord britches, gauntlets, high boots, and dangling a pair of goggles from his hand.

"Hey, man," he greeted us. "My new motorcycle is outside. Real sharp. Come (*Continued on page* 78)

Color photo by Sanford Roth

Roth

photo by Peter Basch

WHY WE CALL NATALIE "TIGER"

An intimate disclosure by Faye Nuell, one of Natalie's closest friends

■ The first time I met Natalie Wood, we didn't like each other one little bit. That was a year and a half ago, and we were both working on *Rebel Without A Cause*. Naturally, I knew who Natalie was, but I was just a stand-in, and she'd never seen me before. Then, all of a sudden, she was seeing a lot of me, because I had known some of the kids who had real parts in the picture for a couple of years, and I spent most of my time hanging around with them. Well, Natalie didn't know I knew them, of course, and she had me pegged as a pushy kid trying to show off by hanging around (and annoying) her friends. So when someone finally got around to introducing us, she gave me the chilly shoulder supreme. And of course I figured her for a snob, and star or no star, I didn't think much of Miss Wood.

I suppose things would have stayed like that for the rest of the picture—except for Natalie. As far as I was concerned, if I didn't like her, that was that. Finished. Only Natalie is a funny kid. She doesn't like disliking people without a darn good reason—and she has a real instinct for nosing out a reason for *not* disliking them after all if she can. So one Saturday night when we were working late there was a break while the camera crew set up for the next shot, and all of a sudden Natalie marched over to me, determined to find her reason, one way or the other. She started gabbing. I was puzzled, but I had nothing better to do so I answered her, and we kidded around for a while. Then she asked me if I wanted to go to a show the next afternoon, and I was so startled I said yes before I knew it. Well, that started our friendship, and it's been rocketing along ever since. We've found a lot of things we have in common —including a fit of the giggles every time we tell each other what we thought of the other one at first.

By this time I suppose you're saying, "That's all very well," but *why do you call Natalie Wood 'tiger'?"* Well, possess your soul in patience—I'm not going to tell you (*Continued on page 81*)

terry moore:

my husband's a fast worker!

by JIM HENAGHAN

■ "Gee, it's good to be home," said Gene McGrath.

Terry Moore, his wife, flopped down on a huge sofa beside him and looked around at the apartment, a modest twelve-room, two-storied affair in the middle of Caracas, Venezuela. "Yeah," she said. "Only this is the third home I've come home to in the last two days! And only two days ago I was in Hollywood, and in another two days I have to be there again."

"Just like last week," said Gene.

"And the week before. And the week before that."

Gene kissed her. "This," he said, "is what you get for picking me up at that party."

"Picking *you* up," said Terry. "We were formally introduced and I couldn't get rid of you."

"Same thing," grinned Gene. "I was irresistible. Admit it."

"Persistent!" said Terry. "That's what you were. The most persistent man I ever met, and the fastest worker."

"And irresistible," said Gene.

Terry kissed him on the nose. "Persistent!" she said. "And maybe just a little irresistible—just a little."

She stretched out on the couch and thought about it.

It had been at a run-of-the-mill Hollywood party. Terry was with her mother. Her eyes idly skimmed the crowd and finally focused on a tall, well-built young man in his early thirties leaning against a wall near a potted plant at the far side of the room. He had wavy dark hair and soft brown eyes and wore a conservative grey ivy league suit. He held a drink of ginger ale in his hand. Terry looked him over carefully until she came to his eyes. They were staring intently—at her. Terry blushed a little and turned away. She looked back after a moment and the man was still staring. Terry turned away and went to sit with her mother. In a moment John Wayne was by her side, the young man in tow.

"I'd like to present a friend," Wayne said. "Mrs. Koford, this is Eugene McGrath—and this is Terry Moore."

"How do you do?" said McGrath, and sat down beside Terry without being asked. "You're a very pretty girl," he said.

"Thank you," said Terry.

"Now that the formalities are over with," said Gene, "let's get out of here and have dinner."

Terry tried to glare. "We just met thirty seconds ago." (*Continued on page 62*)

I flipped when Elvis held me in his arms—

by Kay Wheeler, 18 years old, of Dallas, Texas

■ All of a sudden, Elvis Presley had his arm around me and he was kissing me. *Kissing me*! Well, what would you expect me to do? I flipped! I absolutely flipped.

But I never showed it. I was cool as a cucumber the whole time, all that afternoon and evening. Everyone thought I was amazing. But I wasn't amazing. I was just in a daze. The truth of it is, I didn't believe a bit of it, that it was happening to me.

But it was. And all because about a year ago, when I was seventeen, I was eating a hamburger in a small cafe and absent-mindedly put a nickel in the juke box, pushing the selector button without looking. Suddenly, I heard a voice proclaiming (in no uncertain terms) that there was "Good Rockin' Tonight!" "Wow! Who's hungry?" I thought to myself, as I investigated this voice that set my nerves to tingling, and took my appetite away. Crazy! It didn't help much. It was some unknown by the strange name of "Elvis Presley."

It wasn't easy, but I remembered the name, and started looking for his records to buy. This wasn't easy either, for they were practically impossible to find. But I had been bitten by whatever bites you when you start digging Elvis Presley. So, having no idea who he was, or what he looked like—I became a Presley fan, and decided to do something about him. Up until this time, I think I was a completely average girl. My hobbies had been collecting things—but not autographs! First, it was dolls, then shells, rocks and stamps, in that order. I guess about the most enthusiasm I had ever shown in that direction was a letter I wrote to Charlton Heston complimenting him on his performance in *The Naked Jungle*. Elvis Presley was so completely unknown that I couldn't even find a picture of him anywhere. One day I met a girl from Gladewater, Texas, who had seen him there, singing in some Western Jamboree show. She said he was "a living doll." And then one Saturday night several months ago, I was using the phone (as usual), when suddenly, from the television set in the den, I heard a voice that I hadn't been able to forget. "It's Elvis," I screamed, and threw the phone down. (I don't remember to this day (*Continued on page 90*)

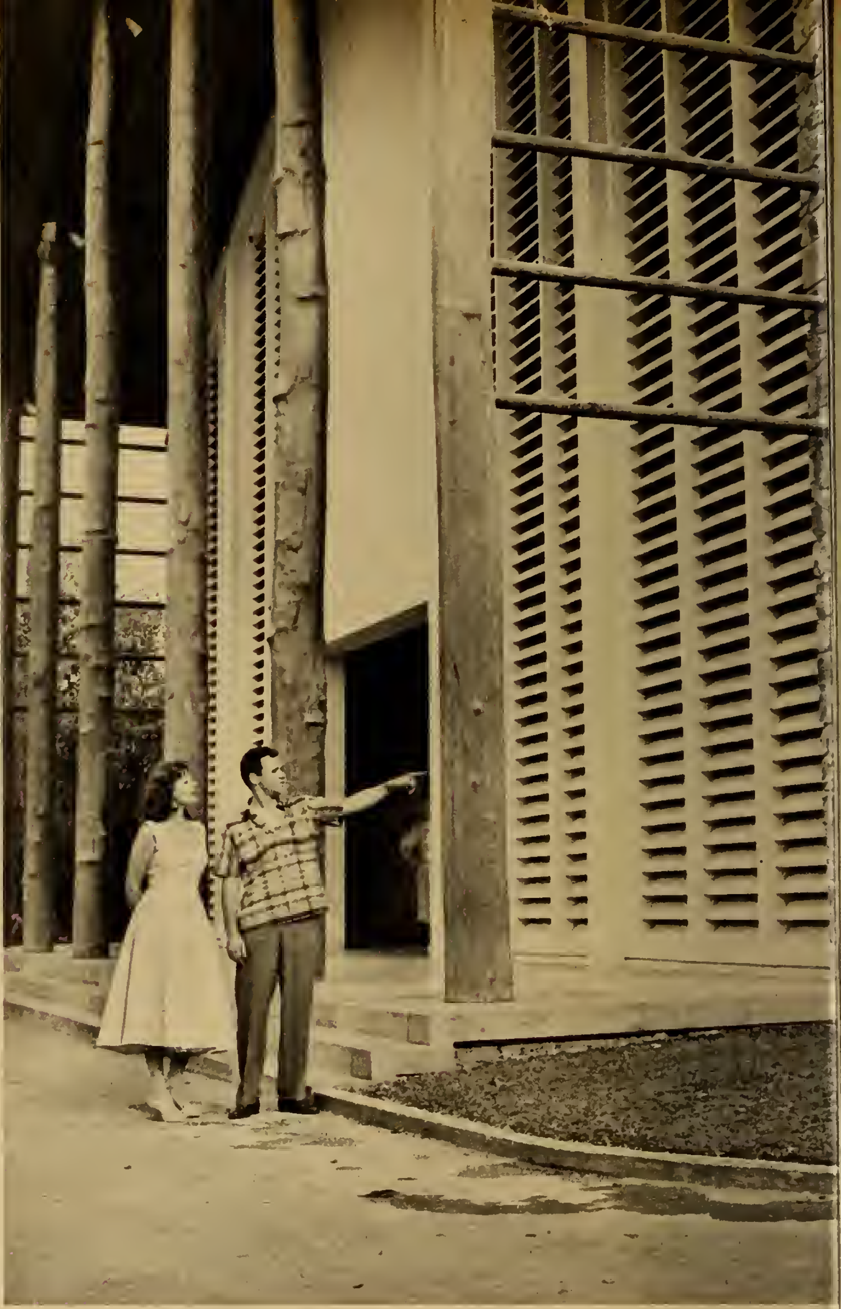
Rita comes to life in Trinidad

For the first time in three years, Rita Hayworth has something to take her mind off her romances—namely, work. And a good thing, too. For Rita's love life, always chaotic, has been even more hectic than usual, what with divorce number four, attempts to reinterest husband number three (Aly Khan), and any number of brief, unhappy side-trips into romance with a variety of beaus. This sort of thing can leave a girl gloomy, if not downright sullen, and Rita was no exception. But now, making a movie in sunny Trinidad, she has suddenly burst into smile and song. She hums happily under her breath when rehearsing with co-star Jack Lemmon on the hot, narrow streets, stretches out the famous legs to the South Sea sun in-between scenes, and scurries happily off on day-long excursions to neighboring paradises when work permits . . . which isn't often. But the New Rita doesn't mind that, either. She's at the set on time, morning, noon and (when necessary) night, with her lines all learned and her dances well-rehearsed. She's dieted cheerfully back into shape. She takes direction like a lamb. She *loves* to work!

photos by Jack Stager

Her favorite scene requires a black bathing suit (which made it popular with the rest of the cast) and a dip in the Golden Grove Lagoon at Tobago, which is why Rita goes through it cheerfully for re-take after re-take. She has even been suspected of "fluffing" deliberately and then asking in all innocence, "You mean I get to go swimming *again?*"

MORE →



Every now and then Bob Mitchum (the third star of the film, *Fire Down Below*) finds Rita sunbathing—under a parasol, and stops to comment. But at night Rita (who used to claim she was a stay-at-home married to a succession of gad-abouts), comes out of the shadows to dance barefoot on the grass. At the "Friendship Party" hosted by A. R. Broccoli (part owner of Warwick Productions, which is making the film) she danced with every member of the cast and crew, leaving them raving happily about the "nicest star in—or out of—Hollywood." For a girl who has spent the last few years dodging friends, relatives and newsmen alike, hiding behind dark glasses and nursing her hurts in private, this is more than a ball. It's a brand-new life—with only one possible shadow on the horizon.

. . . and from Trinidad suddenly

drift back surprising rumors of a new romance!

Daytimes, she and Jack Lemmon see the town together, chat with the natives and make friends with everybody—including each other. Since Jack has recently separated from his wife, naturally—rumors start. Now the question is: Does Rita leave Trinidad with a new—and difficult—romance?

END

they laughed at him, sneered at him, never suspecting ...

the secret strength of Burt Lancaster

by LOU LARKIN

■ Burt Lancaster shook his head. He was sitting behind the desk in his Beverly Hills office, half studying a script for *The Rainmaker*, half musing over the past.

"Sometimes I think it's because they *wouldn't* believe me that I've been able to do the things I wanted to do," Burt said softly. "For years I had the mistaken idea that I was trying to prove my ideas to people. I know now that I was only trying to prove them to myself."

Burt flipped a page of the script. His thick blond hair was in absolute disarray. He wore a plaid sport shirt, open at the neck.

When he moved his head, thick muscles rose and fell in his neck. There was a pink glow of health in his face. His eyes are blue and penetrating. When Burt looks at you those eyes become inquisitive, as though they are trying to determine what makes you tick.

It was hard to believe that this man has had all Hollywood pop-eyed with wonder. He is considered, by most members of moviedom, the man who stood the picture business on its ear.

Burt leaned back in his chair and took a long look at the ceiling. Then, in a laugh that wrinkled his nose and exposed those famous white teeth, he said:

"I'll never forget the first time it happened. I was about seven and he was about eight. We were in an argument over something and I said, 'I'll murdelize you.' That meant I was about to clobber him, but good. I said it three or four times, but he wouldn't believe me. We wound up with a black eye apiece.

"But I had the most wonderful mother in the world. She nursed my eye when I got home and then very carefully explained that it could have been worse. 'He could have blackened both,' she said. 'Then you couldn't have seen to hit back.'

"But as sore as my eye was I remember enjoying the excitement of the fight. It aroused something inside me. And it wasn't long before I was yearning for that feeling again, but I *wasn't* yearning for another black eye.

"One night my father—he worked in a Manhattan post office—took his guitar, sat on the front steps of the house and sang one song after another. I listened for a while and the next time he sang the words came easy to me.

"I never did fully understand it but when I sang I got the same feeling of excitement I had in the fight. After that I'd sing whenever I felt bored, and it was often.

"I think I suffered from boredom more than most kids. School, in particular, annoyed me with routine. Starting at the same time every morning, leaving the same time every day, the same seat, the same subjects seemed to suffocate me. And the moment the bell rang I'd be out that door and as soon as I hit the open air I'd swell up my lungs and bellow the first note I could think of. The other kids must have thought I was crazy.

"The music, I'm afraid, came from a very savage and unsoothed breast.

"As I got older, sitting on the steps summer evenings with Dad at the guitar, became one ritual that never bored me. The Italians in our neighborhood loved to listen to him sing the songs of Ireland. One night a group of them gathered around him and when he had finished they applauded.

"The sound of clapping hands was new to me and one of the most pleasant I'd ever heard. I liked it. Then I sang. More applause. Here was proof positive that I had done something special. I guess that was the very beginning.

"When I was twelve I had a small reputation as a 'performer.' (*Continued on page 58*)

MODERN SCREEN'S LETTER TO AN UNBORN BABY:

Honey—it takes most babies a long, long time to get to know their parents. Some of them never quite do, even when they're completely grown-up. But you, baby, are different, because (though you probably don't know it yet) you're going to be born to two of the most famous people in the world. All your life you're going to be hearing an awful lot about your Mom and Pop, and you're likely to be very much confused. So we'd like to set you straight right from the beginning—or a little bit before *your* beginning. First, we're going to print an exclusive statement from your Mom, telling what plans she and your Dad have for you. Then we're going to tell you something about these swell parents of yours: what they're like, the things they do together, the kind of families they come from, and the things they'll pass on to you. Pay close attention, baby, for in one second your mama's gonna tell you . . .

THE KIND OF FAMILY WE'LL BE

DEBBIE'S STATEMENT ABOUT THE BABY:

"What plans can one make for a baby? I hope that she or he will be normal and healthy and have just that sort of family life. Much like mine, in happy association with family and relatives. Of course, we will have pictures taken for our fans but we do think the baby should have a lot of privacy too. If we have a boy we want him to be able to shinny up a tree without falling off and breaking someone's camera. If she is a girl, we don't want her spoiled by too much attention, and any doctor's book will tell you that spoiling is caused by flattery and so on. If she or he is constantly pictured in magazines that is what could happen. I know Eddie will be a wonderful father and companion for our little one. You often hear people predict that bachelors are poor husband prospects, which is funny. How can you tell until he stops being a bachelor? Eddie was a long standing bachelor but he is as husbandly a husband as a girl could want. We don't hope for a boy or girl—just for the baby God gives us."—DEBBIE FISHER

MAMA SHOWED UP AS:

Mary Frances Reynolds on April 1, 1932 in El Paso, Texas, but she moved to Burbank when she was 9.

PAPA SHOWED UP AS:

Edwin Jack Fisher, born August 10, 1928 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania where he grew up.

SHE IS A SHRIMP:

Five feet, one-and-a-half inches tall.
100 pounds
Green eyes, brown hair

HE'S A MEDIUM SIZE:

Five feet, eight inches
140 pounds
Deep brown eyes
Black curly hair

SHE GOES TO CHURCH:

At the Church of Nazareth; her mother's family were Free Methodists.

HE GOES TO TEMPLE:

in the Jewish religion, like all his family.

THE RELATIVES ON MAMA'S SIDE:

There's one brother, Bill, and a wonderful mother and father.
Debbie's Dad is a Southern Pacific Railroad carpenter.
Deb's mom is a housewife but when times were hard, she worked, too—even took in laundry.

THE RELATIVES ON PAPA'S SIDE:

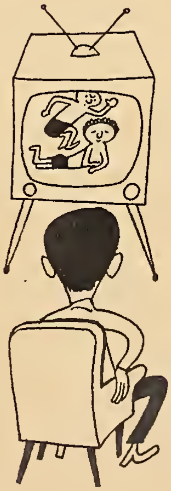
There are four sisters and two brothers.
Eddie's Mom was divorced and has remarried.
Eddie is on very good terms with his step-father. He sees his real father a lot—Dad is a retired vegetable-vendor now living in California.

WHAT MAMA IS:

Impulsive and headstrong—she wants what she wants *right now!*
A living riot—she never stops clowning.
A bundle of energy, always on the go, and a chatterbox supreme. If she's quiet you know she's furious about something!
A sports fiend, who could throw a ball faster and farther than any boy in the neighborhood.
A top-notch bowler, and she would be a great golfer—but "that game goes too slow!"
She used to plan to be a gym teacher.
A big eater, always looking for something to munch.
A big milk drinker.

WHAT PAPA IS:

Patient.
A guy with a quiet sense of humor.
Easy-going about everything.
Perfectly capable of sitting still.
An ex-sand lot-baseball-player, who now loves to watch fights on TV, and is (like all good singers) becoming a good golf player, though he only putted his first ball two years ago.
A dedicated singer, who, as a child, told his mama, "If I can't be a singer, I'll be a street-cleaner." His climb to the top was a struggle all the way, with many disappointments, failures.
When success came, it came fast and big.



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A star by accident; she entered a contest to get a free blouse, and found herself with a movie contract. She thought it was a big joke and would never last, but her rise has been slow and steady ever since. Now she's at the top of every popularity poll.

Very easy to talk to. And a very good listener.

Quick to learn and profit by his own mistakes.

WHAT MAMA LOVES:

Papa

The Girl Scouts. She has 47 Merit Badges and a long history as a troop leader.

Mimicing people. She won that contest "doing" Betty Hutton, got her first big break imitating Helen Kane in the movies.

People in general—unless they're late for appointments, which she thinks is terribly rude.

Planning things. Her dates sometimes complained she always insisted on mapping out the evening—but she did it so well that they let her.

A good fight—or at least, an argument. She never agrees with anyone.

WHAT PAPA LOVES:

Mama

Sleeping late on Sunday mornings, then breakfasting in bed on a glass of juice while reading the Sunday papers.

Old friends. He'll do anything for them.

Work. He thrives on a schedule that would send another guy to an early grave.

Peace and harmony. He tries to avoid unpleasantness at all times.

Singing. Not just for money—he sings in the shower and even on the street.

WHAT MAMA LEARNED FROM HER FAMILY:

To make enchiladas eighty-five different ways, and to make wonderful Mexican frijoles. (Her grandmother taught her.)

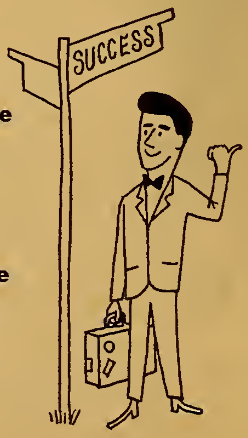
To ask questions when she wants to learn. No matter how young she was, Debbie always got an answer from her parents.

To make her own decisions. The Reynolds made her do that very young. If she or Bill chose wrong, their parents suffered too, but said Mrs. Reynolds, "That was our

WHAT PAPA LEARNED FROM HIS FAMILY:

Never to give up. At his lowest point when he was struggling for a break, his mother kept him from quitting, and suggested that he call Milton Blackstone, who finally put him on the road to success.

To get along without being the center of attraction—his brothers and sisters taught him that. To go on loving through bad and good—he weathered his parents' divorce without bitterness. To be happy without much money.



headache and we kept it to ourselves."

To profit from experience.

WHAT MAMA FOUND OUT FROM PAPA:

How to make Lima Beans *à la* Sonny Boy (Eddie's mom's nickname for him). How to make Grossinger's Rye Bread. How to eat—and like—the food Eddie grew up on: salami, pastrami, halvah, bagels, and other Jewish delicacies. How to take care of a Boxer dog.

To want a girl with the same background as his—one who hadn't had too much, so that the things he could give her would be a thrill, not a bore.

WHAT PAPA LEARNED:

To eat Mexican food. That there are beans that aren't lima. That dancing is the most. That an argument can be fun. That he can make his own decisions without relying on his advisers all the time. That the out-of-doors is nice, too.

AND THE THINGS THEY HAD IN COMMON ALL ALONG

Strong family ties and a deep love of home. . . . A love of plain, home-style (different homes, of course) cooking. . . A long list of advantages neither had as a child—and a huge delight in providing each other with these "extras" now that they can. . . They're both always in a rush. "No matter how neat Debbie's room is," her mother used to sigh, "fifteen minutes after Debbie gets home, it's a shambles." Mrs. Reynolds used to think there was no one like her daughter on this—but then she met Eddie. Now there are two of them to dash madly out of the house, looking like dreams—leaving chaos behind. . . Neither of them is demonstrative. They're not cold—just not the type to gush in public, or call everybody "honey." In Debbie's family, particularly, if you praise one of them too highly the individual in question is likely to turn purple and pretend he can't hear you. Deb's father's way of demonstrating affection is to call you "Hoss" or something equally endearing. (Eddie is "Hoss.") Mrs. Reynolds thinks this long-standing "lack of gush" is what drew Eddie and Debbie together. . . Both love small-town living—but they're not liable to get much of it for a while. . . Both are sensitive. . . Both love television, will watch for hours. . . Both are generous, and feel very, very grateful for their good luck. . . Both are clothes-conscious, love to dress well. Eddie is more conservative than Debbie, and goes big for black suits. Both love red, are happiest in nice sports clothes. . . Both love show business, music and animals—have a menagerie around the house. . . Both are in the same movie (something Eddie wanted before he ever even met Debbie), *Bundle of Joy* . . . They met in Hollywood, they fell in love in Palm Springs, they had a transcontinental misunderstanding, they made up in New York, they were married in the Catskills. Now both, more than anything else in the world, want a baby to love.

END

In the Gables' marriage, Kay's heart attack could

have meant the end. But it didn't!

THE BRAVE LOVERS

by Charlotte Dinter

■ Clark Gable and his wife Kay have had more than their share of trouble in their lives. But fate waited until now, when they thought there was nothing but peace ahead, to deal them the hardest blow.

Their big test came, ironically enough, just a few weeks before their first wedding anniversary last July 11. It came suddenly, without warning.

The vivacious, beautiful woman Gable had chosen, who was sharing with him the outdoor, rough-hewn life he needs, was told she had a heart condition.

Kay, the witty, forthright blonde who used to boast she'd never had a sick day in her life, suffered several attacks of angina pectoris. She was rushed to a hospital. Clark called in a team of top specialists. They made every test in the medical book. But there was no getting around those two ominous Latin words.

However, the doctors were encouraging, if in a slightly negative way. "Don't worry," they told their beautiful patient and her famous husband. "We're taking every precaution to ward off a coronary."

Kay was given the same medicine that was administered to President Eisenhower following his heart attack. She was also given some firm instructions. She was told that she must follow them to the letter if she wanted to get well.

The instructions? Change her whole way of life. Just like that.

No more hunting trips with Clark. Not for a long, long time. No more location trips with him. No more swinging those golf clubs he bought her. No more dashing about with "The King" in that glistening white Thunderbird he loves to drive.

No more Sunday bicycle rides and picnics along the out-of-the-way roads in San Fernando Valley. No more airplane flights to Clark's favorite fishing grounds up Oregon way. No more busy days working around their twenty-acre ranch home in Encino. No more riding beside her husband on that bright red tractor she'd surprised him with at Christmas.

In short, Mrs. Clark Gable would have to give up, at least for the present, all the activities that had helped to make her first year of marriage such a happy one.

Kay was ordered to remain in bed for several months after she (*Continued on page 70*)

THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT OUR WEDDING. Not as we were being married, but just afterwards. The priest had blessed us and pronounced us man and wife. Fifty choir-boys had sung the *Ave Maria*. It was time to walk up the aisle, but she whispered, "Wait." For a second I didn't understand. Till she moved quietly and alone to the side of the altar. There she knelt down, laid her bouquet at the feet of the Virgin Mary, bowed her head and prayed. Not a short hurried prayer. She must have been kneeling there for three or four minutes, like she'd forgotten the world, like she was all by herself in the church having a little talk with our Holy Mother. A kind of hush fell over everything. I choked up. It was such a simple gesture, so reverent, so touched by grace. Here was my wife who had just become my wife, praying for *us*—for our marriage, our happiness. Chills tingled along my spine. I'm not ashamed to say my eyes misted. Through the mist I still saw her little figure like a doll in the big white veil and dress, I saw the bent head, the folded hands, the pure profile. Then she rose and came toward me, her eyes shining with prayer. My wife is a very human girl. But in that moment I felt I'd married an angel.

why I love my wife

by Vic Damone

To me she is not Pier Angeli, but Anna Maria Damone, my wife. When I talk about her, I like to say "my wife." It comes naturally to me. I love the words and the sound of them in my ears and what they mean. It's hard to describe in words what she is like. Sweet and good and wonderful, yes, but these are general terms and don't explain what makes my wife herself. I think the best way is to show her at certain moments that hang like pictures in my memory. Some could never have happened more than once. Some happen over and over again when she does a familiar thing and a familiar look crosses her face, which makes my heart laugh or melt or both together. Let me describe a few of these changing moods and what lies behind them. They will tell you better than all the adjectives in the dictionary why I love my wife.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN SHE MISSES A GOLF BALL. And why does she look that way? Because she thinks she's failed me. I happen to like golf. I would like my wife to play with me but she doesn't know how. So I take her to the driving-range and teach her. On that range where I asked her to marry me and she gave me her answer, I now teach her golf. She swings—and misses. Well, anybody can miss once—even her husband. She swings the second time—for a second miss. Her face clouds up, her eyes slide toward me to see how I'm taking it. I'm taking it like a soldier. Like a soldier she lifts her club, attacks again—and misses! Three times is too much. Her hand flies to her mouth, she turns on me this helpless look. Reproaching herself. Like a baby who didn't mean to smash the bottle. Like a child who tried so hard to please her papa and feels so guilty because she didn't make it. I can't help laughing inside. But she doesn't want laughter. She needs encouragement. So I encourage her. "Come, let's try again—" and she does better.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN SHE SERVES ME TUNA-SAUCE. I'm fussy about my food. When it comes to cooking, I don't believe that a woman must be treated like a little girl. If she cooks, let her do it right. My wife learned how to fix a real good Italian sauce. Then she began to experiment and one day she floored me. "I'm making a new spaghetti sauce for dinner. Tuna fish and anchovies." I'm conservative. "Thank you very much," I said. "You make it for *you.*" At dinnertime I ate two heaping dishfuls. "Is this chicken sauce?" I asked. She mumbled something, so as not to lie. Till I was all through. Then she spoke in a small voice, "I didn't want to spoil your dinner, but you just had anchovies and tuna fish." She jumped from the table. I ran after her—and caught her. But what could I do? The stuff still tasted great. She cooks tuna-sauce pretty often now. She can't resist it. Whenever she serves it, she gets this look on her face. Very pleased with herself that she put something over on her husband. Like a little duck strutting. Or like Peter Pan ready to flap his wings, ready to crow, "How clever I am!"

THE WAY SHE LOOKED AFTER THE ACCIDENT. You may wonder why I include such a troubled memory here. Because it's too meaningful to leave out. I was in North Dakota, ready to go on, when suddenly I'm in the midst of a nightmare. On one side the doctor from Palm Springs: "A plane accident. Pier's going to be all right. We're not sure about the baby. Come as quickly as possible. She keeps calling for you." On the other side: "Vic, you're on." So now I hang up, now I've got to do a show. Somehow I manage and then I leave. By train, by plane, by car, it takes me 24 hours to reach the hospital. What I see first are the eyes. One is bandaged, the other is black and blue. She's under sedation, her hand is cramped from shock. But the minute I walk in, she murmurs something and the poor hand reaches for me. She looks so tiny, so fragile, so pitiful, it seems my heart will break. Harm has come to her, yet in her pain and sorrow—even in her semi-consciousness—she wanted only me. Through my fear, that shone like a light. With her hand in mine, I knelt by her bed and prayed.

MORE ➤

continued from preceding page

Vic Damone tells: Why I love Anna Maria, my wife

THE WAY SHE LOOKED WHEN I WATCHED HER DANCE in *Port Afrique.* I knew she was going to do this sexy little number. Not wanting to make her self-conscious, I sneaked on the set. Her dress was so tight she could hardly move in it. But *how* she moved!—all the alluring gyrations like a harem queen, like she'd been playing sirens for years. Then it's over, and she holds the pose, one hand up, one down, the body twisted, *such* invitation in the eyes. That's when she saw me, and it's hard to describe the mixture of expressions—shyness, confusion, embarrassment, a touch of apology, a hint of pleasure even. Like: "Here I am caught in the act and I wonder what he's thinking." I went over to her. "I didn't know you were capable of such things." Now she was really confused, not sure how I meant it. I was confused myself. It bothered me a little to have my wife carrying on like this. For me alone, I would like it. For the public—well, I'm still thinking it over.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN MY RECORDS come on the air. To my wife, every tune I record is *our* song, and every time she hears it, it is like the first time. We sit having breakfast and here comes *On the Street Where You Live. On the Street Where You Live* can hardly be a surprise any more, but you'd never know it from her. The mouth makes a big O, the eyes dance like stars, she holds up her hand for a signal that the whole world should stop and listen, including the birds who are busy outside with their own songs. She gets more and more excited. She wants to hug the radio, the disc jockey, even the network. So she hugs me instead. Then she calls the cook and the nurse. By now it's almost over. Besides, they've heard it already a hundred times. But they're nice, they come. She stands there radiant till the last note. "Isn't it wonderful?!" she squeals. "Now you can all go back to what you were doing." To have such an audience as my wife in the house where he lives—this should happen to every singer!

THE LOOK I ALWAYS LOOK FOR ON OPENING NIGHT. We love each other very much and we pray a lot. I am a singer. Unless you're a singer, you can't realize the toughness of opening night. Because she's part of me, my wife realizes it. On opening night I look to where my wife sits. Her fingers are crossed, her face is quiet and concentrated. There's pride in it. But beyond pride, there's something more important. It's a devout look, a look of guidance and strength. She's praying that all the songs I've rehearsed so hard should come out right. Not for applause or money. One doesn't pray for such things. But because what a man does, he must do well. As I work, my eyes keep going back to that ardent look. And I work harder. For I feel that God and my wife are in my corner.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN A WOMAN FLIRTS with me. Then she's the cutest. First of all, I'm so completely happy with my wife and she knows it. But a woman is still a woman and my business is singing to the female sex. If someone likes my singing, I'm nice and appreciative. If she happens to be beautiful, maybe I'm a little bit more appreciative. After all, I'm a man and when something beautiful smiles at me, I smile back. Then I look at my wife. She's drawing herself up in a kind of swagger, like she's about eight feet tall. Under the wide forehead, her eyes dart me a challenge. "I dare you—I just *dare* you to smile at her again." But beneath the challenge lies a glint of amusement. She's not mad this time, she's not even really jealous. She knows she's the only girl in the world for me. She's just re-stating her claim. We enjoy this secret little byplay together. And whoever the lady may be, I don't smile at her again. Until the next time.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS IN THE MORNING. Every morning my wife is up before me. I open my eyes and she's leaning over me with the baby in her arms. Because I love her in white, she often wears a white satin robe that Helen Rose gave her as a shower-gift. Her dark hair falls over her face, which holds a deep smiling tenderness as of a young madonna. This little ceremony started by chance. If things are premeditated, they are less appealing. But little by little, as she saw how happy it made me, she began to bring the baby every morning. Now I wait for this moment, which is very precious to me. Sometimes I pretend to be asleep so as not to miss it. The baby is pink and gurgling and cute as a button. I know I sound like every father in the world, but I think he saves an extra special morning smile for me.

My wife and my baby, they are my life. I almost lost them both. We don't dwell on past heartaches, but when I look up into her soft eyes, we don't need any words. We are thinking the same thoughts. We are sharing the joy and gratitude as we shared the pain. She puts the baby next to me and sits down beside us. She knows why my eyes need to open on them in the morning. She knows it's the only way to start off my day right.

P.S. There's one look I'd like to show you but can't. My wife's favorite seat is in my lap. The minute I sit down, she jumps into it and throws her arms around me. I wish I knew myself how her face looks then. But I've never seen it. It's always buried in my neck.

END

by JANE WILKIE

At Vicki's age, Betty (below) was dancing in a chorus line. Her daughters, though, know few Hollywood children, seldom meet a movie star, and would "die of embarrassment" if someone mentioned outright that Mama is one, herself.

Betty Grable:

the fun I have with my daughters

Now that Vicki and

■ At the breakfast table last week, nine-year-old Jesse said, "Mom, how old are you, anyway?"

"I'm 102," said Betty. "Eat your eggs."

Twelve-year-old Vicki stared as though she were seeing her mother for the first time. "Come on, mother, how old are you really?"

"Thirty-nine," said Mrs. James and added, "An honest thirty-nine, not a Jack Benny thirty-nine."

"Suppose," Jesse mused, "somebody

Jesse are approaching their teens, Mama's much too busy to go to work

asks us how old you are. Should we tell them?"

"Sure," said Betty. "Who cares? I don't."

She thinks it was the first time her daughters gave any thought to the age difference between them. The girls are quite adult for their years, while Betty appears a fast twenty-eight. Most of the time they seem more like friends than mother and daughters. Their closeness comes from their being together so much of the time. Harry James is away a great deal; on an average of six months out of the year in fact, and while his band engagements seldom keep him away from home more than a month at a time, he never fails to be amazed at the way his daughters are growing up.

From various points around the globe Harry has made long distance calls to keep in touch, timing his calls to catch the girls before bedtime. Bedtime has moved up through the years and Harry can never quite adjust himself to the fact. Just last summer he phoned later than usual, having been detained by business, and was surprised when Jesse answered the phone.

"Why aren't you in bed?" he said. "It's almost eight o'clock."

"Heavens to Betsy, Daddy! We're just finishing dinner. I'm not a child any more, you know!"

And Vicki proved in her own way that she has *(Continued on page* 74)

CLINT WALKER

You haven't seen him in the movies yet (you will soon) but you have on your TV *screen. Van Johnson persuaded the 6'5½", 235 pound brown-haired, blue-eyed guy to give acting a try and he's been "Cheyenne" on the* TV *show ever since. Clint's married, has a 6-year-old daughter.*

ROD TAYLOR

Rod's first film was The Virgin Queen. *He plays opposite Debbie Reynolds in* The Catered Affair *and is now in* Giant. *Blue eyed, brown haired, 5'11" Rod is single, comes from Sydney, Australia and in 1954 was voted their best actor. He loves swimming and riding horseback.*

CLIFF ROBERTSON

Cliff was discovered in the N. Y. production of Wisteria Trees. *Mrs. Josh Logan told her director husband about him and Cliff made his screen debut in* Picnic *and then put into* Autumn Leaves. *5'11", brown-haired Cliff is single, would love to meet the "right girl" and raise a family.*

JOHN SAXON

To pay for drama lessons, John became a photographe model. His picture was discovered in a romance magazi and Hollywood called him for Running Wild *and* The Unguarded Moment. *5'10½" brown-haired and brown-ey John loves Calypso, is learnin to play the bongo drums.*

ELAINE AIKEN

She started as a fashion model (5'6¾" tall—115 pounds) did TV *commercials, summer stock, studied with Lee Strassburg and then went to Hollywood. There she bumped into old friend Rod Steiger who carried her off to a talent agency. Her first film is* The Lonely Man.

KIPP HAMILTON

Her first movie was Good Morning, Miss Dove *and she's in* One In A Million. *Kipp, who looks something like Gene Tierney, is 5'5¾", weighs 120 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. She went to drama school in Los Angeles, followed her theatrical family's footsteps to Hollywood.*

VERA MILES

As Miss Kansas, 5'4" blue-eyed blonde Vera won third place honors in the Miss America Contest of 1948. Hollywood regarded her a star before her films were ever released, finally showed her in The Searchers, 23 Paces To Baker Street, Autumn Leaves. *Married to Gordon Scott.*

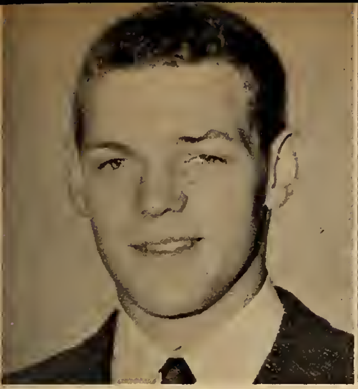
DIANA DORS

Besides her 35 inch bust, 23 inch waist and 35 inch hips. British Diana has acting ability, graduated from the London Academy of Dramatic Arts. Lately you've seen her in Kid For Two Farthings *and soon she'll be in Hollywood's* I Married A Woman. *She's married.*

• •

PICK THE WINNERS!

of Modern Screen's Silver Cup Awards for the top new stars of 1956



JAMES MACARTHUR

Jim is the son of Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur. His first film is The Young Strangers, *but because he entered Harvard this fall and wants to concentrate on his studies, he will do only one picture a year. 18 year old Jim is 5'7", has sandy hair and blue eyes.*

DON MURRAY

He was an unknown chosen to play opposite Marilyn Monroe in Bus Stop, *his first film. 6'1½", green-eyed, brown-haired Don comes from a theatrical family, had been in a number of Broadway shows before coming to Hollywood. He recently married actress Hope Lange, also in* Bus Stop.

ANTHONY PERKINS

Tony's father was an actor and, at 24 years of age, so is Tony. Brown-eyed, 6'1½", he appeared in The Actress, The Friendly Persuasion *and will soon be seen in* The Lonely Man. *Described as "the young Jimmy Stewart," Tony is a newcomer to show business, a college graduate and a bachelor.*

BEN COOPER

Remember him in The Rose Tattoo? *Ben's been in show business (from the theatre to radio to* TV *to films) since he was eight years old. Blue eyed, 5'8", Ben is unmarried, lives with his sister Bunny, can currently be seen in* A Strange Adventure. *Ben's a sportsman, also sings and plays the guitar.*

KAREN STEELE

Karen is the natural, blue-eyed blonde who played the wife with in-law trouble in Marty. *She was raised in Honolulu, is quite a sportswoman, speaks several languages. She's 5'5"; weighs 110 pounds. Other films:* The Sharkfighters *and* The Dancing Detective.

ANNA KASHFI

Born in Darjeeling, India, the daughter of a civil engineer, Anna has worked in Indian and American movies. Her first film here was The Mountain, *followed by* Battle Hymn. *She is 5'5", has black hair, brown eyes, and is single (dates Marlon Brando). She prefers native sari to our fashions.*

VICTORIA SHAW

Bob Hope suggested she try Hollywood and the day after she arrived in America from Australia, Victoria had a contract and a leading role in The Eddy Duchin Story. *A top model in her native country, she is 5'6", weighs 120 pounds. Married to actor Roger Smith.*

CARROLL BAKER

You'll soon see her in Giant *and* Baby Doll. *A blue-eyed blonde, 5'5" Carroll arrived in Hollywood via the Florida night clubs (she started her career as a dancer) and the New York stage. She's an Actor's Studio product and is married to stage director Jack Garfein. She lives in N. Y.*

■ Every year Modern Screen gives one of its famous Silver Cup Awards to the most popular new stars in Hollywood—your choices for the boy and girl with brightest futures of all. Last year you picked Kim Novak and Russ Tamblyn—and you certainly were right! Who will it be this year? Here are the pictures of the hottest kids in Hollywood for you to choose from. Last year the awards were given out on the *Colgate Comedy Hour*, in the most spectacular TV show of the year. This year they'll be on your TV screens again. So hurry—study the stars, fill out the coupon and send it to us right away. (Your choices every month of this year on the poll—see page 72—will determine the winners of the other Modern Screen Silver Cups.)

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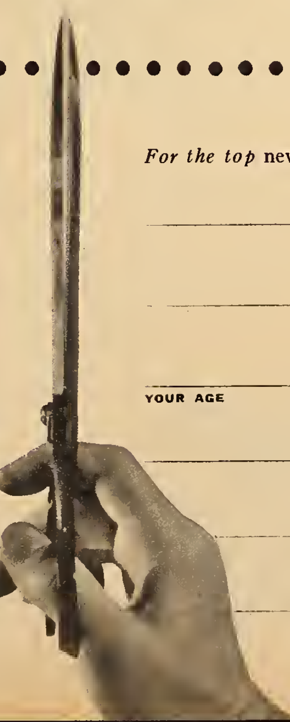

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Left: Famous "RINGLET" in cotton or nylon, $1.50

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burt lancaster's secret strengt

(*Continued from page 43*) That's what w called anybody who stood up in front o people and sang, recited poetry or playe the violin. There was a Settlement Hous in the neighborhood and one afternoon was asked by one of the directors if I' like to take part in a play. It was calle *Three Pills In A Bottle.* I wasn't interested until I heard one of the kids laugh

"Now I *was* interested. Someone, I didn' care who, didn't even know who,. wouldn' believe I could be in a play. I insisted o playing the part. And when I first walke on the stage I experienced that mysterious excitement again, a kind of racing inside me, as though life had suddenl speeded up like an old-fashioned movie.

"In a few days I knew every line, ever gesture, plus those of the rest of the cast After the play, somebody told me that man, whose business it was to discove juvenile talent, was looking for me.

"But I didn't want to act anymore. Because after the play I felt like a sissy. N one had told me about make-up! And the idea of putting powder on my face and then appearing in front of the gang was my idea of doom. Acting, I decided, was not the job for the kind of man I wanted to be. At night, before I went to sleep, however, I couldn't shut the sound of applause from my ears. And though I put up the most convincing pretense of despising acting, inside I wanted to become an actor.

"I just wouldn't believe myself."

Love vs. the circus

Burt decided to become an acrobat during high school. In gym classes he quickly became an expert at the most difficult exercises and one day announced proudly he was going to become an acrobat.

Carol Ohmart admits, "I arrive for appointments late . . . And I do it deliberately. If I get there first, there are always men around to make passes."

Paul Denis

"That was my idea of a real man," Burt said. "Yes, I was laughed at. Being good in gym was one thing, but becoming an acrobat?! Not a chance, they told me.

"Well, as you know I joined a circus after I got out of high school. It took time and it took self-discipline, but I had to prove they made a mistake.

"But one thing happened to me in high school that almost changed my life. I fell in love. She was beautiful and kind and I was unworthy of her, I thought, but I adored her. My interest in gymnastics had made me overlook a lot of very necessary human emotions. I was kind of dedicated to becoming an acrobat and I wanted nothing to interfere. The girl—her name was Hester—was the first person of my age who showed me the meaning of kindness, understanding and gentleness.

"When we graduated I tried to decide whether to stay in New York with Hester or join the circus. I suffered the tortures of the damned making up my mind.

"As I look back I can see a lot more clearly what really made the decision. No one doubted that I was in love with Hester. But no one believed I'd ever become an acrobat. I went with the circus."

Burt worked thirteen years flip-flopping. Few were impressed.

"It's understandable," Burt admitted. "To really appreciate the skill of an acrobat you have to be one. The average person doesn't realize the weeks of work that can be invested in a stunt that takes only seconds to perform. In *Trapeze* we tried to show that.

"In a way the circus was a refuge to me, a form of escape. I was happy, I guess, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing out of my life. The crowd seemed right, the temporary cheers, the lights, the excitement, all that was right. But something was wrong.

I look like a floor walker?

"Between seasons I tried to find what I was missing. I took a variety of jobs.

"One of the first was a spot as a singing waiter in a beer joint.

"The following year I walked into Marshall Field's department store and applied for a job as a truck-driver. The personnel man looked me over and said, 'You just don't *look* like a truck driver.'

"They put me on as floor-walker in the ladies' lingerie department.

"But a small matter with the U.S. government arose at the time and all of a sudden I was filling out papers. The Army had a spot for me. Private, Infantry.

"But when I checked my papers I noticed the form had a space for 'civilian occupation.' I started to write 'acrobat' but it came out 'actor.' It looked wrong at first, but the more I stared at the word the more I knew it was right. I'd finally found out what I was missing, as I was joining the Army.

"Now, I've heard all kinds of jokes about the Army making dish-washers out of truck-drivers, cooks out of watch-makers and auto-mechanics out of school-teachers.

"I was shocked by what they made out of me. I was put in Special Services as—an actor. The Army believed me! And as a soldier I never worked so hard in my life—at being an actor. I read plays, rehearsed for hours, studied drama, saw some movies five and six times just to catch a scene that struck my fancy.

"I played second, third, fourth leads in the plays, but starring in any of the plays didn't interest me then. I luckily had the good sense to admit to myself that I had to learn a lot about acting.

"During my tour of duty I met Norma. She was a USO stenographer. One look and I really knew what excitement was."

After the war, they were married.

A chance on Broadway

Just before he got out of the Army, Burt learned that there was a part open in a Broadway play. An agent assured him that he fit the role like a glove. "But," he said, "you're still in the Army. Uncle Sam won't let you work for anyone else while he's paying for your service."

The agent gave Burt two days to get discharged. When he asked one of his officers what the chances were the Lieutenant thought he was crazy.

"Two months, at least," he told Burt. Lancaster asked permission to make a few calls to speed things up.

"I pulled every trick in the book that was legal," says Burt. "Here was another guy who wouldn't believe me. But a couple of high-ranking officers sympathized with my cause and to the surprise of everyone including myself I was out of the Army in two days."

Burt got the part in *Sound Of Hunting*. The show was a flop, but Burt wasn't.

A Hollywood talent scout cornered him after the final performance and Burt came to Hollywood.

And Burt suffers from no illusions on how he happened to get the starring role in his first picture, *The Killers*.

"I had no money. Norma was expecting her first baby. I had one suit, herringbone, I think. And no one believed I could act. I was beginning to doubt it myself.

"Hal Wallis was looking for someone to play the role of the Swede in the Ernest Hemingway story. I was available. And I was available at a very low price. That's how I got the part. I don't kid myself about it now, nor did I then."

Hollywood finds him "hot news"

He wasn't more than a few weeks making the picture when Hollywood reporters found the newcomer a source of hot news.

Burt was dangerously frank. Honest and coldly blunt. He told the writers that Hollywood movie-makers wasted time, money and talent. He criticized directors, verbally mauled producers and spoke openly on the faults of other actors.

"I told them that as soon as I had enough money I'd produce pictures and show them. As usual, no one paid any attention to me," Burt recalled.

Then Burt announced that no one was going to pry into his private life."

"The day that word got into the papers," Burt said, "my phone wouldn't stop ringing with requests to take pictures of my home, my wife, my children. They wouldn't believe I'd keep my word."

Lancaster does to this day.

But Lancaster had never intended his children to become "private." To the contrary, he's sent them to public schools in this country and in Mexico when they accompanied him on location trips. He brought them to Paris for *Trapeze* and intends to take them on all long journeys.

The Lancaster children number five, ranging from nine to one-and-a-half.

The Hecht-Lancaster team

Two years ago Burt joined up with a the boyhood chum, Harold Hecht, to form the now famous production team responsible for *Marty*.

"The company made *Marty*, not Burt Lancaster," Burt points out. "I did throw a little weight to get Ernest Borgnine for the part, though. And you know, when I first tried to convince Ernie he'd be perfect in the role, he wouldn't believe me."

It was just about the last time that any sane person in Hollywood refused to believe a guy named Burt Lancaster.

Burt has finally convinced everyone that he can act and produce, even direct. Well, almost everyone.

What did his children think about having a movie star for a father?

"I'm just their father, and I have a good reason for not telling them that I'm any kind of big wheel in the movie business."

What was the reason?

Burt's mouth broke into a big smile, but his eyes stayed a little sad. "They wouldn't believe me," he said. **END**

ART FOR PAT'S SAKE *or how Jane Powell learned that a Turner isn't a Lana!*

■ On her first date with Pat Nerney, Jane Powell discovered that ignorance isn't always bliss. He seemed like such a nice young man and she wanted to make a good impression. She was doing all right, too, until they drove past a lush meadow shaded by great trees and Pat said, "Looks like a Turner."

To a girl who has spent the greater part of her life in Hollywood, Turner means only one thing. "Where?" said Jane. "Where is she?"

It occurred to Pat that perhaps she had misunderstood. He waved an arm at the landscape. "Over there," he said.

And Jane suddenly knew he wasn't talking about Lana, or anyone who looked like Lana. She dimly recalled hearing of an artist named Turner, and guessed that was what Pat meant. In a similar situation, many girls would have nodded and hoped for the end of the subject, but Jane Powell is an honest person who has never hesitated to ask questions.

"I know next to nothing about painters," she said. "Tell me all about them."

Pat went on for hours after that, for collecting paintings is his special hobby. Under his tutorage Janie found the subject fascinating, and by the time they were married a year later, she was an avid fan.

Their honeymoon in Europe followed the trail of the continent's art museums, and in Florence, Paris, Rome and London, Janie absorbed a great deal. Her tastes widened to accept all sorts of techniques. For instance, Pat had bought a Vlaminck, a violent painting that showed the fury of a windstorm, and Janie had turned up her nose at it, preferring quieter subjects. But once she had been to Europe, she decided the Vlaminck would look quite well on the dining room wall.

Today they have a fine collection, and are constantly exchanging paintings they've outgrown for those which appeal to them more. It is a satisfying but expensive hobby, and they hope some day to be able to afford a Vermeer and a Bonnard. Jane's own favorite is El Greco, and she mentions this in an apologetic tone. "He's a little old-fashioned," she says of the 16th-century painter, "but I do like his work."

On the producing end, neither of them, they admit, will ever be a Rembrandt. Pat covered a few canvases but gave up in favor of being a spectator. Jane tried to work with oils, just once. "It was awful," she says. "I wouldn't let anybody see it." However, she reports with considerable pride that her son Jay draws "a remarkably good Mickey Mouse."

The whole thing may have begun as art for Pat's sake, on that first date, but by now Jane has discovered a whole new world, and loves it.

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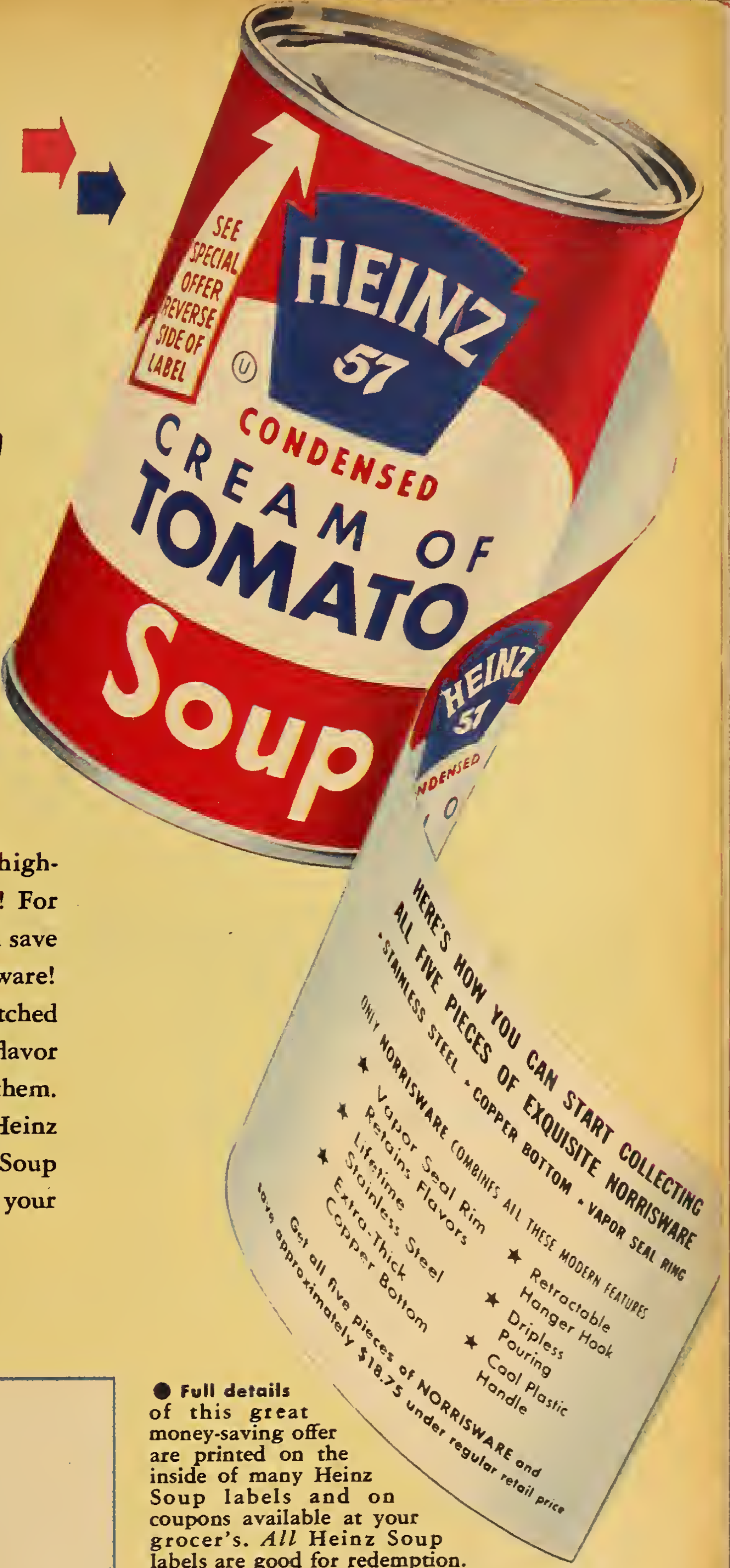
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my husband's a fast worker

(*Continued from page 34*) "Wasn't it wonderful," said Gene.

Terry gazed at him pop-eyed. "I'm not in the habit of running away from a party right after I've arrived," she said, "nor of dining with total strangers."

"I'll get your wrap," Gene said.

Twenty minutes later Terry Moore, Mrs. Koford and Gene McGrath were seated at a small table in a Beverly Hills restaurant. Terry's expression of offended dignity had changed to one of glassy-eyed confusion.

"Look," said Gene, "I have an idea. Today is Thursday. Why don't you both have dinner at my house Saturday night?"

Terry exchanged glances with her mother. "I suppose it will be all right," she said. "Where do you live?"

"Panama," said Gene. "I'll get the tickets in the morning."

"Panama?" asked Terry. *"Panama! What tickets?"*

"The airplane tickets," said Gene. "You can't take a taxi, you know. I want you to meet my mother and my brothers."

"What for?" asked Terry.

"Oh, you know how families are," said Gene.

He fell to with the Chow Mein—and Terry and her mother both sat with their mouths agape. Finally Terry managed to sputter a protest.

"It's insane," she said. "I have to be at work Monday morning."

"You'll make it in plenty of time," said Gene, "Would you pour me some tea?"

Terry poured the tea.

A home in every port

It was an elegant dinner that Saturday night. The glass doors to the dining room of Gene McGrath's house were open to admit a small breeze. The table was graced with slim candles in crystal holders and white linen and gleaming silver. Seated, eating a meal that was an epicure's delight were Terry, her mother, Gene and his brother Bob and his wife. Every once in a while Terry would block her ears to the dinner conversation and calculate back on the last forty-eight hours. Almost as though they had been under hypnosis she and her mother had packed and boarded a plane at Los Angeles International Airport and suddenly they had shaken off the spell and found themselves walking into a dining room more than two thousand miles away from home. "How did this happen?" she had whispered to her mother. "Don't ask me," said Mrs. Koford. "I'm not even sure I'm here."

Gene McGrath's voice broke into her reverie. "What time do you have to be at work on Monday?" he asked.

"Oh," said Terry, "my call has been cancelled."

"Good," said Gene. "It will give me a chance to show you my apartment."

Terry looked around the room. "You mean," she said, "you keep this house and an apartment, too?"

"Two," said Gene. "I'll show you the one in Caracas first."

"Caracas?" said Terry. "That's in *South America!"*

"You know your geography," said Gene.

"I suppose," said Terry, "your other apartment is in Africa."

"Don't be silly," said Gene. "It's in New York."

Terry put down her fork and got up. "Mister McGrath," she said, "may I have a word with you on the terrace?"

Gene rose. "By all means," he said.

Who are you?

There is no night for conversation like a night in the tropics. Terry led Gene to a low wall at the edge of the terrace.

"Now," she said, "who are you?"

"I'm McGrath," said Gene. "You remember. John Wayne introduced us at a party a couple of days ago."

"I don't mean that," said Terry. "I mean who *are* you? What do you do? Are you an American? Are you a Panamanian? What do you do? Are you a burglar? And last but not least, how did you hypnotize me and my mother and drag us down here? And why?"

"Well," said Gene, sitting on the wall, "I'm an American. I was born in Panama and I live here most of the time. I operate an insurance company—a very profitable one. I deal in stocks, bonds and real estate in Central America, South America and the United States on the side. I am thirty-four years old. I have a few dollars put away. I am not a burglar. I didn't hypnotize you. And my intentions are honorable. I wouldn't have brought you here without your mother. Now let's go finish dinner."

Terry Moore had been home from Panama and South America just three days, via New York where she had inspected the New York suite, when early one morning the doorbell rang. She answered it to find a florist delivery man staggering under a huge bouquet of red roses. The man lugged them inside and put them on a table, and when he had gone she read the note attached. "Pick you up in an hour for breakfast (signed) Gene," it said. And in an hour he was there.

A little matter of business

"What are you doing in Hollywood?" Terry said at the door.

"I had to come up on some personal business," Gene said. "It will take about three weeks, I think. We'll spend a lot of time together. Come on, let's go."

Terry started to follow him out but halted on the doorstep. "Just a minute," she said. "Where are we going *this time?"*

"Just into Beverly Hills," Gene grinned.

"California?" asked Terry.

"Of course," said Gene.

"Okay," said Terry, closing the door behind her. "I've found out recently a girl has to ask these things."

The next three weeks were happy ones. They were parties, quiet dinners, happy lunches, and evenings just sitting before a fire at home. Although Terry and Gene were well past the stranger stage Mrs. Koford generally went along—a bow, no doubt, to Gene's adhesion to the Spanish custom of chaperoned dates unless a couple were engaged. Once or twice Gene had kissed her a tender good night on the porch, and as the days passed Terry found herself watching his face when he was unaware of it and searching the warm brown of his eyes. Christmas came and they all went shopping—and under the tree at Terry's home they exchanged gifts. Early on the morning of New Year's Eve Gene came over.

"Let's all go up to Las Vegas for the New Year," he said to Terry and her parents.

"Is your business (*Continued on page 64*)

STACK AND SKEETS

■ The name of Robert Stack is deeply etched on several silver trophies and countless gold medals. Along with Esther Williams and Sonia Henie, both Olympic performers, Bob Stack is one of Hollywood's few real champions.

Skeet-shooting was his sport, and he won his first National Championship when he was fifteen years old. When he was sixteen, he was an All-American. Being an All-American—in shooting—means that you are one of the five top experts in America. Bob has a cabinet full of medals and trophies and honor badges.

"It was strange how I got interested in shooting," Bob says. "When I was ten years old, my uncle took a key from his pocket and unlocked a closet door. I looked inside. The closet was piled with guns. The minute I touched them, I had gun fever. There is something about the way a stock is hand-rubbed, the way each working part is hand-honed, that makes a good gun as beautiful to me as a fine painting."

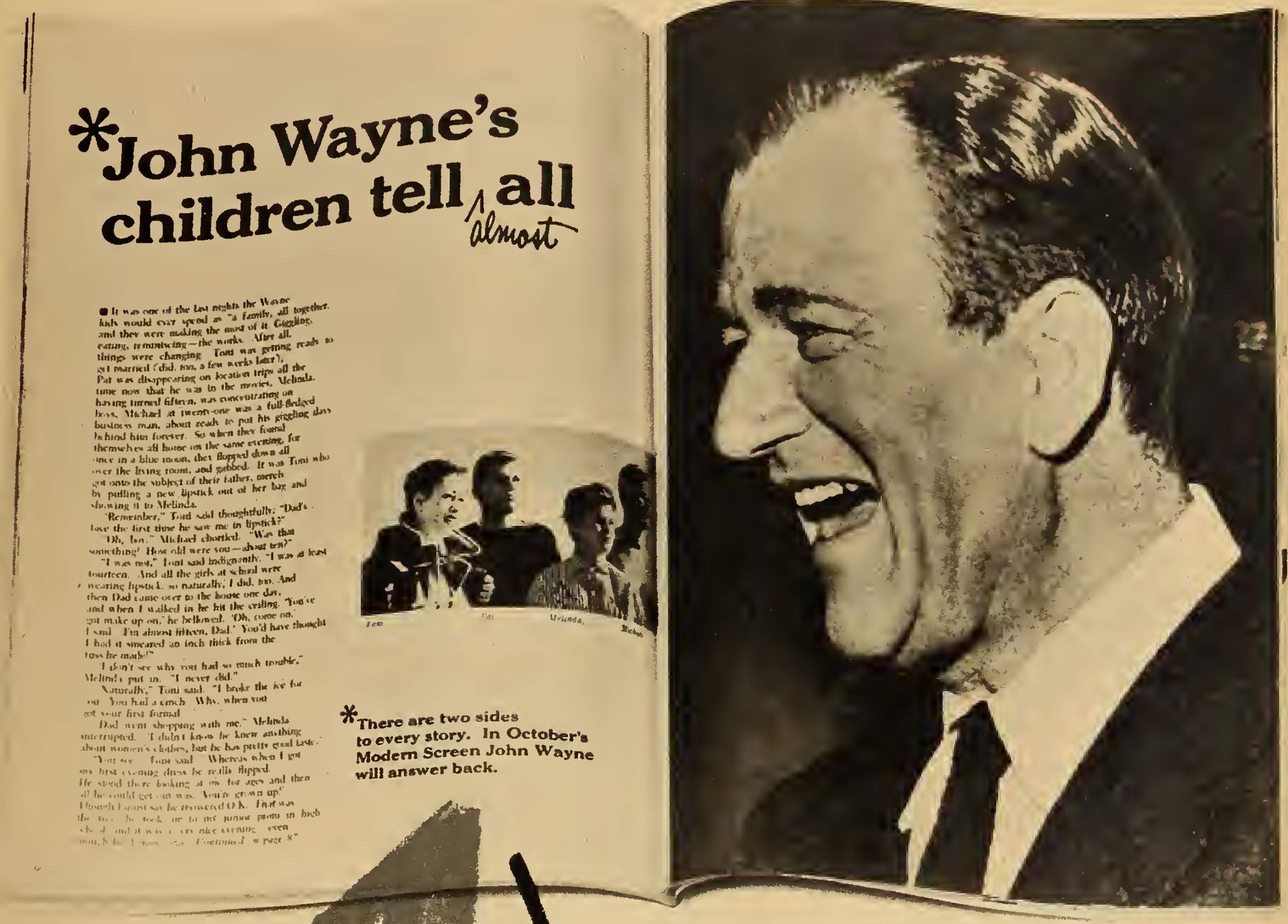
When he was eleven, he was taking guns apart and putting them back together again. Two years later he read about a fifteen-year-old boy who had won an important championship. He decided that he could be a champion too.

Skeet shooting is probably the most difficult kind of target shooting. Clay pigeons are released in a semi-circle at difficult angles. The shooter must hit them in the air, as though they were real birds flying overhead. But Bob had an affinity for the sport. A year and a half after he decided that he could be a champion too, he had tied in the shoot-off for the National Championship in the seventeen-and-under age group. And the boy he had tied with was the boy he had read about and admired.

The next year he participated against men—not boys. He won the 20-gauge championship and became an All-American. He won every championship that he entered, and he broke two world's records. He was seventeen years old.

Then he became an actor, and there wasn't enough time left over to practice. He could have entered matches without practicing and done pretty well; but he had been an All-American twice and he was too proud to have his name written beside inferior scores. But he still has an affinity for guns. And in the record books he is still one of Hollywood's few real champions.

(Robert Stack is in U-I's *Written On The Wind.*)



*John Wayne's children tell ^almost^ all

*There are two sides to every story. In October's Modern Screen John Wayne will answer back.

by John Wayne

HERE'S MY ANSWER

■ Last month in MODERN SCREEN those four kids of mine raked me over the coals pretty well. Actually, they were fairly mild coals, I suppose, because they're all sensitive kids, and I don't think they've ever thought of saying anything that would hurt me. Sometimes they're even too good to me. Like Toni telling that story about my kicking the shirts downstairs and then saying she's sure I'm cooler these days. The truth is, if the same thing happened today, I'd still send them down the stairs. Harder!

But still, they did a lot of talking about their old man, and I figure it's a pop's perogative to get a few licks in about this family business, too. So here goes.

No matter what they say, I was an average father, I guess. Michael came first and I took him in stride. Till he crossed me up. I always thought he was the most beautiful baby I'd ever seen, and my pride didn't wear off any with the years. By the time Michael was five, I was still bragging a blue streak about my son's flawless appearance. And one evening when I was with a gang of friends and the conversation turned to children, I couldn't restrain myself. "Well, all I have to say," I said, "is that Michael was the world's (*Continued on page* 89)

So Popular!

Hi-Low Witchery with gentle-touch Ribbon Wire†!

You'll make Hi-Low Witchery the love of your life, when you see how it molds you, holds you in alluring glamour curves; gives you X*appeal from dawning to yawning!

The fabulous, exclusive Ribbon Wire is flat as a ribbon . . . can't poke or mark your fair, fair skin like old-fashioned round wire. And there's no connecting wire at the Divide to dig or press you . . . each cup is individually Ribbon Wired. Wear Hi-Low Witchery . . . you'll *look* so radiant and *feel* so divinely comfortable.

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White or black nylon lace bandeau, $5.
White or black embroidered cotton bandeau, $3.50

D CUPS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Exquisite Form brassieres give you X*APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE, OR WRITE DEPT. MS-10, EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC., 159 MADISON AVE., N. Y., FOR NEAREST STORE. †T. M. REG.

(Continued from page 62) here finished?"

"Almost," Gene said.

New Year's Eve in Las Vegas was something. It seemed as though all of California was there—and Terry, Gene and the Kofords did all the clubs and casinos and shows. It was dawn when they got back to their hotel. Gene took Terry's face in his hands and kissed her gently. "Sleep well," he said. "I'll call for you late tomorrow."

"Good night," said Terry.

She was dressed and waiting when Gene came by the next afternoon. He had a dapper, silver-haired man with him.

"This is Terry Moore," Gene said. "Terry, meet Wilbur Clark, my best man."

"How do you do," said Terry. Then she sat down quickly and caught her breath. "Your best *what?*" she gasped.

"Best man," said Gene. "You can't get married without a best man."

"Who's getting married?" said Terry. "You?"

"Both of us, silly," said Gene. "Come on, get your folks and hurry up. I've got everything arranged."

Tears sprung into Terry's eyes. She grabbed Gene by the sleeve of his coat. "Excuse us a minute, Mr. Clark," she said, "I want a word with Mr. McGrath."

She pulled him into a hallway and clung to Gene's lapels.

"You are a terrible man," she sobbed. "You come barging in here and out of the blue you tell me we're getting married. You haven't even proposed to me."

Gene held her close, his lips against her ear. "Yes, I did," he whispered.

"I don't remember," Terry sobbed. "I guess I'd remember a thing like that."

"It was at that party," said Gene. "The first time I met you. I looked across the room and proposed to you. And you turned your head away and blushed."

"And what was all this talk about having some personal business here when you came up three weeks ago?" said Terry. "I suppose that was a lie, too."

"No," said Gene, "it was the truth. And if we hurry it will be finished in about half an hour."

And for the first time, in that dark hallway in Las Vegas, he kissed her properly.

Terry—the world traveler

Back in the apartment in Caracas, Terry Moore McGrath sighed and opened her eyes. Next to her, Gene was reading a paper. She gave a malevolent glare.

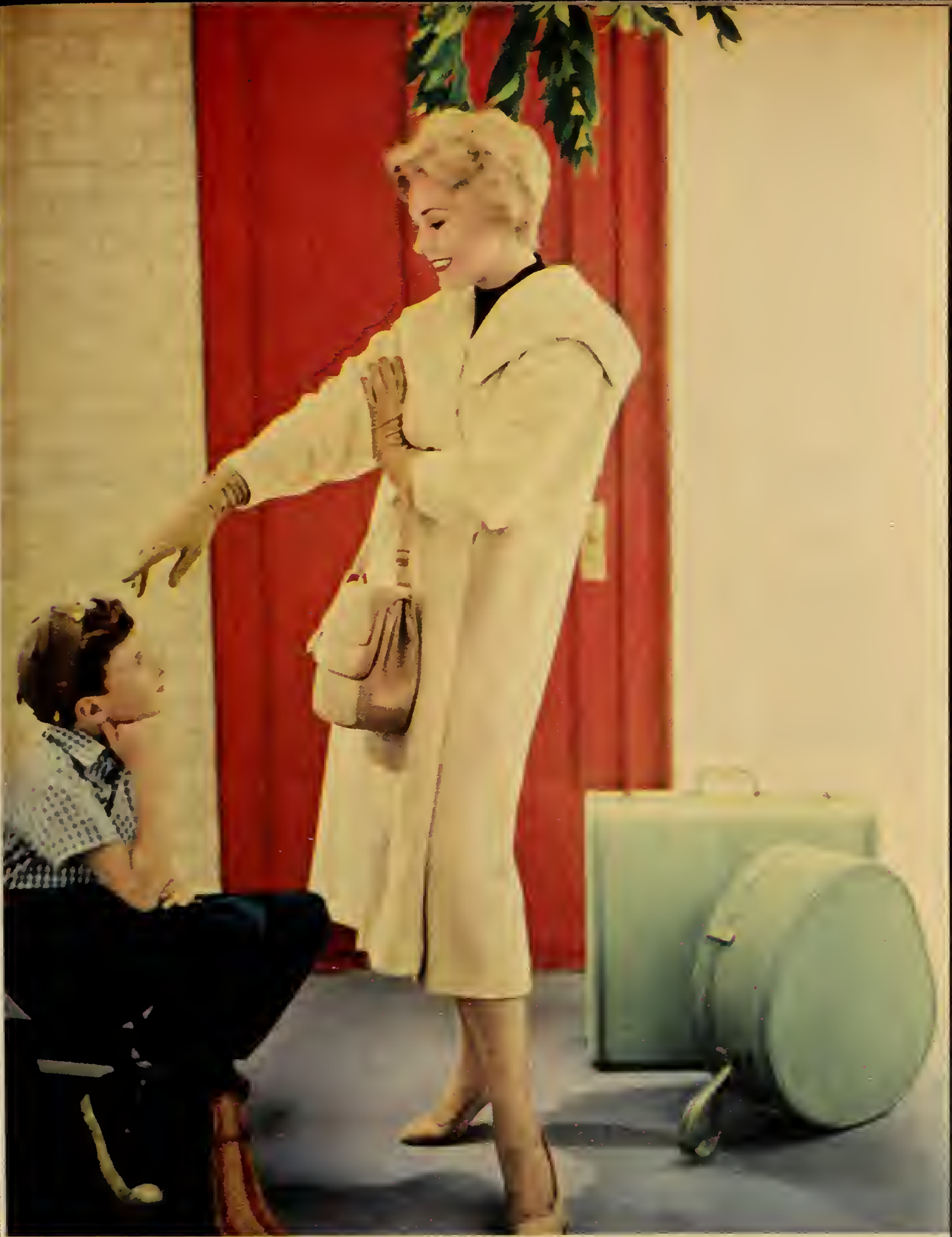
"You did too hypnotize us," she said.

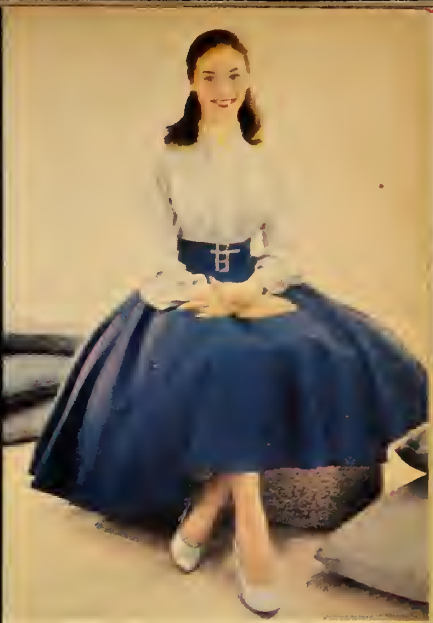
"Finish your nap," Gene said. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour."

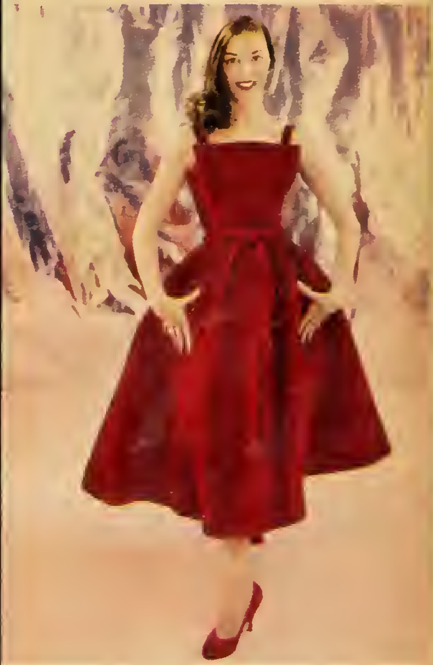
Terry turned her head away from the light and shut her eyes. To get here, to this sofa in Caracas, she had spent almost twenty-four hours in an airplane, had had breakfast in Guatamala, lunch in San Salvador, supper in Nicaragua and late dinner with Gene in Panama. She had had two suitcases perpetually packed for months, ready for her weekend flights home. To her four homes. She never unpacked them. She had been through customs, passport bureaus, typhoid shots, snowstorms and hurricanes. Sometimes she felt more like a sack of mail than anything else—she had to go through, no matter what. But after all, how many girls had four beautiful homes—with a handsome husband in each? How many girls got to go round the world once a week? How many girls who never heard of Eugene McGrath one short year ago were married to him today? Terry blinked.

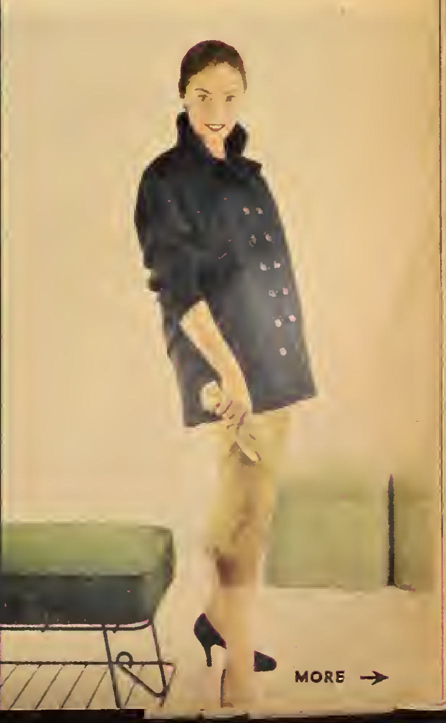
"You cast a spell on me," she muttered sleepily. From the looks of her, curled up in a contented, well-traveled little ball, she didn't seem to mind. **END**

Terry Moore will soon appear in the 20th Century-Fox film Between Heaven And Hell.









All photos • Roger Prigent

modern screen fall fashions

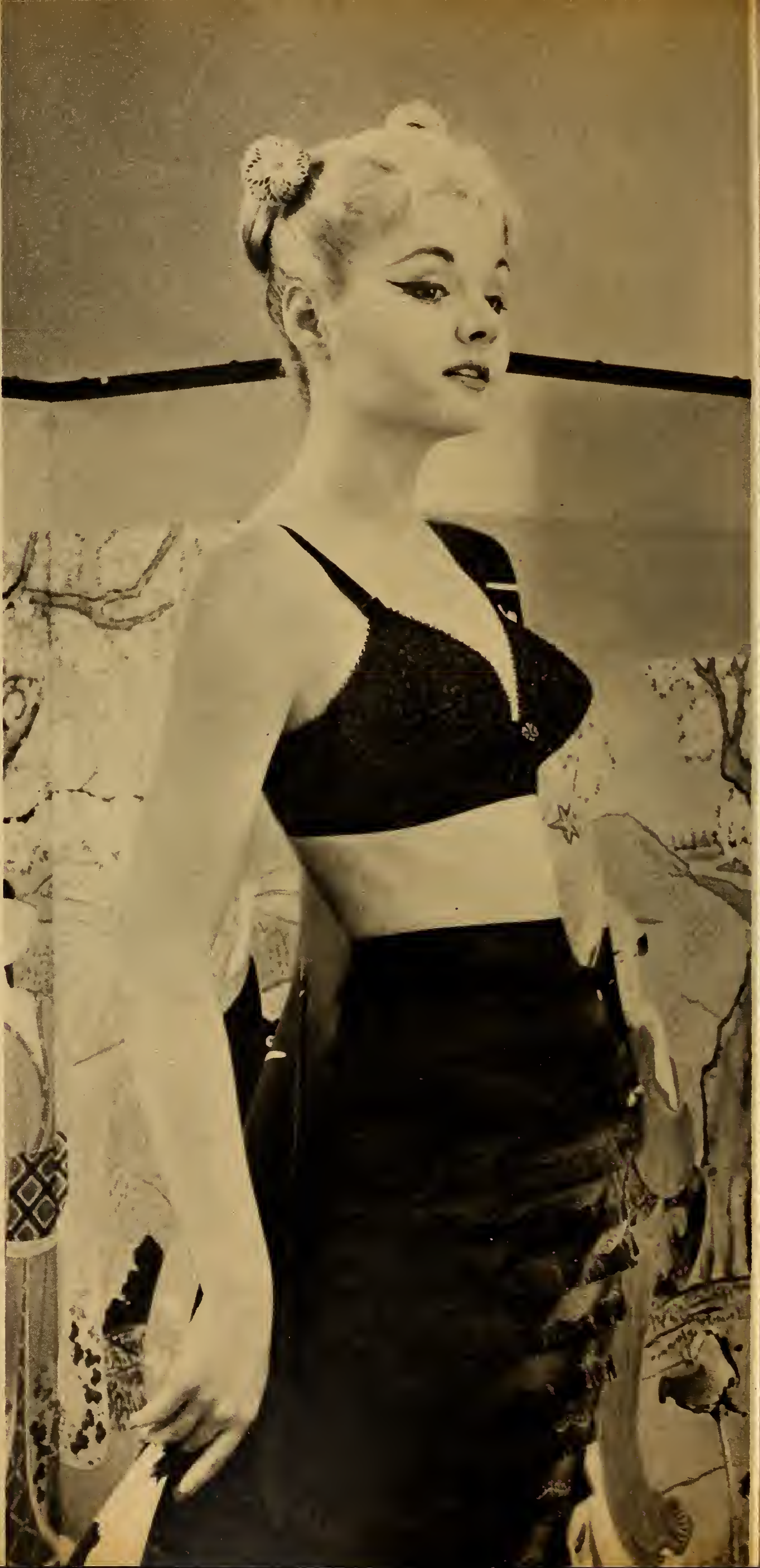
■ Lighter, gayer colors, higher necklines and slightly longer skirt and coat lengths headline Hollywood's fashion news. Kim Novak and Pier Angeli give you a peek at the way the stars are looking this fall. Kim, in Columbia's *The Eddy Duchin Story,* wears a blond 100% Cashmere coat fashioned with a hood that drapes into a soft cowl when not worn up. By Habley-Barber. At Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Kim carries a blond Mello hide Rolfs handbag—she wears blond accessories to match her hair. The luggage is by Samsonite. Right, top to bottom: Pier, next in MGM's *Vintage,* poses in Jonathan Logan separates—felt skirt with attached bicycle belt, tucked rayon blouse. The velvet formal by Suzy Perette that Pier models features the new higher neckline. At Russeks, N.Y. Pier's polished wool coachman's coat has a velvet collar, low back belt and cuffed sleeves. By Haber-Levy. At Goldrings 33 stores. The Relaxon hassocks are by Ero.

For more information about these clothes write Fashion, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

MORE →

Maidenform's famous and exciting Concerto bra now comes in an intriguing version of exquisite imported French nylon lace and Leno elastic . . . sheer black figure enchantment. The deep plunging Concerto Wunderwire is important news for those who wear this very popular stitched-cup type of bra—who know the fabulous things this style does to give them a glamorous figure line. Superbly fashioned to enhance fall's newest clothes—to give a more rounded, young, uplifted curvaceous look. This bra also assures ease and comfort . . . eliminates shoulder strain because of its light, supple under-cup wiring. The cups are lined with nylon tulle for permanency of shape through wash and wear. Concerto Wunderwire is also available in white. Sized for every figure type—32A to 44D.

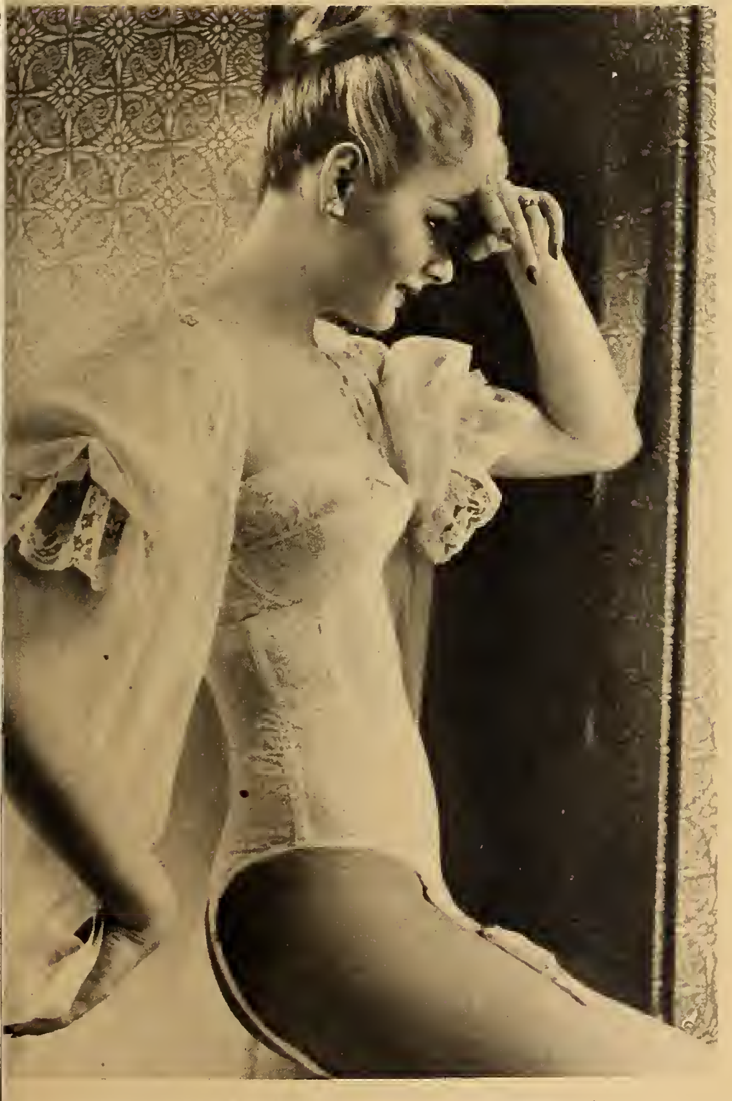
Decor, Japanese robe and headdress by Miya Importers, N.Y.



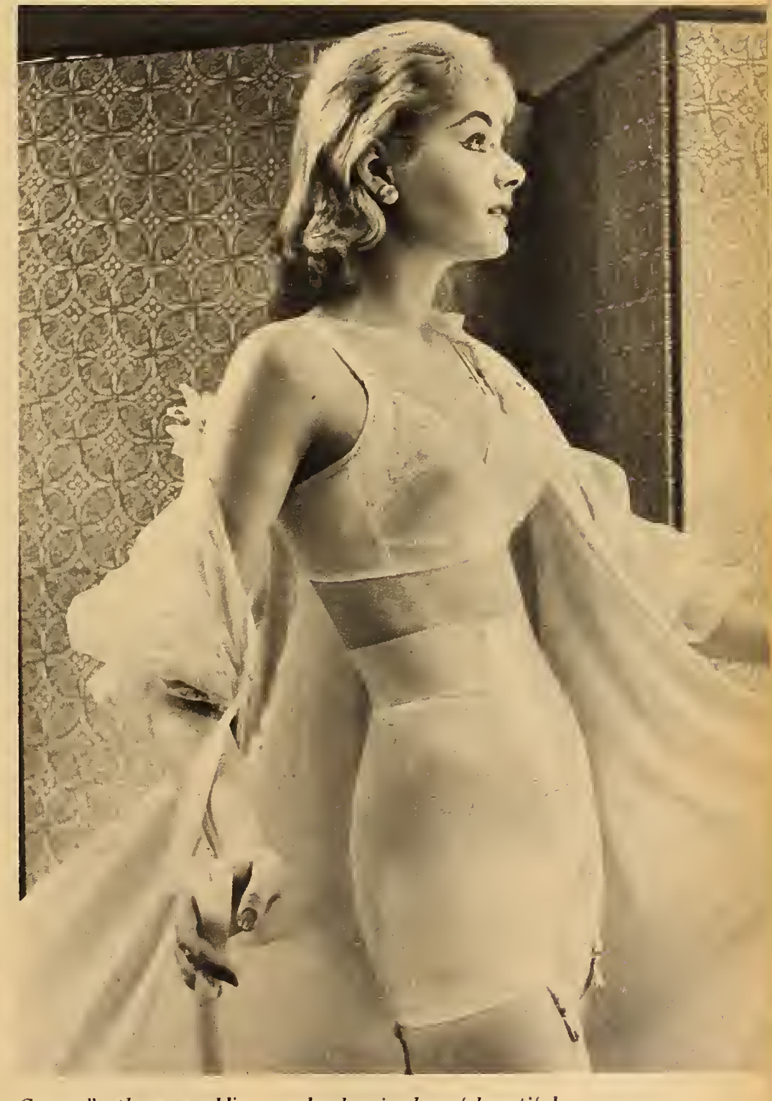
Correct bras and girdles make your lovely clothes exciting

designed for the new silhouette

All photos by Roger Prigent



Gossard uses sheer nylon lace for this utterly feminine strapless bra with Dacron elastic back. The bra features under-bust wiring and light foam rubber cup inserts as well as full cup lining—all for firm, gentle and lovely uplift. Added feature—tubular nylon straps to be attached at your wish. The spiral boned waist basque is also of nylon lace, with a fine elastic back. Detachable garters, adjustable back fastening. Both in white only. The filmy lace trimmed nylon peignoir is by Laros.



Gossard's plunge neckline regular bra is also of beautiful nylon lace. The under-arm control is achieved with a contour strap and elastic band for rib cage comfort. White, black and red. The boneless pull-on pantie girdle is made of Lanonet, Gossard's new lightweight nylon power net that is finished with lanolin. The vertical front and back stretch panels are of satin elastic. The two and one-half inch waistband assures a tiny waist—so important for high style fashion. White only. S.M.L. *Peignoir Laros.*

Turn to page 68 for HOLLYWOOD'S SECRETS ABOUT HAIR CARE

Some like it short, some like it long. Here are . . .

hollywood's secrets about hair care

Photos, Prigent

PIER ANGELI. *Gave up her short cut and is now famous for long tresses*

KIM NOVAK. *Her casual short cut and beige blond hair color are news*

Hard-to-manage, dull, problem hair can easily be banished. No longer need you envy the lovely tresses of your best friend or those of glamorous movie stars. We gleaned secrets of shining, clean, soft, manageable hair from the Hollywood stars and their studio hairdressers. We learned that they give their hair just as much care as their skin and make-up. Too many girls feel that after they have given care to their skin and put on a beautiful make-up their grooming is complete except for a lick and a promise with the hair brush. This is far, far from enough even with a frequent shampoo and set. The stars have a daily routine for the care of their hair just as they have for the care of their skin. The stars study hair preparations by the trial and error method just as they do those for skin and make-up. They know that hair care without the correct preparations is of no avail. The stars massage their scalp and brush and brush their hair. The hair is nourished by little oil glands in the scalp. If the scalp is not massaged regularly either by hand or by brush—or by both—the circulation of the scalp becomes sluggish and the hair lifeless and dull. Brushing brings out the natural lustre of the hair. It keeps the scalp clean and removes lint and dust particles from the hair itself. After each brushing the stars apply a hair preparation to help keep their hair soft and manageable and to add to the natural lustre. Many hair preparations also nourish the scalp just as skin preparations nourish the tissues of the face. After daily care of the hair, the stars groom it—they place it in shape according to their particular hair cut. Once their hair is correctly placed they use a spray preparation to keep it in perfect order so that it can go through many hours without a rumpled, uncared for look. There are now purse containers for spray preparations so that you can do a touch-up grooming job if you cannot return home before your date. Besides this daily hair care the stars set aside one day each week for their shampoo which is a ritual with them. The care and thoroughness of the shampoo plus the correct shampoo preparations is so, so important. A casual job in the shower with your bath soap just won't do the trick. A good shampoo contains many wonderful essentials to make your hair cleaner, softer and *(Continued on page 70)*

against fashion's new subtle tones . . . your one bold stroke is

Red Contrast

You'll wear subtle, sumptuous colors this fall . . . dulled-down greens, smoky taupes, deep, off-beat blues. Colors that cry for a brilliant stroke in your lipstick. Max Factor has created the perfect dazzling lipstick color: Red Contrast. Red Contrast was formulated in Max Factor's Hi-Fi, an entirely new kind of lipstick that makes possible intense high fidelity color that won't come off until you take it off. Other blessings: no blotting, no waiting for it to set, no drying, a soft, smooth feel on the lips. Stroke on Red Contrast. It's everything you need for the new Fall colors . . . everything you want in a lipstick. $1.25 PLUS TAX

FASHIONS CREATED FOR MAX FACTOR BY PAULINE TRIGÈRE

newest fashion shade in **Max Factor's** new **hi-fi Lipstick**

THE UNPREDICTABLE ERROL

■ Errol Flynn had proposed. He said, "We're going to get married."

Pat Wymore was overwhelmed—any girl would have been—but she couldn't say yes. First of all, she didn't love him then. Not that Errol wasn't charming and handsome, but after all, he was an actor—and how did she know that when he proposed, he simply wasn't putting on an act? In the short time they'd known each other he certainly hadn't been romantic. Chats between scenes of the picture they were making together in Paris, walks along the Seine—but no big rush. Why so sudden?

She didn't know then that he was Errol the unpredictable.

So, to prove he was sincerely in love and wanted to marry her, Errol invited her entire family on a cruise. On the moonlit Mediterranean under the warm breeze of Capri, she decided she loved him—but she still had her doubts about marriage. Her parents were the ones who convinced her. They told her Errol loved her and needed her, that they could make a success of their marriage.

Three weeks later, Errol Flynn and Pat Wymore were married in Monaco.

Like every young bride, Pat had hoped for a honeymoon—anywhere, as long as she could be alone with Errol. Instead, they rushed back to Hollywood. One day unpredictable Errol would come home as a pirate from the Barbary Coast, and the next he would be costumed as a safari guide in Kenya. Pat began to wonder if she'd ever have time to get acquainted with her husband.

When the studio gave Errol a vacation, they went to Italy to be by themselves. That wasn't easy because the cottage they rented in a small fishing village was invaded by a swarm of peasant girls all eager to see what Errol looked like. The girls followed the Flynns through the streets, swarmed around the house, and tried to peep through the windows. It was always like that—crowds, clamor, no privacy. Finally, when their baby was born, Pat and Errol decided they needed a place of their own. They found just what they wanted on the island of Majorca. It's an old Spanish house which Errol modernized. There, Pat learned that Errol loved fishing, could cook what he caught and again, how unpredictable he was. "He may decide to take off on a hunting trip at five in the morning or cancel reservations at a supper club to spend a quiet evening playing chess. Or," Pat adds, "when he phones home, I never can be sure whether it's to tell me there will be twenty guests for the weekend or to say 'Pack your bags, honey, we're flying to Rome in the morning.' That's why being married to Errol is as exciting as any of his movies."

Not every woman could stand the pace, but Pat isn't every woman. In the six years of her marriage to Errol, she has learned to adapt herself to his way of life. She's been fishing in Havana in a battered, leaky boat (Errol figures you have to give the fish a fighting chance), been caught in a raging storm and forced to eat and sleep in an abandoned hut on a lonely beach while her husband cooked the swordfish they caught and apologized for the lack of *sauce hollandaise.* She's been on dangerous hunting trips with Errol, but the only time she cried was when he left her alone in the house and two dirty tramps approached with guns! They marched into the house and she nearly fainted when one of them grabbed her. It turned out to be Errol! Another thing she has learned to do is fix Errol's ham and eggs in the morning. Errol's a great cook, but balks at making breakfast. Pat has to be up early to do it. "Not that I like to," laughs Pat. "By nature, I'm a sleepy-head. But Errol is a stickler for punctuality. He wants what he wants when he wants it—and I'd better have it on time. But really, he's not demanding and he only beats me on Saturdays."

One thing Pat is determined about. Her marriage. "This marriage is for keeps," she insists, "and I intend to make Errol happy even if it means certain sacrifices. When we met, my only interest was my career. I had made several pictures and I lived for my work. Now people ask when we'll make another film together. We would, provided we find the right script. But to tell the truth, this is going to ind of hard. Where can we find a script more exciting than our real marriage?"

hollywood's secrets about hair care

(*Continued from page 68*) lovelier. Stars always give their hair at least two and sometimes three sudsings. They use a shampoo rinse to make it softer and more manageable. After shampooing, the stars use a solid or liquid hair preparation that contains fine oils, to further soften and control the hair. Some girls have dry hair, some oily. There are special preparations for both kinds of hair and you should choose those that are best suited to your particular type of hair. Contrary to some opinions, frequent shampoos will not hurt your hair. While making a picture the stars have a shampoo every day. Of course, frequent washing does remove natural oils but these can be replaced with hair preparations. A once-a-week hair set is unheard of in Hollywood. The stars set their hair every day. Maybe fewer clips the first day or so after your shampoo and set. But after that you must be a bit more thorough about resetting—particularly if you do not tie a net on your curls before retiring. No beautiful hair style can stand a night of turning, for there is no cut in the world that will protect your hair from this rumpled, tousled look every morning if you do not wear a net. When we talked to the stars about hair we were amazed that almost without exception they started to tell us first about the care of their hair and then about their hair styles. That shows you the importance of well-cared-for hair. Of course, we asked the stars about their hair styles. How they choose them and how they decide that one cut is more becoming than another. Many of the stars wear their hair long because it becomes them. And there is the secret of your hair cut. Choose the hair cut that becomes you—not one that is being headlined as the vogue. Your barber will know best how to suit your hair cut to your particular face, whether it is round, oval or square. Study the shapes of the faces of the stars to give you a clue to your own becoming hair cut. Most of all—see that the hair your barber cuts is beautifully cared for!

the brave lovers

(*Continued from page 49*) went home from the hospital. She was allowed to get up for only a few moments each day. But she was forbidden to climb the stairs to the attractive bedroom she and Clark had shared before her illness.

A temporary bedroom was set up in the downstairs study, which Clark had been using as his office. Kay organized it while she was still in the hospital. "I've been lying here moving furniture in my mind all day. Boy, have I worked hard," she joked to a close friend who was allowed to visit her.

But though Kay's sense of humor remained as healthy as ever, she experienced some pretty low periods as she lay in that flower-filled hospital room.

Not that she complained much. She's not that kind of a girl. "Kay's always been one for keeping her troubles to herself," one of her best friends points out. "She's not a cry-baby. Nor does she go in for self-pity."

Still, Kay was worried and depressed those first weeks of her illness. But she did her best not to let her husband know it. You could hardly blame her if she brooded over the fate that threw up this last minute hurdle just when it appeared she'd won everything she'd ever wanted.

Kay must have asked herself the question that many in Hollywood started asking as soon as the news of her illness leaked out. What effect would it have on her marriage?

Kay fills the bill

It's never been any secret that Gable is an outdoor man and that his last marriage to delicate Lady Sylvia Ashley went smash mainly because she preferred an indoor, social type of life. Gable could never bear a woman who demanded pampering, his pals have pointed out.

"Clark wants a 'fun' girl," one friend explained it. "The woman who holds him will have to go fishing with him, play golf with him, rough it on camping trips, run his home smoothly, and look like a glamour girl while doing it. She must be intelligent, chic and poised. And above all, she must not be a phony."

Until the day when she felt those frightful pains in her chest, Kay Williams Spreckels had more than filled the bill. In fact, when Clark slipped the simple gold band on her finger and planted a warm smack on her lips, all Hollywood approved.

"She'll be good for him and he'll be good for her," everyone chorused.

"It appears we deserve each other," Kay quipped happily.

But many wondered how the couple would adjust to this unexpected obstacle —this medical verdict that would necessitate so many changes in the new life they were planning and building together.

"What a tough break for Kay," commented one Hollywoodite. "First she loses the baby Clark wanted so badly. Then this heart trouble develops.

"Of course, he's crazy about her now, but I wonder if her illness will lead to problems later on. After all, will he be content with sitting home all the time?"

But gossips like this one should have saved their breath, and their raised eyebrows. They couldn't be more wrong.

It's true that Clark Gable is a rugged, outdoor type. But he's also a man of great compassion, understanding and loyalty. And his love for the girl he calls Kathleen is bigger than all outdoors, if you'll excuse an appropriate cliche.

He meant what he said

When Clark stood with Kay before the Justice of the Peace in that obscure little Nevada town and recited the words "in sickness and in health," he meant them. With all his heart.

"The only thing that matters is that we're together," he said shortly after Kay came home from the hospital. "I'm a lucky guy—I've got myself a wonderful girl and I'm going to do everything I can to keep her.

"Kathleen's going to be all right," Gable went on. "But she'll have to be good and mind the doctor. And I'm going to stay right beside her to see that she does."

However, Clark was forced to leave his wife for four days. He was winding up the picture *The King And Four Queens*, and some script changes made it necessary to fly back to Utah, to re-shoot.

"Those four days seemed like four months to me without Kay," he said. "I got so lonesome for her, I cleared out of there the very minute we finished the last shot. I didn't even wait around for the regular flight. I chartered a special plane.

"After this, there'll be no more separations," Gable added emphatically. "I've made a decision—I'm not going to take any more pictures where I'll have to go on location. Life is too short. All I want to do is sit home with 'Ma' this summer. We have a wonderful life here on our little ranch. We're going to take it easy together and be happy. Why, we're just as relaxed and contented as two new-

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

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SUPER FAST RINSING!

born babies." Those are the words of The King.

Does this sound like a man who's annoyed over giving up a few fishing trips?

Hard to believe

At first, Kay found it hard to believe there was anything serious the matter with her. In fact, she didn't seek medical aid until after she had suffered several bad spells.

"I thought I just had a bad case of indigestion," she explained later. "I didn't say anything to Clark. He had so much to worry about with the picture. So I went on the first location with him, and one morning when I was cooking his breakfast I had one of those attacks. The pain in my chest and arms left me almost rigid. I couldn't hide it from him then."

Even when she was in the hospital and had been told of the findings of the cardiographs, Kay tried to carry on with her usual vigor.

Clark had taken a room down the hall in order to spend as much time as possible with her after the day's shooting. Kay was more concerned about his comfort than her own. Though she'd been ordered to remain completely quiet, she insisted on getting up the first few days to personally check Clark's room before he returned from the studio. She made sure there were flowers in it and a big basket of fresh fruit and a tray of snacks.

She called in their secretary, Jean Garceau, who's worked for Gable since the days when he was married to Carole Lombard. Kay and Jean started working on thank-you notes for the mountain of flowers she'd received.

"Mrs. Gable just won't give up and be sick," one of the nurses pointed out. "But it's so important for her to rest. I don't know what we're going to do with her."

When the doctor heard about all this activity, he lowered the boom. But it was her worried husband who finally convinced Kay that she should let go of things for a while.

Clark didn't make any dramatic speeches. He simply spoke a few sincere words as he sat by her bed one evening.

"Will you do me a favor?" Gable said. "Will you follow orders so you'll get well —for me and the children?"

That was all it took. Kay was a model patient after that. But she countered with a request of her own.

"I promise to take it easy and do everything they say. But please don't treat me like an invalid," she said. "I don't like being sick."

When Kay returned home both she and Clark stuck to their little bargain. She stayed quietly in bed and cut down on her smoking. But her spirits were back up to normal.

The King and his Queen had cleared the hurdle with plenty of room to spare.

The old man's so good

"Everything is going just fine," Kay said recently. "I know I'll be all right soon. How can I help but get better? My old man is so darn good to me. I'm a very lucky girl and I don't forget it for a minute."

Actually, there are few in Hollywood who know much about the private life of the Gables, either before or after her illness. Which is just peachy-keen with them. Though Gable's always tried to be cooperative with the press, he's a man who places great value on his privacy. And Kay, who has had her share of headlines in the past, wisely values whatever her guy does.

There are a few little things which are generally known. For instance, Clark and Kay call each other "Ma" and "Pa," just as he and Carole Lombard did.

People perpetually point out that Kay seems to have so many of Carole's qualities. Though the fifth Mrs. Gable has carefully refrained from commenting on these remarks, she's no doubt getting a little weary of them.

When Kay and Clark eloped, the columnists couldn't get to their typewriters fast enough to start comparing her with her predecessor.

"I noticed all the wedding stories

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ:
☐ all of the editorial ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I READ ☐ all of Jimmy Dean's story
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE RITA HAYWORTH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE BURT LANCASTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE CLARK GABLE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE BETTY GRABLE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I READ:
☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:
☐ all of TV Talk
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)______________ MALE (1)______________ FEMALE
(2)______________ MALE (2)______________ FEMALE
(3)______________ MALE (3)______________ FEMALE

AGE........NAME.................................... ADDRESS.................................
....CITY.......................STATE............

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

pointed out I'd be good for Clark because I was such an 'outdoor girl,'" Kay remarked to a close friend when they returned from their brief honeymoon. "That being the case, maybe I should tell my husband to pitch a tent and move the bedrolls outside," she quipped.

She was also amused at the columnists who wrote about her "winning" Clark's affections. "The way they phrase it, you'd think I won him in a crap game," Kay cracked.

No need to prove a thing

Once they were settled down in the house that has been Clark's home for so many years, Hollywood saw very little of the newlyweds. Only a few close friends, most of whom are not "movie names," have been invited through the big electric gate that guards the entrance on Pettitt Avenue.

The Gables have been content to be happy without trying to prove it to anybody. Mostly, they bypass parties and premières. After all these years, Clark's still embarrassed when feminine fans drool over him in public.

However, Clark was mighty pleased to find he was a hit with two young fans—Kay's children by her marriage to millionaire Adolph Spreckels II. Seven-year-old Bunker, (Adolph Spreckels III) and four-year-old Joan adore Clark. And he loves them.

"Clark spends a lot of time with the youngsters," Kay says. "He got them each a pony and he's taught them to ride. At night, we both sit with them while they have their dinner. You should see us all watching *Howdy-Doody* and those other TV shows the kids are so crazy about."

Clark's proud of the children. "They're well-behaved," he said. "Their mother's done a wonderful job with them. She makes them toe the mark. Of course, Old Kathleen has an awful lot of remarkable stuff in her—a lot of good, plain horse sense."

She still keeps him laughing

Those who know Kay well agree with that last statement. "She's an amazing girl," says one friend. "It just wasn't her beauty that captured Clark. She's one of the most intelligent women I've ever known, and her sense of humor is just the greatest. She keeps Clark laughing all the time. He's never been so happy. You can be sure this marriage will last. Kay's illness won't make a bit of difference. In fact, it's only brought them closer together."

Kay's an extremely witty woman, quicker with the quip than Henry is with the Flit. But when she's serious about something, you can count on her leveling with you. And more important, she always levels with herself.

"I think I can explain just why we've been so happy," she says. "But I hope I don't sound too trite or corny.

"Our marriage is going to last because, aside from being deeply in love with each other, we have such a nice companionship. It takes both, you know.

"We truly enjoy living together. Clark and I have an easy, harmonious relationship. There's no nagging or fighting in this house. We're always natural and comfortable. There's no strain.

"Most important of all, there's no living in the past. No throwing things up to each other. Whatever either of us did before doesn't count now. We look ahead to all the happy things awaiting us.

"What more in the world can a woman ask? I have everything I want. I'm going to be all right. You can bet on that." **END**

Clark Gable will soon appear in U-A's The King And Four Queens.

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the fun I have with my daughters

(*Continued from page* 55) become a young lady. She answered the telephone one evening—at which precise point a fieldmouse scrambled through an open door and across her feet. Harry heard her say hello, then a piercing scream, then silence. In her terror Vicki forgot she had even answered the phone and left the receiver on a table. Betty discovered it, hung up, and three minutes later it rang again.

"What on earth—" Harry began.

"She said it was a mouse."

"But mice never bothered Vicki!"

"You forget she's twelve now," said Betty.

Life without Father

The girls are accustomed to Harry's long absences; even Betty has learned through the years of their marriage, to live half her life without a man around the house. The band is Harry's business, and if it makes for an unusual family life, there is nothing that can be done about it. Vicki and Jesse have never known another schedule; to have their father home at six every evening for dinner would be a new experience for them.

When Harry is home, they make up to him for the long miles that so often separate them. It used to be that Jesse was the Daddy's Girl; now it is Vicki, for she is old enough to love ballroom dancing and enchanted at having a father who supplies music for it. Harry's records spin for hours, whether or not he is home; and when he is, he and Vicki often dance together, from waltz to rock and roll. When Harry has a local band engagement and leaves for work in the evening, he is smothered by hugs from both daughters and one night Vicki looked up at him appraisingly. "When I have a real honest-to-goodness boy friend, I hope he's just like you."

Harry beams and thrives under the affection, but that is as far as he can progress in fatherly duties. When discipline is needed, when punishment is called for, he falls apart. "Betty, *you* do something!"

"Oh, come on," says Mrs. James. "You can at least manage a stern expression."

Harry shakes his head. "If they were boys I could take them out to the woodshed and give them what-for. But honey, they're *girls!* I don't know what to do with them!" So Betty supplies the discipline.

For Betty herself, the days are no longer so disciplined and busy as they used to be. If her fans wonder why they

---

Why do the stars turn grey like poor Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson?

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

■ Hollywood is a hazardous town where anything can happen. Look what became of poor Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson. They were suddenly struck by a silver bolt from the make-up department at Warner Brothers Studio, while they were working on *Giant*. Rock's mother, pictured with him, and Liz' two sons hardly recognized the pair. And all because Gordon Bau, head of Warner Brothers make-up department, spent many months devising a plan to age them the twenty or thirty years that the story of *Giant* requires. Liz and Rock were given the full aging treatment—from the new make-up base, guaranteed to keep you looking older, to the new improved substance which gives the illusion of naturally greying hair. Liz' aging was accomplished by her clothes, too. She began as a young southern belle wearing chiffon, organdy and dotted swiss, in pastel shades. As she grew older, she shifted to brocades, wool and velvet in earthy colors like green, brown and gold.

Sooo, if you are looking for the fountain of maturity, hurry to hazardous Hollywood and head for the Warner studio, where you too can wrinkle and turn grey.

haven't seen her on the screen for many months (last picture, *How To Be Very Very Popular*) they should understand the delay is Betty's own doing. "Sure," she says, "I'll make a picture. But I can't seem to get around to it. I was under contract to 20th Century-Fox for fourteen years, on call every minute of every day. Now I work when I feel like working, but I'm not in any hurry. You might say I was never the hammy type. My mother used to drive me to lessons and auditions but those things, and acting, were never terribly important to me. I'll make a picture soon, I guess, but it's a matter of getting me going."

Until she gets going again, here's her typical day: She gets up at 7, allows herself the luxury of breakfast in bed, served by the one James maid. She joins the girls at their breakfast, drives them to school at 8:15. Returned home, she showers, does her hair, lies in the sun by the pool. Betty loves the sun, claims she could stay in it from 10 to 6 without getting bored. She's content to stay at home. "I'm not the clubwoman type—to tell you the truth, other women frighten me to death." She goes out happily if a local track is operating or there's work to be done at the ranch. She leaves the house grudgingly if it's a radio or TV appearance or anything to do with career. Otherwise she stays home, picks up the kids at school in the afternoon, joins them in the pool for the remainder of the day. They have dinner together, sometimes go to a neighborhood theatre to catch a movie, sometimes have a sundae afterward, more often go home to an early bed. "I conk out early what with getting up at 7—practically go to bed with the girls."

The whole gismo

Betty never did like the necessity of leaving them to go to the studio, and feels fortunate these days that she can be with them so much. "I think it's even more important now, when they're turning into people. When they had a nurse I couldn't help resenting her. I've always ordered their meals, bought their clothes. I never had qualms about the responsibility of motherhood. I like it. I want to have all of it—the whole gismo."

She is getting the whole gismo. While the girls are close (they share one bedroom from choice), they are in personality like day and night. Vicki is the quiet, reserved one, Jesse the outgoing, independent type. "Vicki is like Harry, Jesse more like me—a character—or at least the way I used to be." Vicki is an A student and loves school; Jesse shrugs at the necessity of an education and takes in stride the curse of following a more studious sister through the same school. Vicki is putting pink crayola on her lips, has announced her yearning for a straight skirt 'instead of those childish full things.' She keeps a diary, replete with lock and key, and has recently become very withdrawn.

This worries Betty. "She likes to be by herself so much—I'd probably never see her if it weren't that she likes me to fix her hair. And she's so secretive." It's a new wrinkle for Betty, who has always encouraged the girls to confide in her, to be completely honest. She has told them, "Whenever you get into trouble, if you're truthful with me I won't punish you. I promise you that. But just tell me." And now she has Vicki at home in body, but in spirit miles away, on a plane that mothers can never reach.

Sometimes Betty looks at Vicki now and realizes with a sense of shock that when she was Vicki's age she was passing for fourteen and dancing in a chorus line. "I didn't have to work. My father was a

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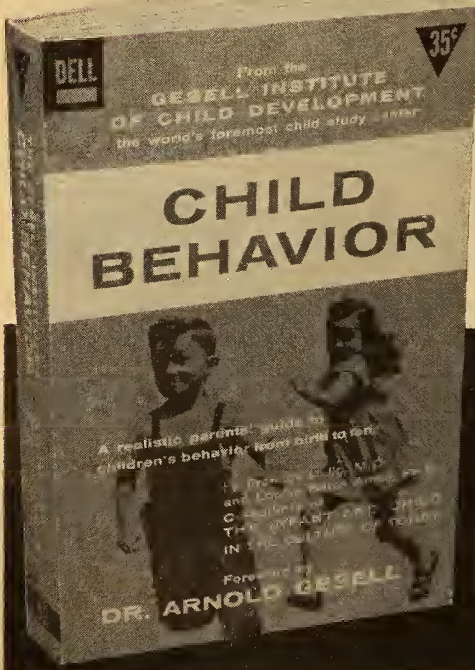
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successful stock broker. I guess Mother just wanted me to be highly talented. Whatever the reason, I used to resent it. I don't now. It's given me a happy life, and if the girls want the same thing, it will be all right with me. But it must be their own choice."

At the moment they both want to be nurses, dreaming of saving humanity, but Betty figures this to be a passing fancy. She herself wanted at one time to be a nurse and deems it a blessing to the memory of Florence Nightingale that she didn't retain the ambition, inasmuch as she can't stand seeing anyone injured and goes blocks out of her way to avoid the scene of an accident.

If they eventually choose show business, they will enter it almost as naively as though they had grown up in Hatsoff, Texas. At home, Betty and Harry have minimized the angle of show business. They don't run with the Hollywood crowd, have never cared for parties. When they entertain friends at a barbecue, the friends are non-professional. Betty is always referred to around the house as Mrs. James. It is as if the girls disassociated their parents with show business. Not that they aren't rabid movie fans. The other day Vicki and Betty were lunching in the Brown Derby when Dick Egan walked by their table. Vicki's hamburger almost ended up in her lap.

"Mother!" she howled. "Look! It's him!"

"It's who?"

"Richard Egan! Isn't he wonderful?"

"You'd like to meet him?"

"Oh, Mother, do you know him? Could you really introduce me?"

It's like that with both girls. It seldom occurs to them that their mother is Betty Grable, movie star. They might realize she knows these fabulous stars they're always reading about, but it doesn't sink in that their mother is one of the most famous of them all.

"I think if anybody ever came right out and mentioned it to them," says Betty, "they'd die of embarrassment."

Betty Grable's domesticity begins to show when she talks about college for her daughters. "I think it's a waste for girls, except for the social life. I'd like them to attend a finishing school where they'd learn to sew and cook. I never learned those things and I wish I had." She knows a husband appreciates such talents in a wife and is made happy by the aroma of a baking pie or the sound of clacking needles, and knows also, despite her own success and fame, that a woman's prime happiness is found in being a good wife and mother. **END**

don't miss finding out what **marilyn monroe** has learned from her new marriage in **modern screen's** next issue (on sale october 9) with a provocative picture of **marilyn** on the cover plus the inside story of why **liz taylor** can't hold her husbands

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (in the middle of the city)

Kim Hunter and her writer husband, Robert Emmett, regard their Greenwich Village apartment in the middle of New York City as a country home deluxe! It provides them and their children, Kathy, 11, and Sean, 2, with outdoor living (on their second-floor terrace), an informal living room that can take anything from siestas to calypso dancing to recorder concerts (the recorder is an old English musical instrument and even Sean plays it!) without disturbing the neighbors (because there are none; the apartment is over a little theatre)! Evenings they curl up with a book (and a cat) or with Kathy's doll collection—which includes Kim's Oscar (Kathy has tied a ribbon around its head!)—and generally lead the quiet, uncluttered life that's anything but big-cityish!

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jimmy's happiest moments

(*Continued from page 30*) out and see me take off!"

This was good! We tumbled out of our chairs and followed him. He led the way toward the door and out onto the sidewalk—where there was no motorcycle at all in sight. Not for us, that is. But for him there was.

"Ain't she a beauty?" he crowed, pointing at nothing.

Then he went over to the curb, swung his leg over a completely imaginary cycle, blew his lips out so they vibrated with the blast of an accelerated motor, and then went shuffling down the middle of Sunset Boulevard, leaving us behind, staring like a pack of fools.

Jimmy, as everyone knows, really did ride a motorcycle around Hollywood for a while, but I would like to clear up the talk that he got one because he was trying to duplicate every move made by Marlon Brando. Jimmy first became a motorcycle bug while he was still attending Fairmount High School back in Indiana, eight years before his death. His best friend there, Bob Middleton, who was a classmate of his, told me this when I went to Fairmount for Jimmy's funeral.

"Jimmy never imitated anyone," Bob said. "He was always having too good a time being himself."

We both did impersonations

This is true. I have other proof of it. Both Jimmy and I could do *impersonations* of Brando, as well as of Montgomery Clift and a lot of other well-known stars. However, we did this as exercises, and for fun and also as technical training in our profession, you might say. But one day a chance came to cash in on these take-offs. And it came to Jimmy not long after he had made his hit in *East of Eden*. An agent who signs attractions for the Las Vegas hotels talked of a contract in terms of tens of thousands of dollars if Jimmy would make up an act. And the story of the offer was immediately printed in the trade papers.

A policeman showed up at the *Crime In The Streets* première and asked for Sal Mineo, who plays a juvenile delinquent. He said to Sal, "I got a couple of mug shots of you—would you please autograph them for my kids?"
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

"What are you going to do?" I asked him the next day in a lunchroom.

"It's a lot of money," he said, grinning. "And not much work. After all, how long has it been since we had to share a hamburger to keep from starving?"

"You mean you'll accept?"

He shook his head against the idea. "No chance," he replied. "This is all it would take to classify me as just an impersonator. I'm out to be an actor."

"Good," I told him. "Tell the agent there is no chance of ever getting you down to Las Vegas."

"No, that isn't so," Jimmy replied. "When I have done a few more films and I am better established as myself, then I can do all the impersonations I want and keep my own identity. But until I am Jimmy Dean publicly, I'll never be anyone else publicly."

So he laughed off maybe $25,000 or more, got up from his chair and went over to a flower box near the window over which he fiddled around with both hands Then he turned around and asked me if I was ready to leave.

"What were you doing with the flowers?" I asked as we paid our checks.

He had to giggle. "When I was home in Indiana not long ago I picked up some wheat seeds," he said. "I just planted some in that box. Can you imagine their surprise when they get a strand of wheat?"

He was someone by himself

No, a fellow like Jimmy Dean didn't have to follow in anyone else's footsteps; not Brando's, not Clift's. A fellow like Jimmy was someone all by himself. The first time we ever got together socially, after we had been introduced to each other at a television studio where we had signed to make a Pepsi-Cola commercial, he established himself as a warm-hearted boy with a witty way of looking at things.

Maybe I should have put the word *socially* in quotes, because Jimmy paid me a visit, and where he found me "at home" was in a sort of sewer extension I happened to be living in at that time. In return for taking out the garbage in an ancient Hollywood Boulevard household, and doing a few other odd jobs of similar stature, I was permitted to live in a damp basement alcove that was just wide enough for a bed and high enough to let me creep into it.

Jimmy took one look around and then grinned at me. "You won't need a coffin when you die," he chuckled. "Just put handles on this room."

I started to apologize. "I'm sorry, but this is the best I can do . . ."

He waved a hand to make me stop. "Aw, this looks like a penthouse compared to my underground rathole," he said.

Jimmy's tough times

The fact is, of course, that Jimmy too had his tough times. Early in his New York days, when he was picking up an occasional television job, he showed up at a rehearsal one morning in bare feet. Immediately everyone figured he was trying to be a character and attract attention. But that wasn't the reason at all. The night before he had been caught in a heavy rain and his one pair of shoes—very cheap shoes—had gotten soaking wet. By morning they had shrunk at least three sizes. Jimmy had tried shoving his feet into them until the tears came, but it was no use. Finally, in desperation because he couldn't afford to lose the job, he went barefooted.

I don't know whether Jimmy ever starved in New York. He wouldn't dramatize too much about himself. But I do know that he must have had some pretty meager meals for long periods there, because one day in Manhattan he got to dreaming about how well he used to eat on his Uncle Mark's farm, back in Fairmount.

"You know what I did?" he'd say to me. "I just upped and took off back home for Indiana. But I didn't go alone. I had met a couple of kids, a boy and a girl, trying to get into show work, who, I knew had been living on about twenty-five cents a day. I took them with me—what the heck, we all hitchhiked—to let my Aunt Hortense fatten them up. And boy, she did. And boy, how they loved her treatment!"

There was a short period when Jimmy and I were together in New York. This was when I was in the Navy, stationed at New London, Connecticut, and coming into New York for my leaves, and he was trying to get into a good play at the same time. A good many of our meals those days consisted of hot dogs and orange juice which we got at the Nedicks' counters around Manhattan. But we didn't call them Nedicks'. We would say, "Let's dine at the Orange Room tonight."

A vivid personality

I knew Jimmy for five years; from the day we met in the Jerry Fairbanks Studios in January of 1951 to make that TV commercial, to the fall of 1955, right after he finished *Giant,* just before the highway accident at Paso Robles, California, which was his curtain. But in that five year period I did a Navy hitch of almost three years. Yet so vivid was his personality, and so eager his appetite for life, that it always seems to me we crowded ten years of fun into those two years we hung around together. At least my mind teems with the things we did . . .

The time, during the filming of *Rebel* when he suddenly jumped to a balcony, in the middle of a scene, and began spouting Mark Antony's speech from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* and then threw me an eye as my cue to come play the "crowd" for him . . .

The day we entered the commissary at Warner Brothers and he saw his picture on the wall with all the studio's stars; he tore it down, muttering, "What do they want to do? Kill everyone's appetite?"

The afternoon he ran his car, the same Porsche in which he was killed, around the Warner's studio lot while seated on the wrong side of the seat, so that no one was behind the wheel and people thought an invisible man was doing the driving . . .

The day I visited the *Giant* set wearing a gay Mexican peon shirt that John Wayne had given me, and carrying another that I gave to Jimmy. He flipped, and just like a kid, had to take his costume off right there, in front of a hundred technicians, to try on the shirt . . .

The time he "fooled" me during the filming of the Planetarium scenes in *Rebel.* I was supposed to point down the hall of the huge building and cry, "Here he comes now." But when I did Jimmy showed up at the opposite end of the hall—which meant he had run about a quarter of a mile around the outside of the building just for the laugh he'd get in making a completely wild entrance . . .

I know a lot of this sounds like kid stuff; but he was a kid—all heart, some stomach, not too much sense yet and a lot of talent. He had a quick eye for girls but he was at an age when his imagination was fired by the great work he might be able to do, not the romances he could fall into. He could laugh and he

---

perry como: MILLION-A-YEAR IN SLOW EASY STAGES

■ Somebody asked Perry Como how he played golf, and Perry explained, "Walk slow, swing slow . . . and win."

Slow and easy is how Perry edged his way to the million-dollar-a-year class. He didn't overwhelm the other baritone stars with noise and publicity. He just ambled by them.

All his life, this forty-four-year-old former barber has moved only when he was sure of the consequences and knew he could win. When he quit the barber job in home-town Canonsburg, Pa., he kept his barber's union card . . in case. (In fact, he still has his card . . . in case.)

When he got his first big New York cafe job, at the famed Copacabana, he didn't splurge on high living. He rode home every night by subway.

He finally saved enough money to buy a nice, ample house in suburban Sands Point, Long Island —but he waited eight years before he got up enough nerve, in 1955, to put in a swimming pool. The house didn't have a real barbecue pit until his wife had one installed, as a birthday surprise for him.

He has avoided posing for the usual corny publicity photos. He rarely goes out on promotion tours. He avoids night clubs and show-business hangouts. He goes to church Sunday mornings, no matter where he is, and he usually slips out to confession for a half hour, before show time Saturday nights.

He appears relaxed, but he insists he's merely tired. His hair is graying, but he refuses to paint it for TV. "I can't stand the smell of the paint," he says. "Besides, who am I trying to fool?"

He seems to be indestructible, publicity wise. Smear magazines have sought to "expose" him, and failed. One such magazine, eager to put him on the cover, did so by admitting, in a long story, that it could find nothing nasty to say about him.

He turned down Ed Murrow's request that Perry and family appear on Ed's *Person To Person* home-interview program. For years, he has refused pleas by magazines and newspapers that he pose for photos in his parish church. Photos of the interior of Perry's home are rare.

Each summer he says he'll take a long trip somewhere. Each summer he ends up staying home with his blonde wife of twenty-three years, Roselle Belline, and their kids, Ronnie, sixteen, David, nine, and Terry, eight. "The swimming pool looks awfully good," he explains. "And the golf course is only a few miles away."

He has a twelve-year deal with NBC-TV, guaranteeing him about $15,000,000. If he was more ambitious, he could make movies and personal appearances. "But," he says, with a relentless logic, "what else could I buy with more money?"

"The miracle called Mira-col can happen to you free, too"

by Dorothy Davis Smith

As a fashion magazine editor and an advertising woman, years of experimenting with new beauty products had disillusioned me, *until last week!*

Last week a miracle called Mira-col came into my life and I look like a new woman after three applications. My first Mira-col beauty treat was free. Yours can be, too.

Developed by famed cosmetician Merle Norman, this cool liquid instantly improves skin problems (see below) by normalizing the activity of skin glands.

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The first time my skin tingled almost to the point of stinging. Each time after that it tingled pleasantly. The degree of tingle depends upon the individual skin and indicates that Mira-col is doing what the skin, unaided, has been unable to do. That is, function properly as an organ of elimination.

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*Name on request

could fight with Natalie Wood—but always he had a deep respect for her talent, and this is what made them an interesting pair to each other. I was his friend, and this was fine. But if I could come across with a constructive piece of advice for his acting—oh, this was something extra as far as Jimmy was concerned. This really impressed him.

He was always thankful

It may be remembered that in the opening scene of *Rebel* Jimmy is seen fondling a toy monkey. I made a helpful suggestion or two about this bit of business—nothing very important. But Jimmy never forgot it. He was always thankful.

There have been stories that Jimmy was self-centered. People who think this had no real knowledge of him at all. I can think of any number of instances to prove the contrary—besides the ones I have already given.

When I joined the Navy I had gotten nowhere as an actor yet, and it was while I was away on sea duty that Jimmy got his break in *East Of Eden.* Then when I got a start in *Mr. Roberts,* Jimmy was away from Hollywood and I didn't run across him until after the picture was finished. One day, at Warners, there we were—both standing in front of each other, after three years. It was like two brothers meeting after a lifetime apart.

He told me that he had caught a screening of *Mr. Roberts* and that he thought I was great in it and that I had nothing to worry about. I told him I had seen *East Of Eden* and that it would be silly for me to say that he was a hit in it because everybody knew it—but I went ahead and said so anyway.

It was towards evening, about 6:30 o'clock, when we started talking, and we slowly walked out towards the parking lot where our cars were—talking all the way. When we got to Jimmy's car we had a little more to say, so we stood there continuing our talking. And then when we had said that bit it reminded us of more, so we kept on. And it went on like this until, so help me, it was nearly 10 o'clock before we finally could break it up and part. We had gabbed away for better than three hours.

This should furnish an idea of the vitality and depth of Jimmy's friendship, and how strongly his nature was to give . . . not to take.

The instinct to act

There remains one more side to Jimmy that might be illustrated; his wonder about himself and the instinct to act. I remember, soon after we first became friends, that he called me on the phone once about 3 o'clock in the morning.

"What are you doing?" he asked, and then giggled because it was such a silly question to ask in the middle of the night.

"Nothing," I said.

"Come on over and let's shoot the breeze," he begged.

He was in a talkative mood, I found, when I came over, and he went into everything. But his mind always came back to the same subject—what makes a fellow want to be this or that?

"Were there ever any actors in your family?" he asked.

"No, I'm the son of a coal miner," I said.

He shook his head, puzzled. "And my folks were all farmers," he commented.

For his twenty-fourth (and last) birthday, February 8 of last year (1955), he went home to his Uncle Mark Winslow's farm near Fairmount, Indiana, where he had been raised, and stayed a week or so. One night there was a whole family gathering including his seventy-five-year-old grandfather, Charlie Dean. Jimmy started pumping his grandfather on his favorite subject again; were there any Deans who were artists of any kind, if not actors? And Grandpa Charlie recalled that there was a great-granddaddy "Cal" Dean, who had been an auctioneer.

Cal, said Grandpa Charlie, could get up in front of a crowd and entertain them royally as he disposed of the various articles he was auctioneering. Jimmy was delighted, and then tickled even more when his grandfather recalled that either Cal or one of his brothers had written a two-line verse about themselves. The other brothers were named John, Harry, Pat, Joe Bennel and Kil (for Achilles). The poem went:

"Joe Bennel Kil Cal, while Harry, Pat
  and John,
    Stood off and looked on."

Now Jimmy was enjoying himself. There actually had been a poet in the family.

A similarity

"Say, Grandpa," he said. "In the picture I made, *East Of Eden* the name of the character I play is Cal!"

And then for some reason, Jimmy asked when Cal, his great-granddaddy, had died.

"In 1918," Grandfather Charlie replied.

"That's funny," said Jimmy. "The time of *East Of Eden* is the period of 1918."

When Jimmy came back to Hollywood I told him he ought to take better care of himself: that he ought to get more sleep. Jimmy was the kind of fellow who counted sleep a terrible waste of time. He was always giving me that old business about how the hours of sleep add up.

"Do you realize," he would say, "that if you sleep eight hours a day you have slept for twenty-five years of your life by the time you get to be seventy-five? And that means you have been dead for twenty-five years. Because what's the difference? When you are asleep you are practically dead."

Maybe that's why I could cry about a kid who was always laughing himself. He loved life too much not to have had at least his full share of it. END

James Dean will soon appear in George Stevens' Warner Bros. Giant

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why we call natalie "tiger"

(*Continued from page 33*) yet. If you have to know right now, you'll just have to turn to the end and find out. Only I hope you don't. By the time you get to it, maybe you'll have figured it out for yourself, which would be nicer. I think. And besides, I have a lot of other things to tell you first.

First of all I want to say that as a friend, Natalie is like something out of those old books on chivalry and honor. If you're her friend—well, you've got a watchdog. No one—but no one—is going to insult you when she's around, if she can help it. I remember once when a bunch of us were sitting around, and someone lit into Nick Adams. Behind his back, that is—Nick wasn't there to defend himself. Well, this person, whom I won't name, started out by saying that Nick's sense of humor got on his nerves. It wasn't a nice thing to say but we didn't say anything. Nick does kid around a lot, and people have a right not to like it, I suppose, if they have no funnybone. But he went on and on. First he listed all the things Nick had done or said that he didn't think were funny and then he told us why, in detail. We all glanced at each other, very embarrassed, but we didn't say anything. Then he got sarcastic and then he got very personal—and that did it. All of a sudden Natalie jumped out of her seat and stood in front of the boy with her hands on her hips, looking like she was about to breathe fire. "Just how well do you know Nick Adams?" she demanded. The boy opened his mouth, but he was through talking for that day—Natalie didn't even pause. "Well, obviously, you don't know him as well as I do. It must be terrible to be so insecure yourself that you have to criticize someone who isn't even here to defend himself. Nick is one of the nicest guys I know. He's loyal and kind and I just hope that sometime in your life *you're* lucky enough to know someone as fine as Nick Adams is!" And she turned and stalked out.

Acting and boys in order

Besides that, she's exciting to know because she's so enthusiastic. Acting is her biggest interest, I'd say, with boys a very close second. She likes to shop, and we go together pretty often—but only when we know exactly what we want. No window shopping, no dawdling at the scarf counter when we came for skirts. Every time I stop, Natalie grabs my arm and says, "Now, look, Faye, I have a rehearsal at 3 and an interview at 7—" and I sigh and head for the skirts. But where it comes to acting—that she's got time for. Any afternoon she's not working she can manage to squeeze in a movie, and then two more hours for us to go back to her house and hash over it. And we spend whole days reading plays (her favorite is *A Streetcar Named Desire*) and books aloud together in my room, without her once having to hurry away. Evenings when neither of us has a date—which *does* happen—I usually sleep over and we talk. About acting and books and even philosophy—but mostly, till about 5 A.M.—about boys. Lately she's concentrated mostly on Scott Marlowe in those wee-hour gab-fests. Either one of us can begin it and ramble on for hours, but it always ends in the same way. Along about 4 or 5 I say something like, "So I think that means he likes me, don't you, Natalie? . . . Natalie? . . . Nat? . . . " But Miss Wood is fast asleep, and in about thirty seconds I am, too.

When it comes to acting—well, I don't have to tell

(*Continued on page 83*)

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■ Esther Williams is feminine all right, with the proper allocation of curves, but she's not afraid to call a muscle a muscle. To show you what swimming has done for her, she won't hesitate to take your hand, place it on her rib cage, and say emphatically, "Feel! See, no flab, anywhere!" And she adds, "An athlete has respect for her body, and when you take care of your body, it takes care of you."

Esther swims thirty laps every a.m., *before* breakfast. "How can you do it?" ask her friends. To which Es replies, "If you'd try it, you'd see!"

For Esther doesn't believe that swimming is for champs only. "If you learn a relaxed stroke, swimming is the most restful exercise and it brings into play every muscle of your body. It's a wonderful way to build bodies for everybody."

She claims that that's not all, however. "When I was swimming in competition I was on a training diet—which means only meals planned for health and energy. I felt so fit all the time that even after I became an actress I stayed right with this same type of eating—and I have brought up my children on it! You have to have the right food, no matter what you want to do.

"And there's a reason why healthy foods can't be delicious. One other good thing—" Es adds, a twinkle in her eye, "when you eat what's good for you, you're less likely to get fat!" The rest of Es's secret for avoiding avoirdupois is simple. "The only way to get fat is with excess food. I believe in small portions to start with. If you still want more, *then* you can have a second helping. But it takes a little while to feel the effect of your food, and if you wait a little instead of reaching for more, you usually find you didn't really want it in the first place."

Esther has formulated training diets, pregnancy diets, reducing diets—but, with variations, they all add up to the one ideal: wholesome foods. "And doesn't everybody know what they are by now?" Es demands. "Vegetables, fruits, milk, whole grains, eggs, meats, fish, fowl!"

In being wholesome, Esther doesn't overlook the glamour approach. "I am all for making yourself as attractive as possible." It seems Hollywood would have taken care of that angle for her, but in dealing with Esther, Hollywood was in for a few surprises. "My problem has always been how to look glamorous, though natural. Wet as I was most of the times in pictures, this was something to work for!"

Being Esther Williams, she did. She found out how to make a waterproof mascara really waterproof. "The trick," she says, "is to take the cap off the tube and let the oils dry out." About Hollywood methods with makeup, she says, "I always felt they used too much. And the makeup was too heavy in the first place."

Somehow, Esther's personal interests seem to be turning into big business. The special cosmetics she developed with chemists are now on the market. The do-it-yourself swimming pool she evolved with husband Ben Gage will, she hopes, make true "my dream of a swimming pool in every back yard."

When Esther left MGM after fourteen years, a studio photographer who had been assigned to her all that time said, "It's flabbergasting; she really looks the same." And she *still* thinks *anybody* can do it.

(*Continued from page 81*) you Natalie's good. That you can see for yourself. But what most people don't know is how much she cares. For instance, a friend of ours told me the story of how she got the part of Judy in *Rebel Without A Cause*. The studio sent her the script and as soon as she read it she was dying to play it. She said there was actually a little voice buzzing in her head saying, "This is your part. You *are* Judy!" All she could think about was getting it. One day it got so bad that she walked into her house, took one look at her mother, and threw herself down on the sofa, sobbing "If I don't get this part, I'll just die. I know my heart will shatter right inside of me!" And wept for hours. The day of the interview she was in just as bad shape. She walked into Nick Ray's office with her knees shaking and her hands damp, and as soon as he started asking her questions, her voice gave out. Her agent sat there and looked at her in horror. Finally she couldn't bear it any longer and she jumped up and started pounding on Mr. Ray's desk! "I *am* Judy! I really am!!" she cried. "You can't give this part to anyone else! No one knows Judy like I know her. You must let me do a test!" It's a wonder to me they didn't send her to the insane asylum instead of the testing stage, but they let her try out for Judy. And of course she got it. Not that that improved her condition any. For the first two weeks after she found out the part was hers, she couldn't eat a thing or sleep a minute. And *that's* how Academy Award nominations are gotten.

Natalie meets a favorite actress

But I've known her to get just as excited, in a different way, about somebody else's acting. The day she met Jo Van Fleet, for instance. Natalie had burst into Al Greenway's room, ready for him to make her up for a part—and all of a sudden she stopped short and looked as if she'd been turned to stone. All because Jo Van Fleet, whom she admired just tremendously (she went to see *East Of Eden* six times just to watch her act) was sitting there. Natalie's usually pretty poised—but when Al stepped into that dead silence to introduce the girls to each other, Natalie couldn't say a word. Not a word. She just stood there staring at Jo. "For heaven's sake," she said afterwards, "how could I say hello to *her*? I was so thrilled I couldn't even say hello to Al!"

But it isn't all work and worry, you know. And Natalie isn't always taking herself dead seriously. I've seen her come shuffling out of a corner reciting Marlon Brando's lines from *On The Waterfront*, walking like him, sounding like him and even managing to make you think she looked like him! That's talent. But the time she really broke us up was the day she floated up to David Butler, the director, who is fortyish and weighs about 250 pounds, I would say, crooning "Young man. Young, young, young man. Did anyone ever tell you that you looked like a young prince out of the Arabian Nights?" That's from *Streetcar*, of course—and I'll never be able to see that play again and keep a straight face!

To an outsider—someone who doesn't know her—I guess Natalie looks pretty crazy. Moody and unpredictable, maybe. I suppose that's natural. As I said, the first time I met her, I thought she was a snob. And then, a lot of people meet her already prepared to dislike her. They want her to be a spoiled brat so they can tell their friends they weren't impressed by meeting a movie star. Most of them, I think, come away from the meeting with their minds changed, because when my friend Natalie wants to be charming—and she usu- (*Continued on page 85*)

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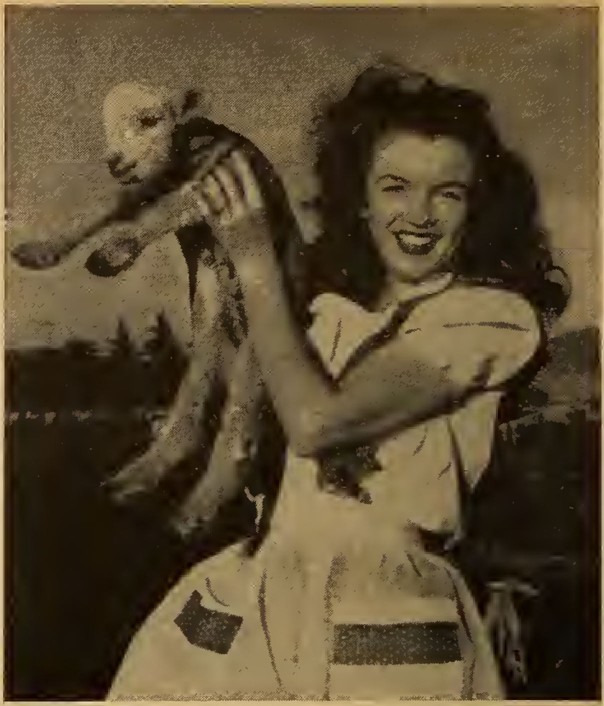
Marilyn, when she first appeared at the Hollywood Blue Book School for Models

WHERE WAS MARILYN TEN YEARS AGO?

■ In 1946 Marilyn Monroe went to see Emmeline Snively who directs the Hollywood Blue Book School for Models. At the time, Marilyn's name was Norma Jean Dougherty and she was packing parachutes in an airplane factory.

Emmeline, who likes to relive history, describes Marilyn at that time, as a "Round-faced, frizzle-haired 'dirty' blonde—the color of her hair, you know. She had an astonishing bust, which made her size 12 dress look too small. She wasn't very interested in clothes, and she didn't have any.

"But," continues Emmeline, "Marilyn had one white dress that looked sensational on her. Most models shy away from white; it accentuates the positive. That's exactly what that dress did for Marilyn—it was extremely tight across the front, and Marilyn didn't mind wearing it.

"Her measurements from my files are: Size 12, height five feet, six inches, 36 bust, 24 waist, 34 hips—blue eyes and that dirty blonde hair. Marilyn, from the beginning, fought changing the way she looked. But when I got her a hair cream ad to do, they bleached and straightened her hair—it had always been frizzy. Marilyn liked it so much that she kept it that way.

"Even then Marilyn had that wiggle in her walk. Nobody was able to change *that.* She claimed all she could do was a little singing, and she wanted to take the modeling course after I got her a few jobs. She had no money, so I told her she could work out the tuition. I thought Marilyn should specialize in pinups because she was so bosomy. But eastern editors objected to her nose—they said it was too long—and her smile, which they said cast shadows. What was wrong was that she smiled too high. It made deep lines around her nose. We showed her how to bring her smile down, so that her lower teeth showed. It turned out to be a pretty good effect, didn't it?

"We placed Marilyn in a booth at one of those big Home Shows—and she was sensational. A sort of breathless little girl whom everybody responded to."

Through all this, Marilyn was learning—and changing. Marilyn never talked about breaking into the movies during this early stage All she wanted was to learn, and to make a living as a model.

Her first magazine cover came out on the August *Family Circle,* 1946. There were three more covers after that. According to the model agency head, it was actually Howard Hughes who first spotted Marilyn as a picture possibility from those magazine covers. He got in touch with Emmeline about Marilyn, but before he got to see her it was 20th Century-Fox who signed her.

"Of course, it wasn't all clear sailing, or a dream come true, after that," says Emmeline. "But that's a story in itself."

(*Continued from page* 83) ally does, unless you get her goat—she's just irresistible. Mostly, I guess, because she's interested in the people she meets; she really wants to know about them.

But I really ought to tell you her interest isn't *entirely* unselfish. In one corner of her mind, she's storing up a picture of you as soon as she meets you, taking notes on your mannerisms, and your voice, and the way you walk. Most good actresses do that—it's a sort of fund of raw material for them to build a character out of some day. So if you meet Natalie, and a year later you see her in a role and she's got just your trick of twisting your hands or shifting your weight—well, it's probably no coincidence.

A scatter-brained Natalie?

But still and all, the people who suspect that Natalie is just a mite disorganized and scatter-brained have a point. Boy, I remember one evening when she was getting dressed to go to the première of *The King And I*. We had spent the day together at the studio, and at around 6 o'clock she suddenly remembered she had to borrow a petticoat and some gloves from the wardrobe department. She went dashing over and found the wardrobe woman just in the act of closing up for the night. Well, Natalie can sweet-talk anyone into anything, so the lady unlocked the place and Natalie got her things. It had been a hard day and we were both bushed. Before she left, I said, "I'm going right home for a nap and if I were you, I'd do the same. Lie down for a while before you leave or you'll sleep right through the movie." "I will," Natalie said, and we said good night and left.

The next day she phoned me. "You and your advice!" she said. *"Some nap!"* It seems that she "just lay down for a minute," and the next thing she knew it was quarter to eight and her mother was shaking her and saying, "For goodness' sake, Natalie, you've got fifteen minutes before Scott gets here!" Natalie jumped out of bed and started tearing around the room. First she couldn't find her comb—which was in its usual place on the dressing table. Then she couldn't find her left shoe, which turned up under a pile of clothes in the corner of her room (and what was a pile of clothes doing there, hmmm?). Then she had to ask everyone in the house, from her father on down, if they had seen her tickets to the première, which of course they hadn't. So she tore through the whole house—and when I say 'tore' I mean there wasn't a whole dress or record or book or piece of furniture left when she was through—till she found them—in her purse. And then came the final blow. No sooner did she calm down and get her make up on and slip her dress over her head than she found out the zipper didn't work! By this time, Scott was pacing the floor in the living room, muttering about females who had all day to get ready and didn't. So she completely lost her head, and instead of waiting for someone to sew her in, (à la Monroe) she grabbed her satin duster, threw it on over her dress, and ran down to meet him. Of course they arrived late, and Natalie spent the whole rest of the evening desperately clutching her dress and wearing her coat and praying that whole thing wasn't going to fall onto the ground. And it was all my fault!

"Natalie," I said calmly, when she slowed down, "just tell me—did you set your alarm?"

There was a long silence on the end. "Uh—well—" said Natalie at last, "I guess I didn't." (*Continued on page* 87)

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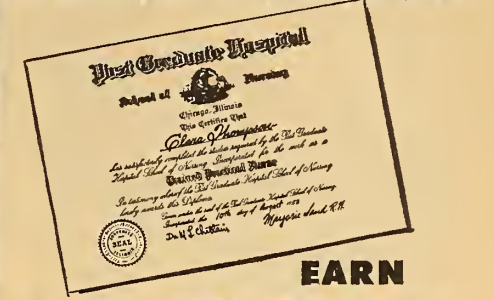

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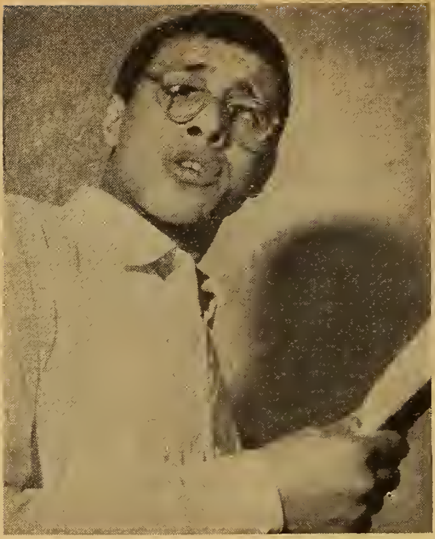

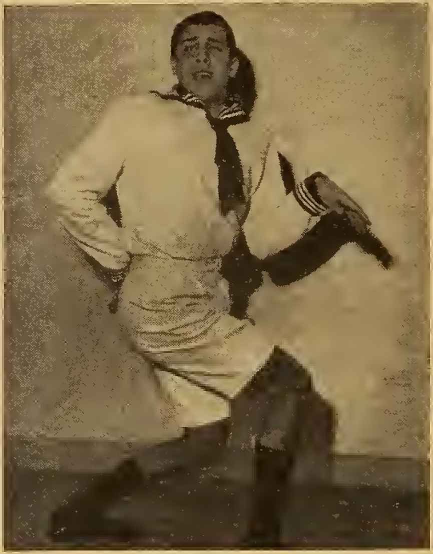

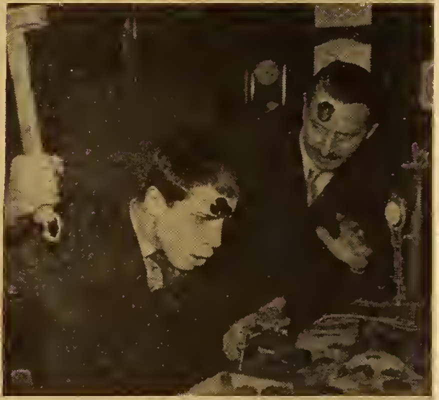

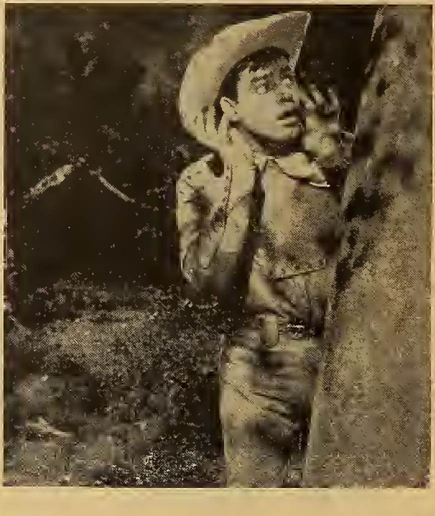

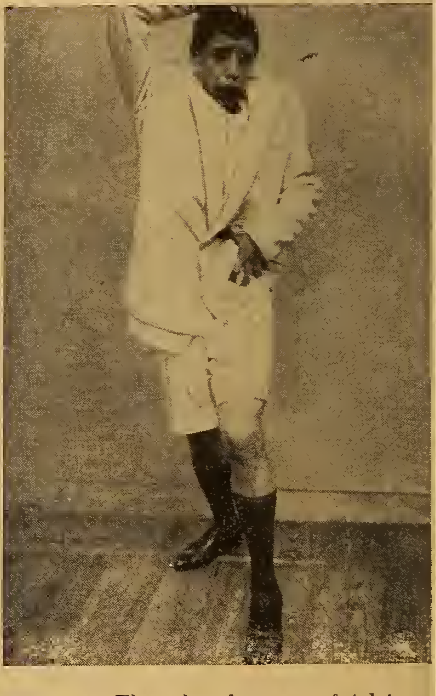

■ Jerry Lewis appears in only one of these pictures. The other four are of Adriano Celentano, 23, of Milan, Italy, who resembles Jerry so much that he is frequently stopped on the street by fans begging for his autograph. When this started happening to him, Adriano got interested in Jerry himself, went to all his movies and started to collect clippings and material on him. Soon he began imitating Jerry's routines at parties for friends and relatives. Recently, Adriano was approached by Italian TV companies, but he refused all offers, saying "Jerry Lewis is only my hobby."

Guess which is which? Jerry's in the cowboy outfit for his new Paramount film *Pardners*. Adriano, whom we really thought at first was Jerry, is a watchmaker.

(*Continued from page* 85)

But the times I love Natalie best are when I see her with her little sister. You see, Natalie has a gentle understanding of children; that's the side of her that the fewest people see. Her sister Lana Lisa, who played Natalie as a child in *The Searchers,* gets a great deal of love and understanding from her big sister. A while ago, Lana had an appointment for a reading at one of the local Little Theatres. The part was a small one, but very important, and Lana wanted Natalie to help her with her lines. Natalie had a heavy date with Scott, but she called him and asked if they could make it an hour later so she could help Lana. Then she took Lana to the theatre and waited for her to see the director. I was with them, and believe me, Natalie was more nervous for Lana than she ever got about any part for herself—with the execption of *Rebel.* The director came out and told Natalie he felt Lana had the perfect quality and sensitivity for the part, and rehearsals would start the following day. The next morning at rehearsal Natalie couldn't sit still. She kept commenting to me about all the little things Lana was doing that really made the scene exciting to watch. After that first rehearsal Natalie helped Lana every day, and gave her encouragement.

But it isn't just a matter of Lana's career that makes them so close. I've never seen so much love between sisters.

Where Tiger comes in

Well, have you figured out by now why we call Natalie "Tiger?" You should have. A lot of people think it's because one day director Nick Ray gave her three darling stuffed toy tigers. And I don't deny that that was the day it started. Other people think it has some secret significance—some deep, dark, hidden *something* from her past. But it hasn't. And some—incredible as it seems to me—are sure it means that at heart Natalie is a beast of the jungle!!!

But the truth of the matter is perfectly simple. There's Natalie—my-best-girl-friend, and Natalie-the-actress, and Natalie who-goes-out-like-crazy, and Natalie-the-scatter-brained, and Natalie-the-big-sister—and Natalie-the-*Tiger!* Because she's got as many sides as a tiger has stripes, every one different from every other one—but all of them still Natalie. *That's* why we call her "Tiger'!"

I don't even know if she knows that's the reason, but I do know she likes the name. She never budges without her first three tigers, and anywhere she goes, she buys more. At the moment, she has thirteen. Or rather, I should say, she had thirteen when I sat down to write this story a couple of hours ago. By this time she may have wandered past a toy store, and heaven only knows how many tigers she has now!

END

Natalie Wood can currently be seen in Warner Bros.' A Cry In The Night, The Burning Hills *and will soon be seen in* The Girl He Left Behind.

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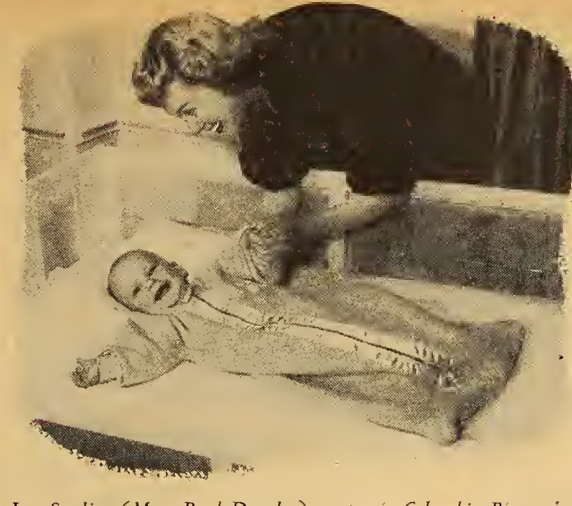

Jan Sterling (Mrs. Paul Douglas) co-star in Columbia Pictures' "The Harder They Fall" tucks her little son safely in for the night.

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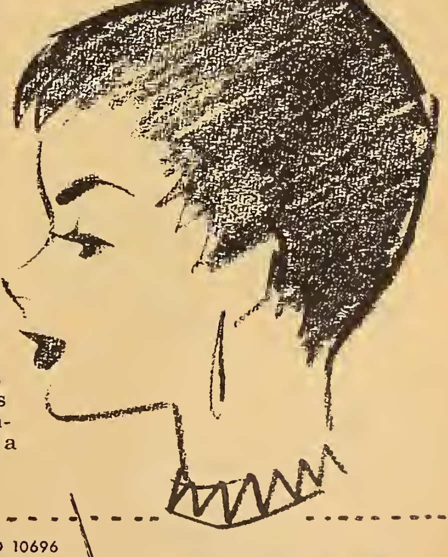

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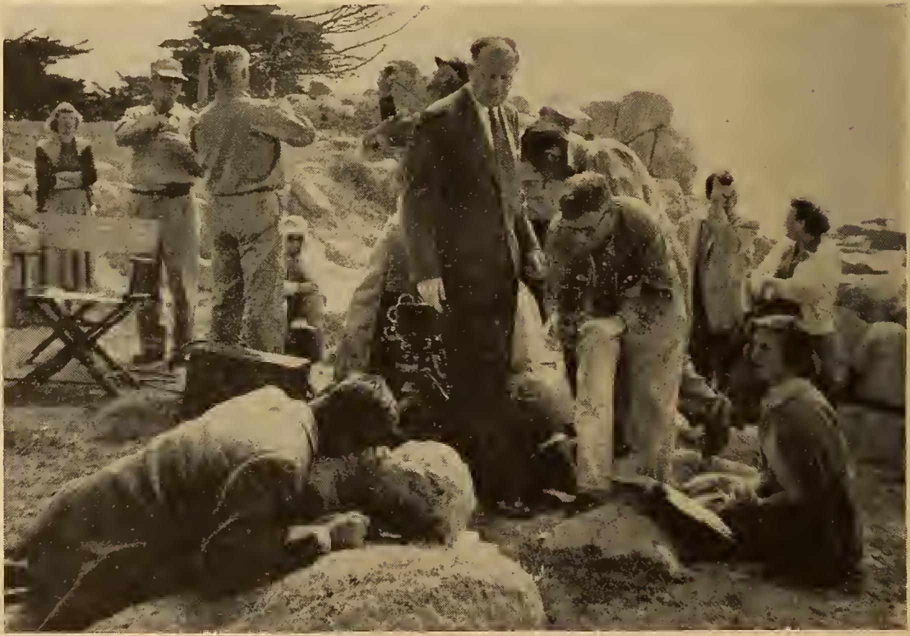

■ Doris Day and Louis Jourdan were doing one of the hottest love scenes on film for their new picture *Julie*. Doris was so overcome by the scene that she forgot all about the "audience" and went right on sniffling long after director Andrew Stone shouted "Cut." But that didn't bother the director. He said, "We're doing re-takes" and they started all over again.

here's my answer

(Continued from page 63) handsomest baby." To prove it I dragged out an old reel of film featuring Michael's crawling days. It went over like a lead balloon.

The film started, and this creature with big ears came crawling toward the camera. Halfway across the lawn, he found the dog's old bone and began chewing on it. He wasn't at all the way I remembered him. I stopped the film, and after that I didn't brag any more.

But not because I couldn't have. When Michael started school we were afraid he wouldn't adjust. With Toni only sixteen months younger, we'd been at him all the time with don't, don't, don't, so that he wouldn't set a bad example for his sister. So the first day he went to school I talked with the Mother Superior. (I'm not a Catholic, but my kids are and I always wanted them in Jesuit Schools because they give such a great education.) "This boy," I told her, "may be shy with the other youngsters. He's very sensitive and may not mix well." The Mother Superior laughed. "Look out the window," she said. And there was Michael in the midst of a knot of other boys, hamming it up—the center of attention.

But my proudest moment where Michael was concerned happened when he was still knee high. He had come home from school wearing angry scratches across his face, and that evening his mother told him to report what had happened to me.

"Well," said Michael, "some boy at school scratched my face."

"He did, huh?" I said. "And what did he do when he got up?"

"He cried," said Michael. I stopped worrying.

Michael takes over

When his mother and I separated, it was Michael who had to take over as the man of the house. The other kids would kick up their heels and Michael would say "This is the way we do it," and the rest of them would snap to attention. He's always been the mainstay, so much so that Toni didn't even get a crack at being a lead mare. By now, of course, they're all on their own, but Michael was boss man when it counted.

But a long time before that, when Michael was a baby, my only worry about being a father was the chance that I might have a daughter. What could I do with a girl? All my family had been male—except my mother of course—but I mean that I had no sisters, and didn't know how to treat a girl. When they're little they're so fragile and ribbonish and that kind of thing. And then Toni came along and I learned how wonderful a daughter can be.

She's not the only one who remembers the first time I saw her in lipstick—and that evening she came down the stairs in her first formal! My little girl—well, you know how sentimental a father can get. But the biggest shock was the one she gave me six months ago. She told her mother about her engagement and her mother told her to talk to me about it, and Toni said, "Oh, he won't care." I sure do. I was stunned when she said she wanted to marry before she finished school, but then, what can you do? You either agree or they get married anyway. I asked what they intended living on, with Don just starting out, and she said he had a lot all paid for and they'd build a house. I pointed out that with Don working eight hours a day and studying at least four, it would be rough on her. But I don't think it matters too much. Getting your feet wet in trouble early in life never hurt anybody. It'll probably turn out to be good for both of them.

Come to think of it, she's always surprising me, one way or the other. A few years ago, when she was in school, she did a skit in which she played a Northern girl who'd visited the South and come home with a phony accent. It was done on a bare stage and it was the difficult kind of comedy that a professional actress would hesitate to do. She was really funny, and that was the first time I ever knew she had the makings of an actress. And I guess it was the only time she ever tackled anything on a stage. She's never been interested.

Pat's interested in acting, of course, but I wouldn't say that that's it for him, for sure. I told him the first important thing for him to do is finish his college, then learn to be a man. Associate with kids his own age and grow up with them, and not be forced into the position where he's a little boy everybody's protecting. When he's done those two things, then he can decide if he wants to become an actor. Right now, it's just something easy for him. He has tremendous powers of concentration. One time when he was to appear in public I told him they might ask him to speak. He asked my advice and in the middle of a mob of people I rattled off some suggestions. An hour later he repeated them verbatim, when I myself had forgotten what I said. . . . That's why it's such a snap for him to memorize lines. But that's not the most important thing in the world—to have an easy talent. A while back Pat got an award as an up-and-coming future star, and I went to see him receive it. Afterwards everyone told me I sat there beaming like a locomotive headlight. Well, I suppose I did. But it wasn't so much the award itself that I liked. It was the way Patrick moved when he went up to receive it. The pride in his walk, the way he handled himself.

Dimitri Tiomkin, describing Hollywood: The actors are as American as apple pie and the actresses are as American as cheesecake.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

No, I wouldn't be so surprised if Pat changed his mind and went into business, like Michael. I couldn't tell yet whether he has Michael's cracker-jack mind for that kind of thing, but he sure has the money sense. Funny—Michael paid me back for the car I gave him, even though he didn't have to. But Pat—well, I'm not looking forward to it. I'm certainly not adjusting my budget expecting a cent from Patrick. That boy—he's close with a nickel. On the other hand, it has its advantages to have a rich son. If I ever go broke, he's the one who'll keep me from the poorhouse.

For a while he talked about possibly entering the priesthood, which is fine with me, or he might even want to go into some sport professionally. Patrick lettered in football and track and wrestled interschool. Michael loves sports, and it was too bad about that allergy. The school doctor told me if it were his son he wouldn't allow him out there. But he was great at boxing. Got in the ring once with Jersey Joe Walcott. Just sparring, thank God, but he went a round with him anyway. The other kids are awfully proud of him for that. Toni played volley ball and basketball at school and Melinda—well, Melinda devotes most of her energy to eating.

Melinda is a doll. She's the most affectionate little girl I've ever known. She has a great way with people. Her feeling for people is what's going to count in life with her.

Yeah, I know she's been complaining

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about not getting a car. That's a problem. Because I'm not with them all the time it's been difficult to restrain myself from spoiling them. I want to make up for it by giving them everything. But if I do that, I don't know how they'll be when they get out in the world on their own. So I make them wait a while. That's not so rough. Besides, even that depends on their interpretation of the word "wait." To them it means waiting for the next birthday or Christmas, and waiting for something darned expensive. When I was a kid, "wait" meant five years sometimes, even if it was for an overcoat.

Dad's a pushover

Frankly, I'm a big pushover. They don't have to think up tactics to get around me. I never did with my own father, when I was a kid. Except that one time. I was about nine, I guess, and I wanted a bicycle for so long that it hurt. Christmas Eve my parents asked me, thinking I still believed in Santa Claus, to write the old boy a letter about what I wanted. So I penned a masterpiece. I wrote Santa that the only thing I really wanted was a bike. That I knew things were tough, but if he couldn't leave the bicycle, he might as well not leave any of that other stuff. It would only be wasted because I didn't want that childish sort of thing. Well, my father took one look at that letter and flew out of the house. I think he got the shop owner out of bed, but the upshot was that I got my bicycle. Now, *my* kids ask for things straight from the shoulder, and if I say no, they know they'll have to wait. There's no subterfuge with them.

Anyway, that's what I always figured. Till I saw what they said in this magazine last month. Now I'm not so sure. That "I'll-Get-A-Job" bit of Toni's—you don't by any chance suppose that could have been—a *tactic*, do you?

They're wonderful kids

But I don't have to worry about any of them. They're all healthy, and they're all honest. I don't think one of them knows how to tell a lie. My father made sure of that with me, and I have with them. And it really doesn't matter so much what I give them or don't give them—there's not much chance of their being spoiled. Their mother has done a wonderful job with them, and they help by teasing the first one that gets out of hand. They kid Patrick about his acting, ask to see his profile in a good light. And Toni doesn't stand a chance. Her husband and his family fill her up with all sorts of compliments. Tell her she's beautiful and intelligent and sweet, and when she walks in the front door here on a cloud, the rest of them yell, "Come on in, beautiful!"

I get a slightly different treatment, of course. When *I* walk in, it's "Welcome home, Hairless!" And when I get a compliment from one of them, it's something like "Gee, Dad, you even dig bop talk! For a father, you're not exactly square!" Square! If anything, those four have trouble keeping up with their old man.

At least, they had. From now on, times are going to change. I'm saving my strength. In about fifteen years from now, it'll be Aissa's (my new baby) turn to write for MODERN SCREEN. Something on "My Poor Old Daddy, John Wayne," no doubt. I'm going to leave myself a little energy for answering that one good and proper, too! **END**

John Wayne will soon appear (as himself) in RKO's I Married A Woman

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I flipped for elvis

(*Continued from page 37*) who I was talking to, but they've probably hung up by now!) It was *him*, all right, on the Dorseys' *Stageshow*. I remember that I wanted to scream, but my father doesn't like that too well; then I thought I would surely faint. I didn't, but my two sisters were holding me up, which probably accounts for it! Their reaction to Elvis was the same as mine, incidentally. There are very few girls of my acquaintance who do not like Elvis.

I started the fan club

Well, the next day, I started a fan club for Elvis and it was the first one in America. And what a time I had getting it started. I walked my feet off for days, but I went to see every single disc jockey in Dallas, asking them to play "Heartbreak Hotel" on their programs, and announce that I was starting the fan club. They said they'd give my name and address on the radio, but they all laughed at the song. "Kay," they said, "this boy is nobody. Nobody wants to hear the song." But I didn't give up. I went out and bought a dozen different kinds of stationery and started writing letters to them, asking them to play Elvis Presley records. I used a different handwriting on every letter, and I mailed them all from different places, with names I made-up for signatures. I figured any disc jockey who started getting ten different letters a day asking for the same song was bound to play their requests. I was right, too.

Still and all, I didn't expect a very big response to the fan club announcement, and I didn't quite know what I'd do if I got a lot of members, never having belonged to a fan club before, much less run one. But two days after the announcement was made, I got two hundred letters in the mail, and I found out fast what a president had to do. Part of it was work, and part was fun. I answered every single letter I got, too.

He made TV history

I should really have guessed I'd get a lot of members. The impact of Elvis Presley's first TV appearance will probably make some kind of TV history, for the next day, all the kids were Presley-conscious. At school, he was the topic of everyone's conversation.

The general reaction was that he was terrific; but a few disliked him to the point of fighting about him. Those were among the boys, of course. I think Elvis is just too much competition for the average boy to cope with. One boy started an "I Hate Presley" club and it had quite a few members.

I don't know what they did at *their* meetings. At ours we had a great time. We played Elvis' records and danced at my home—we had more fun. And we had just about as many boys as girls, too. Since then, the fan club has grown to more than 3000 members. Not all from Dallas, either, or even Texas. We have members all over. The only trouble is that now we can't have meetings any more—there's no place we can get big enough to hold us and our Presley records.

I would like to say here, (for the benefit of any parents who might think otherwise) that ninety-five per cent of my 3000 club members are from nice, stable families, and attend church regularly. The juvenile delinquent and/or neurotic teenager hates Elvis Presley with a vengeance, for Elvis is a symbol of success, the epitome of all that they are not!! The boys who *do* like him (and there are plenty of them) are usually good-looking, and have no girl-problems to bother them. The very few girls who don't dig Elvis are such a minority as to be unworthy of discussion. I personally think that by and large most of them are from very strict homes, where any type of hero-worship would be frowned upon.

Most adults haven't forgotten their own days of swooning and screaming over Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, etc. I think they might go a point further and recall the Shimmy, Blackbottom, Charleston, Big Apple and Jitter-bug dances of their day, and decide that what we call the “Bop” isn't too far out of line! For everybody is doing what we call the “Presley Bop”—here in Dallas.

Why we scream for Elvis

I think the music of Elvis Presley hit the kids when rebellion was ripe. This is the atomic age—everything has taken on a streamlined look—everything but music. As we drive along in our streamlined cars, live in our ultra-modern homes, paint our fingernails green and dye our hair pink, we sit back in all this modernism, and listen to 1924 jazz as if it were the latest innovation in music! To us younger generation this is for the birds! Maybe jazz has some nostalgic meaning for our parents, but right now it means a double zero to us. Just as we wouldn't like to drive a 1924 automobile, or wear flapper-type clothes.

I really believe that the complete hypnotic spell that Elvis seems to weave over the teen-agers, with his dynamic singing and dancing, is of our own making. Elvis said recently, “I don't understand why they scream like that, but I hope they never stop.” I think Elvis is our cry for self-expression—our denial that we are to be seen and not heard! Even with Elvis, this may be the reason he sings with such force and feeling. But most of the kids scream when he sings and dances, for they are joining in *his* cry for self-expression. We can't get up and sing like Elvis, but we can shout “Amen!!” Elvis says he can't sing as well without an audience like that. When anyone gives it what Elvis gives it, he needs someone to say “We understand how you feel, for we feel the same way.”

Ten things Kay found out about ELVIS that aren't generally known

(1) He doesn't look mean, up close.

(2) He says “Yes, ma'am,” and “Yes, sir.” He's very polite.

(3) He wants to be in pictures more than anything else.

(4) He is building a swimming pool at his home in Memphis.

(5) He doesn't drink or smoke or commit any of the other “various crimes” of which he's accused.

(6) His home is constantly besieged by kids, wanting to come in.

(7) He is much better looking than his pictures.

(8) He is very fair, but photographs rather dark.

(9) He usually looks very preoccupied.

(10) He may get mad at me for telling these things about him! (Please don't, Elvis!)

How I got to meet Elvis

Well, it was three months ago that I met Elvis. I had to travel over 350 miles (Texas is a big place, in case you didn't know) from Dallas to San Antonio. I flew—scared to death all the way because it was my first time, but feeling like the luckiest girl in the world. I had written to Elvis' personal manager, Col. Parker, and in my purse I had a crumpled telegram that would permit me backstage. I can think of no more awe-inspiring moment than driving up in front of the Municipal Auditorium there, and seeing those thousands of kids trooping in. Knowing that I would be one among very few who would get to meet and talk to him, gave me the weakest knees I've ever had!! Thank goodness I had a girl friend with me! As usual, I needed to be held up!

Inside, someone told me that Elvis was in his dressing room, and pointed to a door, telling me I could go on in. I *know* that I stared at that door knob for ten minutes! People pushed and shoved; brushed past me, and gave me dirty looks; but I was olivious to every thing except that *Elvis Presley* was behind that door! It is hard to express my feelings . . . it was sort of a numbness . . . an inexplicable dread, as if he couldn't be all that I expected. Somehow, I opened the door, and entered the room. There were quite a few people in there, but I never saw anyone but Elvis. This will sound silly, I know, but he seemed to *glitter,* like something *unearthly;* the people around became a mass of nothingness. I may have looked calm, but I was petrified. I practically *sneaked* into a corner and stood there, hoping I wouldn't be seen. But Elvis' eyes caught mine, looked away, came back—only the thousands of other Presley fans can imagine what it did to me. Then he grinned at me, and walked over, and leaned toward me and whispered, “What do you want me to do?” And my girl friend appeared out of nowhere with her flash-bulb camera and started taking pictures right and left.

Well, as I say, if I had been in full possession of my senses I suppose I would have screamed and fainted, but since I was too numb to really know where I was, I just started laughing and talking to Elvis. It was very easy, too. He's a little shy, I would say, but at the same time self-confident and not the least bit self-conscious. In fact, he seemed completely unaware that all the hub-bub and the confusion, the crowd, the cameras, were over him and because of him!

At one point he said to me, “Kay, they're all telling me to cut my hair.”

“Don't you do that,” I told him. I told him all the girls in Dallas were wearing the Elvis bob now, with the sideburns and everything. (It looks real cute.) And his hair is so distinctive this way—it would be a real concession to being ordinary to cut it. “If you want to do something to it,” I suggested, “why don't you dye it blonde?”

“Now, that would give them something

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OF EGGS AND DOUGH

Jackie Gleason seated himself at the table in Shor's and ordered a Bloody Mary. "Waiter," he said, then pointed to the knives, forks and plates, "remove all these things which interfere with my free style of drinking." Gleason mentioned his new "millions." "I keep nothing from that dough," he said. "It's good only for your credit." He spoke of the old days. He'd worked at the Miami Club in Newark, where he studied a mobster who wore a diamond ring. "I watched how he handled the ring finger, to learn—just in case I ever got rich enough to buy a ring," he said. Once, in a cheap hotel room, David Tough, a drummer, urged him to buy an iron. "You can press your suit and also fry eggs on it," said the drummer. Gleason bought an iron for $1.98. He pressed his suit with it. Then he tried to fry two eggs on it. The eggs stuck on the iron. He couldn't get them off. He phoned the drummer's room. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the musician. "Before you start frying eggs on the iron, call Harry and get some trombone oil."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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to talk about, wouldn't it?" he chuckled. He looked at me a minute and then gave me the most exciting compliment I ever got. "You are a very intelligent girl," he said.

The face of Apollo

Anyway, he gives them enough to talk about. His personal appearance is rather startling. His clothes are of unusual color combinations, such as green, purple and blue; or pink, green and black. But the most unusual thing about him is—his face. I once saw a whole crowd of girls clustered around a display window of the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Dallas. I went over and saw that they were staring at a bronze bust of Apollo, the ancient symbol of youth and beauty, a copy of one by a Greek sculptor. And the reason for the excitement was simple—the bust of Apollo looks exactly like Elvis Presley! If you don't believe it, look up a picture. Or just see Elvis. Close up, he is fantastically good-looking. If I saw him walking down the street and didn't know who he was, I'd say, "Who is that movie star?" If he'd never sung a note, and I just met him somewhere, I'd have flipped anyway. He's too good looking not to.

We stayed around talking a while more —and as I told you—all of a sudden, he kissed me (!) and then Elvis went on stage to sing.

To be backstage at a Presley performance is really an experience. Elvis is the only person who is completely relaxed and unworried. He goes about laughing, drinking cokes, shaking hands, and giving autographs while out front, there are 6000 kids waiting breathlessly. As the time draws on for the *show* to start. there is a quiet; like the hush before a storm. Then Elvis walks out and the dam breaks!! All the pent-up emotions and disappointments evaporate, for Elvis is one of them! He sings 'Heartbreak Hotel" or "Blue Suede Shoes" (but he is really saying "I understand; I was where you are six months ago."). All the unleashed emotion in his song and dance is so primitive, so honest, that to criticize him seems unfair. We do not say that an abstract painting is bad, simply because we cannot understand it.

I would like to quote from some of the fan letters I have received: "I think he is the most wonderful person in all the world." Oh, please try to get him to come to Dallas; I've got to see him." "I'm going to study to be a good stenographer, so I can work for Elvis." "I would be his self-appointed slave, and even shine his shoes." "I have a picture of him that monopolizes all my time!" "I saw him in Ft. Worth and I almost died." "When I see him, I know I'll faint!" And on and on they go.

In love with Elvis

We teenagers understand him, and we comprise his audiences. I believe that many of his female fans imagine themselves madly in love with him. They may be; and I'm afraid he doesn't quite know how much he means to them. He has become a part of their existence; their hopes and dreams; their ideals. If he should marry any time in the near future, it might be disastrous for his career. (I may be wrong; others have survived it!)

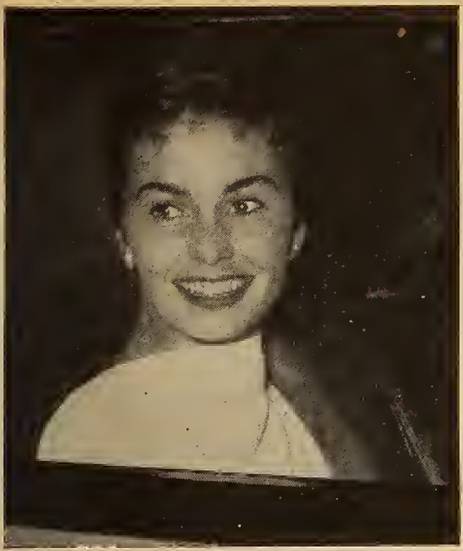
Even the die-hards are admitting that Elvis has a good baritone voice. It might interest the people who are trying to get Rock and Roll music banned to know that we do not consider Elvis a Rock and Roll singer. He has sung many more Western and ballad type songs than R and R. I have all of his records, and out of them all, he has only five or six of the latter type. Ban Rock and Roll and you won't hurt Elvis! He would be a bigger hit (if that is possible) singing pop music anyway!

Elvis' fame is so sudden, and so great that anyone connected with him seems to get a kind of glamour. Since I started the fan club, I have had a newspaper writeup; was on a television show, and have been asked to sign a contract to appear in a movie. I am recognized frequently, and sign autographs, just like a real celebrity. I lead a pretty hectic life, for someone who just innocently started a fan club for an "unknown singer!"

All this is very exciting, and it's a part of my life I'll never, never forget. But there isn't much question about the *most* exciting part of it. You remember how calm I was all through that day with Elvis? Well, I got home the next night and started telling people about it—the phone never stopped ringing. And at 2 o'clock the next morning, they *rushed me to the hospital* because I had collapsed! The first thing I heard when I opened my eyes again, was the doctor talking. "Inability to relax," he was saying, "due to nervous exhaustion!"

Well! Wouldn't you? **END**

Kay wrote on this snap: "Elvis at the organ in San Antonio." He goes for organ music.



She goes to London,
she visits the Queen,
but best of all

JEAN COMES HOME TO 'ARRY'S

■ Jean Simmons, resplendent in turquoise satin ball gown and ermine stole, sank gratefully into the luxurious rear seat of the sleek Rolls Royce limousine and sighed happily as she linked her gloved arm through that of her husband.

"Wasn't it wonderful, darling?" she murmured, as the car glided silently from the curb and made its way through the quiet streets of London after midnight. "And the Queen . . . wasn't she marvelous? So beautiful. So . . . so . . . well, queenly."

Stewart Granger smiled down at his wife.

"You didn't do so badly yourself, my girl," he praised. "I've never seen a better curtsy."

Jean grinned impishly at him. "That's the only trouble with Command Performances," she sighed. "Having to curtsy."

She pressed her nose eagerly to the car window and gazed intently at the passing scene. Conversation was forgotten now as she looked for landmarks of her youth, and Granger, appreciating his wife's pleasure in being back in London after six years in Hollywood, smiled quietly at her obvious pleasure.

"There's Marble Arch," she murmured, as the car turned from Hyde Park and headed toward the suburbs where little Marilyn Jean Simmons had grown up. "And there's the swimming baths." A few moments silence, and then, unbelieving, "Oh gosh, there's the first cinema I ever went to."

It was almost as though she were talking to herself, and gradually Granger's heavy eyes closed and the hum of her happy voice receded into the background.

Suddenly there was a screeching of tires, a slamming of brakes, and as the big Rolls slithered to a standstill Granger was aware of Jean's voice crying "Stop! Please Stop!"

"What's the matter," he shouted. "What's happened?"

Jean was already fumbling with the door handle as the driver, as mystified as Granger, struggled from his seat to assist her. Simultaneously, both realized that Jean was laughing as she pointed to a tiny, ill-lit shop above which twinkled, in dirty yellow electric lights, the sign, "Harry's Fish & Chips."

"It's 'Arry's," she giggled in mock Cockney. "'Arry's. Where I had my very first fish and chips. I'd forgotten all about it, and then, suddenly, there it was. Come on, Jimmy. We've got to get some."

In vain Granger protested that anything further to eat seemed rather unnecessary in view of the fact that they had only just finished a buffet supper that included such delicacies as caviar, smoked salmon and cherries jubilee, and a very puzzled driver scratched his head as he slipped back into the comfort of the Rolls and watched the satin-clad Miss Simmons and immaculately tail-coated Mr. Granger disappear into the greasy, smoky interior of 'Arry's.

How long he dozed was hard to say, but Granger's "Wake up, ole boy" roused him in time to see his stellar passengers happily settled back in the car munching their fish and chips. Fish and chips wrapped, as is the time-honored Cockney custom, in yesterday's newspapers. Jean Simmons' white gloves were stained, her lipstick smeared, and traces of fish clung to the gown that had been so elegant when she curtsied to her sovereign. But her smile was rapturous.

"Now I know I'm home, Jimmy," she murmured.

OPPORTUNITY MART

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—To $5 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Glendale, Calif., Dept. 19610-C.

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Fascinating work at home! No selling! We pay you! Truart, Box 438, Pasadena, Calif.

Sew Baby Shoes at home. No canvassing. $40.00 WEEKLY possible. Write: Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 1, Ohio.

$2.00 Hourly possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. CROWN INDUSTRIES, 8507-A West Third, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

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SAVE 50% ON VITAMINS—Buy direct from manufacturer. Free catalog lists over 60 Vitamin formulas. Write: Foods Plus, Dept. 70, 62 West 45th Street. New York 36, N. Y.

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FREE—BIG NEW WHOLESALE CATALOG! Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances. Order Christmas cards etc. Also make money selling part time! WRITE: Evergreen Studios, Box 846-q, Chicago 42, Ill.

SPARETIME ADDRESSERS MAKE $25.00 - $50.00 WEEKLY. Details Free. GLENWAY, Box 656B, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SEW our ready cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy, Profitable. HANKY APRONS, Ft. Smith 2, Ark.

Wedding invitations—100 for $8.50. Outstanding selection of Plain and Fancy Invitations, gold or silver decorations. Free Catalog of unique bridal accessories. Write for Free Samples. Elaine Creations, Dept. CC-10, Box B24, Chicago 42, Illinois.

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PREPARE ADVERTISING LETTERS. Mail to our name lists. $50 weekly posible. Adams, 11603-A Paramount, Downey, Calif.

MAKE $25-$50 Week, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some worth $5.00 each. Particulars free. National, 81-C, Knickerbocker Station, New York.

Earn SPARE TIME CASH Mailing advertising Literature. GLENWAY, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

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FOUR fine studio portraits, with bonus gift — life story of great star, JAMES DEAN!

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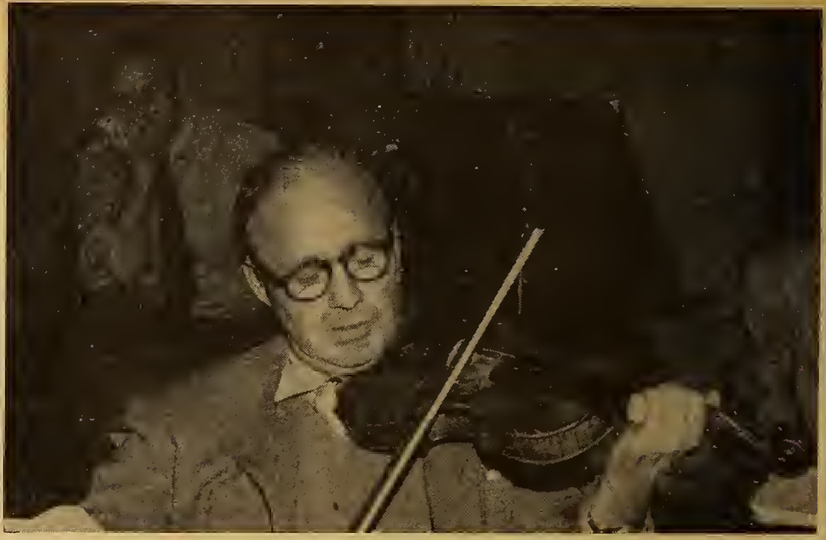
OF A MILLION WOMEN...
Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY
SYRINGE FOR WOMEN
$3.50 *at Drug Counters Everywhere*

FREE BOOKLET. MARVEL CO. 6010D East Street. New Haven, Conn

TV's Most Fashionable
Women
Jack Benny's Violin
Concert
Joseph Cotten's Accent
are part of this month's

TV TALK



Jack Benny's serious about his violin concert, and wishes his friends would be too.

Jack Benny's a little annoyed because no one will take his violin concert in Carnegie Hall seriously. He's doing it for charity, he's going to play seriously and at length, and he is taking it very seriously. But for months, whenever he's mentioned the occasion, other people have laughed and figured Jack would just deadpan his way through a short, hilarious rendition of "Love In Bloom" and let it go at that. Not at all. It's frustrating, sometimes, to be a comic: They laugh at you when you're dead serious. Jack's had that trouble with **George Burns** for years, you know. They're the oldest and closest of friends, but to this day Jack has trouble being solemn around George. George starts laughing the minute Jack walks into the room—"I just think he's the funniest man in the world," he says—and can't stop . . . **Bea Lillie** really does wear those hats of hers all the time. With street dresses and with evening dresses, off stage and on, Bea always has a little toque perched on the back of her straight, sleek hairdo. And, although her figure is not as svelte as it once was—especially around the middle—she ignores the fact and still blithely wears formfitting gowns, some of them splashed with big bright flowers that hardly minimize any figure faults. She's always liked mixing dramatic colors, and she doesn't intend to switch to a more matronly black or navy blue at this, or any other, stage of the game . . . Add **June Havoc** to the list of show business personalities writing their autobiographies. From all reports, it will be a frank account of her life, stressing the days she had to earn her keep by competing in dance marathons. (Once upon a time, show biz biographies glossed over the subjects' life; now they apparently have to show a seamy side before they sell—like Jim Bishop's *The Golden Ham* about **Jackie Gleason,** and **Rocky Graziano's** *Somebody Up There Likes Me.*) June's sister, **Gypsy Rose Lee,** is an old hand at the typewriter, of course (*The G-String Murders*), but this is June's first go at it . . . **Hermione Gingold's** figure is amazingly youthful. She can —and does—wear evening clothes slashed to the waist in back and decolleté elsewhere—and looks as youthful as an ingénue in them . . . **Nina Foch's** wedding band is one of the most original we've ever seen. It's a very narrow rickrack of gold with little pearls set in the curves—delicate, sweet, and smart . . . Three ladies of TV who look younger off screen than on: **Judith Evelyn, Mildred Dunnock,** and **Eileen Heckart.** None of them ever seems to get parts where they can be stylish; they usually play neurotics or blind or browbeaten women or impoverished ladies (even when "Heckie" gets to impersonate a "good old girl," it's nearly always a *poor* good old girl). But, in person, all three are quite chic. Judith Evelyn goes in for soft pastels and lacy, fuzzy materials that enhance her very handsome figure. Miss Dunnock looks like a trim little gypsy—sleek, but with a dash or two of brilliant color for a dramatic accent. "Heckie," who must be the only actress in the world who photographs thinner than she really is, likes rich, simple suits—and looks so pretty in them that many of her fans don't recognize her . . . **Faye Emerson** has stopped using that mouth-full-of-potatoes accent that she affected for a while . . . Incidentally, **Joseph Cotten** wins our prize for the TV performer with the weirdest voice. You've undoubtedly noticed how he always sounds as if he needs to clear his throat, but have you caught some of his pronunciations? He recently referred to himself as a "*mah*ster of ceremonies." They don't carry the broad A that far in the House of Lords . . . **Geraldine Page** still doesn't care much about clothes. Her mother tried for years to get Gerry to spruce up and take an interest in her appearance; she herself was quite stylish. But Gerry still pads around town in scuffed-up flat-heeled shoes; an old black coat, and a scarf tied around her head. Her family, incidentally, never appreciated Gerry's interviews that stressed her struggling days as a to-be-discovered actress. Her mother (who is now dead) and her father would cringe a little when they read how Gerry went without lunch so she could buy a certain theatre magazine and then had only ice cream for dinner. Her father was, and is, a well-to-do Chicago businessman, easily able to take care of his daughter. But Gerry wanted to be on her own . . . The kids who go to the same Greenwich Village school that **Arthur Miller's** children attend are all agog at the mere thought that Marilyn Monroe just might attend a parents' meeting . . . Have you noticed how much **Anthony Franciosa** sounds and even looks like **Burt Lancaster?** It's uncanny . . . You've read about the reams of clothes that **Dorothy Kilgallen** takes with her when she covers a story like the Coronation or the Kelly-Rainier wedding; it usually sounds as though she has more than the bride. Dorothy packs just as many bags when she and Dick go off on a strictly-for-pleasure trip. They enjoy the formal, dressed-up life, and you can bet that they do very little roughing-it or getting-away-from-it-all . . . Here's a good indication of how well TV covers baseball: The players themselves when they're not out on the field, often leave the dugout and go down to the control room. There the pitchers watch the batters on the other team and the batters case the pitchers' techniques. They can see more, they say, on a TV screen than they can from the dugout . . . **Patsy Kelly** and **Tallulah Bankhead** became very good friends when Patsy showed up on some of Tallulah's TV shows a few seasons back. She's now moved in with Tallu and serves as a sort of secretary and all-around joking companion. There's hardly a room in Tallulah's place, incidentally, that doesn't have a telephone. She loves to talk on the phone, and thinks nothing of calling people in their busy offices and hanging on the line for hours . . . **Pearl Bailey,** her husband, and their adopted baby moved out of their Greenwich Village garden apartment, and **Earle Hyman** took it over. Pearlie Mae had done a terrific job of remodeling and landscaping, so Earle was set from the start. Earle is quite a wonderful person and you'd see more of him on TV, by the way, if it weren't for two factors: 1) Few acting parts are made available to Negroes, and 2) He much prefers the theatre. Earle is one of the most serious young actors around . . . **Mary Martin's** letter-writing style is just what you'd expect from such a joyful person. It's full of dashes and exclamation points. The only thing surprising is her penmanship. She crosses all her t's with a firm, downward stroke, and the loops on her lower-case y's and j's are long, long, long. Those are supposed to be signs of a worrying or pessimistic nature . . . There are all sorts of jokes around New York about how **David Wayne** is playing it smart by renting a house from a drama critic and columnist. You can guess their gist: If the critic doesn't praise Wayne, the actor will scratch a coffee table and break a few springs in a chair. We have no new gags, but we do know that the Waynes are the best tenants ever; the house is in better shape than when they moved in . . . **Walt Kelly,** the creator of "Pogo"—and the light touch in NBC's convention coverage—has been trying to be a TV star for a long time. He'd done a little television work before the conventions, but this was his big chance at last. If he can project just a smidgin of his real-life personality, he could be a TV star forever. Walt isn't funny merely when he's drawing "Pogo." He's hilarious, in a soft-voiced way, all the time; you sit waiting for him to talk because you know, when he does, it's going to be delightful. He's also one of the best barroom tenors in town.

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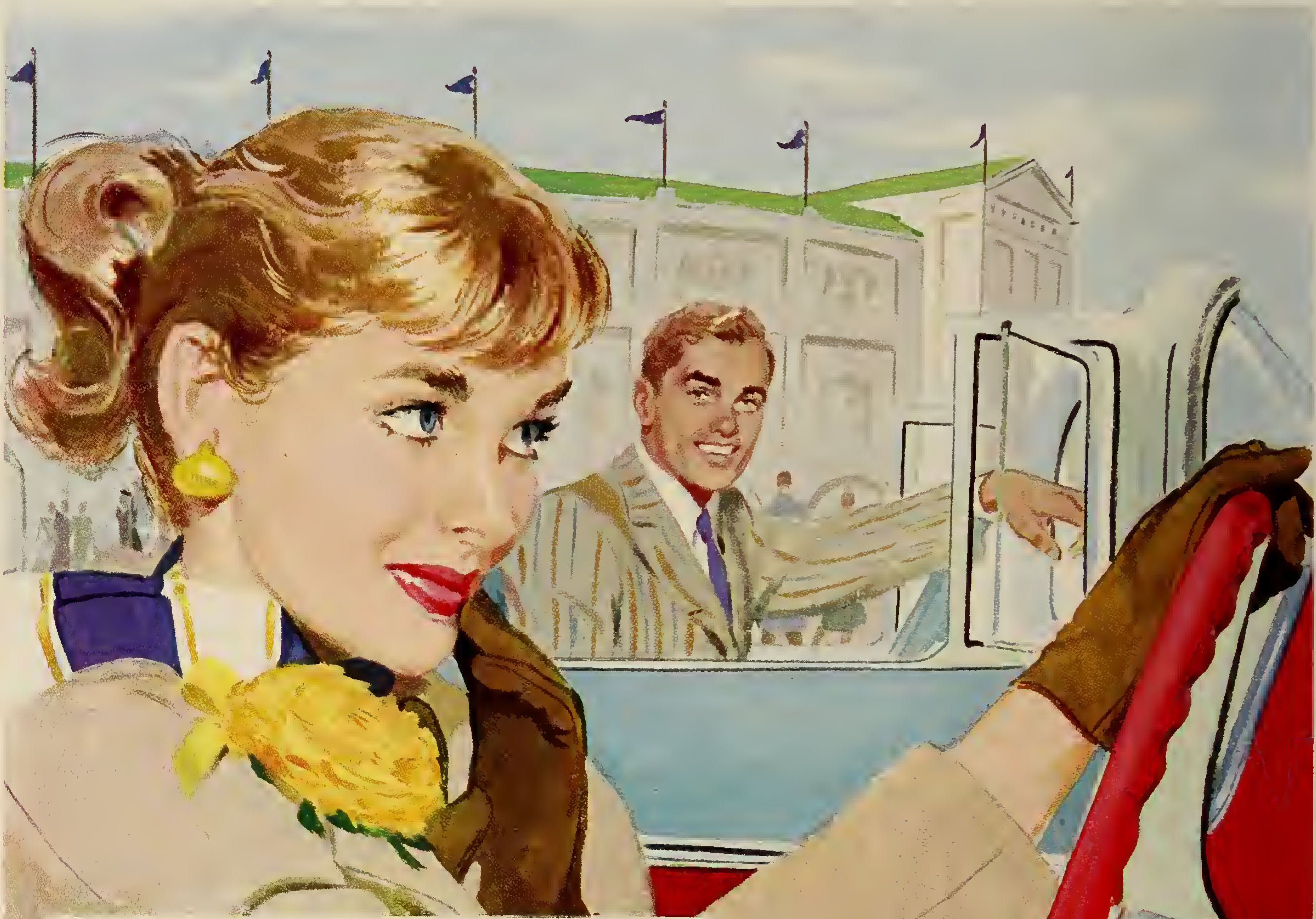
ANET LEIGH: My Feelings During Childbirth

You're Prettier than you think you are!

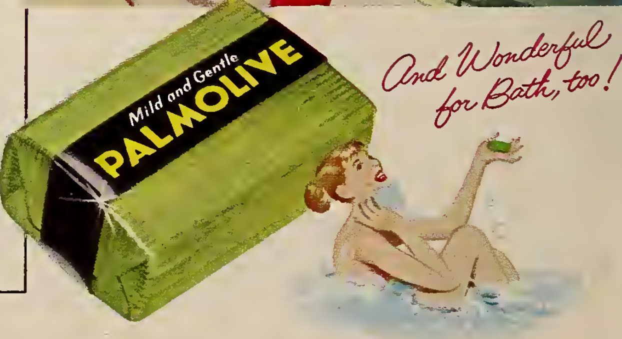
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Deeper !

1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! *After ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream, rub your face hard with a cotton pad. Smudge on pad is hidden dirt you've left behind. It hides your natural prettiness!*

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! *Test again after washing the Palmolive way. Pad stays snowy-white . . . proving that mild and gentle Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper . . . without irritation!*



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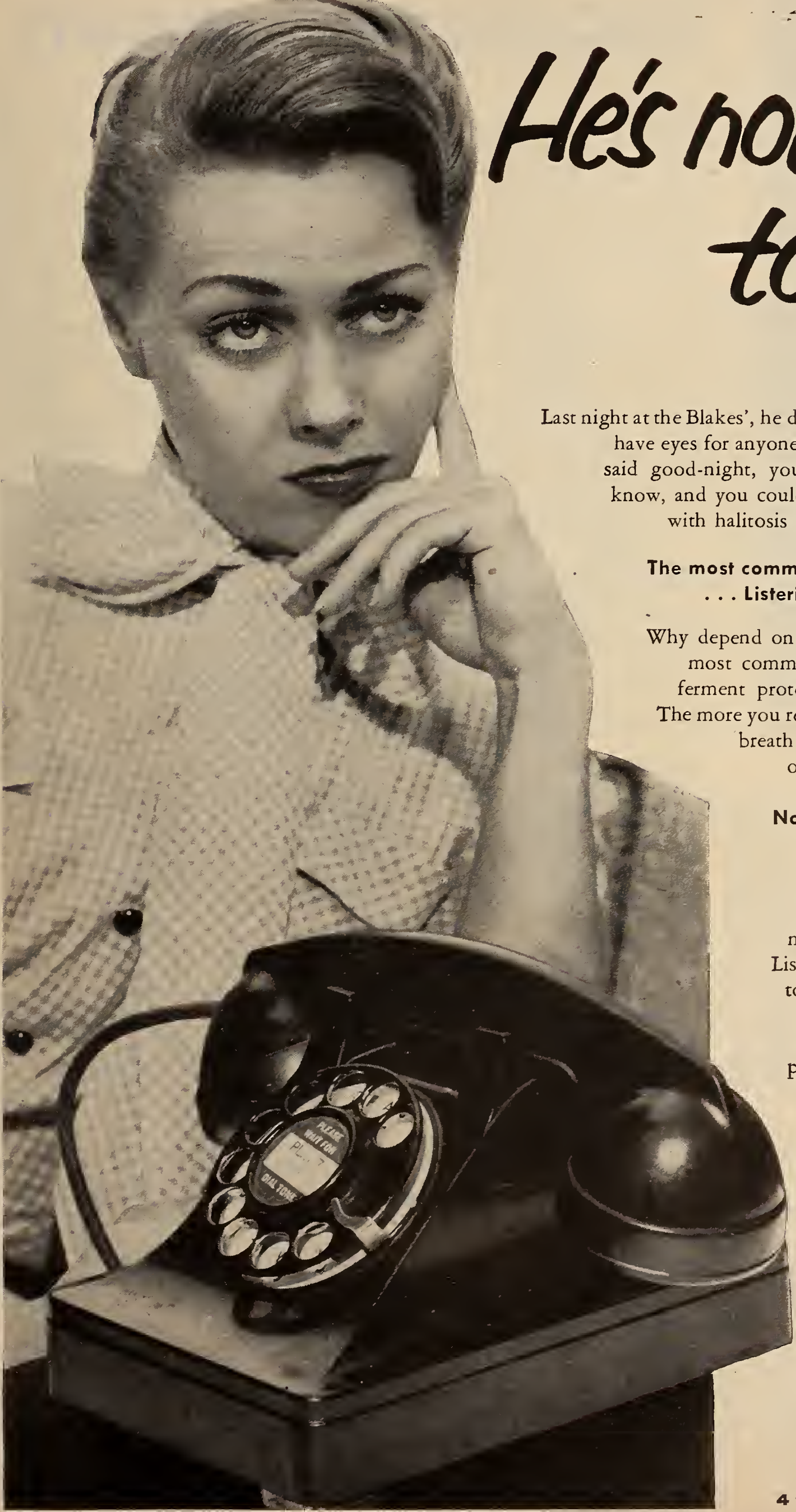
Go to bed, Stubborn . . .

He's not going to call!


PLEASE WAIT FOR DIAL TONE

Last night at the Blakes', he danced attendance on you. He didn't have eyes for anyone else . . . for a while. But when you said good-night, you'd already lost him. You didn't know, and you couldn't know the reason why. People with halitosis (bad breath) never do.

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November, 1956

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*Color portrait of Marilyn Monroe on the cover by Jacques Lowe. Marilyn can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *Bus Stop*. Other photographers' credits on page 70.

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as the Wife
Joan Collins
as the Flirt
Dolores Gray
as the Gossip
Ann Sheridan
as the Career Girl
Ann Miller
as the Chorus Girl

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that MGM plans to remake *Anna Christie*, the great Greta Garbo starrer, into a musical entitled *A Saint I Ain't?* —K. F., N. Y. C.

A. *Yes, that is the tentative working title. Doris Day is penciled in for the lead.*

Q. Can you reveal the maiden name of Diana Dors? —J.N., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Diana Fluck.*

Q. Doesn't Elvis Presley have a girl friend hidden away at Stephens College in Columbia, Mo.? —V.B., St. Louis, Mo.

A. *Yes! Her name is Carola Joseph.*

Q. Is it true that her subjects in Monaco consider Princess Grace Kelly a snob? —E.H., Troy, N.Y.

A. *No, they are merely disappointed. They expected a great flood of Americans to visit Monaco and patronize Monte Carlo this year. Attendance at the gaming tables has been surprisingly slim.*

Q. Did Howard Hughes ever give Debra Paget a five-carat diamond ring? If so, why doesn't she wear it? —N.Y., Newark, N.J.

A. *Debra has returned the ring to Mr. Hughes.*

Q. Is Tony Perkins, the new Paramount star, going steady with Elaine Aiken? —B.T., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *They are close friends.*

Q. How much does Sal Mineo earn per week? —S.T., Louisville, Ky.

A. *$1000.*

Q. Is Dean Martin's wife pregnant again? Incidentally, who is Jerry Lewis' new partner? —F.B., Miami, Fla.

A. *Mrs. Martin is again pregnant; Jerry's new partner is Darren McGavin, a talented actor from Spokane. They will be seen together for the first time in* The Delinquent.

Q. What ever happened to Peter Lawford and Elaine Stewart? —B.T., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Lawford is working in night clubs; Stewart has gone to U-I for* The Tattered Dress.

Q. Is Mario Lanza broke? —C.V., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Just about.*

Q. Hasn't Natalie Wood secretly been going with director Nick Ray, who secretly has been going with Shelley Winters? —A.N., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Natalie and Nick are new friends; Nick and Shelley are old friends.*

Q. Recently I saw some nude pictures of Anita Ekberg in a magazine. Isn't there a rule in Hollywood that players can't pose in the nude? —H.F., Cheyenne, Wyo.

A. *They cannot appear nude in motion pictures. There are no rules concerning still photographs in magazines.*

Q. I've been told that Audrey Hepburn can't have any children—true? —M.D., London, Eng.

A. *No.*

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor secretly in love with Montgomery Clift? Isn't that the real reason for her separation from Mike Wilding?—V. N., Newton, Mass.

A. *Liz says no.*

Q. Does Jeff Chandler dye his hair iron-grey? —S.L., Boston, Mass.

A. *No; he is prematurely grey.*

Q. In the picture *Trapeze*, did Tony Curtis really do the triple somersault? —H.G., Hyannis, Mass.

A. *No.*

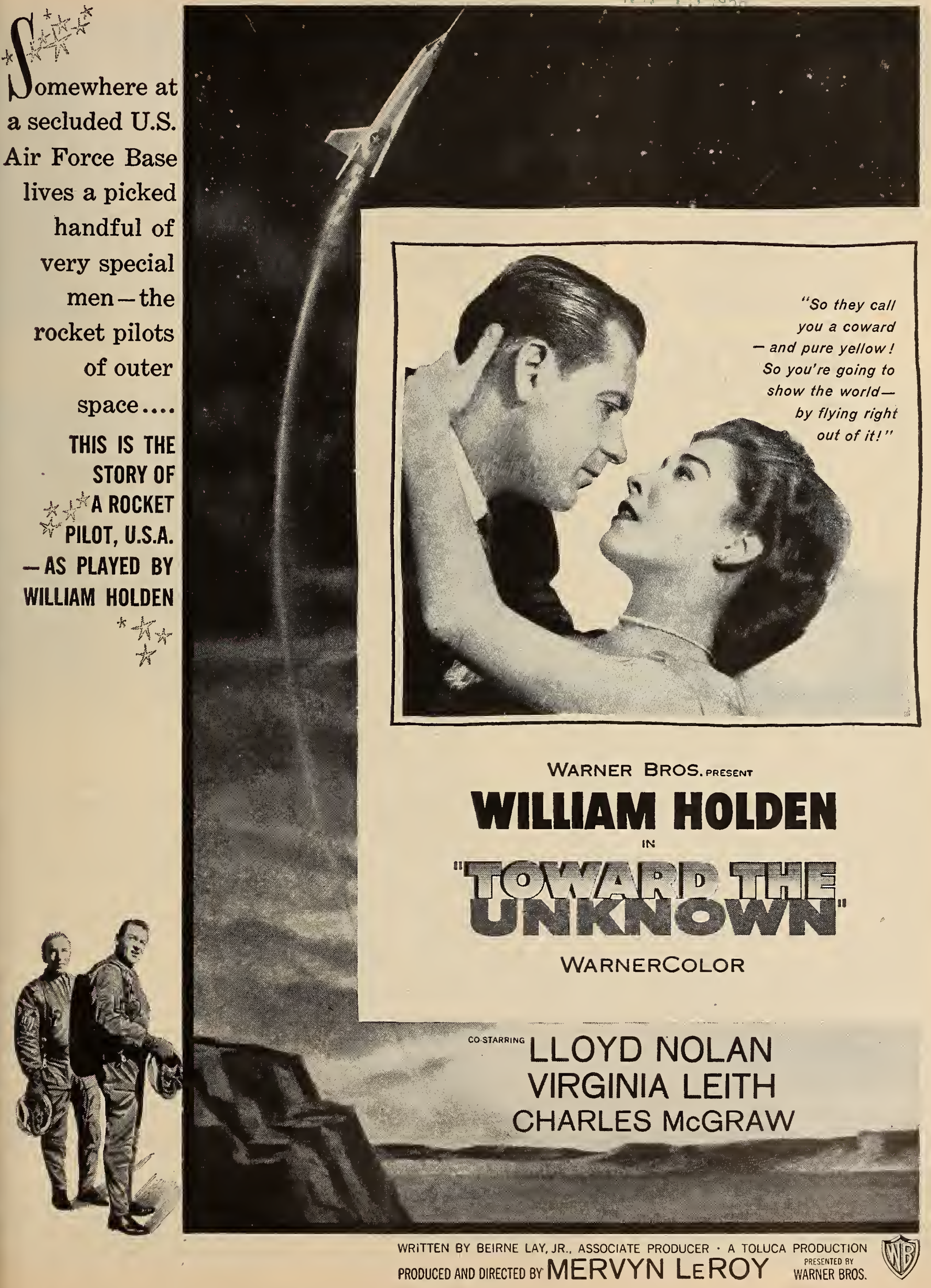
Q. Is the Ava Gardner-Walter Chiari affair serious? —O.B., Ft. Worth, Tex.

A. *Not to Ava.*

Q. Has Jane Powell left MGM for good after fourteen years? —K.L., Seattle, Wash.

A. Jane must do three pictures in three years for MGM; is no longer under exclusive contract there.

NOV 19 1956



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VIRGINIA LEITH
CHARLES McGRAW

WRITTEN BY BEIRNE LAY, JR., ASSOCIATE PRODUCER · A TOLUCA PRODUCTION
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY MERVYN LeROY PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

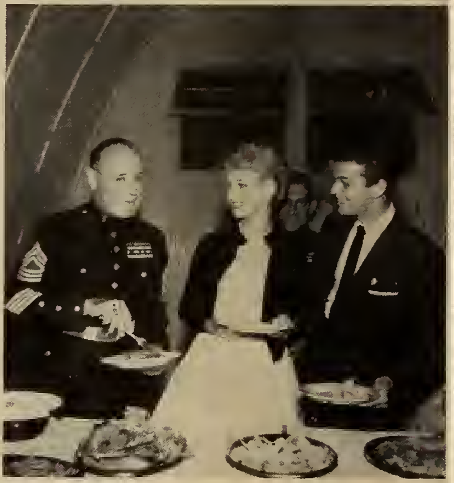
WB

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

I'm back from abroad to catch up with all the latest doings of my Hollywood friends—and what a month this has been!

All of us are upset about the brawl that occurred at the party given for Diana Dors.



And this is Russ and Venetia at the same USO affair—and not only I, but the servicemen thought Venetia made the best impression!

A SPLASH I DIDN'T LIKE! I don't know the "inside" on the **Diana Dors-Dennis Hamilton** party debacle. And I don't want to.

The "outgo" of it all was just a lot of bad publicity for Hollywood.

It's been hinted that it was a "publicity stunt." This, I refuse to believe. Hollywood hasn't needed to resort to such deplorable publicity tactics in years.

There's nothing funny about four people, Diana, her husband Dennis, stylist Howard Shoup and agent Louis Shurr, being pushed into the shallow end of a swimming pool where any of them might have struck a head against the tile steps or rim.

I'm a newspaper woman and I know newspaper men and photographers. I've seen them covering many parties in my time and I don't believe one of them would resort to such practices to get a good "shot."

They are now blaming a mysterious man, possibly a gate crasher "in a blue suit," who may be responsible for the cruelly mischievous stunt of pushing four people into a pool.

But the man who got the blame for it and who took a bad beating at the hands of Dennis Hamilton, plus a few kicks from Diana, is a well-known and respected cameraman.

It's shocking that such a brawl took place.

FLOWER-GIRL AUDREY. It's always interesting to hear one story told by two people.

Robert Helpman said that when he was with the Sadler Wells Ballet in Arnheim, Holland, he was told to get the troupe out in a hurry because the Germans were marching into Holland. He said a small girl—and he was getting ready to throttle her—presented an armful of roses to the directress of the ballet, and that small girl, said Bob, was **Audrey Hepburn.** When I told Audrey about it, she laughed and said the directress powdered her nose, combed her hair, came out and appeared in no hurry. "I was just ten years old, and that night the Germans marched into Holland and we all went out on a British battleship."

JUNE ALLYSON and **DICK POWELL** invited me to attend their 11th anniversary party when I was in Paris. It was a delightful and intimate dinner at *Maxim's*.

Dick's gift to June was a beautiful diamond pin. "And I'm not going to pin it on a Peter Pan collar," June laughed. "Girls who get diamonds don't wear Peter Pans."

JULIE ADAMS and **RAY DANTON** were told that it may be twins. "Won't it be wonderful to have co-*stars*?" cracked Ray.

IF SPANKING YOUNG LADIES hadn't gone out of style—or is it against the law?—I'd like to take a good old-fashioned paddle to **Joi Lansing** for that dress she wore to the USO benefit première of *Hold Back The Night* for the Marines at Camp Pendleton. Somewhere in this department is a picture of the dress (or lack of it). I hope other starlets or near-stars will take a good look and know what not to wear when appearing at an armed forces base.

If Joi selected this dress to wear on such an occasion, she's guilty of very bad taste. If she was told to wear it under the mistaken idea that the near-nudity is "glamorous," she was very badly advised and should listen to somebody else instead.

I got a big kick out of hearing that the girl who received the most attention at this event, despite the fact that she was with her brand new husband, **Russ Tamblyn**, was **Venetia Stevenson.** The Marines thought she was the prettiest girl at the party held after the picture.

And, just to show you what I mean, there's also a picture of Venetia printed here showing her with Russ and one of her Marine hosts—and also showing what the well-dressed starlet *should* wear when meeting Uncle Sam's servicemen. Don't you agree it's nicer?

I heard a delightful story about Audrey Hepburn when she was just a little girl in Holland. (What a doll she is in War And Peace, *too.)*

I helped June Allyson and Dick Powell celebrate their 11th wedding anniversary while I was in Paris. So many movie stars are overseas.

This is the dress I was talking about. Heaven knows we see low-cut clothes in Hollywood —but there's a time and place for everything!

This picture of Betsy Blair was taken a while back when Kerry was a little girl and Gene and Betsy were still happy—even though Betsy longed to act.

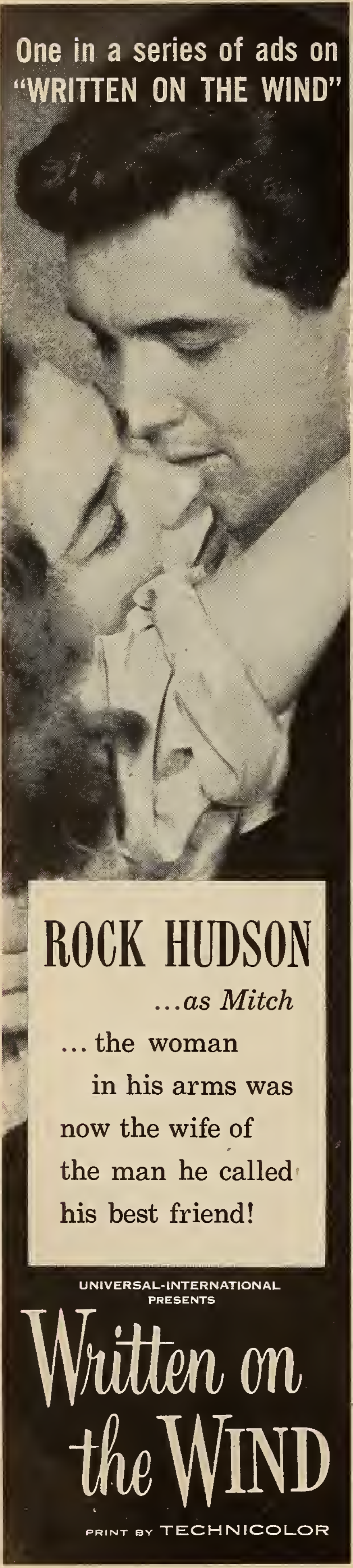
FOUR MARRIAGES END. The breakup of the sixteen-year marriage of **Gene Kelly** and **Betsy Blair** and the seventeen-year marriage of the **Bob Crosbys** were real shockers, even in Hollywood. Of course the Kellys and the Crosbys had marital arguments. All couples do. But these marriages were believed to be really solid. I hope it's true that friends of both couples believe that there's a good chance for reconciliation between Gene and Betsy and Bob and June.

It's sad to say that it's been rough going for marriages of long duration in Movietown. The **Edward G. Robinsons** parted after twenty-nine years and the **Frank** (songwriter of *Guys And Dolls* and *Most Happy Fella*) **Loessers** after twenty.

GARY COOPER PAID ME A VISIT in Paris and told me he had just spent the weekend in London. I was at the *Les Ambassadeurs* and saw Sharman Douglas having dinner with her father, former Ambassador Lewis Douglas—this time without Jack Lemmon (You'll see what I mean on page 10.) I was just about to throw a piece of bread at her when she pointed and I turned around. There sitting next to me was Princess Margaret. I don't know who she was with but I do know I gulped down the bread I was about to toss. It gave me a real kick to see her.

. . . But now that they're separated, people are blaming Betsy's career. I still think the Kelly union should be strong enough to weather Betsy's success without splitting up!

MORE ➤


One in a series of ads on "WRITTEN ON THE WIND"

ROCK HUDSON

...as Mitch

... the woman in his arms was now the wife of the man he called his best friend!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

Written on the WIND

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

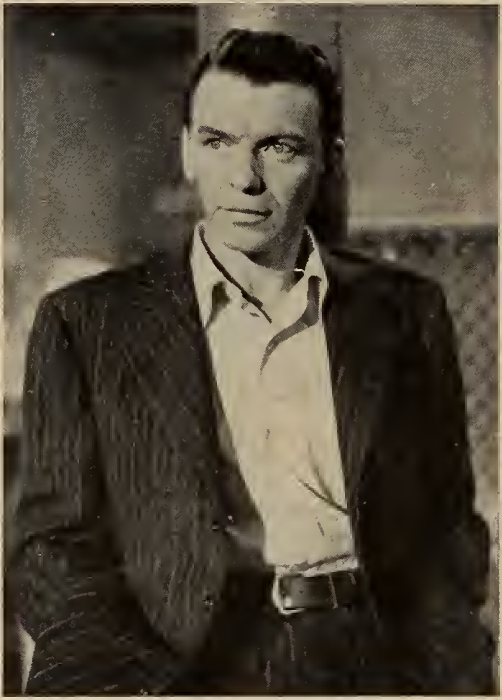
Frank Sinatra & Peggy Connolly

Piper Laurie

Don Murray

Natalie Wood

Bob Mitchum


1

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1 PERSONAL OPINIONS: By the time you read this, my bet is that the big **Frank Sinatra-Peggy Connolly** romance, about which so much has been written, will be in the deep, deep freeze. . . .

2 Laugh, I had to hold my sides. After all that derisive fuss stirred up about **Piper Laurie's** "publicity stunt" of eating flowers, a national magazine comes out with an article, "Cooking With Flowers," and reveals that **President Eisenhower** likes nasturtium stems in certain soups and **Steve Allen** goes for orchid-petal sandwiches! . . .

3 Don Murray (the bombastic cowboy opposite Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop*) is the least blasé actor in town. Sat in front of him at the "sneak" preview of *Bus Stop* and he nearly knocked himself out of his seat chortling over his antics on the screen. And when things got particularly exciting he'd let out a loud "Ha!" or two. I say—go ahead and enjoy yourself, Don, before the old ennui sets in. . . .

4 Natalie Wood has the cutest haircut in town—just "points" all around her alive little face. . . .

5 Bob Mitchum's amusing crack after witnessing a row between two disorderly gents in a London night club. "I enjoyed it immensely—particularly not being in the thick of it for the first time!"

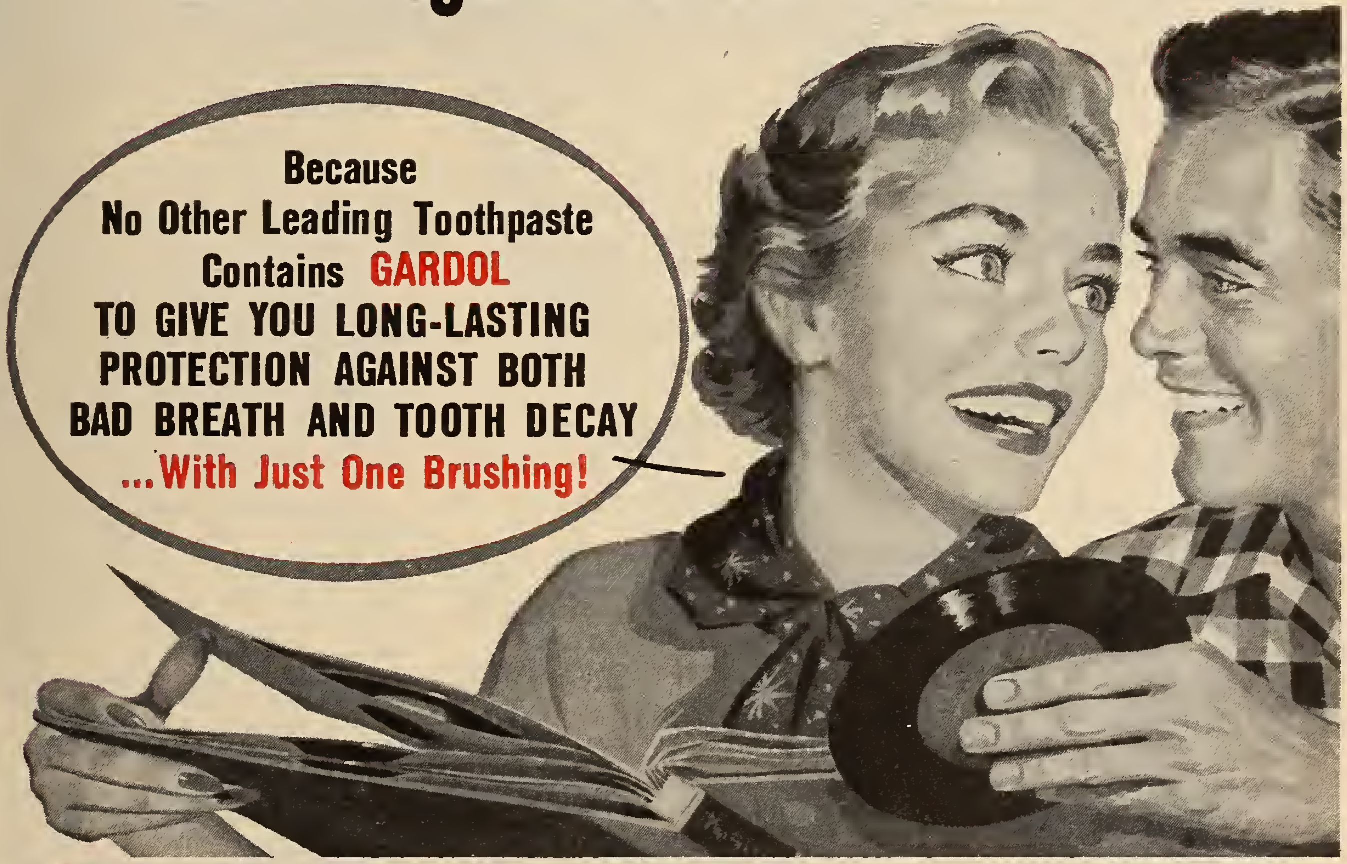
MORE ➤

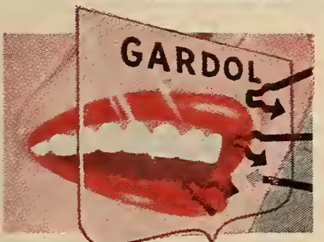
No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!


Because
No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains GARDOL
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING
PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH
BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
...With Just One Brushing!

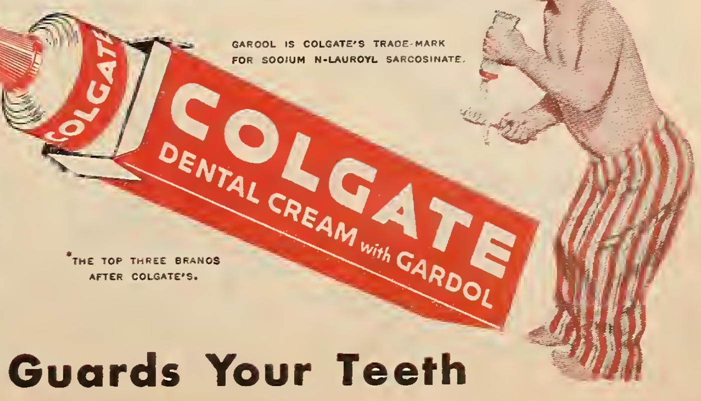


Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours —or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!


COLGATE
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

OUR LITTLE CHICK
WENT TO MARKET
(The stock market, that is)

OUR LITTLE CHICK STAYED HOME
(Remember, we didn't say
whose home!)

OUR LITTLE CHICK
HAD ROAST BEEF
(at the Stork Club, yet!)

THIS LITTLE CHICK HAD NONE
(this isn't our chick. Don't
know why she's in the ad at all)

BUT OUR LITTLE CHICK WENT
WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!
ALL THE WAY HOME IN

THE SOLID GOLD
CADILLAC

A COLUMBIA PICTURE starring

JUDY HOLLIDAY · PAUL DOUGLAS

with FRED CLARK · JOHN WILLIAMS · HIRAM SHERMAN
NEVA PATTERSON · RAY COLLINS · ARTHUR O'CONNELL
Screen Play by ABE BURROWS
From the play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & HOWARD TEICHMANN
Produced on the stage by MAX GORDON
Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Directed by RICHARD QUINE

Liz and Montgomery Clift are really raising a storm of gossip about themselves—and so soon after Liz's "trial separation" from husband Mike Wilding began. There is a story on page 28.

Liz & Monty romance?

Jack Lemmon & Sharman Douglas: sensation

Yul Brynner: comedian

Rita Hayworth: a dream

LIZ AND MONTY: About those romance rumors involving Elizabeth Taylor and Monty Clift making *Raintree County* in Danville, Kentucky—a friend of mine, who was with the troupe, reports:

"Yes, they looked like they were warming up an old and good friendship into something more romantic. Or Liz did. The studio rented beautiful old Southern homes for them right across the street from one another.

"Much to the annoyance of local hostesses who would have liked to lionize them, Liz and Monty declined and spent most of their time dining alone.

"But if you want to know what I think, even if it is a short romantic fling, it won't last. Monty is a very close friend of Mike Wilding's as well as Liz's. When she became ill in Natchez and had to go to the hospital from a bad attack of bursitis in her right shoulder and exhaustion from the heat, it was natural that Clift should spend a lot of time with her. By the way, he doesn't look or feel too well himself since that accident.

"As for Elizabeth—this beautiful creature is just plain in love with love. Monty is sympathetic and sweet—and well, I'm sure that both in their hearts know it's nothing more serious than that. But the glow around them fooled some of the natives, and maybe Liz for the moment."

THE COUPLE OF THE MONTH is Jack Lemmon and Sharman Douglas, daughter of former Ambassador Douglas, who made their first public appearance at what is to me The Party Of The Month.

I don't want to sound boastful in saying it was in my honor, but being far away from home and loved ones on a birthday, as I was in England, I was deeply touched by how many of my Hollywood friends turned out for the charming party hosted in my honor by John Haskell at the Savoy Hotel.

But, to get back to **Jack** and **Sharman**—I must say they really created a sensation when they arrived, obviously much taken with one another. I didn't see them dancing with other partners throughout the evening. (I might add that this was far from their last appearance as a romantic duo. For the rest of my stay in England the possible budding friendship between these two was much whispered, and as a serious thing.)

Getting back to the doings of the party, **Yul Brynner** and lovable old **Charlie Coburn** almost stole the show with a comedy routine they put on appearing on the bandstand. You'd never guess what a terrific sense of fun Yul has until you see him in action. He tells wonderful stories in all sorts of dialects and if he ever wanted to be an m.c. he could give Bob Hope and Jack Benny competition.

Yul is in London making *Anastasia* with Ingrid Bergman and he seldom goes out when he's working. But he flatteringly told me he wouldn't have missed my birthday party for anything, and he proved it by being one of the last to leave.

Bob Mitchum has certainly become a figure of sartorial splendor from his old sweat shirt days. *Monsieur* Mitchum was the last gasp in what the well dressed man will wear in a dinner suit of Italian silk.

Rita Hayworth looked like a dream walking, wearing a long bouffant white ball gown and an emerald necklace and bracelet. With her hair red again, she looked like a magazine cover.

She and I stole a moment for a chat and I asked her, "Rita, when are you coming home?"

"I don't know," she said. "When I finish *Fire Down Below*, I'm joining the children in Paris (they've been with Prince Aly Khan, father of Yasmine) and I plan to do absolutely nothing until I've had a rest."

I could take up much space listing many others who came to wish me a happy birthday—but I'm afraid it would take up the rest of our space.

MORE ➤

"What have you done to your hair? It's Lovely!"

SPECIAL OFFER!
PALMOLIVE Soft SHAMPOO
CP
150th ANNIVERSARY
89¢ Size
Only 59¢
NET CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ.
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE CO., NEW YORK

"I discovered New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo"

The difference is almost startling—

because Palmolive Soft Shampoo is 100% non-alkaline, agrees with the normal healthy condition of hair and scalp. Removes alkaline film that makes hair look dull and lifeless.

Regular Price 89¢
Get Acquainted Special Price 59¢
ON GIANT 12-OZ. SIZE

PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

1. How much protection can you expect of a deodorant ?
2. Do you know how to "keep cool" in a crisis ?
3. Can perspiration stains be removed from clothes ?
4. When is one bath a day more effective than two ?

Girls: When in doubt use **Arrid**—to be sure!

You're a smart young miss if you know all the answers. Even smarter if you realize that they add up to the daily use of Arrid—the most effective deodorant you can buy!

Arrid now is fortified with the magic new ingredient, Perstop.* That's why Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested, *and* the most popular deodorant, too!

1. **Be sweet and approachable** any hour, day or night. Just rub Arrid in—you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes, you're safe.

2. **It's never too hot for comfort** with Arrid. It protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. Keeps you dry and comfortable even in a crisis when your glands tend to gush perspiration.

3. **Protect your clothes with Arrid.** Perspiration *rots* fabric, *bleaches* color out. Even expert dry-cleaners can't remove these stains. Arrid controls moisture so effectively that your dresses stay sweet as new.

4. **A second bath isn't necessary** with Arrid. One a day will do. Just towel yourself dry, rub in Arrid, and you'll stay soap-and-water fragrant up to 24 hours. You can count on it!

ARRID WITH PERSTOP*

Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arrid . . . to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *continued*

Elvis: first film

Merle Oberon: misquoted

YOU-NEVER-KNOW-YOUR-LUCK. When Hal Wallis couldn't find a story for his torso-tossin' film debut, **Elvis Presley** was growing impatient. The singing-geetar player would have received $20,000 from Hal.

So, while Hal's still looking, 20th Century-Fox comes up with *The Reno Brothers* co-starring Elvis and Dick Egan—and for this little stint Presley gets a hot $100,000.

No, sir, he doesn't have to give a nickle of it to Hal. The contract Elvis has with him is "non-exclusive" and allows Presley outside pictures.

MERLE OBERON WAS IN A STATE and wrote me a long letter saying she had been wildly misquoted when she said "Hollywood is finished" and she had no intention of going back. "I own my own home in Bel Air," Merle said in her letter, "and why should I ever say anything against Hollywood? That's ridiculous."

I noticed the British press is very prone to pick up every little thing against Hollywood and write at great length on how many more people there are making pictures in London than in California. It just happens that at this moment there are more big name stars because so many of the pictures have an English background.

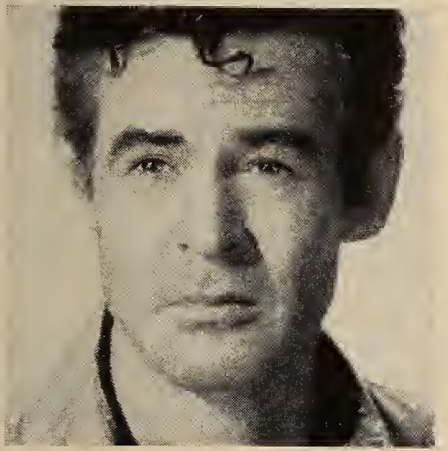
UNTIL YOU LET "TEAZY-WEAZY" do your hair, you haven't lived. I must say I never had more laughs. His real name is Raymond and he's a very wealthy man, owns race horses and any number of beauty shops. He came in from the country on a Bank Holiday to do my hair because it happened to be my birthday. He told me he was coming out to Hollywood and bringing with him all kinds of wigs for Diana Dors. "Women should wear wigs," he said. "Then they wouldn't have to sit under a dryer."

He forgot to bring his shampoo with him and couldn't get any on a Bank Holiday so he took an Alka Seltzer and mixed it with some of my soap. Nobody would believe me when I told them that Teazy-Weazy came in from the country to do my hair on a holiday. Next to being summoned by the King and Queen, this appeared to be the most important event that could happen to anyone.

MORE ➤

ONLY 5 COULD COME BACK HE'D DECIDE BECAUSE HE HELD THE GUN—

...who would you pick?



BILL—even the threat of the Jivaro headhunters couldn't touch him . . . was it too late for him to care?

RENA—a drifter, with many men in her past . . . but since the plane crashed she wanted something more.

LOUISE—a money-hungry girl who found that everyone was equal in 2 million square miles of jungle.

JOE—on the surface he had high ideals and big ideas . . . would he crack as the drums grew louder?

MARTHA and HENRY—all the good years they'd had together gave them strength to face the worst.

ELLIS—he had more money than morals but it did him no good when only courage counted.

RKO Radio Pictures presents

ROBERT RYAN · ANITA EKBERG · ROD STEIGER

BACK FROM ETERNITY

R K O RADIO PICTURES

Co-starring PHYLLIS KIRK · KEITH ANDES · GENE BARRY with FRED CLARK · BEULAH BONDI JESSE WHITE

Produced and Directed by JOHN FARROW · Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER · Music by FRANZ WAXMAN

He may not talk about your age over coffee—

but he sees it!

Tiny dry lines etch in around your eyes—make you look *older!*

is Dry Skin "middle-aging" your face?

Smooth away these "getting-older" signs with extra-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream!

Smooth out dry frown crinkles—stroke Pond's Dry Skin Cream *up* from between eyes, *out* over brows. It's *extra rich in lanolin, homogenized* so it penetrates faster, deeper.

Soften away dry crow's feet—lightly pat Pond's Dry Skin Cream around eyes. Its *special emulsifier* restores vital moisture to parched skin. Crepe-y dryness disappears!

Firm up a tired chin line—"pinch" the cream along the entire jaw. This stimulates circulation, tones up your skin. Unlike thin, runny liquids—Pond's Dry Skin Cream is rich-textured. A *big* jar—less than a dollar.

Extra Rich in

HOMOGENIZED LANOLIN

for deeper, faster softening

LANOLIN RICH
POND'S
dry skin
cream
HOMOGENIZED • RICH TEXTURED

So effective—more women use it than any other dry skin care

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*

THE LETTER BOX

I am so impressed with the following letter from Cammie Matthews *of* Fort Worth, Texas, *that I'm giving it most of the space in this department this month. Cammie writes as follows:*

"I am just back from my first trip to Hollywood. And I am appalled at the lack of attention, interest and sometimes common courtesy that the capital of the motion picture world pays to the tourist.

"To be brief there is no organization in Hollywood whose business it is to see that the tourist to Movietown is exposed to anything that will whet his (or her) enthusiasm about motion pictures.

"If we go to Washington, D. C., there are guides to take us through our legislative and executive buildings and to visit our historic sites.

"Why can't Hollywood realize that the same treatment to one tourist could result in perhaps twenty friends back home being stimulated about the new movies in production—and even more important, opening their pocketbooks to buy tickets to pictures currently showing?

"Why can't a committee be formed with representatives from each actively producing company in Hollywood to hold meetings with groups of fans (and there are hundreds of them all the time) to tell them about the important pictures—and later, conduct them through every department of a studio—including a brief visit on a set.

"The time spent in this manner would more than pay itself off in dividends of real public enthusiasm—with each fan so treated turning into an enthusiastic press agent beating the brand of tom-toms Hollywood can't buy with its press agents!"

I have condensed Cammie's letter—but I believe she has a big point and I am turning it over in its entirety to the Johnston Office.

Grace Collins, Detroit, enthuses: "John Wayne—look out. Your greatest competition is that wonderful, good looking son of yours, Pat Wayne." *Duke tells me he's lookin' out, Grace.*

Mrs. Betty Curty, Athens, Ga., *is ringing the gong for Mitzi Gaynor,* "the most sparkling, alive, refreshing new girl on the screen today. And, she has the most perfect figure of them all."

Several of you Southern fans have sent me clippings of a Natchez, Miss., newspaper write-up accusing Elizabeth Taylor of insolence in standing on the platform of a plane and calling to the crowd gathered to see her off to Danville, Kentucky, "Goodbye, you-all." I wasn't there and I didn't witness the incident. But, knowing Liz, I'm sure she meant to be amusing—not insolent.

That's all for now. See you next month.

DON'T MISS

the warm, friendly story of

WHAT JIMMY DEAN WAS LIKE IN HIS TEENS

in the

December issue of MODERN SCREEN

NATIONAL BOOK CLUB'S

$40,000 CASH PRIZES

FORTUNE IN CASH!

HOURS OF FUN!

"NAME OF FAME" CONTEST!

Do you enjoy the fun, excitement and thrills of solving picture puzzles? Sure you do . . . everybody does . . . especially when your skill can bring you as much as $25,000 in cold cash. And *right now* is your chance to share in the action, the challenge, and . . . yes . . . the cash awards, too . . . of one of the greatest puzzle contests ever run in the United States! It's the sensational new National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest, just getting under way . . . with 200 great cash prizes totaling $40,000!

Just think what you could do with prize money like that . . . all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home . . . free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be *a* prize winner of any of 200 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous $2,500.00 promptness bonus along with first prize of $22,500.00— a grand total of $25,000.00.

1st PRIZE

AS MUCH AS

$25,000.00

PLUS 200 BIG CASH AWARDS, SUCH AS:

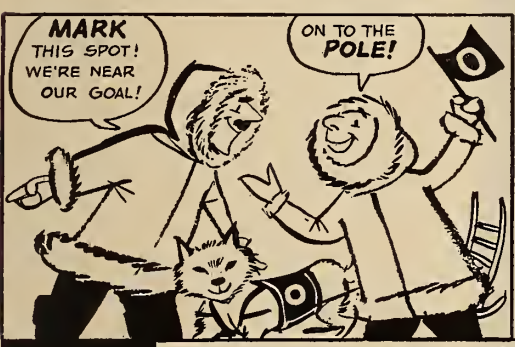
2nd Prize......	$5,000.00
3rd Prize......	2,500.00
4th Prize......	1,500.00
5th Prize......	1,000.00
6th thru 10th ea.	200.00

Plus 190 additional Cash Prizes

Grand Total $40,000.00

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

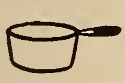
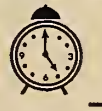


MARK THIS SPOT! WE'RE NEAR OUR GOAL!
ON TO THE POLE!
O
O

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

SAMPLE PUZZLE The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

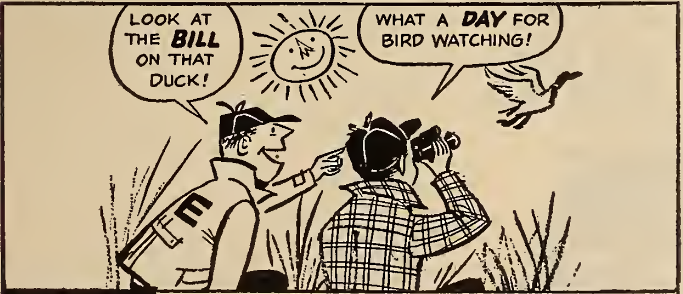
☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck

 —T +  —CCK

= P O L O

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

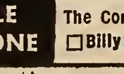
Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!

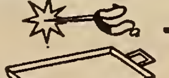


LOOK AT THE BILL ON THAT DUCK!
WHAT A DAY FOR BIRD WATCHING!
E

PUZZLE NO. ONE The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remsen

 —PR + ABBREVIATION FOR NORTH DAKOTA

+  —TR = ☐☐☐☐☐☐

NATIONAL CONTEST BOOK CLUB, INC.

509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 148 New York City 17, N. Y.

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IN 2 YEARS $133,000.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS

National Puzzle Contests have offered $133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whale of a lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club . . . with prizes of an additional $40,000 . . . will raise that grand total to $173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest . . . including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are held in escrow at the BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.

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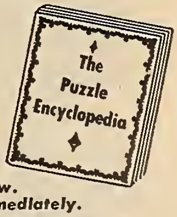
To All Puzzle Entrants

The Puzzle Encyclopedia

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.



Write Your Answer In Coupon Below. We Send Complete Contest Details Immediately.

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National Contest Book Club, Inc.
509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 148, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

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I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's $40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name____________________

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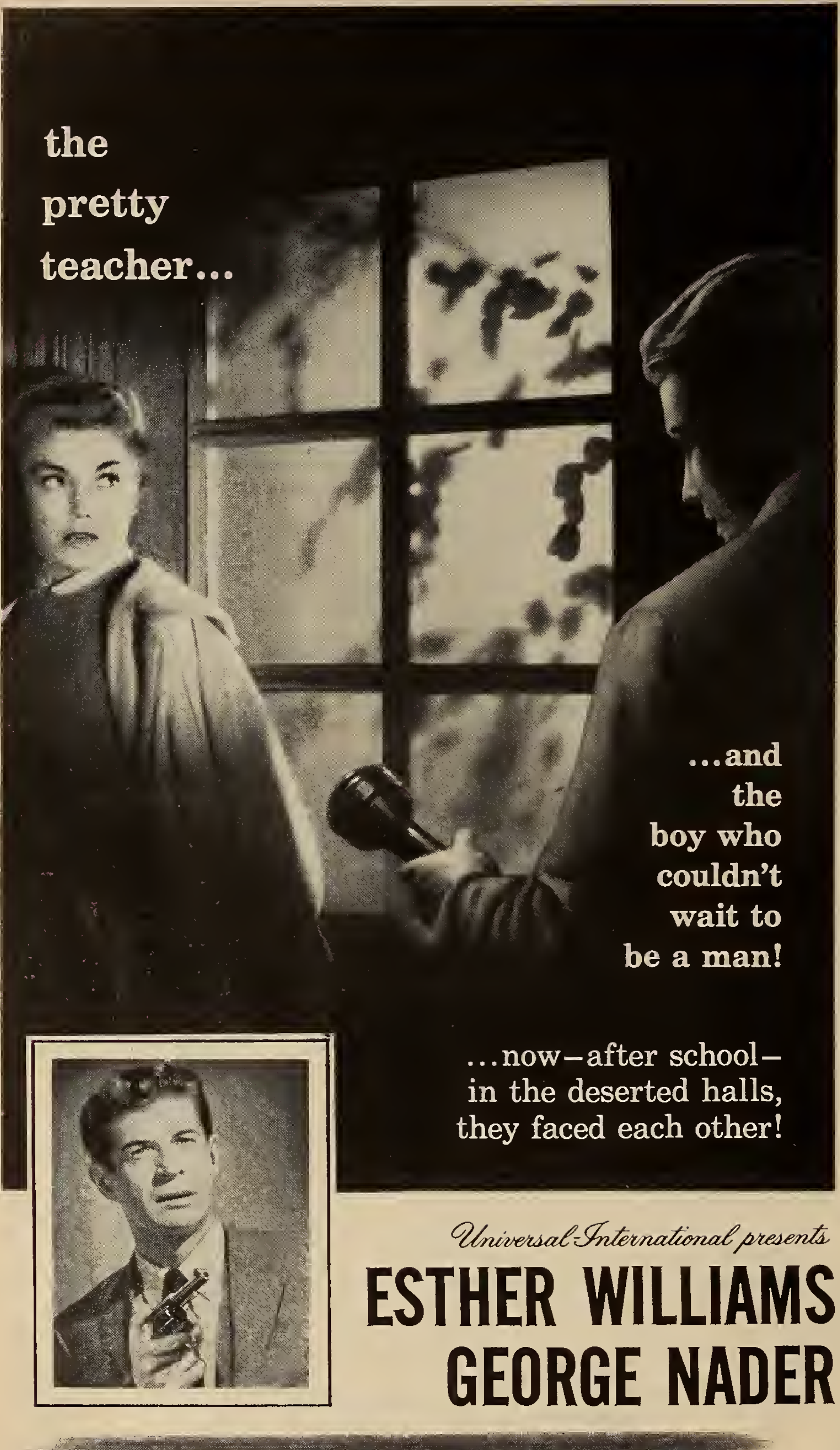

the pretty teacher...
...and the boy who couldn't wait to be a man!
...now—after school—in the deserted halls, they faced each other!
Universal-International presents
ESTHER WILLIAMS
GEORGE NADER
THE UNGUARDED MOMENT
PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR
Universal International
Co-starring the exciting new personality JOHN SAXON
with EDWARD ANDREWS · LES TREMAYNE
Directed by HARRY KELLER · Screenplay by HERB MEADOW and LARRY MARCUS · Produced by GORDON KAY

THE DRESSING ROOM THAT JUNE BUILT

■ When Dick Powell and June Allyson sell a house, there is always one feature that intrigues the buyer's wife. No woman could ask for more beautifully designed dressing rooms than those June leaves behind. To date the Powells have lived in three houses, and into each has gone custom built wardrobes, shelves and storage space. June designs them herself, then Dick and an architect huddle over her detailed drawings.

The first requirement is space, and lots of it. June's dresses must hang (on upholstered hangers) with at least four inches of daylight in between. Nothing annoys her more than mussed collars or crushed skirts, and servants know better than to hang up anything in her closets. Gowns and suits returned from the dry cleaner are hung on a clothestree, and June herself places them in her closet.

To anyone with a three-foot closet and one chest-of-drawers, June's dressing room would be a paradise. There are not only the wardrobe closets—yards and yards of them—but the shelving is planned to delight any female. Shoe racks are built on the inside of closet doors so that each pair has its place in a dust-free area. There is a shelf for each sweater, kept in a transparent, moth-proof bag. There is also a shelf for each handbag. Mere slivers of drawers are assigned for gloves. Blouses hang well apart on the customary pole, but beneath this space is a framework of poles designed for slacks. Each pair hangs on a pole two inches in diameter, thus avoiding creases of any kind. There are special racks for belts, special compartments for neatly folded scarves.

The dressing table drawers are models of neatness; lipsticks in one cubicle, combs in another, and even June's hair ribbons are washed and pressed after each wearing, then coiled neatly into a suitable box.

The entire room spells neatness, and while it takes time, June enjoys it, for to her neatness runs neck-and-neck with cleanliness.

A MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY

Doris and her mother

■ My adopted "Mom" is the mother of Doris Day.

It all started when I joined the Doris Day Fan Club. I started exchanging letters with Doris' mom, who is her personal secretary. At first, I was interested only in the news I could obtain about my favorite star. Then, I discovered that the same qualities and traits I had admired in Doris Day were in the personality of her mother.

When I received my first letter from Mom Day, I felt as if I were floating. She's down-to-earth, she makes no pretense in her correspondence and she speaks from the heart.

When Doris was ill after completing *Calamity Jane*, I wanted to do something in connection with the Cleveland chapter of the fan club to make her feel better. Doris' mom worked with me on a scheme titled "Day for Recovery" and was on hand when Doris received our lengthy get-well scroll. Mom said, "Doris was so thrilled and she had tears in her eyes. She said, 'Do I really have that many fans in Cleveland?' " Later, when it was necessary for *me* to go to the hospital, Doris and her mom sent me wishes for a speedy recovery. It wasn't because of the interest I had channeled in their direction, but rather it was the family's love for others.

Doris and her mother have gone through a lot together. Whatever concerned Doris, concerned her mom. Today, the Melchers are a happily-married couple. Paul, Doris' brother, is a well-known disc-jockey, and he, too, is content with his home life. All this makes Mom Day happy. She has three grandsons (Paul has two boys, Doris one). She loves them so much and feels very close to her own children.

Mom Day is happy because her family is happy, because she plays such a prominent role in the lives of her children and because the relationship with Doris is not just as mother to daughter but friend to friend.

That's why I'm proud that this wonderful family is my adopted family.

Arlene Rae Blank

DEBORAH KERR co-starring in M-G-M's "**TEA AND SYMPATHY**" in CinemaScope and Metrocolor

the Deborah Kerr look! Yours with...

Woodbury
Dream Stuff
powder-and-foundation in compact form

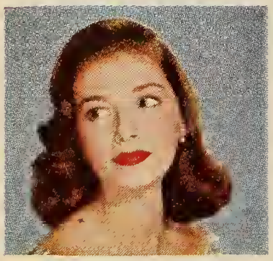
Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day. Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smoothness of flawless skin like Deborah Kerr's! Flatters like a powder . . . clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that *stay* color-true. Neat, too — no loose powder to spill!

WOODBURY
DREAM STUFF

In enchanting blue-and-gold box, sweet for your dressing table, only 49c.

In elegant ivory-and-gold mirrored case— to take with you in your purse, $1. (Prices plus tax)

Greatest Movie Season Ever


PIER ANGELI, co-starring in M-G-M's **"Somebody Up There Likes Me"**

VIVIAN BLAINE, co-starring in **"Public Pigeon Number One"** An RKO-Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor.

CYD CHARISSE, co-starring in M-G-M's **"Silk Stockings"**

JEANNE CRAIN, co-starring in M-G-M's **"The Fastest Gun Alive"**

DORIS DAY, co-starring in **"Julie"**—An Arwin Production for M-G-M Release.

Name your favorite-and you may win

Lustre-Creme $35,000

No skill required! Nothing to buy! No jingles! No sentences to complete!

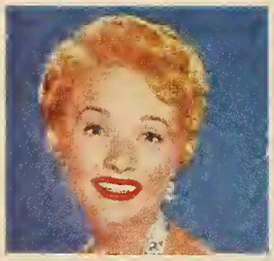
ANN MILLER, co-starring in **M-G-M's "The Opposite Sex"** In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

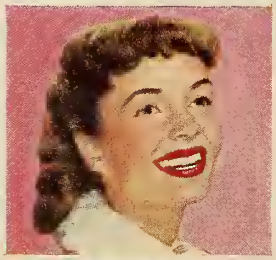
SHEREE NORTH, starring in **"The Best Things In Life Are Free"** A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

MAUREEN O'HARA, starring in **"Everything But The Truth"** A Universal-International Picture In Eastman Color.

DEBRA PAGET, co-starring in Cecil B. DeMille's Production of **"The Ten Commandments".** A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.

ELEANOR PARKER, co-starring in M-G-M's **"The Painted Veil"**


JANE POWELL, starring in **"The Girl Most Likely"** An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor.


DEBBIE REYNOLDS, starring in **"Tammy"** A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor in CinemaScooe.

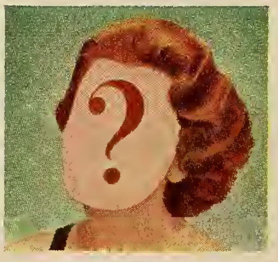
GINGER ROGERS, starring in **"The First Traveling Saleslady"**—An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor

JANE RUSSELL, starring in **"The Revolt of Mamie Stover"** A 20th Century-Fox Production in CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-starring in M-G-M's **"Raintree County"** Filmed in M-G-M Camera 65 and Color.

NATALIE WOOD, co-starring in **"A Cry in The Night".** A Jaguar Production presented by Warner Bros.

DANA WYNTER, starring in **"The Sixth of June"** A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.


If your favorite is a star not pictured, send in her name on entry form.

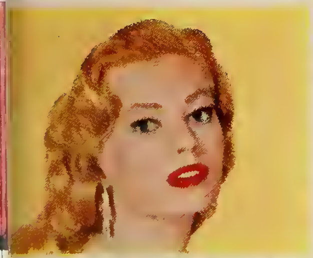
*What are the ANNUAL FAME POLLS?

The FAME POLL was originated 25 years ago by the Quigley Publishing Company, a leading publisher of newspapers and magazines relating to the motion picture world.

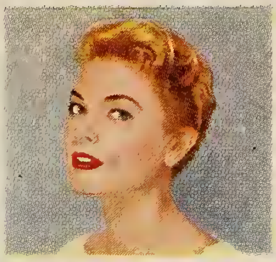
Each year, FAME magazine conducts a poll among theatre owners and managers from coast-to-coast to determine the top Hollywood box office stars.

Last year Grace Kelly was Top Screen Actress of the Year in the Fame Poll. Who will get the honor this year? Will it be the star whose name you send in on the entry form on the next page? If so, you may win $20,000. See details on opposite page.

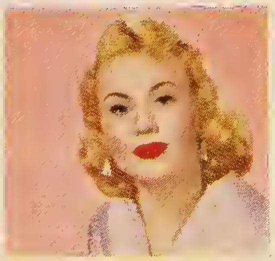
Presents Many Top Stars!


ANITA EKBERG, co-starring in
"Back from Eternity"
An RKO-Radio Picture.

RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in
HAL WALLIS' **"Gunfight At The O.K. Corral".** A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.


GRACE KELLY, co-starring in
"High Society"—A Sol C. Siegel Production. An M-G-M Release in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.

DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in
M-G-M's **"Tea and Sympathy"**
In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.


VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in
"Buffalo Grass". A Jaguar Production.
Presented by Warner Bros.

a Great Big Cash Prize in the
Movie-Star Sweepstakes!

Here's all you do to enter: Study the faces of the Lustre-Creme Girls pictured here. Decide which one of these stars (or another of your own choice) you would like to see win the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME POLL*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Send in her name on the entry form at lower right.

hoose the actress you would like to ee win the 25th Annual FAME Poll s the "Top Screen Actress of the ear." Simply write the star's name, nd your name and address, on the weepstakes Entry Blank in the lower ight hand corner. Nothing to buy . . nothing to pay for . . . and you ay win the first prize of $20,000— r one of the many other cash prizes.

Send in as many entries as you ant—but use a different entry blank very time. (Ask for extra entry blanks herever you buy Lustre-Creme, or send in your entry on a postcard, or use a plain piece of paper—mailing each entry form separately.)

Each of the stars shown here uses Lustre-Creme, Hollywood's favorite shampoo. And there's a good reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars prefer it. Because Lustre-Creme never dries—it beautifies. It's blessed with lanolin—always leaves your hair star-bright, satin-soft, a joy to manage. Use it once—and Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo will be your favorite, too!

FIRST PRIZE	**$20,000**
SECOND PRIZE	**5,000**
5 THIRD PRIZES OF	**1,000 each**
500 FOURTH PRIZES OF	**10 each**

Here's all you do:—

1. PRINT on the entry form (or on plain paper or postcard) your name and address plus name of movie star whom you would like to see named "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.

2. MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, New York.

3. SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WANT—but mail each one separately.

4. ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED on or before November 10, 1956, and received not later than November 17, 1956.

If your entry carries the name of the star who is designated "Top Screen Actress of the Year" by FAME Magazine, your entry will be eligible for the Sweepstakes Drawing.

All prize-winners will be selected by blindfold drawing by executives of Advertising Distributors of America. Only one prize to a winner. Judges' decisions final.

Top winner will be announced on Colgate-Palmolive TV program, "Strike It Rich," December 14. (See local TV listings for time and station.)

This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, except employees and their immediate families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and the Quigley Publishing Co. Void in the State of New Jersey. Subject to all other Federal and State regulations.

(**Note:** If FAME's "Top Screen Actress of the Year" is named by fewer persons than there are prizes, all entries will be eligible to participate in the Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes.)

USE THIS HANDY ENTRY FORM

(Additional forms at your Lustre-Creme dealer.)

LUSTRE-CREME $35,000 MOVIE-STAR SWEEPSTAKES

Mail to: LUSTRE-CREME SWEEPSTAKES D
P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.

I would like to see Movie Star

____
(print in star's name clearly)

named as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.

My Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ____________ *P.O. Zone* ________ *State* ________

Hollywood's Favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never dries it Beautifies!

Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
in lotion form
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN

Cream
or Lotion

Ooooo,
what a line!
spillpruf
CUTEX
CUTE TOMATA

Ooooo . . . so smooth! Only Cutex has such a beautiful line of fashion colors: feminine pinks, soft corals, radiant reds! All in the nail polish that sparkles so brilliantly, lasts so much longer, costs you less! At your favorite Cutex counter.

WHY PAY MORE? Cutex with Enamelon outwears nail polishes that cost over twice the price! Gives your nails a lasting lustre . . . defies chipping and peeling! In the safe, Spillpruf bottle, 29¢ and 15¢.

Make a date to use **CUTEX SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK, 59¢ and 29¢** So smooth and creamy, so lasting.

CUTEX

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING MANICURE AIDS

BURT AND THE FIERY GINA

■ Burt Lancaster considers himself the Hollywood authority on fiery Latin flareups that belong to intriguing Italian actresses.

First, he worked with Anna Magnani in *The Rose Tattoo*. And as soon as he finished that, he went into *Trapeze* with Gina Lollobrigida.

According to Burt you can expect, with the Italian variety of actress, as good a performance off-camera as in front of it. For instance, take an incident that occurred during *Trapeze*, an incident that was a typical part of the day's shooting.

Gina's aerial acrobatics had, up to a point, been handled by a professional double. But there came the time when director Carol Reed decided that Gina had to take over in that rigging seventy-five feet above the ground.

"We expected a pretty dramatic reaction," grins Burt, "and Gina certainly didn't disappoint us. First, came a wail that brought everybody on the set on the run. It put an air raid siren to shame. Then, came a definite refusal, nothing uncertain about it. Also, Gina suggested that we should, maybe, go back and read the fine print in her contract.

"She called on a long list of patron saints, and having exhausted them, went on to an even longer list of ancestors, beseeching and entreating them for protection. After that, came a heart-rending speech, in flowing Italian, in which Gina willed all her earthly goods and possessions to her co-workers. During the whole thing, her tears were flowing liberally. And she wound up right on schedule—just as the cameras were set for the scene.

"Then, she walked calmly over to the rigging and climbed up."

Burt isn't beating his brains about coping with those volatile Italian actresses. Not even when it's his own company's money. "The temperament," he grins, "is figured in the budget."

And anyway, he likes it.

"Entreat me
not to leave thee
and to return
from following
after thee;
for whither thou
goest, I will go;
and where thou
lodgest I will
lodge; thy people
shall be my
people; and thy
God my God..."

Ruth I: 16-17.

At the end of June, 1956, Marilyn Monroe, in the presence of Arthur Miller and his family, and of Rabbi Robert Goldburg, affirmed her acceptance of these age-old Biblical words. On the following pages, MODERN SCREEN takes great pride in presenting the warm and beautiful story of how Marilyn, the orphan girl without roots, has found peace and security in the Faith of the man she loves.

BY SUSAN WENDER

Marilyn

enters a Jewish family

■ It was a cloudy day, but the little chapel of the synagogue was lit with the soft, subdued, radiance of a pale summer sun filtered through stained glass. Inside, a girl named Marilyn Monroe sat quietly in a center pew, looking down at her white-gloved hands. Her golden hair, brushed back and smoothed, curled out at the ends beneath a tiny veiled hat. Her dress was demure and simple, her face scrubbed beneath the dusting of powder and the light lipstick.

On her left sat her mother-in-law and her father-in-law. From time to time the elder Mrs. Miller raised a hand to pat at her hair. Her husband fingered the prayer book in the rack before him, drawing it out from time to time to turn the pages and linger over old, familiar prayers.

On Marilyn's right a tall, thin man consulted his watch, glanced at his bride, then reached out a large hand to cover her small one. She turned to him and smiled. There was no fear in her smile, not even a trace of nervousness. It was one of the most important moments of her life, this short time of waiting until the Rabbi would enter and begin the ancient conversion ceremony that would make her a Jew for the rest of her life. As important as the civil ceremony shortly before that had made her Arthur Miller's wife. On that day she had looked a woman, with a woman's joy. But today in her eyes was the glow of a little girl, waiting for something very wonderful to happen.

It was, she thought, looking steadily now at the sacred ark in which reposed the holy scrolls of Jewish faith, something for which she had waited all her life.

* * * *

When she was a little girl, she had no family, she had no home. Her mother was—away. Her father was a man she never knew. Her home was a foundling home sometimes, or else it was a house in which a family lived, and she, the boarder, the ward of charity, stayed. Sometimes they were good to her, sometimes they were not. It didn't matter much, for they were strangers all.

In the foundling home, she was taught to say prayers. Supposedly she said them to God, but as far as she knew, she said them to the matron who came to listen and look cross if a word were left out. They didn't make much sense to her anyhow. She asked for blessings and to be good. With or without the prayer, she was good. With or without it, there was no blessing. What did it matter if a word was left out? This God, whoever He was—He was a stranger, too.

In one of the houses where she was put to live for a while there was a man to whom God was no stranger. At least that was what he said. She guessed it must be so, because the man talked about Him all the time. He made her talk about Him, too, and think about Him. All day and all night. It seemed that (*Continued on page 66*)

Janet Leigh:

How I felt while giving birth to my baby

as told to MAURINE MYERS REMENIH

■ A few nights before the baby came, Janet and Tony had been to a party with about thirty couples, all good friends. Of course the Curtises managed to swing the conversation around to the subject which interested them most—D-day, or delivery day. Everyone insisted that they call them the moment they were ready to leave for the hospital. After thinking about it for a while they all decided that that was pretty impractical—babies aren't apt to wait around to get born until a list of thirty phone calls is finished. So they worked out an elaborate chain-reaction arrangement. Tony was to make one call, and the friend he called would phone another friend, on down the line, until all thirty couples had had the glad word.

That's the way they had it planned, that's not quite the way it happened. First off, Janet began to realize that Things Were Happening late Saturday night. They'd been to a movie, and Tony had gone straight off to bed as soon as they got home. Janet stayed up for a while, creaming her face, putting up her hair—woman stuff. When it dawned on her what was happening, she went in, roused Tony, and told him she thought their big scene was coming up.

Always before, when they had had the false alarms, he'd been awake immediately, all solicitous and fussing over Janet. This time he rolled over, opened one sleepy eye, mumbled something about "Really-honey-well-wake-me-up-again-if-it-gets-any-worse." And went back to sleep. Wake him up again, indeed! He hadn't even waked up that time!

Janet tossed and turned for a while, but wasn't able to get to sleep. It was no use calling Tony, she figured, so finally she called her doctor. The doctor didn't seem very excited either—told her to take a sleeping pill, and call again in the morning. Janet took the pill, which generally knocks her out in minutes. Nothing happened.

"So about 6 o'clock in the morning, I called the doctor again. She still wasn't excited, but said maybe I'd better go on over to the hospital. Suddenly I was panic stricken for fear this *wasn't* The Time yet, and they'd only send me home once I got to the hospital. So I asked her please, would she come over and go to the hospital with us? She's a doll, and she said sure she would.

"Now I go in and wake Tony again—he's had a good night's rest, and I feel no guilt about getting him up. 'This *is* it, honey,' I tell him as he comes out of it. He stretches, yawns, and comes up with the brilliant suggestion, 'Maybe you'd better call the doctor, hmm?' Whereupon I inform him that I have already done this, and she'll be over in half an hour to ride with us to the hospital. And hadn't he better get up and put his pants on?" All of a sudden the mists cleared, and Tony realized what was happening. He leapt out of bed.

Tony dressed in considerably less time than he ordinarily takes. By the time he was (*Continued on page 74*)

NAPKINS

Sal's starting to bring girls home for dinner...

Pa looks to see if they're pretty like Ma...

Ma wonders—is she the girl I'd like my Sal to marry?

by Mrs. Josephine Mineo

■ I have three sons, Victor, Mike and Sal, and a daughter, Sarina. For a couple of years now my two oldest boys, Victor and Mike, have come to me pretty often to say, "Ma, can I bring a girl up to the house tomorrow night?" And I always say, "Sure." I never ask who she is, or about her background, or even her name (they tell me *that!*). I just say "Sure." So they bring her up. I cook dinner—Italian or American, I alternate—and then we sit around in the living room and talk, and sing. If it's Victor's girl, sometimes he takes out his saxophone and plays it—he likes to make a splash, and he's very good. Then my son will take his girl home. When he comes back he looks at me, and he says, "You liked her."

"I didn't say that," I say.

"No," he says, "you never say one way or the other. But I can see it in your face. You liked her."

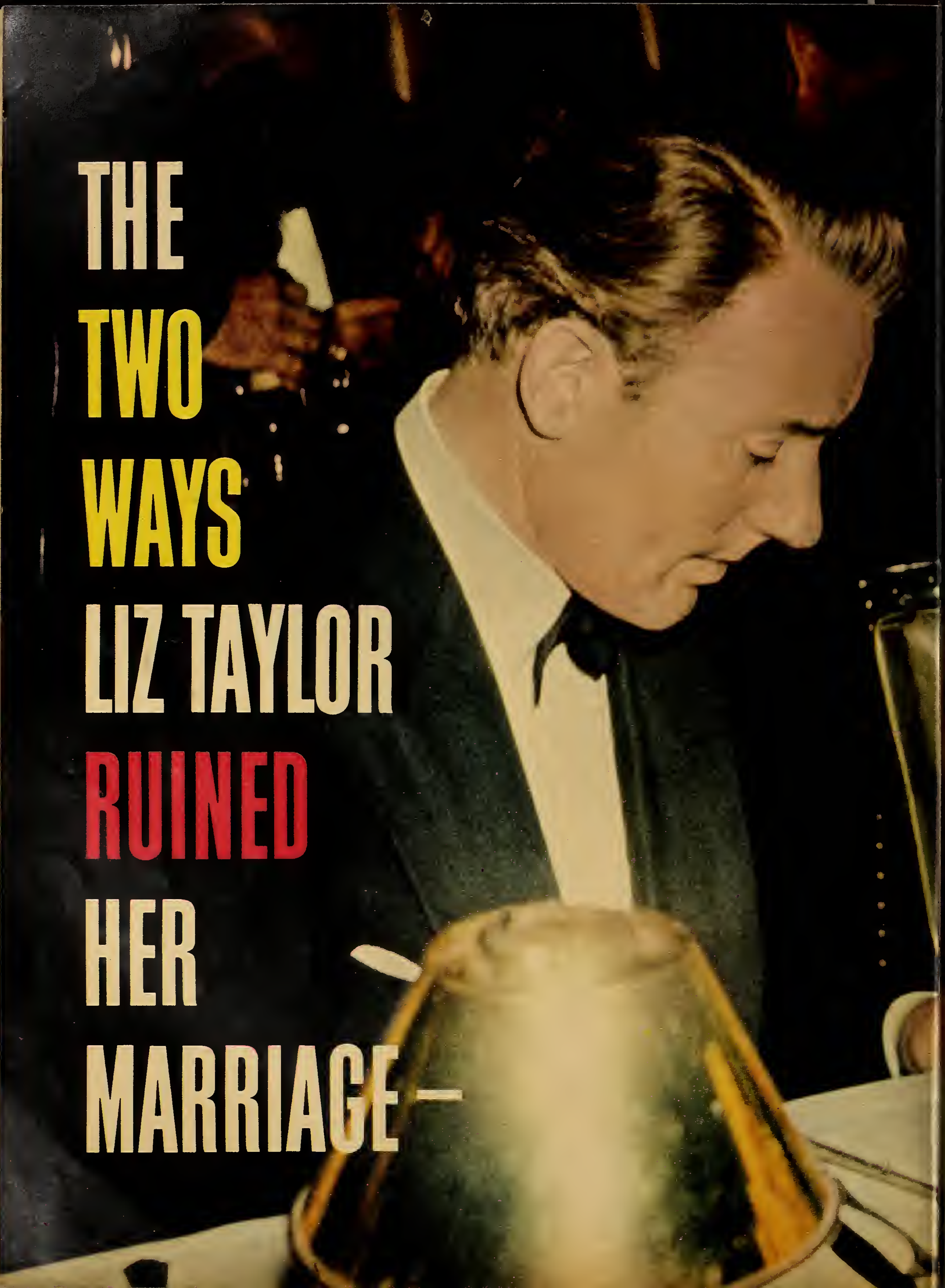
And he's right. Never yet have I wanted to say, "Where did you find *her?*" about any girl my sons have brought home. They've never brought a girl into the house who annoyed me or disgusted me. Never yet have they brought home a friend I didn't like. My sons have taste—good taste. I always know I can expect a nice person.

But it is only very recently that my youngest son Sal said to me, "Mom, I want to bring a girl home to dinner." Till now he never has. Maybe because he is very young in years, only eighteen. Maybe because he is very busy and does not always have a whole evening to spend with a girl and his family—and he likes to be just with us, when he does have time. But all of a sudden—"Ma, I'm bringing home a girl."

It turned out to be Gigi Perreau, the movie actress, and she came with her mother. I had a wonderful time. Her mother and I have things in common, because both of us have a child who is in the movies. And Gigi was lovely. Pretty and nice, and she laughed a lot, which I like. After they left I did the dishes in the kitchen and I said to myself, "So now it is Sal's turn. I wonder who the next one will be."

And I started to think then about Sal getting married. He says he (*Continued on page 69*)

THE TWO WAYS LIZ TAYLOR RUINED HER MARRIAGE—



by Edith Glass

■ Liz went to the airport to see Michael off to Sweden on his new venture—a film called, ironically enough, *Long Live The King.* They posed under protest. Of course they might have said their goodbys at home, in which case they needn't have posed at all. But this was a friendly parting. Why shouldn't Liz drive friend Mike to the airport?

So they posed under protest, and the protest showed. His hand rested tentatively on her shoulder. He forced a mirthless smile. Liz didn't even try to smile. Arms crossed as though in defiance, she stared back at him, marble-faced. It was a tense and awkward picture, melancholy with overtones. Melancholy with memories of the same face, five years ago come February, softly luminous then in the joy of a great love that would never die. (*Continued on page 31*)

JOHNNY SANDS

GLEN DAVIS

BILL PAWLEY, JR.

VIC DAMONE

NATIONAL VELVET
Liz Taylor was just a chubby little girl with very black hair and very big eyes when she made her first picture—did it start her on the merry-go-round she's riding now?

Liz Taylor: is she too beautiful for

1ST MARRIAGE
The chubby little girl grew up—into beauty that was too captivating to be foot-loose for long. Nicky Hilton was the young knight who captured her fancy. But it was only a fairy-tale, after all, that ended one day when Elizabeth Taylor sat in a court-room to hear a judge pronounce that she was no longer joined in holy matrimony.

ON THE LOOSE
Director Stanley Donen began squiring Liz to premiéres and night spots, and it looked like a 'thing'—but MGM sent Liz to England, and to Mike Wilding.

RALPH KINER

THE BOY FRIENDS
Johnny Sands was Liz' big moment—around Christmas, 1948. By March, 1949, football's Glenn Davis was punting home but Bill Pawley, Jr. took over the hand-holding in June. It was only November, still 1949, when Liz switched to music and Vic Damone . . . until December, '49 when she met home-run king Ralph Kiner. And then came Nicky.

one man alone?

(*Continued from page* 29) Despite bitter denials, the love's been dying for a long time. Formally on July 18th when the Wildings announced a legal separation. No immediate divorce. "Much careful thought has been given to the step we are taking. It is being done so that we will have an opportunity to thoroughly work out our personal situation. We are in complete accord in making this amicable decision."

The truth was that it was Liz who cried quits. Mike must have hoped against faltering hope to the end. Just a week earlier he'd been offered the Rex Harrison role in the road company of *My Fair Lady*—a plum to make any actor drool. But Michael said no. He was unwilling to leave his wife and sons. Now he's left them for good. He's had to. Why? Well, here's reason number one, the first way Liz ruined her marriage. Liz gave it out herself just a little while before the split, though she didn't know it.

"It's garbage," declared Elizabeth, "to say we don't fight. Until a year ago we didn't." And went on to describe what happened in one of their quarrels. It seemed Mike pulled his seniority on her and she wasn't having any. "If you tell me black is red, I won't believe you, regardless of your age. I'm not your daughter, I'm your wife," she shouted.

And Michael, describing the same stormy scene to a friend, shook his head in bewilderment. "I thought I'd guide this trembling little creature along life's stony path. Not at all. Lately, I'm simply told to shut up."

How did two intelligent people, once lovers, still supposedly friends, reach such a point? Simple. Liz pushed them there.

When she met Mike he was the sophisticate, (*Continued on page* 54)

SECOND MARRIAGE
. . . and so they were married and lived happily ever after—for too few years. Liz and Mike—who thought he was not the type at all—had wooed and won each other, learned to like each other's friends, worried together over their children's sniffles—but it wasn't enough to hold them together.

FUTURE — OTHER MEN
Liz and Montgomery Clift were co-starred in a movie—and he became a close friend of the Wilding family. Is he the reason Liz and Mike aren't a family any more?

Marisa Pavan:

"I needed to marry an older man"

■ When Marisa Pavan chose to marry a man twenty years older than she was, the people who did not know her or her husband said many things.

They said that she was foolish and her husband selfish. They said that her husband was separated from her by that most unspanable word—a generation.

They said that Jean-Pierre Aumont was grasping at her youth to replace his own lost youth. They reminded her that in 1944, when she was a twelve-year-old schoolgirl watching the American Army march into Rome, he was one of those war-scarred men who had fought their way north mile by mile and battle by battle for nearly a year. When she was twelve, he was a thirty-two-year-old married man—who was to become her husband eleven and a half years later.

"In reminding me that my husband is separated from me by incalculable joys and timeless winters of the heart," Marisa says softly, "they were attemping to shame us, I think, because we had done something that they considered unusual. But I will not be shamed.

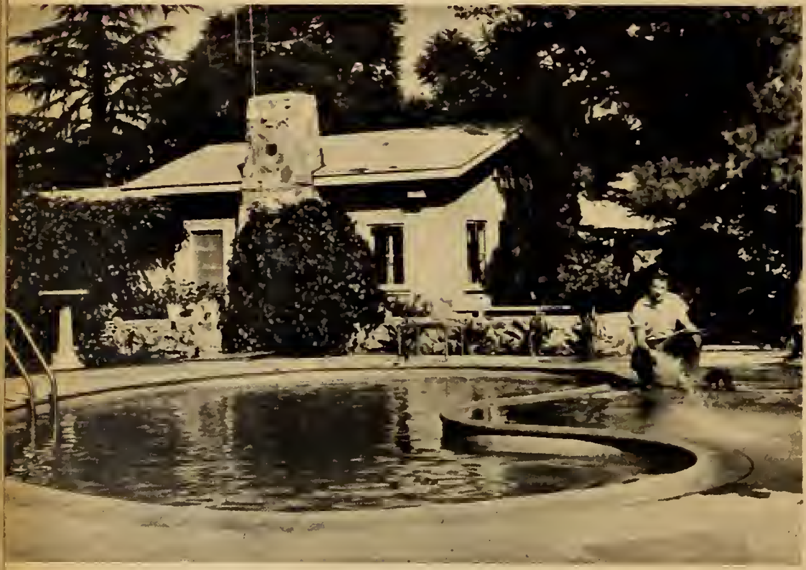
"In Jean-Pierre I came unexpectedly upon all the richness and fullness that I did not have. In Jean-Pierre I found a complete man—not just the jagged edges and nervous energy and bits and pieces slapped together into the shapes of younger men I had known." For the first time in her life Marisa saw a man at peace with himself and his life. She hungered to have this richness, this fullness, this joy near her.

Her friends frowned disapprovingly and said she was foolish. They frowned disapprovingly and said Jean-Pierre was selfish. "Selfish!" Marisa flashes. "How *much* youth is overvalued in our world! If either of us was foolish, it was Jean-Pierre. He spread his richness over me like a boundless spring of flowers. What did he receive in return?"

In return, Marisa feels, he received a wife still feverishly caught in the grip of the raging impatience, confusion, uncertainty, and solemness that is worshipped under the name of youth. "I think that Frenchmen are known to have made better bargains than this one," she laughs. Then her face becomes quiet as she presents her philosophy, "I cannot speak for you walking (*Continued on page 80*)

George Nader, part-time bachelor hermit, is ready to settle down

Wanted: One Good-lookin' Country Girl



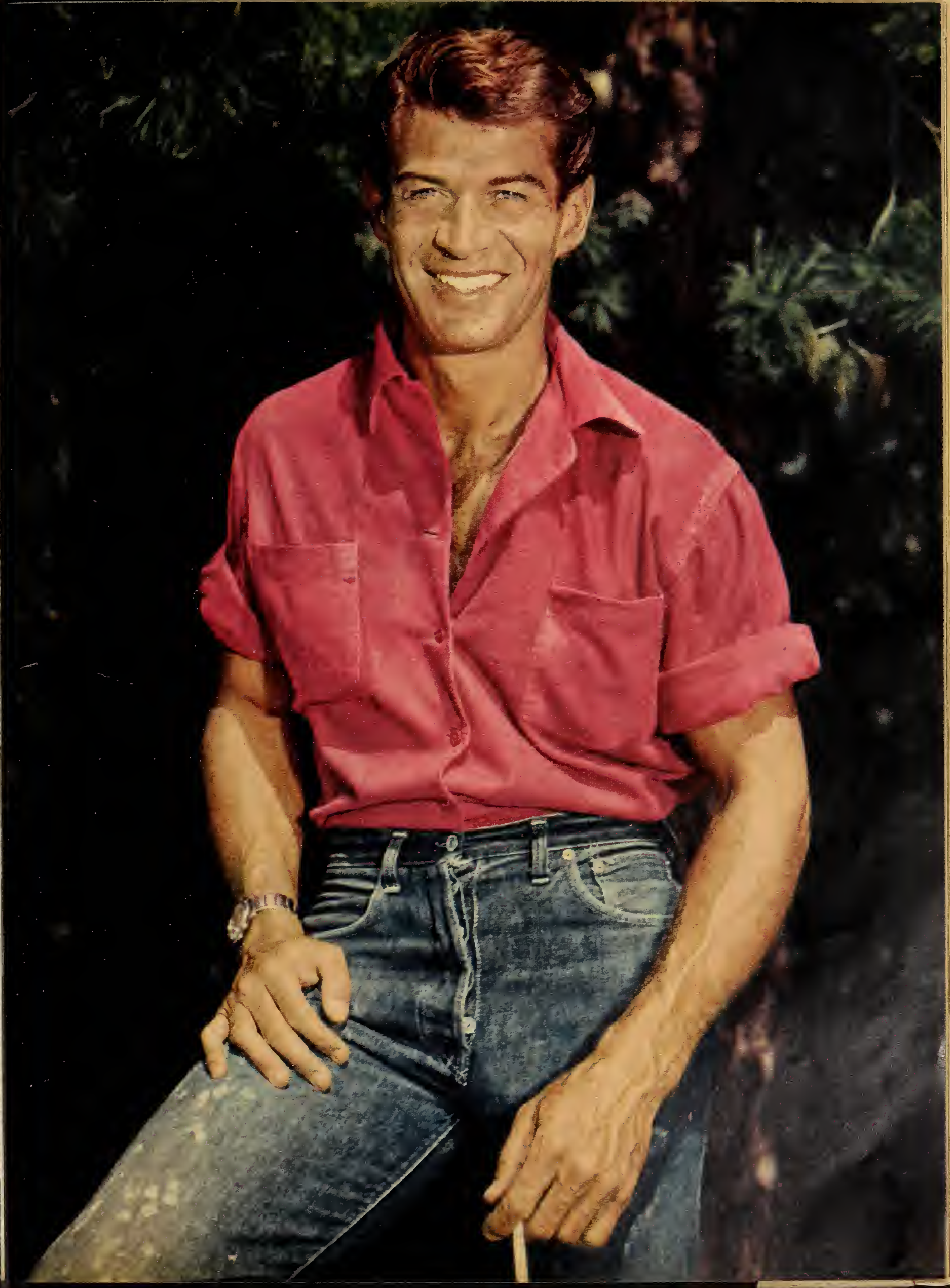
The future Mrs. Nader will live in this quiet, peaceful home atop a hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley—but she'll have to be able to commute to the bright, glittering crowds of Hollywood and get along with stars as well as nature.

by BEVERLY LINET

■ Rubbing his eyes, yawning, stretching, blinking in the early morning sun, out of the old white house came a young giant. He stood well over 6′1, clad in ancient jeans and comfortable t-shirt. In one hand he carried a hoe, in the other a spade. The hands holding them were well-calloused.

With a practiced eye he surveyed his domain. Around him trees stood tall, flowers turned their petals to the sun, weeds—weeds were non-existent. George Nader lifted the spade and the hoe to his shoulders and sighed. It was all his; he had done it all. And here was another day, warm with a sun that would eventually peel the shirt off his back, perfect for gardening, for finishing the path that led 'round the house, for repairing the hose—for spending the twilight at the piano without a neighbor in sight to be disturbed. How tremendous to have a couple of weeks ahead all to himself. How marvelous not to have to struggle into a shirt and tie and go somewhere. He thought he'd never in his life been as happy as he was today, yesterday, tomorrow.

Only—what was wrong today? He sighed, he felt restless and uneasy, he wanted—something. The greenery gave him little pleasure. Something—and then he remembered. Suddenly the simple, uncomplicated, outdoorsy young farmer was galvanized into action. Of course he knew what he wanted—he wanted to be at the studio. What on earth was he doing perched on a hill miles away from Hollywood? Why wasn't he down there, acting up a storm? How had he avoided being bored to death (*Continued on page* 83)



Now, seven years later, Louella Parsons talks to the

INGRID

With Dr. Lindstrom, before split

With Pia, whom she left

With Rossellini, when they met

With Roberto and the twins

■ I met Ingrid Bergman in London for the first time since she left Hollywood to make *Stromboli* for Roberto Rossellini and never came back.

A much thinner Ingrid but a completely fascinating cosmopolite discussed with me the news that rocked the world seven years ago when I revealed for the first time that the Swedish actress was expecting a child by Rossellini, her Italian director.

I feared she might hold against me the fact that I had broken the news, but she seemed genuinely glad to see me and embraced me when I walked into the room to greet her.

She adores her children, her sturdy six-year-old Roberto who was born in Rome before she was divorced from Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and her winsome twin daughters. Dr. Lindstrom fought the divorce tooth and nail and refused to let her marry Rossellini although mutual friends pleaded with the Swedish doctor to free her.

Ingrid made a point of letting me know that she is very happy, despite the troubles that so grievously beset her when she left everything for the man she loved and apparently still loves.

"My three children are such a blessing," she said. "They have been living at our country place outside of Rome and recently they have had a wonderful vacation at the seashore in Cannes. All three are having expert care with Roberto's sister and his first wife to look after them. You see Roberto's little boy by his first marriage is with my children and they get along beautifully."

At that she excused herself for a moment and brought in photographs of her own three children.

"The twins are so different," she said. "Isabel has straight dark hair, while Ingrid is more blonde and has curly hair. Aren't they sweet?" she asked me proudly. "They are indeed," I told her, "and little Roberto is very handsome."

If there is any bitterness in her soul she doesn't show it. She talks about Rossellini and her babies with real affection and pride. She told me that the children are being brought up as Catholics, in Rossellini's religion. "I think it is such a wonderful thing for them to have the faith which Catholicism teaches," she said.

"And what about Pia?" I dared to ask her. "I'll show you her picture," she said. "She is seventeen and such a young lady—and I think very attractive." Pia, or Jenny as she calls herself in America, is not estranged from Ingrid and writes to her mother regularly in spite of reports to the contrary. Time has obviously softened the blow that at one time threatened to completely estrange Ingrid and her young daughter by Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

"Then you are in communication with Pia?" I asked her. "But of course," she said. "She writes me and I write to her." At the time Ingrid left the United States there were many reports that the unhappy Pia had put her mother

(*Continued on page* 79)

BERGMAN!

woman who risked everything for love

Rory & Lita Calhoun:

our mid-summer

Miracle

Twice we lost our babies before they were born . . . then, minutes before we were to take home a son, we learned we couldn't adopt him. Now, again, we're waiting—and praying—for our own baby!

by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Last April Rory Calhoun and his wife, Lita Baron, set out for a foundling home in a southwestern state. There, awaiting them, was a baby boy, only two years old, who had already captured their hearts, although they had seen him only once before. In the eight years of their marriage they had been wonderfully happy except for a void that only a child could fill, and although twice it had seemed they were to be blessed by one of their own, both times their hopes had come to sadness. Now here was a little fellow who was to be theirs. They were adopting him.

They had seen him for the first time only a few months before—or rather a photograph of him. Lita had caught her breath. The baby not only had black hair and blue eyes with long lashes like Rory's, but he also had a widow's peak, like Rory, and high cheekbones and general shape of face like hers.

"It's unbelievable!" she had cried—and she couldn't help weeping. "People will insist it could only be Rory's and mine! I want to go see him right away."

Shortly after, they made the first trip. Monsignor Don J. Kanaly, Rory's old friend and mentor, had brought the photograph to them. He met them, went along to the home, and the baby was brought out. Lita could hardly restrain herself from picking him up and taking him right then and there. The picture had not even done him justice. Her eyes swam and she knew from the way Rory's grip on her arm tightened that he was as deeply touched as she.

Arrangements had had to be made; legalities entered into, commitments rendered. All these were begun. They were told only that the baby had been abandoned by an unmarried mother. Then they went back to Hollywood to wait—each day a forever by itself, it had seemed to Lita. But, finally, by April, word had been sent out they could come for the boy. Now, for the second time, they were here.

Neither Lita nor Rory paid any attention to a car parked across from the foundling home when they pulled up at the entrance. But as Rory helped his wife out, a girl got out of that car and walked over towards them—a very attractive girl, Lita noted, with black hair and blue eyes, and a nervous manner.

Was she a movie fan who had recognized Rory, Lita wondered. Yes, her actions indicated this. She was looking at Rory intently and when she came close, she spoke to him. "You're Rory Calhoun, aren't you?" she asked.

Rory nodded but he was puzzled. And Lita knew why. This wasn't the place for this sort of thing. Something was wrong. Then the girl was talking to both of them.

"I understand you are going to adopt my little boy," she began.

Then the girl's eyes swung to Lita and Lita felt her whole body go hollow—except for her heart which began pounding loud and ominously. Rory was licking (*Continued on page 71*)

We asked 150 stars to reveal 150 intimate facts about themselves. Here are two typical replies to the questions no magazine dared to ask the stars before.

MALE

☑ Male
☐ Female

In what year did you make your first picture 1943
How many films have you been in 29
What was your gross income last year (round figures) $159,000
Your total taxes 95,860 Net income $60,706.20
Height 6 Weight 176 Color hair brown Eyes blue
Do you like your steaks rare ✓ medium ____ well done ____
Do you like your coffee plain ____ with sugar ✓
Cream ✓ cups per day 5
Do you live in an apartment ____ House ✓ How many rooms 8
Rent per month (unless you own) ____
How many bathrooms 4 How many servants 3
If you own your home, price paid 85,000
Were you an only child No If not, how many children in family 5
How old were you when you made your first film 25
Do you own a toupee not yet.
Average number of books read per month 2
Do you read best sellers Yes Mysteries Yes Paper backs Yes
Poetry No Classics No Your favorite author Hemingway
What is your favorite comic strip Lil Abner
What one book would you take to a desert island Bible Shakespeare
Are you a native of New England ____ Atlantic Seaboard ✓ Midwest ____ West coast ____ Southwest ____
Foreign country ____ If so, are you an American citizen ____
Do you belong to a church Yes If so, which Methodist
If not, what have you been ____ Are you an atheist ____
Agnostic ____ Keeper of personal faith ____
Average number of times you attended church in 1954 20
(not counting weddings, christenings, funerals) ____
How many weeks do you work per year 37 Hours per day 9
What do you spend annually for clothes $1,800
What pets do you own 2 dogs
What is your published age 35 Your real age 40
Do you lie about your age to friends No
To the press No To everybody No
What is your favorite charity Cancer
Do you like music Yes
Who is your favorite composer Beethoven
Who is your favorite pops singer, male Perry Como
Female Ella Fitzgerald
Is your screen name your real name Yes

What was your profession before movies Newspaperman
Do you smoke cigarettes Yes Pipe sometimes Cigars – when I'm given one
How many a day 22 What is your favorite drink Straight scotch
Average liquor consumption per week at least 1 drink a day
How much cash have you in savings $25,000
In stocks, insurance, real estate $70,000
How fast do you drive Very Ever get a ticket Yes
What make car do you drive Sports car
How many radios are there in your home 3 TV sets 2
Cars in the garage 2
Do you play a musical instrument sometimes Which Bongo drums
Do you sing badly Dance No
Do you remember anniversaries No Names No Faces if they're pretty
How old were you at the time of your first kiss 12
First date 12 First marriage 25
Do you own more than one home No How many ____
Do you live in Beverly Hills ____ Brentwood ____
Valley Yes Hollywood ____ Or, where ____
How much acreage do you own 3
Have you a tennis court No Pool Yes Horses No A boat No
How many hours of sleep do you need 7
How many do you get 7½
How many colds annually 1
What is your favorite Hollywood restaurant Beachcombers
New York restaurant Sardi's
What was your worst subject in school Math
Best History Did you like school No
What is your chief gripe about your publicity don't get the facts straight
Do you find your publicity boring ____ Fascinating and how
Mostly true Mostly Mostly phony ____
Do you get too much publicity too much Not enough ____
Do you like night clubs Hate them Favorite ____
How many magazines do you subscribe to 7
How many do you read monthly 5 Read the trades No
Do you always read the stories about yourself Yes
Do you keep a scrapbook my wife does
What year in school did you finish – 8 9 10 11 12 graduated
Did you go to college Yes Which college Columbia
What have you learned through movie roles: Fencing Yes
Skiing No Riding Yes Swimming No Tennis No Shooting Yes
Languages No Other skills handle firearms

Since your movie career began have you consciously brushed up on etiquette No The arts Yes
What are your hobbies, if any do-it yourself carpent
Do you garden No Putter No Do-it-yourself Yes
Are you proud of Hollywood okay
What is the worst thing about being a star I feel like in a fishbowl and I love old frien
The best meet interesting people
Who is your favorite actor Holden, Brando
Actress Katherine Hepburn
Do you diet off and on
How many real friends have you 7
In the industry Mostly Non-professional Some
If single, why so I'm married but my bachelor friends say they're not ready settle down
Want to marry some day ____ Why ____
If divorced, how many times have you been married ____
Want to try again ____ Why ____
If married, is this your first marriage Yes Other ____
Is your husband (wife) an actor No In business housewi
What is the difference in your ages I'm 6 yrs older
Are you happy with him (her) Yes
Have you been faithful to him (her) Yes
How many children have you 2 By how many husbands (wives) 1 How many adopted None
Do your children have a full-time nurse No
Do you wish you (your wife) could take charge She does
Do you sleep in the raw Yes Nightgown ____ Pajamas ____
Just tops ____ Just bottoms ____
Is it easy to "go Hollywood" Yes Have you briefly
What is your worst fault Moody, self-centered
Do you mind signing autographs Not at all
Are you fussy about food Yes Favorite food meat + more
Do you prefer tub ____ Shower Yes
Do you worry about what people think depends on which people
What is your greatest extravagance clothes + car
Economy household overhead
Have you ever been hungry for lack of money horribly a
If you weren't a star, what profession would you prefer anyth in the film industry like director producer

☐ Male

☑ Female

In what year did you make your first picture 1941

How many films have you been in 34 that I remember

What was your gross income last year (round figures) $108,000

Your total taxes $58,320 Net income $41,234.40

Height 5'3½ Weight 113 Color hair blonde Eyes blue

Do you like your steaks rare __ medium yes well done __

Do you like your coffee plain __ with sugar ✓

Cream ✓ cups per day 6

Do you live in an apartment no House yes How many rooms 10

Rent per month (unless you own) __

How many bathrooms 4 How many servants 4

If you own your home, price paid $67,300

Were you an only child No If not, how many children in family 7

How old were you when you made your first film 17

Do you own a toupee Are you kidding?

Average number of books read per month 4

Do you read best sellers yes Mysteries no Paper backs no

Poetry yes Classics yes Your favorite author Wolfe, G.B. Shaw

What is your favorite comic strip Peanuts

What one book would you take to a desert island The Bible and The Prophet

Are you a native of New England __ Atlantic Seaboard yes Midwest __ West coast __ Southwest __

Foreign country __ If so, are you an American citizen __

Do you belong to a church no If so, which __

If not, what have you been presbyterian Are you an atheist __

Agnostic __ Keeper of personal faith yes

Average number of times you attended church in 1954 once, at Christmas (not counting weddings, christenings, funerals)

How many weeks do you work per year 34 Hours per day 10½

What do you spend annually for clothes $2000

What pets do you own 1 dog and 1 cat

What is your published age 25 Your real age 32

Do you lie about your age to friends yes

To the press and how To everybody Definitely

What is your favorite charity Mental Health

Do you like music yes

Who is your favorite composer Chopin

Who is your favorite pops singer, male Sinatra

Female Rosemary Clooney

Is your screen name your real name no

FEMALE

What was your profession before movies model

Do you smoke cigarettes yes Pipe __ Cigars __

How many a day 26 What is your favorite drink Vodka

Average liquor consumption per week Too much

How much cash have you in savings $100,000

In stocks, insurance, real estate $141,000

How fast do you drive too fast Ever get a ticket I try to talk them out of it

What make car do you drive Cadillac

How many radios are there in your home 4 TV sets 3

Cars in the garage 3

Do you play a musical instrument yes Which piano

Do you sing yes Dance I love to

Do you remember anniversaries yes Names No Faces People I like

How old were you at the time of your first kiss 14

First date 14 First marriage 21

Do you own more than one home no How many __

Do you live in Beverly Hills __ Brentwood __

Valley __ Hollywood yes Or, where __

How much acreage do you own 1

Have you a tennis court no Pool yes Horses no A boat NO

How many hours of sleep do you need 8½, if I can get it

How many do you get 7½ if I'm lucky

How many colds annually 3 - and they're bad ones

What is your favorite Hollywood restaurant Chasens

New York restaurant 21

What was your worst subject in school mathematics

Best English Did you like school very much

What is your chief gripe about your publicity takes too much of my time

Do you find your publicity boring __ Fascinating yes

Mostly true yes Mostly phony __

Do you get too much publicity __ Not enough yes

Do you like night clubs they bore me Favorite __

How many magazines do you subscribe to 5

How many do you read monthly 3 Read the trades yes

Do you always read the stories about yourself always

Do you keep a scrapbook yes - I have seven

What year in school did you finish – 8 9 10 11 [✓ 12]

Did you go to college No Which college __

What have you learned through movie roles: Fencing NO

Skiing No Riding yes Swimming No Tennis No Shooting NO

Languages yes Other skills tap dancing

Since your movie career began have you consciously brushed up on etiquette yes The arts very much

What are your hobbies, if any painting

Do you garden no Putter no Do-it-yourself some

Are you proud of Hollywood Yes and no

What is the worst thing about being a star having to wear too much heavy make-up; disrupts family life

The best financial security

Who is your favorite actor Brando, Holden

Actress Ingrid Bergman

Do you diet constantly

How many real friends have you 5

In the industry none Non-professional all

If single, why so __

Want to marry some day __ Why __

If divorced, how many times have you been married __

Want to try again __ Why __

If married, is this your first marriage No Other 2nd

Is your husband (wife) an actor yes In business __

What is the difference in your ages he's 8 years older

Are you happy with him (her) Very much

Have you been faithful to him (her) always

How many children have you 3 By how many husbands 1 (wives) __ How many adopted none

Do your children have a full-time nurse yes

Do you wish you (your wife) could take charge yes, when not working

Do you sleep in the raw __ Nightgown yes Pajamas __

Just tops __ Just bottoms __

Is it easy to "go Hollywood" yes Have you NO

What is your worst fault I put things off till tomorrow

Do you mind signing autographs I love it

Are you fussy about food yes Favorite food Pastry

Do you prefer tub yes Shower __

Do you worry about what people think constantly

What is your greatest extravagance clothes + jewelry

Economy Shopping for food

Have you ever been hungry for lack of money not yet

If you weren't a star, what profession would you prefer a housewife (with love and security, of course.)

For zany answers to our serious questions, please turn the page and read what Natalie Wood and Nick Adams have to say ☞

Tape-recorded confessions of Natalie Wood

Q: Natalie, do you have a swimming pool?
Nat: Yes, but I haven't been swimming in it yet . . .
Nick: I have . . .

Q: Nick, what book would you take to a desert island?
Nick: Natalie's diary.

Q: Why are you still single?
Nat: If I waited for Nick to propose I'd be an old maid.

Q: What's your worst fault?
Nick: Natalie trusts people to be nice and gets hurt.

and Nick Adams—

Q: How old were you when you had your first kiss?
Nat: Five. I talked this little boy into kissing me. Then I slapped him in the face. *I don't do that anymore.*

Q: What's your favorite food?
Nick: Fried baloney sandwiches with cheese on top.
Nat: He wants to die young!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Leading Lady	Natalie Wood
Leading Man	Nick Adams
Persistent questioner	Carl Schroeder (MODERN SCREEN's West Coast editor)
Demon photographer	Bob Beerman (MODERN SCREEN's staff photographer)

LOCATION

MODERN SCREEN Hollywood office

PROPS

Tape recorder, easy chairs, soft drinks, lots of cigarettes

ACTION

Natalie Wood and Nick Adams, having heard of MODERN SCREEN's questionnaire, drop by to answer some questions in person. They get comfortable and the action begins

DIALOGUE

QUES: *When did you make your first picture?*

NICK: *1954.* Mr. Roberts.

NATALIE: *I've got ten years on you. My first one was in 1944. It was called* Happyland. *I've been in twenty-six pictures since.*

NICK: *I've been in nine.*

QUES: *What was your gross income last year?*

NICK: *$12,000.*

NATALIE: *I don't know what mine was.*

NICK: *Well, figure.*

NATALIE: *Oh, off hand, a couple of million. No, seriously, I think I'll skip that one.*

QUES: *What were your total taxes?*

NICK: *I got a thousand bucks back.*

NATALIE: *My father takes care of mine. I never pay any attention. I don't worry about it. I don't think an actress, at least one my age, should start worrying about being a $10,000 or a $50,000 actress, or whether she's going to wind up in the poor house. According to law, a certain percentage of my income is put away until I'm twenty-one. I know I've answered that question like a female, not straight out like Nick.*

NICK: *You sure did. She's afraid of fortune hunters. When she's twenty-one she'll come into about $100,000. Then I'm gonna marry her and get all the dough.*

QUES: *How many bathrooms do you have in your home, Nick?*

(*Continued on page* 84)

■ One night last fall the Glendale High School sports stadium was the scene of an unusual activity. The lights were on and an inter-high school football game was in progress. The players were striplings, but big, and were giving a passable account of themselves on the field. Under the lights they swung out of the huddles and into the line for the pass or the crushing charge for yardage with the precision and intensity of big-timers. The score was close enough for suspense—and the rivalry was earnest. But nobody was watching the field.

Half-way up in the stands on the fifty-yard line a big man sat hunched over in a hat and light top-coat munching peanuts. Beside him sat a petite, dark-haired woman in a mink coat. They had their eyes on the field, but everyone in the stadium had their eyes on them; and with disturbing regularity young and old fans alike shoved their way to the big man's side and presented slips of paper to be signed. The man wasn't hard to identify. He was John Wayne, a former graduate of Glendale High and now America's number one movie star. The small woman was his wife.

Half-way through the second quarter, an Athletic Director who saw that the game was developing into a dismal flop because of audience distraction, struggled through the rows to Wayne's side.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wayne," he said, "I know the fans must be bothering you. Would you like to sit some place else?"

"They're not really bothering me," Wayne said. "I love it. But I would like to see my kid play (*Continued on page* 87)

That's the dilemma John Wayne's son Pat must face at the crossroad of his

should I be an ACTOR or a PRIEST?

life. And not even his father can answer it for him / by JIM HENAGHAN

THE LONGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE

I was having fun on the Andrea Doria—a pleasant voyage with gay traveling companions, the joy of coming home with my little boy, Dickie. And then suddenly—a crash in the night—and Dickie and I were in the very middle of the worst sea tragedy of our time. . .

by RUTH ROMAN

■ I clung to the Jacob's ladder dangling down from the *Andrea Doria,* half way between the deck and the water, and watched the lifeboat with my son in it pull away from me, into the fog. The last I saw of his little face, he wasn't crying. He had climbed into the lap of an Italian woman I had met on board the ship, and he was holding tight to his red balloon. Then the boat disappeared, and there was nothing for me to do but hang on, and pray.

It had begun as such a nice evening. It was terribly foggy out, but no one cared. We were only one day away from New York, and there was a dance being given. Dickie—he's three and a half—was asleep in the cabin, with his nurse. At 11:30 my friend Janet Stewart and I were up on the top deck, in the Belvedere Lounge. Everyone was singing—it was very gay. All of a sudden—the crash came. For a second I was stunned. I've been in an avalanche, I've been in accidents. Always at first there's the moment of complete shock, when nothing happens. Then suddenly you snap out of it. The *Andrea* rolled terribly and began to settle at a terrific list. I thought, "We've been torpedoed!" All of a sudden I started moving. Deep inside myself I was numb, I was praying. On the outside, I was doing the things I had to do. Don't ask me how. That's a question no one can answer.

I kicked off my shoes. "Don't get excited," I called to Janet. "I'm going for Dickie." Without shoes it was possible to walk on that (*Continued on page 76*)

KIM NOVAK'S DO-IT-YOURSELF BEAUTY HINTS

Many Hollywood actresses stay glamorous with the help of professional make-up artists. But experiment is Kim's byword. She puts make-up on only in daylight, uses a light eyebrow pencil and a non-glaring lipstick to assure herself of a natural look at night. She cuts her own hair (says it's easy). She uses all colors in powders, lipsticks and mascara, even mixes them. This way, she finds the right one for her.

photos by Peter Basch

by RUTH WATERBURY

■ At fourteen, like most teen-agers, Kim Novak hated her own looks. Her baby-fine, white-blonde hair she regarded as the end in nothing, her lashes were even more so, and her skin looked to her like skimmed-milk.

On impulse, she decided to get herself turned into a red-head. She really couldn't afford either the time or the money, for she was working and poor, but she took both. She headed for the nearest beauty parlor in her home city of Chicago, selected a color from a chart and turned herself over to the professional ministrations of the operator.

"They shampooed me, they dyed me, and they set me," Kim says, "and an hour and a half later, as I came out from under the dryer, I dashed to the mirror, looking to see myself turned into a dream. What I saw was a fireman's nightmare. The color on my hair was wild and the wave was set to my skull like plaster. My pale skin, contrasted with this beet red hairdo, looked like a ghost's and I didn't seem to have any eyes at all.

"I just sat down and cried and cried. They told me I'd love it when I got used to it, but I knew better and as soon as I could get hold of myself and had paid my bill, I went out and headed for the nearest swimming pool. At least, I thought, I could wash that wave right out of my hair.

"Of course it was a public swimming pool, which meant there was almost as much chlorine as water in it. So while the wave certainly did come out of my hair—most of my hair came with it. And what was left, as it dried, turned green. I nearly died of embarrassment. I slunk to the nearest department store, bought one of those stocking caps, pulled it down so you couldn't see one spear of my hair, and in that, I sneaked home. I couldn't go to school for a week. I snipped off my hair, day after day, concocted turbans and scarfs to wear over my head when I went out—and learned my lesson the hard way."

Kim has never dyed her hair since. For *Picnic* she used a red rinse, but in private life and in all her other pictures she uses a light lavender rinse over her naturally white-gold hair.

She puts this on after her shampoos, of course. When she is not in a picture, she shampoos her hair twice a week with a shampoo oil good for naturally dry hair. When filming, she washes it every day. Because her hair is so baby-fine, she uses the lightest permanent solution, puts the curls in very loosely, doing a fresh permanent about every two months. She sets her hair in (*Continued on page 89*)

Bob and Dorothy Mitchum: Our favorite memories of

PARIS

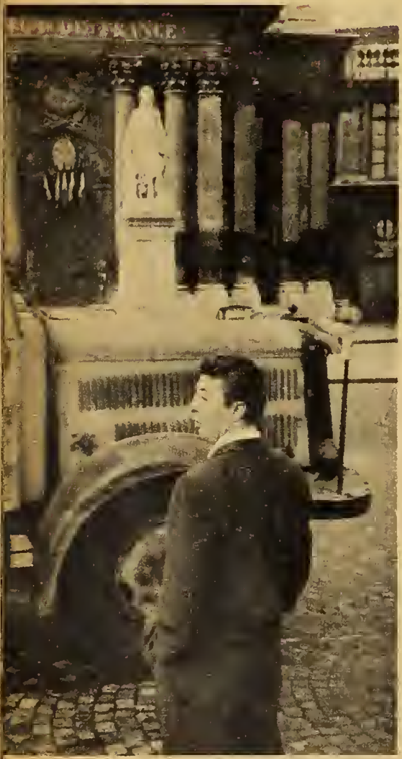
● They grabbed a tramp steamer to Genoa, drove through Spain, and took a train to France. ● The first thing they did when they hit Paris was get lost, so they headed for the nearest policeman. Between his pidgin English and Dorothy's pidgin French, they were on their way again. ● Shooting on Foreign Intrigue *started in a couple of days, so Bob was rarin' to go tourist-ing: dawn found him ready for the streets of Paris. Dorothy swore her other eye would be open in a matter of minutes and sent him out, to wait in solitary grandeur until there was a waiter awake to start him on his way with* une café. Une café*—that's French for coffee that's strong enough to stand up, sneer at you, and pour itself down your throat if you're too sleepy to lift the cup. ● His wife sleep-walked toward him, and they headed towards the Champs Elysees: Dorothy looked at the shop windows while Bob signed a few autographs; Dorothy assured a Parisienne Bob* couldn't *have scared her donkey—he hadn't had that mean look on his face that's reserved for the cameras; Dorothy bought the things she had 'window-shopped' while Bob waited for a cab at the taxi stand.*

TAXIS
TÊTE DE STATION

MORE ➤

PARIS

Continued



Photos by Russ Melcher

● *There was a night of shooting on the picture that ended just as dawn began to light the sky.* ● *For a while Bob watched the sanitation trucks go by—instead of the taxi he was looking for. No people, no cars—just sanitation trucks cleaning the streets of Paris for a new day. Bob started walking in the general direction of his hotel—and again got that special feeling and that special whiff and that special aura of quietness that spells Paris to him.* ● *When he passed the Seine, he stopped and caught a fish. Well, he didn't really catch it, but he worked as hard as the solitary fisherman at being motionless until the quiver at the end of the line told him it was time to bring in—a wiggle no longer than his finger.* ● *And he'll remember Paris for its fantastic markets,* Les Halles, *and for the restaurant where he had the specialty of the house—onion soup, and for the centuries of romance that Dorothy and Bob felt as they wandered through the gardens of Paris' Tuileries.*

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A WONDERFUL DAY FOR A WEDDING

■ It's always so nice to be in on a love story from almost the very beginning . . . to its happy, happy, ending. And Modern Screen has followed the progress of Shirley Jones' romance with singer Jack Cassidy from the time she returned home from the State Department's production of *Oklahoma* (where she met and fell in love with Jack) up until the moment she stood in front of Reverend Edge Dickson at the simple altar of The New Church of Jerusalem in Cambridge, Mass., and promised to "love, honor and cherish" the man standing solemnly at her side till "death do us part."

Shirley's romance, as those who followed her story in Modern Screen remember, was not one of "moonlight and sweet songs." There were many long torturous months of heart-break and pretense. Waiting and wondering whether Jack's wife (from whom he had been separated many months before he met Shirley) would ever consent to the divorce now that she knew his heart belonged to another. Pretending she wasn't in love; that she and Jack were "just friends."

Then two days before it was officially released to the newspapers, Modern Screen broke the good news to the world. Evelyn Ward Cassidy had flown to Mexico for a divorce and Jack and Shirley were planning to marry in the fall.

However, having waited so long, Jack and Shirley could wait no longer. Instead, they decided to wed in Cambridge in August, when the two were to appear together in the Musical Festival's production of *Beggars' Opera.*

But they wanted no rushed frantic elopement. Having had to keep their love secret for so long, they wanted to share their happiness over the marriage with everyone: their friends, the family, the world.

In the three weeks they had in Cambridge before August 5th, they still found time to do the thousand and one things necessary for a formal wedding: Choosing clothes for themselves and the wedding party, buying the rings, selecting flowers, arranging for the reception, and most important of all, selecting the *right* church. The latter they just stumbled on one evening en route to rehearsals, directly across the street from the Sanders Theatre where they were playing. It turned out to be the kind of simple, beautiful little church Shirley always *dreamed* of being married in. A church just like the one she would have been married in back home in Smithton, Pennsylvania.

Since Shirley could not come to Smithton—Smithton, in a manner of speaking, came to her. The week before the wedding, aunts, uncles, nieces, cousins, and childhood friends poured into the little town of Cambridge. By plane, train and auto they came to see their favorite little girl get married. Charlotte Lynn—Shirley's first "best friend" was matron of honor, and Sari Price—who was with Shirley and Jack when they were doing *Oklahoma* in Paris and who seemed to know "even before we did" that they were in love, was her only bridesmaid. Shirley wanted Barbara Ruick to be one too, but Barbara was also doing summer musical theater—five states away, and didn't know until the day before the wedding that she would be free to attend.

It was a beautiful wedding. And Shirley was the most beautiful of brides; a vision in a billowing white peau de soir gown, embroidered with hundreds of tiny iridescent sequins, and a shoulder-length veil.

And the reception took place in a tiny little restaurant in the center of town. The managers tried to give it a "Hollywood touch," but succeeded instead in making it even less pretentious. For on the menu they featured Roast Beef *a-là-Jack*, creamed Lobster *a-là-Shirley*, the words to "Oh What A Beáutiful Morning" and the balcony scene from *Romeo And Juliet.*

Shirley and Jack left the reception early—as all married couples do. But instead of rushing to some secluded honeymoon spot, they rushed straight to the theatre—for the evening performance—which try as they might they could not get cancelled. During the curtain calls the audience and cast showered them with rice, and later there was a backstage party. Then they were off for one short day.

But even the brevity of 'their honeymoon' couldn't dim their happiness. For on that sunny August day a precious, nearly forbidden dream came true. And they have the rest of their lives in which to "honeymoon."

how liz ruined her marriage

(*Continued from page 31*) experienced, worldly-wise, ex-boy friend of that perennial charmer, Dietrich. She was little Liz Taylor, international beauty with an internationally broken heart. She'd been married to Nick Hilton and he had mistreated her. She was miserable, a divorcee before she was twenty-one. All her life she'd been the center of a little world that revolved around her. She was incredibly beautiful, she was talented, she was bright and gay and affectionate and sweet. She met Nicky and he was handsome and charming and he knew just how she felt about everything because he too had been the center of a group of admiring friends for a good deal of his life. Obviously they were meant for each other. The only trouble was, they hadn't decided in advance who was going to be the pivot of the new little world known as married life.

And they hurt each other badly, left each other bewildered, almost stunned. Neither wanted to play adoring parent to the precocious darling child. Miserably lonesome, Liz went to London to make *The Conspirator.* It was a good chance to grow up, to live on her own, take care of herself, do without a retinue. If she hadn't renewed acquaintance with Mike Wilding, whom she had idolized three years before, she might have taken it. But Mike was there. And he fell in love with Liz.

Someone to watch over her

Only what Liz wanted wasn't really love. She wanted protection, care, a loving, indulgent somebody to look after her.

Never get the idea that it didn't scare Mike. It did. He weighed his qualms carefully, pondered over their chances of success. More than their twenty-year age difference, the different way they looked at love frightened him. But Liz wasn't scared. Mike was exactly what she wanted. Finally *she* did the proposing.

"You're too young," he protested. "You'll change your mind."

"I won't."

"Let's wait and see."

Liz refused to wait. Hardly was the ink dry on her decree from Hilton before she sprang the news of her engagement to Wilding. A move that caught him off-guard. He said so—to a British reporter. "It came as a surprise to me. My idea was to give it time." He was sure of *his* love. He wanted to make sure of hers. He might have been firmer. He might have put his foot down. He might have insisted that they learn to know each other better. Yes, and he might have been a man of iron. Being flesh and blood, he caved in. He even sounded cheerful about it. "She wants to be married to someone who'll love and protect her. That someone, by heaven-sent luck, turns out to be me. I won't let her down."

It was the only way he could have Elizabeth and he took it.

If she's happy, he's happy

As for Liz, she was perfectly honest. She believed in her love. She always does. She's always convinced that no girl before her ever felt so real an emotion, nor ever will again. Three years before that, even while making eyes at Michael, she wrote wistfully: "I don't know what I'd do without Glenn's letters." Of Pawley she breathed: "What a year! It brought me *Bill!*" Of Hilton she said: "Your heart knows when you meet the right man. There's no doubt in my mind that Nicky's the one I want to spend my life with." And of Wilding in triumphant crescendo: "I don't care if I never work again. All I want is to be Mike's wife and have a baby right away."

Mike, enchanted, capitulated entirely. What Nicky couldn't give, Michael gave in abundance. It was his pleasure to indulge this beguiling creature. Not that he blinded himself. "She's a seething mass of feminine wiles," he sighed—and surrendered to them. Nothing was worth a battle. Michael hates to fight. Especially over minor irritations. Liz was wildly untidy—dropped her clothes on the floor and housebroke her animals on the new rug. She spent money like a whole fleetful of sailors. She never got anywhere on time. At most, he'd offer mild protest. "To keep people waiting is a form of discourtesy." The answer was easy. She'd bat those double-fringed violet eyes at him and he'd throw in the towel. And Elizabeth would be happy again. If she was happy, he was happy. He literally threw his career away by coming to Hollywood, which just couldn't be bothered making proper use of one of the best light comedians in the business. But he had Elizabeth. They had not one baby but two, and if his child-bride burst into tears every time the kiddies did—well, they could afford a nurse who wouldn't. If Liz was happy—

Liz asserts herself

And then came the blow. Some say it came out of the blue, at a party. There was a crowd, and Liz got separated from Mike. Hunting for him, she bumped into a friend. "Where's Michael?" she asked.

The friend took her arm. "Let me talk to you, kid," he said. "It's damned stupid of you to keep following your husband around. Assert yourself. Be something in your own right. Stop being a shadow!"

He was only telling her what everyone knew and most people approved—that Liz was dependent on Mike. What wasn't true was that anyone who looked like Liz Taylor and sparkled like her could be anyone's shadow. But maybe Liz had never heard anything like it before. Maybe it scared her. She stopped suddenly in her tracks. She didn't finish looking for Michael.

Whether such an incident could be a major turning point in a life—or in two lives—is anybody's guess. But one thing is certain—whether it was sudden or had been coming for a long time, things were very different after that night. It wasn't long before Liz was telling people, "When I married Michael, I couldn't detach myself from his apron strings. I'd follow him from group to group like a puppy dog." The implication was that she wasn't, any more. She seemed to find it very amusing. But it was only a short step from that to: "Don't tell me what to do! I'm your wife, not your daughter!" Only a short step to Michael, bewildered, wondering what suddenly went wrong.

Liz had handed out the roles, told Mike how she wanted it played. Now she had changed her mind. She didn't like the parts. Mark it down—the first way Liz destroyed her marriage.

The second way was equally tragic.

In love with love

The other thing Mike hadn't counted on was that Elizabeth was and is in love with love. The thing that terrifies her more than anything else, and the thing that comes most easily to a girl who has been surrounded too long by too much of everything, is boredom. "I only feel alive when I'm in love," she told friends. And after five years of marriage and two babies, some of the first delirious enchantment has of necessity gone out of love. That is something it takes a good solid marriage with its companionship, trust and understanding, to replace. When the foundations of the Wilding marriage turned out to be sand, the lack of thrill became a big thing.

Late in the Wilding marriage, when Liz decided she didn't want a father after all, she began to look for that long-lost thrill. A year ago while she and Rock Hudson were making *Giant* down in Marfa, Texas, there were rumors. On any set, and especially on location, comradeship flourishes. But bystanders reported that the warmth between Liz and Rock flourished beyond the call of comradeship. From all parties a smoke-screen of denials rolled up. Rock, maintained Liz, was merely her second-best friend, the first being Montgomery Clift. Nevertheless, Mike hied himself to Texas. Maybe to show a united front with his wife, maybe to find out what all the shootin' was for.

Monty, Jimmy, Kevin. Where's Mike?

There was talk about Elizabeth and Jimmy Dean, and when the news of his death hospitalized her, the rumors burst out louder and louder. There was talk of Liz and Monty, her first-best friend, and that didn't die down when she held his head, weeping, all the way to the hospital when he was in the auto accident.

Home from England where Michael was making a picture, she didn't seem to care much what anybody thought. Blithely

(*Continued on page 57*)

Jan Sterling (Mrs. Paul Douglas) co-star in Columbia Pictures' "The Harder They Fall" tucks her little son safely in for the night.

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At a costume party, Debbie Reynolds appeared as a clown. The knight in shining armor is Tony Curtis with his fair maiden, Janet Leigh. Frank Sinatra came as a Mississippi gambler and astrologer, Carroll Righter, Aria Allen and Rick Jason are circus performers. Pistol packin' Peggy Lee held a gun and Joan Crawford (below) came as an exotic dancing girl.

PIN THE NOSE ON THE MOVIE STAR

and other Hollywood Party Games

It's nearly Hallowe'en and when that particular holiday comes around, Hollywood greets it with full force. Costume parties become the favorite social activity in filmland and the favorite pastime at these parties are party games, which naturally are all about movies. Here are a few games and how they're played. Try them at your own Hallowe'en apple-dunking.

GHOSTS: Before the party begins the hostess makes a list of about 200 questions about show business. Like: Who starred in *The Saracen Blade?* The guests sit in a circle, and the questions are started to the left of the hostess. Each person is asked one question at a time. The first time a contestant misses a question he becomes a "G". The second time he misses he becomes "G-H". When he becomes "GHOST" (missing five questions) he is disqualified and the game continues until only one is left. It's great when only two or three champs are left.

CHARADES: Hollywood style it means that you act out *movie titles.* The guests are divided into two teams which compete against each other. They use good, hard titles including *Demetrius And The Gladiators, Away All Boats.*

PIN THE NOSE ON THE MOVIE STAR: This game is the same as Pin The Tail On The Donkey, only the hostess uses a life-size poster of a movie star and cuts weird noses from construction paper.

GUESS THE MOVIE: Before the party, the hostess selects old movie stills from the studio files or goes through old movie magazines clipping scenes from past films. The scenes are then mounted on cardboards and the guest identifying the most movies wins.

NAME A TUNE: Mounted pictures from any magazines are used and for each picture the guests make a list of song titles the pictures suggest. For instance, a picture of a baby (taken from a baby-food ad) might suggest "Baby, It's Cold Outside," "Don't Cry, Joe," or "Too Young." A picture of a clock suggests "High Noon." The person with the longest list wins.

SCAVENGER HUNT: This is the highlight of any party. Teams of six people are sent all over town in automobiles. It means waking up relatives in the middle of the night, tracking down friends at other parties, and begging studio guards to open studio gates. Here's a list of items that a recent winning team brought back after a two-hour search. A *Dragnet* badge from Jack Webb, a cigar from Edward G. Robinson, a violin string from Jack Benny, a Peter Pan collar from June Allyson, a toothbrush from Liberace, an autographed picture of Tab Hunter from Natalie Wood, and a sweater from Cleo Moore. The prize was a membership in the national Elvis Presley fan club.

No wonder Hollywood stars look forward to October 31st—and no wonder they need a year in between to recuperate!

(*Continued from page* 55)

she went dancing at the Mocambo with Kevin McClory, John Huston's assistant. The management tried to cover up for her. "What you saw," they asserted, "was a couple of other girls." It was nice of them but they needn't have bothered. At a race track Nick Hilton gave her a flock of winning tickets. Squealing, she flung her arms around him. "Honestly, Nicky, you're insane. I guess that's why I married you in the first place." It was a harmless impulse. Only, thousands were watching and misinterpreting. In a wife and mother of two, impulse is excusable but dignity's more becoming.

And then, with one of those about-faces that makes her charming, that makes you see why Mike loved her enough to risk what he risked, she did show dignity at a trying time. A smear magazine sank its fangs into Mike. While Liz was away, Mike's supposed to have carted a couple of strip-teasers home to entertain himself and a nameless pal. Let Liz tell how it hit them. "By the time the magazine came out, I was back home in Hollywood. Neither Michael nor I knew about the article until it had been on the newsstands for three days. Then a columnist phoned poor Mike at home to know how I'd acted about it. Horrified, he rushed out and bought the magazine. Then he called me on the set. He was aghast and his voice was so pale gray that I couldn't help giggling." The giggles over, she made a sober statement. "Whether it's true or not, you can't let an article like that break up your marriage." Spoken like a wise woman.

She was right in another sense, too. Whether or not it was true about Mike, it wasn't going to break up the marriage. That had already been done.

The death of a marriage

Meantime, two little boys pay a price for what they never bought. The tall smiling father who scooped them to safety on his shoulders after a tumble won't be around. He'll see them, of course. There's no drop of malice in Liz. She's not the kind to erect any wall between Mike and his sons. But he's no longer a part of their everyday background. Right now he's oceans away while Liz works in *Raintree County* with best-friend Clift. She loves her kids dearly but, between work and play, she can't have much time to give them companionship. From the set, sift tales of her tantrums. Happy, she's easy to get along with. Unhappy, she's not. Maybe she's going through the same kind of turmoil that followed her break with Hilton. Monty must be a comfort. "I've told him everything," she said once. "Even things I'm ashamed of."

The wayward wind is a restless wind that yearns to wander. It's been suggested that Liz will now create more headlines than Turner or Hayworth—that beauty like hers wasn't meant for domesticity but for the excitement of changing romance. They used to call her the girl who has everything. Everything is just what you can't have. You can't have variety and a steadfast love. Turner found that out the hard way and seems to have reached safe harbor at last. Hayworth's still learning the hard, lonely way. Ditto Ava Gardner. Ditto Elizabeth Taylor? It's anyone's guess.

In this whole sorry business, there's just one thing for sure. So far as her heart's concerned, King Michael is dead. And one hope. Long live the next king.

END

Liz Taylor will soon be seen in George Stevens production of Giant to be released by Warner Bros. and in MGM's Raintree County.

SCRIPT
ACT II

Cue for glamour!

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Left, *A beautiful, beautiful bra fashioned of nylon lace with an open-work criss-cross detail insert on the bra cups. This bra looks like a dream and, of course, washes and wears like one, too. It is dainty—but practical with assurance of figure beauty. It is available in white only. About $3.50. By Exquisite Form.*

Below, *a cotton bra with a handsome embroidered detail on the cup tops. The center features a gored band for cup separation. The bra cups are lined with flannel re-inforcement for added contour and uplift. This bra comes in white only. About $2.00. Also by Exquisite Form.*

Get a lift with a new bra

Photos by Prigent

Lush long torso bra that gives perfect underlook for new clothes—Lovable's front-zip cotton combination bra, waist-cincher and garter belt. This exciting new garment called, Dancetime, features Lovable's patented T-strap—straps that can be worn 12 different ways. You can buy it in black or white. About $5.95.

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BE FAIR OF FACE—TURN TO PAGE 60

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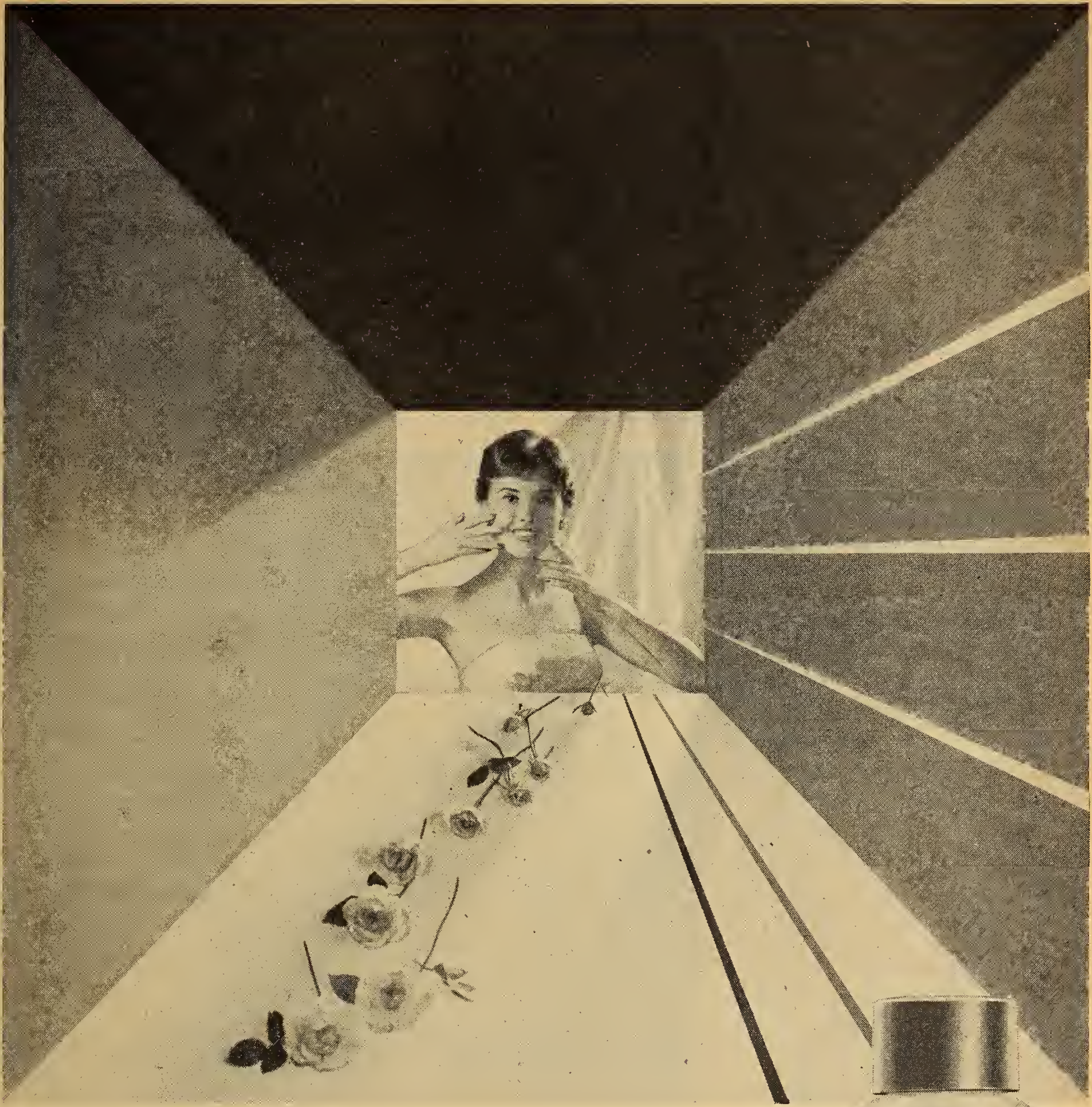
radiant skin accents Cyd Charisse's great beauty

BEAUTY is also skin deep

■ Complete beauty can be your good fortune and not a hidden yearning. Through the ages we have been told that true beauty is of the spirit reflected in mind and deed. The marvels of today's beauty preparations have enlarged the scope of the accepted definition of beauty to include physical beauty. The magic of make-up bases and powders can give your skin added color and glow and cover little blemishes, others can give depth and intrigue to your eyes, still others vibrant color and accent to your lips. But you cannot cover up an uncared-for skin any more than you can an ungracious thought or careless manner if your goal is complete beauty such as the movie stars have. Complete beauty includes a clean skin. Stars must cleanse their skins at least twice a day to thoroughly remove the heavy make-up that is necessary before the cameras. They can't become lazy and go on to dates with screen make-up on—or a make-up that they have worn all day. Frequent cleansing—the very using of soaps and creams and lotions—not only thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin but also creates circulation that stimulates constant pore action. Circulation also causes the impurities of the skin to be thrown off. Tiny particles of dead, dry skin are likewise removed by frequent cleansing. After thorough cleansing the skin is more able to respond to the lubricating preparations that help to make it soft and smooth and moist. If you would have a glowing, radiant skin such as the movie stars are famous for, start today with regular skin cleansing periods just as the stars do. Morning and night—and yet another period after the busy day—so you will be glamorous for your evening date. This is the "must" program for keeping your skin clean, young and radiant. You will be amazed at how your make-up base and powder will go on a smooth, clean skin. Even your lipstick will have a more luscious and clearly defined outline as the skin tissue around the mouth has become softer and smoother. The stars use various kinds of skin cleansers, lubricating creams and lotions. You will have almost as much thrill trying the several types to see just which ones are most pleasing to you and your skin as you will at the almost immediate improvement that you will recognize in your skin and—looks. The preparations and soaps today are dreamy in their texture and scent—the beauty of the products themselves literally takes you into another world while you are using them. Always use upward and outward strokes when applying your selected preparations—never downward. Use only soft, gentle, smooth strokes. Hard strokes will harm the tissues. Around the eyes the movement should be outward from the bridge of the nose over the lids to the temple, circling around under the eyes, *(Continued on page 75)*



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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SPECTACLE
War And Peace
FOR LAUGHS
Bus Stop
FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
The Best Things In Life Are Free
FOR DRAMA
Tea And Sympathy
Attack!
FOR SUSPENSE
Port Afrique
The Last Wagon
FOR SHIVERS
The Unguarded Moment
Beyond A Reasonable Doubt

★ **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *At a magnificent New Year's Eve ball in Moscow, Prince Andrey (Mel Ferrer) is about to take Natasha (Audrey Hepburn) into his arms for the first time. This is one of the many breathtaking scenes taken from Leo Tolstoy's great novel,* War And Peace.

★ WAR AND PEACE

a masterpiece becomes a film classic

■ Generally acclaimed one of the greatest novels ever written, Tolstoy's *War And Peace* has been brought to the screen in a three-and-a-half-hour adaptation that is spectacular, panoramic and often exciting. Here, it is a story of the nobility in old Russia and of how their lives were changed by Napoleon, whose mammoth ambition to rule the entire continents of Europe and Asia led to his invasion of Moscow. The scenes of the French and Russian armies marching against each other in the field, and of the French retreat from Moscow in winter are magnificent; the re-creation of Moscow as it looked in the early 19th century, the interiors of the great houses, the ballrooms and cafes, the sweeping vistas of the countryside in spring, and the moody setting of a duel in moonlit snow, the costumes (not only of the women but of the Russian officers) are incredibly beautiful. In the midst of all this are presented the sagas of several families—the family of the merry Count Rostov (Barry Jones) is dominated by the vivacity of his daughter Natasha (Audrey Hepburn); the family of the plutocratic Prince Bolkonsky (Wilfred Lawson) is dominated by his sense of pride and duty as exemplified by his son Andrey (Mel Ferrer). The great estates and wealth of a Russian landowner inherited by his illegitimate son Pierre (Henry Fonda) brings the fortune-hunting Kuragines (brother Vittorio Gassman, sister Anita Ekberg) into play. All of them together project a sense of the vast variety of types and the limitless resources of a sprawling country—Mother Russia—whose destiny is inextricably wound with theirs. The love story of Hepburn and Ferrer is only part of the huge canvas, as is the search by Fonda for the meaning and purpose of life, as is the far-flung ambition of Napoleon (Herbert Lom) and the indomitable defense of his country by General Kutuzov (Oscar Homolka) who trusts the land and the nature of Russia herself to help win him his battles. Scene by scene unfolds with a sense of history behind it and with the eternal question of man's destiny looming over it. Don't miss this movie; you won't be bored for a minute of its three-and-a-half hours. Prominent among the cast are John Mills, Helmut Dantine, Anna Maria Ferrero, Milly Vitale, Jeremy Brett. Directed by King Vidor. A Ponti-De-Laurentiis Production. Vista-Vision—Para.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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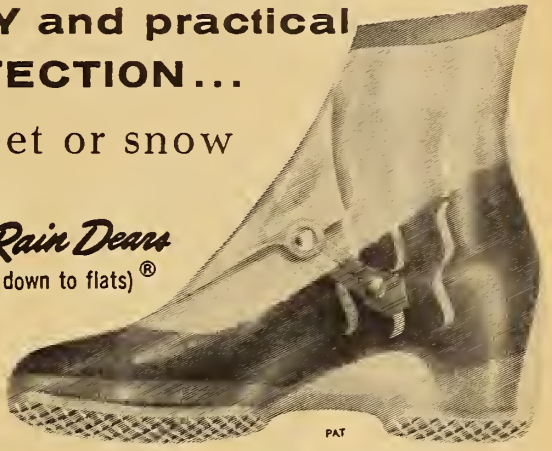

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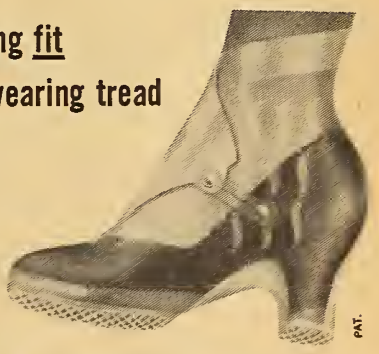

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Mona Freeman

co-starring with Barry Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe and Katy Jurado, in Allied Artists' picture in CinemaScope and color "Dragoon Wells Massacre"

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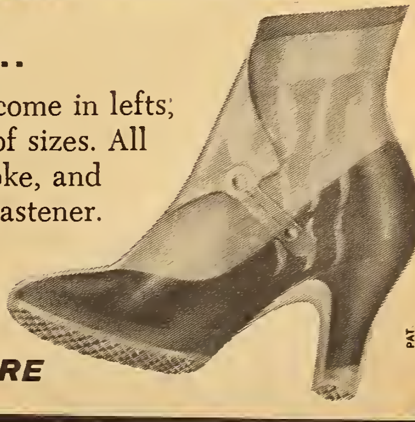

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movie previews

(Continued from page 62)

BUS STOP

—MM and the rodeo

■ Marilyn Monroe is absolutely delightful in *Bus Stop*. As a naive but hardly inexperienced "chantoosie" from the Ozarks she is comic, touching and vibrant. The whole movie (based on the hit play and directed by Joshua Logan) is highly entertaining. Bo Decker (Don Murray) is a 21-year-old cowboy fresh off the ranch. His contact with people has been limited to Arthur O'Connell, who taught him everything he knew—which excluded anything about women. O'Connell and Murray arrive in Phoenix where Murray plans to win all the prizes at the rodeo, and also to find a girl who is an angel (because O'Connell told him he's old enough for girls). When Murray walks into the seedy *Blue Dragon* cafe he finds Marilyn rendering a pathetic version of "That Old Black Magic" and he's bowled over. Marilyn is not exactly sure what life has in store but she has a vague idea about being discovered by Hollywood, and absolutely no intention of settling for Murray. But she is kindhearted and completely bewildered and about half an hour after meeting Murray she's engaged to him. The rest of this movie deals with her feeble but frantic efforts to escape the boy who refuses to be refused, and goes after her with the same tactics he uses on wild horses. Colorful scenes of the rodeo (in addition to Marilyn) enhance the visual aspects of the film. With Betty Field, Eileen Heckart, Robert Bray. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

ATTACK!

brilliant war movie

■ This is one of the best movies about war I've ever seen. Most war pictures are a tremendous amount of noise signifying nothing, and the soldiers in them are stereotypes of people no one has ever known. This movie, which takes place in Europe, 1944, strikes you with terror, admiration and pain. The characterizations in it are excellent. Eddie Albert is the Captain of "Fox" company. He is incompetent, arrogant and cowardly in the pinches, but his boyhood friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee Marvin, intends to get him a citation because Albert's father is an important judge back home. Writhing under this injustice is Lieutenant Jack Palance, a courageous, strong fighter whose only concern is his men and their survival. Another Lieutenant (William Smithers) is equally concerned, but he has a certain polish about him that makes him less the noble savage and more the man willing to compromise than Palance. On the fierce stage of action that taking the German-held village of La Nelle presents, the characters of these four men reach their final expression. It is a real and human drama; it is also a vivid picture of war as it must truly be.—U.A.

TEA AND SYMPATHY

drama of a troubled adolescent

■ Deborah Kerr's most recent triumph on Broadway is faithfully restaged in this movie version of a schoolmaster's wife who over-extends herself for a troubled young adolescent. The boy (John Kerr), who commits the unpardonable sins of liking good music and poetry, disliking crewcuts, knowing how to sew buttons on shirts, walking gracefully and playing a good game of tennis (as opposed to a good game of football), is scorned and ridiculed by his classmates who cruelly label him effeminate. Instead of laughing this off, Deborah's husband (athletic coach Leif Erickson) and John's father (alumnus Edward Andrews) join in the mockery. Only Deborah (who once had a brief, happy marriage with just such a youth and who feels alienated from her all-American spouse) can understand, accept and sympathize with him. She goes even further to prove that he, indeed, is a Man, and this costs her her marriage which, all things considered, is worth the price. CinemaScope—MGM.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

it happens on Broadway

■ First there was Brown (Ernest Borgnine) and De Sylva (Gordon MacRae). Then Henderson (Dan Dailey) wandered into a rehearsal of the new George White Scandals written by them, and a famous songwriting trio was born. For seven years they lorded it over Broadway, and this is their story. What it lacks in authenticity it makes up for in charm, especially in the charm of Ernest Borgnine whose versatility and warmth nearly steal the picture. He's the big-eating, quick-tempered, blunt-speaking realist of the trio who still has a few boyhood friends (notably racketeer Murvyn Vye) hanging around him. MacRae is an ambitious, suave lady-killer (showgirl Sheree North is smitten) and Dailey is an ex-music teacher, family man and brother-in-law to Sheree. As the boys roll to fame and fortune together, De Sylva's head and ambitions get bigger—leading to Hollywood, temporary grief on Sheree's part and a splitting up of the team. But all ends well in this summing up of an era in Broadway history, and you'll see a lot of once popular songs (including the title one) sometimes lavishly staged. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

THE LAST WAGON

Widmark as Comanche Todd

■ It's 1875 in the Canyon of Death—which at the moment is quite lively, what with an emigrant train pushing its way through, and Comanche Todd (Richard Widmark) being dragged right into their path by a sadistic sheriff who has him on the end of a lariat. Seems that Widmark, aside from being Indian bred, is also a murderer. The sheriff joins the wagon train, warning them of Apaches, and the Apaches shortly wipe out the wagon train. Only Widmark and a handful of hysterical teen-agers survive. Among them are proud and spiteful Stephanie Griffin, her half-Indian half-sister Susan Kohner, spunky Felicia Farr and her little brother Tommy Rettig and two adolescent boys—sensitive Ray Stricklyn, swaggering Nick Adams. They have little choice but to put themselves into the guilty hands of Comanche Todd who thereafter conducts a brief, do-it-yourself course on survival—this covers hunting, trapping, whittling, hand-to-hand combat with Apaches, first aid for rattlesnake bites and making the most (with Felicia Farr) of the moon over Arizona. With Widmark as professor it is a pleasant experience. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

PORT AFRIQUE

a marital problem in North Africa

■ When ex-flyer Phil Carey comes home to Morocco he's shy about notifying his wife—he's got a leg wound and she always loathed that kind of thing. His best friend, police chief Eugene Deckers, braces him with cognac. At a local cafe Pier Angeli soothes him with a sultry song, and by the time Carey gets home his wife is dead. Must be suicide everybody says, knowing better. Turns out nearly everyone in Morocco has a motive—Pier Angeli (girl without a passport); Dennis Price (Carey's weak business partner); Rachel Gurney (Price's strong wife); James Hayter (ex-beachcomber and present shady owner of the cafe), and, from the look of things, the police chief, himself, who goes about wiping out clues with one hand and carrying on a long-distance chess game with the other. Technicolor —Col.

BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT

frame-up for murder

■ There's this rich publisher (Sidney Blackmer) who has a positive hatred of capital punishment, envisioning hundreds of innocent men frying in the electric chair. With almost no difficulty he persuades his future son-in-law (Dana Andrews) to frame himself as the murderer of a chorus girl who has fortunately just been murdered. While Andrews gaily plants his fingerprints here, there and on the soft shoulders of Barbara Nichols (friend of the deceased) Blackmer protects him by recording all with a polaroid camera. Joan Fontaine is somewhat put out to find her fiancé on trial for murder (nobody told her anything) and breaks the engagement. But by the time this movie's over that's the least of Dana's worries.—RKO.

TEEN AGE REBEL

child of divorce

■ It's been eight years since Ginger Rogers laid eyes on her daughter, because eight years ago Ginger left her husband for Michael Rennie and *their* union was blessed by a cute, adenoidal seven-year-old named Rusty Swope. It was a change for the better, but try telling that to Betty Lou Keim, who's now 15 and visiting Ginger because her father's getting re-married and doesn't want her around. (Betty doesn't know he's getting married; she thinks the visit's a legal duty.) Well, Betty comes to that sunny, suburban home and proceeds to cast it in shade with her snobbish, aloof and distinctly unfriendly manner. Rennie pays the kids next door (Warren Berlinger and Diane Jergens who, if anything, err on the side of normality) to be nice to Betty Lou, but the be-nice-to-Betty movement meets terrible opposition by the girl herself until love (by Warren) absolutely melts her. She freezes up again after a romantic crisis and from then on it's touch and go.—20th-Fox.

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT

terror in a high school

■ A special form of juvenile delinquency gets the once over lightly in this film, with Esther Williams playing a high school teacher on the receiving end of mash notes from the school's football hero (John Saxon). John's not so bad, though; it's his father (Edward Andrews) who is an overgrown delinquent, somewhat on the psychopathic side. He hates women. Pop manages to convince everyone (except detective George Nader) that Esther's a latter-day Circe, luring young men into locker rooms after dark. Only thing he can't pin on her is responsibility for a rape wave that's about to sweep Ogden High's campus. Technicolor—U-I.

WRITTEN ON THE WIND

the money that flows in Texas

■ Robert Stack and his sister Dorothy Malone have nothing but money, all of which was made by their father, oil tycoon Robert Keith. Wait a minute. Robert Stack has a friend, too. Rock Hudson—boy who grew up with him and who now flies all over the world with him (in a private plane). Not that Hudson likes to fly, he's all the time wishing Bob would be good and come home. But Bob just won't. On an afternoon in New York Bob and Rock fall in love with Lauren Bacall, secretary in the family's branch office. That evening they're all in Florida and Lauren is being ushered into a hotel suite which contains a wardrobe (clothes spun of pure gold) that Bob ordered made up for her in fifteen minutes. She doesn't fall for *that* line, but she falls for Bob, dissolute drinker that he is, and marries him. Meanwhile, back in the mansion, Dorothy is eating her heart out for Rock and drinking, and carrying on with ordinary workers. You see, she can't have Rock, so she plots the downfall of her brother's marriage. It kills her father, kills her brother, too. Technicolor—U-I.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL

World War II revisited

■ War, as they say, does many things to men. Aside from giving Robert Wagner a terrible case of the shakes it makes a better cotton mill owner out of him. Before the war he was one of those rich Southerners who never heard that Lincoln freed the slaves, and the way he treated his sharecroppers sickened the Mrs. (Terry Moore). A few months in the South Pacific and Wagner was splitting a case of beer (swiped) with three buddies of the lower classes who had performed some heroic action with him. When his former next-door neighbor (now his commanding officer) kills those men by accident, Wagner is understandably enraged and tries killing *him.* Instead of a court martial he's sent to a Jap-infested area in the hills where a disreputable company is tyrannized by a half-crazy captain (Broderick Crawford). Between the captain and the Japanese a man could lose his mind, but an ex-sharecropper named Buddy Ebsen, who shares a foxhole with Wagner, steadies him with progressive thoughts of home. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE KING AND I (20th-Fox): An enchanting musical starring Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno and some of the best songs Rodgers and Hammerstein ever wrote. The sets, costumes, music, singing, dancing and people make it a must on every-one's movie list.

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC (Col.): Concerns Judy Holliday, an unemployed actress who likes to attend stockholders' meetings since she just inherited ten shares of a vast Projects Corporation. Judy makes trouble for everyone. The dialogue is sparkling and the romance beween Paul Douglas and Judy is tender and funny.

THE BURNING HILLS (Warners): Stars Natalie Wood (a fiery Anglo-Mexican whose dad has been shot) and Tab Hunter (whose brother has been shot). Tab's out for revenge and, with a gang of men out to kill him, he finds Natalie who feeds, hides, and takes care of him.

PARDNERS (Para.): Although Jerry becomes a rancher and a sheriff under the name of Killer Jones, he still remains himself—friendly, innocent and incompetent—in this funny film starring Dean Martin, Agnes Moorehead and Lori Nelson.

TRAPEZE (U.A.): Great circus atmosphere and wonderful trapeze shots are shown in this exciting movie that stars Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS (U.A.) A documentary film based on reports and official investigations of "flying saucers." A most interesting and informative film.

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE (Disney): Fess Parker, who looks and acts like a Southerner, is really a Northern spy attempting to dismantle the Southern railway system during the Civil War. Jeffrey Hunter, a motorman, suspects it and the chase is on.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

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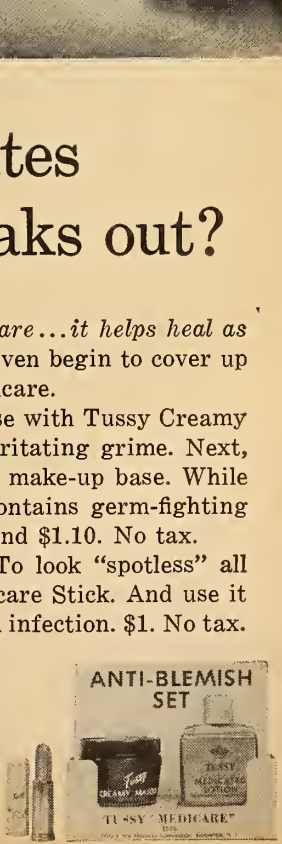

marilyn enters a jewish family

(*Continued from page 23*) God made a lot of rules that she hadn't known about before. Things she must do, and must not do, especially on Sundays. According to the man, in the sight of God she was even less than she had always thought she was—and that was pretty little. She was a sinner, who thought wicked thoughts, and planned wicked deeds. The man didn't know what they were, and she didn't know either, but God knew, and He would punish her. If she thought her life was bad now, she should just wait till God caught up to her; then she'd see. Nights she lay trembling beneath the blanket, under the all-seeing, never-sleeping eye of God, waiting to catch her in wickedness.

Time passed, and the authorities in charge of her life took her away from that home and put her into another, and another, and back to the foundling home, and then out again. The memory of the man and his God faded and became a blur of prayer and fear. Sometimes one or another of the families she lived with took her to church, and she heard about God again. Sometimes He was the God of the man, terrifying and awesome. Sometimes he was a gentle God, loving and kind, helping instead of punishing. At first she tried to make sense out of it, but she couldn't. No one else seemed to have trouble knowing who God was, only she. She asked no one; she was unaccustomed to asking questions. People preferred that she do as she was told and be quiet. She never stayed long enough in one place to go to Sunday School, to meet a minister. In the end, she decided that God was as the rest of the world—a friend to others, a stranger forever to her.

When she was sixteen she married a boy, and thought she was going to have what she had never had—a family of her own, a warmth all round her. But it turned out that he was just a boy, not a father and mother and a whole world. Just a boy, with not too much to give, at that. Or maybe she asked too much of love, having starved for it for so long. Eventually, his was one of the homes she left.

Nine years later her name was Marilyn Monroe, and under that name, she married again. This time she married a man, not a boy. His name was Joe DiMaggio, and as far as Marilyn knew, he was the first person in the world who ever needed her.

Like her, he was lonely. Like her, he was famous, and surrounded by people who offered their time, presence, laughter —but seldom their love. They would open, she thought, as she had thought before, the whole world to each other.

And again, she was wrong. Her new husband was a quiet, moody man to whom real warmth was foreign. Before they were married, he introduced Marilyn to his family, his sister, the San Francisco house in which he had lived. She thought they were to be her relatives, with all the meaning that word had for her. People who would make her part of their world, people she could call daily, have secrets with, defend. But San Francisco is a long way from Hollywood, and Joe preferred to stay home in Los Angeles. He was fond of his family. But he felt no clinging need to know them intimately as Marilyn did. She suffered at the loss.

They were married in a civil ceremony. They could not have a religious one; Joe, a Catholic, had incurred the displeasure of his Church by divorcing his first wife. By marrying Marilyn, he cut himself off from his religion entirely. His new wife's searching mind looked, as ever, for the answer to her childhood questions. Who is God? How is He worshipped? Cut off from the Church, Joe tried to forget it. He had no answers for her. God to whom she had hoped to find a path, seemed to retreat.

It was a marriage that could not last.

When it was over, she went to New York. She needed to learn to live. A long time ago she had been nobody, and needed

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Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE MARISA PAVAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE GEORGE NADER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE NICK ADAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE PAT WAYNE
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE RUTH ROMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE ROBERT MITCHUM:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:
☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ:
☐ all of TV Talk
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)________________ MALE (1)________________ FEMALE
(2)________________ MALE (2)________________ FEMALE
(3)________________ MALE (3)________________ FEMALE

AGE........NAME...ADDRESS.......................................
..CITY..............................STATE.............

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only to survive. Then, too quickly, she was Somebody, and she lived as Marilyn Monroe was expected to live—in a way that never touched her soul. Now she would find herself.

For a long time she had been reading. Poets, great novelists, books of philosophy, books on art and music. She had grown accustomed to the laughter and wisecracks that came when she told anyone; she didn't mind too much. It was good for her career, she supposed. Even if it weren't, she'd go on reading. Somewhere in the books were the answers she sought.

While she was looking for herself, she found Arthur Miller.

Five years before, she had met him at a Hollywood cocktail party. They had talked for a while—at least, he had talked, and she had listened. What he thought of her she did not know, but to her he was a giant, a man of mind, a man who knew the answers to questions, a man she could worship. But only from afar. She was still the little nobody, hiding behind her publicity, wondering who she was. He could never have been interested in her. And even if by some miracle he had been—he was married. There was an end to it.

Yet, she put a snapshot of him—she never told where she got it—on the wall over her bed, next to the one of Eleanora Duse, the great actress. Everyone recognized the picture of Duse (and laughed at her, of course), but few recognized Arthur Miller in blurred focus. She was content.

When she came to New York to recover from the blow her marriage had been to her, she met him again. He was separated from his wife. And she—she was the unexpectedly bright Miss Monroe, the only person in a roomful who knew what she was talking about when, amid giggles, *The Brothers Karamazov* was mentioned.

"It's very strange," he told her, "that you should be so interested in Dostoevsky. As as a matter of fact, he's one of my favorites . . ."

Marilyn smiled at him. "Not so strange," she said. "You told me that back in 1951."

That wasn't all she remembered. He was interested in social welfare, so was she. He loved bike-riding—she had always wanted to learn. He liked parties that were more talk than dancing—and at those parties Marilyn turned up, holding a vodka-and-orange-juice, scarcely sipping it, listening, always listening. One evening he drew her away from a group. "You never say anything," he accused.

Her large eyes turned on him honestly. "I'm afraid," she said. "There are so many of them, and they know so much . . ."

So he took her away from the crowds and together they discovered who she was—a shy, beautiful girl with a lot to say, when she could find the courage to say it. Time after time she sent him into peals of helpless laughter with a well-timed crack. "Why don't you talk like that at your press conferences?" he'd gasp.

"Oh, they'd just say my agent wrote it."

He took her bike-riding, and when she fell on the famous behind, she rose up again, giggling. He met her for lunch in Manhattan, and found her hidden behind a scrubbed face and loose blouse, chatting with drugstore waitresses and newsdealers. He came to depend more and more on seeing her, on hearing her comments on his work, getting her opinions of his friends. To her it was incredible. Arthur Miller wanted to see her, to talk to her, actually to listen to her. Gradually a little of her shyness left her. If Arthur Miller thought she was worth while, maybe a few others might, too. For the first time in her life, she felt—liked.

But it was when he took her home that they fell in love.

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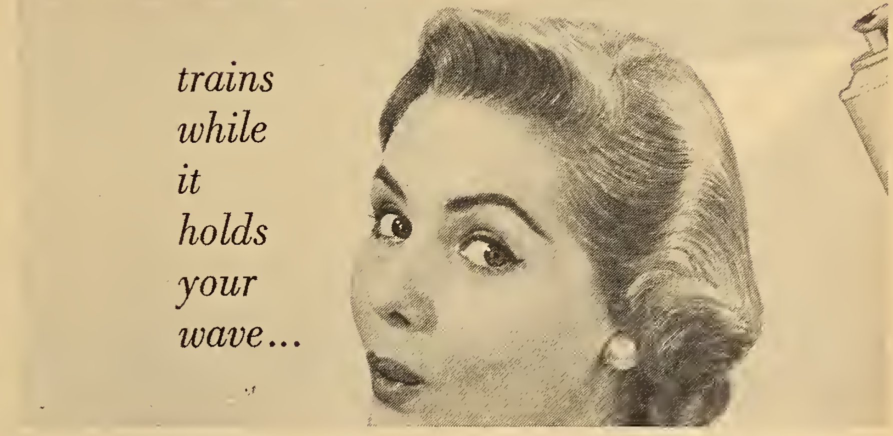
while
it
sets
pincurls...



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Home, to Arthur, was a frame house in Flatbush, Brooklyn. Not much of a place to look at he told Marilyn. His mother told her more about it while Marilyn sat on a kitchen chair and watched the busy, capable fingers preparing dinner. Once the Millers had been wealthy, and lived in a lovely place in Manhattan. Then came the Depression. Everything went. They were barely able to manage the move to Flatbush. Arthur was a good boy. Always wanting to help. He delivered bagels before school to earn some money. Bagels—"Here, I'll show you," Mrs. Miller exclaimed, producing one from a bag in the oven. A hard, round, roll-like affair with a hole in the middle. Had Marilyn ever had one? With cream cheese and lox?

Marilyn said yes, she had. Lots of her show-business acquaintances were Jewish; she had eaten lox and bagels with them.

Oh, well, then, she knew about Jewish foods and things. Not that the Millers kept a Kosher home, with no pork or rump steak or shrimp allowed in it; not that they didn't have cream in their coffee when they had it with meat. But still, they were not completely unreligious. For years her old father had lived with them, and for his sake they had kept the dietary laws. It did no one any harm, and in many ways it was good. It reminded them that they were Jews. It was good to know who you were. And being Jewish—well, when people like you were in trouble, or when something good happened, you could share a little of it with them, you could feel at one with them. Did Marilyn understand?

Yes, she understood.

At dinner Mrs. Miller and the quiet man who was Arthur's father reminisced . . . the time Arthur fell off his bike into the snowdrift and all the bagels got soggy. What a catastrophe—soggy bagels. Never mind the bagels—the catastrophe was Artie had to pay for them! Remember the time Artie couldn't get into college because his high school grades were so low? The Millers turned, seriously, to Marilyn. You see, they told her, in a Jewish family, the education is the most important thing. More than money or position. To a Jewish family the thought that the son will be a doctor or a lawyer or a teacher or a writer—that is what makes you hang on through bad times, gives you courage to live. So when Artie suddenly wanted to be a writer—well, they were pretty shocked, because he was always the one playing ball or tinkering with a motor, while Kermit, the older one, God bless him (he left after two years of college to help his father when the crash came), was the one they had always thought was artistic. But if Artie wanted to study—more power to him, he should have every penny they could scrape together. So two years after he got out of high school Artie had both the money and the guts at the same time; he went up to Michigan University and talked them into letting him in. Then he won every prize for creative writing they had to give. Proud? Were they proud? They beamed on him all over again. Marilyn, listening, watching as they told her the story, knew that nothing would ever make them as proud again.

Dinner over, they carried the dishes into the kitchen. "Let me help," Marilyn begged, and Mrs. Miller handed her a towel. Drying the dishes, listening to the chatter, she was supremely content. The arm her hostess put around her when they went back to the living room, the smile Artie's father turned in her direction when she wandered over to the bookcase to look at the titles,—they all seemed natural, homey, right. "You never wanted to move?" she asked.

"No, we thought of it once or twice. We could afford it now; Artie makes a good living, my husband does all right. But you know—you get close to your neighbors, you see the same people for twenty years, your children grow up in these rooms, you belong to the temple—why should you leave? For a fancier neighborhood with fancy strangers? You understand?"

"Oh, yes," Marilyn said. She understood.

When they said goodnight finally and walked down the block to Arthur's car, she held his arm, looking about her. Down the block she could see the outline of a temple. Here and there a porch light gleamed faintly on a mezzuzah nailed to a door jamb—a sign, put up by the residents, that they were Jews, obeying the commandment to keep the word of God nailed to the entrance of their homes that they might remember it always. Inside the mezzuzah, Artie's mother had said, was a tiny scroll beginning with, "Thou shalt love the Lord . . ."

"It all comes back," she said slowly, "to being Jewish, doesn't it?"

Arthur took his pipe out, "All what?"

"Knowing who you are. Being content. Everything."

He grinned. "Well, a lot of people who aren't Jewish know who they are and they seem pretty happy."

"I suppose." She was silent for a while. "But your family—they say they aren't religious, really. But still—it's always there, being Jewish—a sort of constant beauty in the background."

He looked at her. "Being Jewish is not always a beautiful thing. It can be one of the roughest things in the world. People—"

"I know. But even suffering can be a good thing, if you don't do it alone, if you share it with people who believe in the same things, who understand . . ." Her voice drifted off into the night. Holding hands, he drove her back to the city.

They never knew who proposed to whom, and finally they gave up trying to figure it out. "Let's just say we both talked at once," Arthur said. Marilyn got in the last word on the subject. "You could say it was simultaneous—but I guess he sort of initiated it!" They told that to reporters outside Marilyn's Sutton Place apartment before Arthur swept her into his car and made a mad dash for his place in the country. With them were his two children and his mother. Waiting for them, his father. Waiting also were a troupe of reporters and cameramen who literally laid seige to the house. Sometimes they braved the storm. More often they stay in, Arthur reading and smoking, Marilyn in the kitchen.

"Teach me to cook," she begged his mother.

"You can cook. You made a very good steak and a nice salad."

"Oh, that." Marilyn waved her hand. "I mean—the kind of things you make. What Arthur likes."

"Well, I don't know where to start."

Marilyn thought. "Gefülte fish?"

"Oh, no. Much too difficult. I tell you what—we'll try some stuffed cabbage. That looks hard, but it isn't. And it's all written down in the Settlement Cook Book, so you can look it up. Get me—"

And Marilyn, delighted, flew about the kitchen, producing failures and successes, most of which were devoured, indiscriminately, by Art's kids.

Over one such dinner they discussed the wedding. Should they try to elude the reporters—or invite them? Who should witness the ceremony? Who should perform it, a judge or a j. p.? Arthur and his father debated. Marilyn sat silently.

Arthur turned to her. "What do you say, honey?"

She blushed. "I think I'd like to have a Rabbi."

"A Rabbi? You mean you want a religious wedding?"

"Yes, I thought it would be—nice. I

(*Continued on page 82*)

a gal for my sal

(*Continued from page 27*) won't till he is twenty-five or more, even, but I don't know. I see nothing wrong in early marriages—I was married when I was nineteen—providing the two people are mature in their characters. And Sal—he's my son, but I say it anyway—he's very, very grown-up for his years.

So this girl that he will marry—soon or someday—what will she be like? I don't know the answer to *that*. Whatever she is like, even if she is a million miles from the sort of girl I think would be the best for my boy, I will be happy for them. It will be their choice. Even when my sons were little I let them make up their own minds, and I think it was good for them. I never regret it.

But out of the whole world of nice girls, which one would I personally like the best for my son? Well, I will tell you—this is what she would be like.

Sal's girl

She would be educated. That is the first thing. First of all, because Sal is planning to go to college—and so I think she should have gone further than high school, too. Sal will probably take business administration, like Victor, and get his degree. But I don't mean that his girl must have a college degree. In some ways I wouldn't want her to, because if she got her degree it would mean probably that she was prepared to have a career. I would not think a career girl was the best for Sal; I want him to have a girl who would rather be home with her babies and her husband than out earning a living and becoming famous and successful. If she did have a degree I would think it was marvelous to have it in home economics. Sal is not a fussy eater like his brother Mike. He just eats anything you put down in front of him, and he likes it all. So I think his wife should know how to plan meals scientifically, with all the vitamins—because Sal certainly won't know a thing about it. Of course she can learn that, and how to run a house, without going to college—but the college is there to teach it, so why not take advantage?

No matter how successful Sal is, he will need home-guidance. He has a mind of his own, but in show business there are always so many people to tell him, "Do this, do that, see him, go here." So he comes home for advice when he wants to get his ideas straight. Now he comes to me. When he is married he will come to his wife. She has to be sympathetic—but also she has to know what he is talking about, and be able to help. Most important, she has to know the right way to help.

I mean, indirectly. That is one of my favorite words—indirectly. She shouldn't say to Sal, "You're doing it wrong—this is the way to do it!" Sal never heard me speak like that to his father! That's no way to help a man. But he will bring her his troubles and when they are finished talking together, she should have given him her ideas and her advice, even if he hardly realizes she did it. I'd like the girl Sal marries to have studied psychology.

I myself barely made it through the eighth grade. For years later I had thoughts I couldn't use because I couldn't express them. To help my husband and my sons I had to teach myself. Then they would come to me and nobody else for help. A man will never turn his back on a girl like that. Sal will have many temptations in the life of an actor. But if his wife gives him this sort of help, she should never have to worry.

She doesn't have to be beautiful

In looks, this girl of Sal's should be average. I would not prefer a terribly homely girl, but she does not have to be beautiful for my boy to love her. A nice, normal-looking girl is what he should have. Not glamorous; he doesn't like that. He came home from the Coast one time and found his little sister Sarina, who is fourteen, wearing some make-up. "Take it off," he told her. "A drop of lipstick and maybe a little powder is all you should be wearing!"

"What about all those movie actresses?" my daughter said. "They wear make-up!"

And to my surprise, Sal said, "Yes, and you know what? I get sick of them! I get tired of looking at them, with no natural beauty."

That's what she should have—natural beauty.

She should be independent. I'm a mother, and I know how a mother loves her children, and wants to help them all the time. And I want my sons to ask me when they need something. But I hope Sal's wife will not be a girl to be swayed by what other people tell her—no, not even what her own mother tells her, if it is something that would make her husband unhappy. Her husband comes first! If she has to, she should move far enough away from her relatives so they can't run into her house every five minutes to tell her she's doing this wrong, or that. If she's educated, and she loves her home and her family, she'll do the right thing without being told. If she wants help she should ask for it. But she should stand on her own, and not let people run her life. Otherwise she will be miserable, and my boy will be, too.

She shouldn't be too quiet. A sparkling girl—that's what Sal should have. He loves

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fun, and to be with people. He loves to play the piano and have us all sing together, or to go to the movies with a crowd of kids. If his girl wants to sit quietly sometimes and read or listen to music, that's fine—Sal will do that. But mostly, she should enjoy being with people. Also, she should be a girl who has dated other boys, not too shy. I don't mean she should be forward, but she should have confidence in herself, and not expect Sal to lead her by the hand.

For example, Sal likes helping Sarina with her homework, and teaching her things—but that is because *she* loves it. And she is younger than him—his little sister, so it is right. But his wife is not his little sister. She should not expect him to show her how to do everything, or play teacher to her all his life. She should know what she is doing, and be a companion and a help to him.

She should be neat. Sal is. He takes good care of his clothes and his room and his things, and he hates clutter. A girl who leaves things all over the place, so that you feel you are living in a clothes-heap or something, would drive him crazy. But she won't have to pick up after him, either.

Her husband and home are first

She should be a girl who loves her home and her children and husband more than anything else in the world. That is the way I feel, and although I have never told my children that in just those words, I think they know it. Because a woman has to make sacrifices. Sometimes when I was first married it was hard. We were young, and we wanted to go dancing together. Or maybe I wanted just to be by myself for a while, just to think of myself for a time. But there were young children in the house, and I couldn't leave them. With my husband and me, it was because we were poor—there was no one to leave the children with, ever. With Sal and his wife it won't be that—if they want to leave the babies for an evening, that will all be taken care of. But they will have a different problem. The time will come when a studio will send Sal to some place like Europe for a few months to make a movie. And his wife will want to go along, to see new places and to be with her husband. But when the babies are little, she will have to make a sacrifice and not go! Later, yes. When the children are thirteen, fourteen—her time will be more her own. But I hope Sal's wife will be a girl who will be able to give up some pleasures for her children—because her family will be her greatest joy, then, too. In the end she won't lose anything; she will gain a lot.

I wouldn't mind if she wants to have a cook, and a nurse, and a maid. Sal will be able to pay for that. But always, no matter how many servants she has—it must be her house, and her children. She must be the mother, giving her family the love they need all the time. And whatever she does do in the house, let her do it well. She should really care for the house, because Sal will love the place he lives in.

The boys wanted a house

You see, we worked night and day, my husband and I, to give the children a house with a room of their own for each of them. That was what I always wanted for them—a house with a place they could play, three good meals a day, a good place to come home to. That way you know your children and your husband will always come home. And a child is never too young to appreciate his home. When the boys were still little children, we asked them, "Should we buy this house? It's big and it will take a lot of money. Should we get a mortgage?" They said "Yes." That way they were part of it.

Then we moved in, and it needed a lot of work. So I would say to them, "If we paint the rooms this weekend, I will save a hundred dollars." And we'd all paint. Or I would say, "If we fix the roof ourselves, we will be able to buy two chairs now." And they would want to help, young as they were. You know how much they loved their home? Each of them got an allowance. It wasn't very big. But they saved from it. And after a long time, the three of them brought me a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars! "Ma," they said, "take it. Buy something for the house." And to show them how proud I was of them, I did take it. I asked them, "What should I get?" They decided, "A carpet." I bought a carpet. The day it came, they all stared at it, almost crying. I don't think anything in the world ever made my sons so proud as to do that for their home.

So Sal's wife should care about her house—it's not just four walls and some furniture. It's the place you belong to and love.

Tell him he's wonderful

She should be a sincere girl, and she should never boast about the things she does, but let Sal know when she is proud of him. A man doesn't tell his wife as often as a woman tells her husband how wonderful he is, but she will know it because he will want to be with her all the time. The way it is with my husband and me. That's the greatest thing that can happen to a woman. I'm forty-three and I'm married twenty-four years. I've had a hard life, with hard work. But I've been happy, because we have love in our family. And just a couple weeks ago, I met a man who had interviewed Sal out in California. And he said to me, "I never met a boy who was so proud of his mother, Mrs. Mineo, as your son is of you. He told me, 'You should meet my mother! She understands everything. She's so bright!'" Well, I was amazed. Because a woman never knows for sure, and she wonders, "Am I doing the right things? Am I interfering even when I think I'm not?" And then something like that happens, and you are so happy. You know you're doing it right.

So this girl should take her joy in that.

Well, that is the kind of girl I want for my son. I don't care if she is rich or poor; I don't mind if she is not of Italian descent. Just let her be a good, wise girl, and love Sal the way he loves her, and give him the kind of home he loves, too.

The funny thing is—I know girls like that. Yes, I know a couple, girls I could name to you. But I won't. And I'll never say to Sal, "That's a nice girl, take her out." Or be disappointed if he chooses another kind of girl. Because the most important thing a woman has to do is trust her men. That way she keeps their love. I want my husband's love and my children's, all my life. And I will say this to the girl Sal chooses, whoever she is. "You are getting a good boy. You will have a good husband. Because a man who loves his mother, loves his wife." That's old, but true. It is a good thing to remember. **END**

Sal Mineo can soon be seen in George Stevens Production of Giant *to be released by Warner Bros.*

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CREDITS

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our mid-summer miracle

(*Continued from page 39*) his lips and Lita knew he couldn't think of what to say. She forced herself to speak. "If she knows, it's silly to deny it," she told Rory.

The girl knew all right. She was ready with her next words.

"I couldn't have prayed for a better home for my child," she said. "But could I ask for one favor?

"Could I go along," she asked, "and be your housekeeper?"

This was it. Lita felt as she had felt when she had lost her first two babies. The little boy with the black hair and the widow's peak was not to be hers. Rory knew it too. He was reaching to open the car door and Lita realized there was no use even going into the foundling home. When she was seated she saw Rory turn his head for a moment to nod and smile, a somewhat strange sort of smile, in farewell to the girl, and then they drove off wordlessly.

They didn't need to speak. They were practically in a state of shock. This was final, there was no altering it. They could never have the baby. A mother who knew where her baby was, even a movie-struck mother, as Lita suspected this good-looking Southern girl was, would sooner or later claim her child for her own again. Taking him would never work out—never.

The Monsignor was astounded when he heard about it. Nothing like this had ever happened before in the whole history of the home. All adoptions were confidential, with actual mother and adopted mother never meeting, never knowing who the other was. But when he investigated he learned that this time there had been a leak; one of the younger staff members had carelessly mentioned Rory's name on the outside and had described the baby chosen.

It wasn't easy to forget

When they got back to their home in Beverly Hills Lita thought it had never seemed so quiet before. Then she realized it was because she wasn't hearing what she had so many times anticipated hearing—the cries of a baby, calling her. Rory wasn't enjoying the house either. He wanted both of them to forget about what had happened. He turned down two picture offers, had her pack a suitcase, and drive down to Newport Beach with him. There he rented a bungalow and said they ought to get a boat. They did—a 54-foot clipper-bowed schooner called the *Quisette.*

James (Mad) Mont, New York interior decorator, tells of the time Lana Turner commissioned him to dream up a bedroom that would be "satiny and sexy." Mont thundered: "I'll attend to the satin . . . period!" and stalked out.

Paul Denis

Lita knew he was trying to give her new things to think about. And she was willing. But it wasn't easy forgetting the little boy—and the times before him too.

She remembered that it had been only two years after her marriage when she had learned for the first time that she was an expectant mother. At the time she was preparing a new act with Billy Daniel. They were booked to open at the Mapes Hotel in Reno and it never entered her mind for a moment that this might jeopardize her pregnancy. She was told that lots of exercise was helpful.

She was thrilled and proud of what was happening to her. She told the girls she worked with around the hotel about it. One lady, a guest at the hotel, bought her a little yellow knitted sweater for the baby. Even the waitresses gave her presents of baby things. And then—tragedy.

Was it the fact that she had worked? Had she been too active? Nobody knew for sure; the only thing she had been sure of back then was that it was best to keep busy afterwards and not dwell on it.

Two years later, in January of 1953, after a three-months tour playing Las Vegas, Ciros and then The Mocambo, the most inexplicable of all things had happened. She became ill and learned for the first time that for the past four months she had been pregnant without knowing it. There had been none of the usual indications. She *had been* pregnant—again she was not to be a mother.

They talk of adoption

This was when Rory and she had finally begun to think of adoption, and talk about it to Monsignor Kanaly. They wanted a baby. They didn't want any more heartbreak. The Monsignor had told them he would keep checking the foundling homes in his area. But by perverse luck from this point on, whenever he heard of a likely baby and came to see them about it, Rory had picture engagements which kept him traveling to distant locations—once to Hong Kong, several times to Mexico. By the time he was free to accompany Lita to the home the child had already been adopted.

And finally—this last failure.

It was just last May when Rory and Lita went to Newport Beach and bought the *Quisette.* The boat was in good condition but there were little things which needed attention and they both pitched in. Lita

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took charge of some topside painting—the pin-rails, rope blocks, deck railings. At night they drove around the twinkling lights and dancing water that was Balboa Bay and looked for little hideaways to dine in. And they always went to bed early and slept late. Rory had made sure of this because he thought they could both afford to go on a "health kick," as he put it. He had selected a bungalow that had no telephone, no immediate neighbors, and was not near anything that could conceivably make any noise louder than that of wavelets lapping up on the beach.

The weekends at Newport

In June they went back to Beverly Hills because Rory, whose last picture had been *Raw Edge* for Universal-International, was to start working on *Utah Blaine* at Columbia. But all through June they kept coming back to Newport for weekends, and it seemed to Lita that they were closer than they had ever been before. She had developed a theory about the loss of her babies. She knew she was ordinarily a bundle of nervous energy, always on the move, never still. Perhaps if she could relax, slow down her tempo, she could achieve a better state for motherhood, emotionally as well as physically.

It made sense to Rory, too. That was why he was glad they had bought the boat. Sailing was restful. That was why they kept up the weekends. Then one day they were notified of another baby for adoption —a baby they could see soon. The tension drained out of Lita, replaced by a joyous excitement. She felt once more happy and relaxed. And maybe that was why one day towards the middle of July—July 11th, exactly—Lita heard something from her doctor that made her blink tears—but this time tears of joy. A mid-summer miracle was happening. She was pregnant again.

When she told Rory, she thought for a moment that he was going to keel over, but the next moment he had caught himself and was waving a careless hand as if he had never doubted for a moment that this would happen. The moment after, he was insisting that she lie down and rest.

Anticipation

Rest, wonder, anticipation and solicitude for her. This has now become Lita's life. When Rory is home his eye is on her like a hawk's to make sure she doesn't want for anything that requires her going and getting it, and that she eats what she is supposed to. "I'll get it," is his refrain. "Match box? Oop! Don't reach for it. I'll get it! . . . Your glass of milk? It's on the other side of the table. Hold it! I'll get it. . . . What's this, all white milk? Where's the egg that should be in it? . . . Lita, are you sitting in a draft? That's bad. Let me close the window behind you. . . . Oop! . . . Whoa there! . . . Ah, easy now . . . That-a-girl . . . !"

As early as last August, when Lita had not yet even felt any quickening of life within her, Rory was already addressing remarks to the baby.

"He talks to it," she told friends. "He talks to it about hunting, baseball, camping trips. He describes our pool. He explains how you use a bow and arrow!"

It seems that Rory is convinced he is going to be the father of a boy. It seems that he kidded Guy Madison about not having any boys (Guy has two little girls) and now he may be using auto-suggestion on the baby to make sure it will be a male.

And Lita, who hates eggs, eats them now. And the lunches she never used to have time for, because she was too busy being her energetic self—she makes time for now. And her bed-time, which used to be any old time before, is a definite time, a time to respect now. And it comes early. Sometimes she can't remember whether she is an expectant mother or an invalid—but she doesn't mind.

Only once a scare

Only once so far in this pregnancy has there been a scare—a bad one for a split second. It happened on the night they gave their annual birthdays-wedding-anniversary party covering Rory's birthday, August 8th, her birthday, August 11th, and the eighth anniversary of their marriage on August 29, 1948.

They decorated the garden and the pool area, engaged an orchestra and invited a half-hundred good friends, including Anne and Kirk Douglas, Debbie and Eddie Fisher, Lana Turner and husband Lex Barker, and Yvonne de Carlo.

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The party was in full swing and Lita felt that she was having the time of her life. Every once in a while when she happened to pass Rory he would signal a warning to slow down and take it easy. Yet, inconsistently, he caught her around the waist a little later and whirled her into a rumba *and* a samba.

A few minutes later, Lita was standing near the orchestra. Someone threw a Mexican hat onto the middle of the floor. The orchestra broke into the music of "The Mexican Hat Dance," and voices dared her to dance it. Before she knew it she was on the floor and her feet were flying. But suddenly she stopped and walked off. She was laughing—but inside she was terribly frightened.

She had felt a needle-like stab of pain. She saw an empty chair and sat down quietly. Rory was around, but she didn't call him. She didn't dare tell him. Minutes passed but the pain wasn't repeated. She drew a long breath. Maybe she would be all right, she thought, and in fact no harm had been done.

The next morning there was a birthday present from Kirk Douglas and his wife, Anne. It was a beautiful silver shell for *hors d'oeuvres* service and a card: "Happy Birthday to the two and a quarter of you."

She and Rory laughed. But she remembered her fright of the night before and a shiver went through her. Rory noticed it.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"No, not a thing," she told him.

But she told herself something too. She told herself that she was going to be very, very careful from then on. And she is. **END**

Rory Calhoun can currently be seen in U.A.'s film Flight to Hong Kong *and will soon be seen in Columbia's* Utah Blaine.

Scott Brady

"WHO SAYS I'M ROUGH ON GIRLS?"

■ The charges against Scott Brady are clear and numerous.

"He cracks girls' hearts like peanuts," says one Hollywood beauty.

"He loved me and left me," says another. "It wouldn't be so bad, but there's only one Scott Brady."

"He's rough on girls," sighs a third, "but I loved every minute of it."

Scott Brady won't deny it either, but cock an ear to his revealing defense:

"I admit it. Of course I'm rough on girls. I have to be. I live in Hollywood, not Waukesha, Indiana. In a small town the girls like a square dance, a picnic lunch or a good movie on a date. They're pretty and unaffected. They're ready to fall in love at eighteen, marry at nineteen, have children at twenty and spend the rest of their lives making their men happy.

"In Hollywood the girl situation is a nightmare for a man. They're all beautiful, lovely, glamorous and desirable—until you look a little bit further than their figures. Suddenly you realize that Hollywood girls are the razzle-dazzle renegades of womanhood. Suddenly you find that the girl with a body full of curves has a brain full of angles. She either wants to be a 'great' actress, marry a rich man or play the field. She falls in and out of love four times a week. She's on a culture kick, a diet kick, or maybe trying to master Yogi.

"I'm male and human. I'm looking for a girl who is *female* and human. Nature planned it that way. I like plain food, plain clothes, plain fun and women ready to accept the fact that a man, for all his faults, is boss.

"This kind of woman is difficult to find in Hollywood.

"Yes, I did want to marry Dottie Malone at one time. We didn't make it. And the reason we failed may sound goofy, but it's true. Dottie is too generous, too damn good for me. She spends every spare minute entertaining vets in hospitals, appearing at benefits or helping and worrying about some friend who's in a jam. She is a beautiful girl and a wonderful actress and my life is better for having known her. But I'd have been the wrong kind of husband for her.

"The woman who becomes Mrs. Scott Brady is going to have to be just that, 100%, nothing else.

"And you know, as the girls go, I'm accused of being neglectful, impolite and fickle.

"That kind of 'rough' spoken about me isn't true.

"I was charged with the first two by a lady columnist who took me to task for walking ahead of my date on the way from a parking lot to a night-club.

"And I *did* walk ahead of the girl. But such were my instructions. The girl I was with asked me to precede her. She wanted to go to a table with a little extra room around it. Her gown was so full from the waist down she wanted to be sure it wouldn't get trampled on while she was seated. Okay, Okay. She shouldn't have worn that kind of gown to a night club.

"But I can't say that. If I do I'm labeled as a guy who will tell his date how to dress. Can I win?

"Others claim I'm the 'date 'em once and forget 'em' type. Maybe I am, but they omit one little fact. I do it to avoid complications. Too many dates with a nice girl and a guy is apt to think he's in love.

"I've stopped dating a few girls because they hypnotized me, just being around. I was loaded on loveliness. And that is an extremely dangerous situation for a man. He's liable to want to marry the charmer and repent at leisure—his leisure. I've got too many things to do first.

"And about being rough on girls, I'll tell you it's not like that at all. Frankly, I think girls are rough on me. But I'm not complaining. I'm just the kind of guy who likes it that way."

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how I felt while giving birth

(*Continued from page 25*) done, his head was whirling. He dashed downstairs while Janet finished packing her bag and puttered about in the bedroom. She heard him on the phone, and figured he was making that initial call to set off the series.

It wasn't until several days later that she found out he'd called all thirty! And he hadn't stopped then! Ecstatically, he'd kept on calling, any name that popped into his head, until Janet, finally came downstairs to answer the doorbell when the doctor arrived.

For instance, he'd called Dean Martin. Dean didn't happen to be on that "list" they'd made up. So he wasn't exactly lying awake waiting for Tony's call. The phone awakened him at 6:30 in the morning, and he heard an unidentified voice on the other end pronounce dramatically, "We're on our way!" and hang up.

Dean did what any sensible man would have done. He went back to sleep.

Late that afternoon, playing golf, he suddenly remembered that phone call. When he got home, he remarked to Jean, his wife, "D'ya know, I think Tony Curtis called early this morning. I believe he said Janet was having the baby." Jean flipped!

Kelly makes an appearance

Janet checked into the hospital about 8 a.m., and Kelly made her appearance early that afternoon. Janet was given spinal anaesthesia, so that she was fully conscious, and able to see Kelly seconds after her birth. It was a thrill like none other.

"I was conscious all during the delivery, of course," Janet recalls, "but the doctors had given me some sort of medication which gave me a deliciously float-y feeling. Couple that with the fact that I was practically delirious with happiness over Kelly's safe arrival, and with relief that the whole tiresome nine months was over, and you'll see I was in a fine state.

"I swear I don't remember any of it, but they tell me that when they wheeled me from the delivery room to my room, the hallway was lined with our friends who had come down to help Tony sweat out the waiting time. And I called gay greetings like a hostess at a party, gestured gracefully like a queen waving to her subjects, even expressed grave concern over a friend limping along on a cane. He'd been using it for weeks, but I acted like it was Big News! I really put on a performance!

"Of course the whole gang poured into the room after me, and it must have been quite a kaffee klatsch until the doctor arrived, and shooed them all out.

"But next day they started arriving, individually and in small groups, and I held court the whole week I was in the hospital. The doctor took a fairly dim view of my having so many visitors, but since I was recovering with such disgusting speed, she was good natured about it.

"Even the hospital staff made regular visits to my room—to see my flowers. It looked more like a high class flower shop than it did like a hospital room. There were seventy-five bouquets. There were bouquets with trapezes in them, for Tony's picture which had just been released. There were teddy bears holding bouquets, baby shoe vases with bouquets—all the cute gimmicks."

So doggoned happy

"And when I wasn't having visitors I was on the phone. It sounds like it would have been awfully tiring, when I tell about it. But I was so doggoned happy, and besides I'm a pretty gregarious individual, and I just thrived on it.

"Tony was working that week, so he couldn't spend all day with me. But he'd come over every morning about 6:30, before he went to the studio. And then he'd come straight from work, have dinner at the hospital, and spend the evening with me. It meant a lot of driving—from our home in Beverly Hills to the hospital in Santa Monica, then clear back across Hollywood to the Universal-International studios in Universal City, where he was working on *Cory.* And the whole thing reversed in the evening.

"One of the nicest evenings we had while I was at the hospital was our candlelight dinner. Chasen's restaurant is one of our favorite hangouts, and while I was in the hospital they sent over a complete dinner for the two of us one evening. They even sent along Tommy, the *maitre de,* to serve it—wine, candlelight, the works."

When young Miss Kelly's eyes began to focus, she had an endless variety of animated music boxes to gaze upon—music boxes with fluttering butterflies, whirling ballerinas, gamboling lambs. Because she was a "Sunday's child," there were ever so many gifts adorned with that image, including a silver spoon from her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Gershwin, and several pieces of jewelry. There were car seats, and a Kiddie Koop crib, and a feeding table, and a "clothes horse" for her pretty dresses—which arrived by the dozen.

"And the presents from the fans! It will take me months, but I shall write a note to every one, eventually. There were sweaters and toys from England, a tiny kimono from Japan, several silver and gold crosses from South America, and gifts from all over the United States."

A major crisis

A few days later, with Kelly wrapped in her arms, and Tony hovering anxiously around, Janet went home. At the hospital door she turned to wave goodbye, grinning.

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" she demanded. "Why didn't someone let me know it could be so easy?" And with that, Janet and Tony walked smack into their first Major Crisis.

"I figured," she recalls ruefully, "that I'd met most of the emergencies before they arose—I hired a baby nurse. I even arranged that she would come about the middle of June. That would give her three weeks, before I was due to go to the hospital, to get acquainted with us and the house, learn our routine, and brief us on things we ought to know. But I had forgotten the customary Curtis luck.

"She arrived on Friday morning, and on Sunday morning I was on my way to the hospital! A fast two days we had together. The briefest briefing in history!

"Even that didn't disturb me. But I was due to come home from the hospital the following Saturday afternoon, and on Saturday morning the nurse was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. We practically shook hands in the corridor—me checking out as she was checking in."

The happiest time of our lives

"You don't find a baby nurse, poof, just like that, on a Saturday afternoon. So Tony looked at me, and I looked at Tony, and we decided that we two great big grown-up people ought to be able to handle one absolutely minute human being, all by ourselves, without help. Besides, Tony had been to prep school for expectant fathers, and I'd watched the diapering demonstration at the hospital.

"Looking back at it now, I doubt if there will ever be another time in our lives when we will enjoy ourselves as completely as we did those first two days we had Kelly at home. Here was the thing we'd been wanting so long, and we had her absolutely all to ourselves, to care for and play with just as we wanted.

"Baby nurses are wonderful creatures, and of course, working as I do, I couldn't possibly get along without one. But those first two days, getting acquainted with Kelly, it was heavenly not to have to give her up to anyone else for a single minute.

"I guess we probably didn't get much sleep—but we didn't miss it. When Kelly was sleeping, we found excuses to be in the room, just watching her—'checking' much more than was necessary, of course.

"It turned out I was pretty clumsy at the diapering bit at first, so Tony took over, and showed me how they'd taught him to do it at school. And the first night, Tony even did the floor walking routine. I'm convinced it wasn't necessary, but he figured it was in his New Father role."

A blonde Tony Curtis?

"Neither of us was the least bit timid about handling the baby. We'd heard other couples go on at great length about how they were afraid to pick up their first born—how the baby looked so small and fragile, as if it might break at a touch.

"Now I'd never been near a new baby before. But Tony was fifteen when his brother Bobby was born, and he'd helped take care of Bobby a lot. So new babies were no terror to him—and I guess his calm was contagious. Besides, even if Kelly *was* tiny, she seemed so strong and husky it never occurred to us to think of her as fragile. Otherwise I guess we're pretty typical. We spend whole hours figuring out who she looks like. You know, Tony steps back a few paces, like an artist, stares at her, and says, 'Well, I guess she sort of looks like you, honey.'

"I know what's expected of me, so I say, 'Oh, no, dear, I think she definitely has your mouth and chin.' My husband's chest swells about five inches. He blushes. He says, 'No-o-o-o,' and then he gives up. 'You really think so?' he says.

"'Oh, definitely, honey,' I tell him. He beams, he picks her up, he holds her out at arm's length. Then he shudders. 'A blonde Tony Curtis?' he says. 'Poor baby!'

"But personally, I hope she is!" **END**

Janet will soon be seen in RKO's Jet Pilot. *Watch for Tony Curtis in U.A.'s* The Sweet Smell Of Success *and U-I's* Cory.

---

beauty is also skin deep

(*Continued from page 60*) and back toward the nose. Use the lightest of strokes around the eyes—the tissue is finer and more sensitive in that area. Remember to tie back your hair so that the preparations do not blend into the hair line. Remove your cleansing preparation—give the pores a chance to breathe. Pat on an especially prepared soothing lotion to close the pores. Thorough cleansing is not enough for complete skin care. You must also use preparations that are especially made to help nourish and soften your skin. Apply after your skin has been cleansed. Our mothers used to have to use these creams at night but they have been perfected so that you may use them even during the day without any greasy look—or feel. Some have been blended right into make-up foundations, others have been combined in complete make-up base-powder preparations. Read the labels of the preparations carefully—they will tell you what is in them and how to use them. True—you must have all of the accepted attributes of grace. But today—you must add physical beauty to the age-old beauty adage if you wish to realize your dream of complete beauty such as the stars enjoy. Follow their skin care advice and routine—the beauty spotlight will soon be on you, too!

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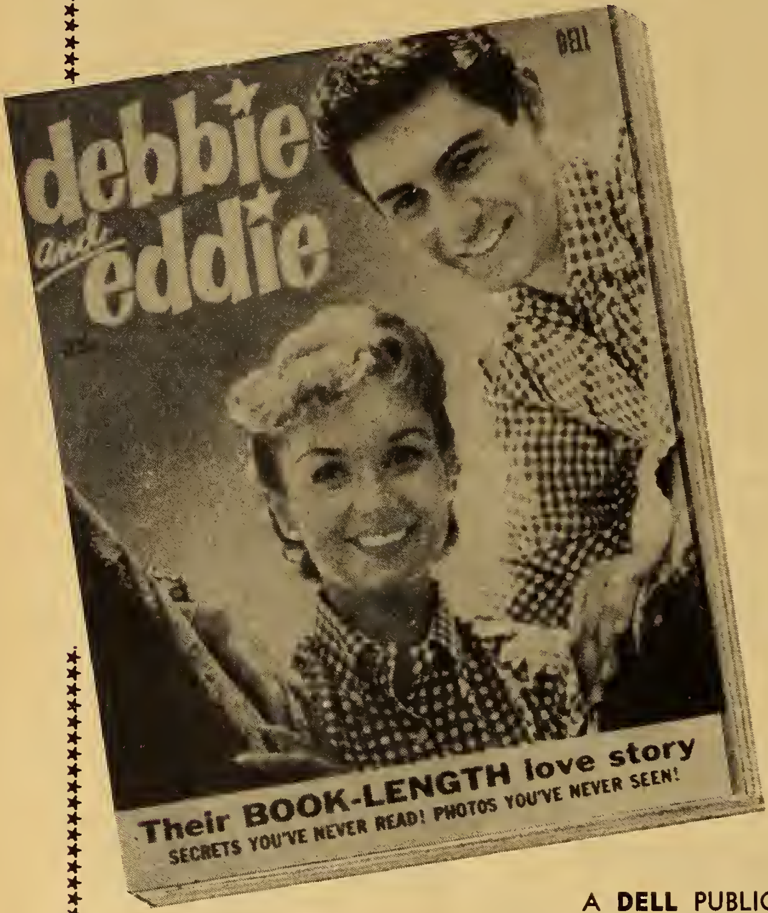
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longest night of my life

(*Continued from page 46*) tilted sliding-board of a deck. With shoes, I'd have had to crawl. I made it downstairs to the cabin in about three seconds. I threw open the door. Without turning on the lights I could see Miss Els, the nurse. Her lip was cut and bleeding; she'd been thrown against something. She still wasn't fully awake. Dickie was groggy with sleep. I plunged into the room and grabbed life preservers and blankets. "Get Dickie, let's go!" I shouted to Miss Els. Then I turned to my baby. "We're going on a picnic," I said.

I led the way out to the boat deck. We were on the starboard side. When I was a little girl I took ballet lessons. Somehow the mind goes back through a life and picks out what it needs. I remembered what I had learned in one of those lessons. If you lie down and put your arms above your head, and try to relax your body, you *will* relax. I made Miss Els and Dickie lie down and I lay alongside them. Dickie was excited at being up so late, all the people around him. I call him "My Mouse," but he isn't a shy little boy. He loves people. When they were all right I got up again, to go further out on the deck and look for lights. All around me people were sitting, sliding. Most of them seemed still numb. Up ahead a lady had fallen overboard and a sailor had jumped into the sea after her. I remember thinking, "What a brave man." There were no lights. Some one told me we had crashed into the Swedish liner, the *Stockholm*.

The ship was listing but I wasn't frightened. Isn't that strange? I think it was because I had nothing to be frightened about. I had all my things with me on the ship—jewelry, furs, everything I owned. I never thought of them once until days later. For myself, I wasn't afraid. I love boats; my former husband and I had our own, and the sea is not foreign to me. But mostly I was not afraid because, for the moment at least, Dickie was all right. Dickie is my first baby, my only one. I never had him in danger before. I don't think that at such a time any mother in the world ever thought of herself. And right now, Dickie was all right. I turned and hurried back to him.

A red balloon

On the way back, clinging to rails, watching my footing every inch, I saw a red balloon lying on the deck, deflated. I picked it up and blew it up. I brought it to Dickie, put it into his delighted hands, and lay down beside him. I put my arms up and tried to relax. I thought, "If anything happens suddenly, I'll need every bit of strength."

All around me people were helping each other. When it was all over I heard the stories about panic, complaints about the crew. But in our little space on that fog-bound deck, I saw no panic, nothing but kindness and heroism. Under the blanket, wrapped in his life preserver, Dickie was warm and cosy; he had his balloon to play with. But he wasn't used to being up at that hour; he was hungry. From out of nowhere Bruno, our steward, appeared with milk for him. How he got it, or where, I'll never know. An old gentleman stretched out beside us. "The best thing to do is relax," he said. Across from me I could see the leader of the little orchestra on the ship scurrying around, working his way from person to person, helping with lifebelts, making people comfortable. He couldn't do enough for people.

For an hour we lay there. What went

on in my mind then? When I was a little girl I was taught to pray every night. I don't do that so regularly any more. I don't attend religious services. But whenever I see someone disabled, someone in need of help, inside I pray. Without prayer I'd be lost; it's like eating or drinking to me—that natural. Prayer is the way I preserve myself in times of trouble; it is what keeps my feet on the ground. Underneath the part of my mind that was planning for what might happen, I prayed.

Because of the terrible angle of the ship, all the boats on one side were useless: it was impossible to lower them. On the other side of the deck, they had some. Somebody told me there were other boats coming for us; no one knew which, or where they were exactly. The list was getting worse. I thought, "We'd better get to the boats now."

I was wearing a sheath dress. I ripped it up the back, and sat Dickie down between my legs. Then I pushed us off and we slid down the deck to the boats. Now I think it must have been an amusing sight, the two of us, Miss Els, dozens of others in evening clothes and pajamas, scooting across the deck as if we were sliding down a 'chute at some gigantic playground. But at the time we didn't think how funny we looked. It was the only thing to do.

We got to the boats and stood up and got in line. A sailor took Dickie from me and tied him to himself. Underneath us I could see a lifeboat, almost filled with people, watching us, their faces upturned. The sailor swung over the side with my baby, and clambered down the ladder. I didn't know I was supposed to wait to be roped to someone, too. I started down after him. When I was halfway down, the boat pulled away; it was full. I didn't know where it was going. Mrs. Fantana the nice Italian lady I'd met a few days before and her little girl were on it. I saw her reach for Dickie and take him on her lap. Even at that moment I thought, "Thank God. She'll take care of him."

Five minutes later another lifeboat rowed towards us out of the fog and stopped beneath me. I climbed down into it. Miss Els, Janet, and some other people from the Doria followed me down; as soon

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THE FOUR BACHELOR LADS

■ The Four Lads, who have received two gold records for their million-selling discs "Moments To Remember" and "No, Not Much," had just finished recording the background music for the film *Bus Stop*. Someone brought up the subject of their last hit recording, "Standing On The Corner (Watching All The Girls Go By)" and so the talk switched to girls.

Since the Four Lads are eligible bachelors (they're young, ranging from twenty-three to twenty-six, successful and good-looking) their conversation on girls was worth noting.

They don't like girls who know more about their business than they do.

They're not too keen on sophisticated girls. (They prefer the outdoor type.)

They say if a girl wants a career it's fine with them. Every girl has a right to a career. They just don't want anything to do with a career girl.

They don't like women who talk too much.

They all have trouble dodging enthusiastic girl friends.

The way to their hearts is home-cooked meals.

That's a lot in common for four young men who aren't even from the same family—they met as choirboys at Toronto's St. Michael's Cathedral Choir School.

They launched their career as the Four Lads; got their first real break when members of the Golden Gate Quartet heard them and introduced them to New York manager Mike Stewart. Stewart said "Come to New York," booked them in a night club for a tryout which lasted as a thirty-week engagement. They became famous and sang background for vocalists. Given an option to pick the singer they wanted to back, they chose an unknown—Johnnie Ray.

Who are these boys individually?

Frank Busseri, the smallest of the "Lads," is the baritone, keeps the boys hopping with his pranks.

Jimmie Arnold, the high tenor, has the chore of keeping accounts for the group.

Corrado (Connie) Coderini sings bass and is the super-charged dynamo of the group. He's settled and serious only when he sings. Sinatra is his favorite.

Bernie Toorish, the group's arranger and lead tenor, plays the guitar, loves Segovia and is a talented "pop" song composer in his spare time.

They've been travelling together professionally for about seven years and because of this they've added a very practical side to their eligibility. For those interested, they save their money. Because they have no extravagant hobbies and because they travel constantly, they don't invest in fancy apartments, sports cars, boats or planes. And at this point, they're standing on the corner, waiting for the right girls to come their way.

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as we were full we pulled away. Dickie's boat was nowhere to be seen.

The rescue boats came slowly, lost in the fog, hunting for us. The water around us was alive with men. Sailors who had been burned. We pulled as many as we could on board and tried to help them. They were in dreadful pain. Miss Els, sitting next to me, leaned on the side of the boat. Another lifeboat swung beside us, crushing her arm. It was torn and bleeding badly, but she never said a word. It was like a nightmare.

And then, suddenly, a miracle happened. The fog lifted. Above us, where there had been nothing before, the moon shone out—huge and golden. And ahead of us, before our eyes, the most beautiful sight I have ever seen—a huge ship, blazing with light, every window a glowing, glorious, blazing light. Spelled out on her side in tremendous shining lights was written: *Ile de France.*

Blankets and soup to warm us

She took us in like a mother welcoming her children home. Arms reached out to help us onto the deck. Almost before we had both feet off the ladder we were wrapped in blankets with cups of steaming bouillon in our hands. Before we could take a sip, the boat that had brought us to safety had turned and gone back to the dying *Doria.*

Someone bandaged poor Miss Els's arm, and she, Janet and I, started looking for Dickie. We went from deck to deck, asking for him. "Have you seen a little boy with a red balloon?" Nobody had seen him. Nobody had seen Mrs. Fantana or her daughter. Every now and then we went back to the deck where, all through that night, the *Ile* had coffee and food and soup for the survivors. But no one had seen Dickie.

At first I couldn't believe it. He had to be there, somewhere, on the ship. Then they told me there were eight rescue ships at the Doria. The boat he was taken on could have belonged to any of them. A very kind man who I later learned was Eddie Hand, was on the *Ile.* He took us to his stateroom. "Dickie's not on the ship," he told me, "but he's on one of the others. He's O.K."

"I have to know which one," I said. "Can we radio?"

Eddie went to find out. "No," he said when he came back. "They might have to radio all eight to find out. In this confusion, no one would know. And the radios are all tied up. He's all right, Ruth. You saw him in the lifeboat."

I knew he was right. I knew he was safe. I knew Mrs. Fantana would take good care of him. But—

"Will he be frightened?" Eddie asked.

I thought of Dickie, his wide eyes glowing with friendliness, his interest in everything going on around him. "No," I said. "I don't think so."

Eddie gives us clothes

I felt much better. Eddie was wonderful. He gave us his clothes, shirts, socks, pants, and disappeared while we got dressed. I pulled my ripped sheath off. I put on a soft t-shirt. Eddie's pants came practically up to my chest. I rolled up the bottoms and tied the top around my waist with a piece of cord. His heavy thick socks were warm on my feet. I flapped around in that outfit until the *Ile de France,* which had turned back from its route to Europe to bring us home, pulled into New York. Photographers took pictures of me looking like a scarecrow. I didn't care.

We walked down the gangplank and there were friends, and people's relatives waiting, looking for the people they loved. Mary Kelly, a wonderful girl who works for NBC, was there. And other friends. I asked everyone, "Has anyone heard about Dickie?" No one had. I told reporters, "I believe he is safe." I meant it. I did believe it. But I wanted to *know.*

Mary swept me into a taxi and took me to the Warwick. NBC had made a reservation for me. They had clothes for me. They were wonderful. I asked Mary, "After all this—can you make contact with the *Stockholm?* Somebody said he might be on the *Stockholm.*"

"We can even do that," Mary said. She put in a shore to ship phone call to the Coast Guard Cutter that was bringing the limping *Stockholm* into port. In half an hour I knew. Dickie was on it.

The last danger

On July 27, one day after the *Ile* brought me back, the *Stockholm* was due in at Pier 97 on the Hudson River. There was a crowd of people waiting, as I was waiting. I stood at the far end of the dock. The *Stockholm* pulled into sight; her bow was completely destroyed by the collision. It was a fearful sight. All night I had known the danger wasn't over yet, listening to the radio. The *Stockholm* was on shaky legs. We had heard it was possible that she might also sink. She came into view and all of us on the dock gasped, watching. Surely she couldn't make another mile, surely she would go down and it would all begin again.

But she made it into port. I didn't know it but I guess I had been crying. I looked and looked but I couldn't see Dickie. Then on the lower deck at the rails I saw some people I knew from the Doria—Italian people, but not Mrs. Fantana. I shouted to them and they saw me. I called, "Mia bambino-"

They pointed up. "Supra!" they shouted.

I looked up, up, to the top deck. I saw Dickie.

Mrs. Fantana was holding him. I jumped up and down and waved. There were tears pouring down my face. "Dickie, Dickie, Dickie," I called.

He saw me. He hollered, "Mommy!"

Then he called, "How is Elsie?"

I was having a conversation with my son. "She's fine," I shouted. Then I called out, "Dickie, where's your red balloon?"

"It popped!" he shrieked. I began to laugh. My son was coming home to me. We had been shipwrecked at sea, separated, —and I was asking him about balloons. I went on laughing and I went on crying.

I hold my Mouse again

Mrs. Fantana carried him off the ship, leading her little girl by the hand. She came down the gangplank and we couldn't get to each other. There were crowds and there was a long wooden barrier. On one side of the barrier, she walked towards the opening. On the other side I ran. I waited for them with my arms stretched out. And then I held Dickie again.

I tried to thank Mrs. Fantana. She wouldn't let me. "He was fine," she told me. "He kept asking for you, but I said we would see you in a little while, and he was good."

I looked at my baby. He had on a pair of blue shorts I had never seen before. He was wearing somebody's little white shirt, with lace on it. He looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

"How are you," I kept asking him.

"I'm fine," he said. "I had a wonderful trip." He looked at me gravely. "Mommy," he said, "You know the *Andrea Doria* went down with all my cars on it?"

"I know, Mouse," I said. "I'll get you some more." And my baby and I started for home. **END**

Ruth Roman can currently be seen in RKO's Great Day In The Morning

ingrid bergman's ordeal

(*Continued from page 36*) right out of her life. Since that time Dr. Lindstrom has remarried and is reconciled to losing the glamorous actress who did so much to finance his education as a brain surgeon.

When Ingrid was in Hollywood, the most popular actress of the day, I wouldn't have dared to be as frank with her as I was the day I talked with her in London. In some subtle way she has changed and is much less reserved than she was when she was the toast of the world as an actress.

"Are you happy?" I asked her again. "Very," she said. "I only hope Dr. Lindstrom is as happy with his new wife as I am with my husband and my new family. I hold no bitterness against Dr. Lindstrom and wish him only the best of everything."

"You will see Pia when you come to the United States," I said to her.

"But I'm not going to the United States," she replied. "All those rumors that I am traveling to New York are false. I have no intention of doing a live-television show for Ed Sullivan. He will film some scenes of me in *Anastasia* and that's as far as I expect to go.

"When I finish *Anastasia* here in London I'll leave at once for Paris to prepare for my stage play, *Tea And Sympathy.* I study every chance I get—every free moment when I am not before the cameras. My French is fair but it's not grammatically perfect enough to speak in a dramatic play.

"It's true I spoke four languages when I appeared in *Joan Of Arc,*" went on Ingrid. "French, Italian, English and Swedish. But I had music back of every word I spoke!" At this she laughed and said, "I can't have the French critics panning my bad French in *Tea And Sympathy.*"

Still a beautiful woman

The day I visited Ingrid she was dressed in black slacks which accentuated her slimness. The round girlish face is gone but the schoolgirl complexion remains. Her cheeks are pink and she uses no rouge or makeup. She is still a very beautiful woman, so animated and so fresh looking. Neither has she lost that well-scrubbed appearance.

With us all the time we talked in her suite at the Savoy was Rossellini's niece Fiorella, a dark-eyed Italian girl who finds being with her aunt by marriage a very exciting experience.

"Fiorella is Roberto's sister's daughter," Ingrid explained when she introduced us. "She is staying with me while I am in London and keeping me company."

"Where is your husband?" I asked her. "He was due in today but he telephoned me that he was delayed in Rome so I expect him tomorrow," she replied. "We talk every day and he misses me as I miss him when we are of necessity separated."

"I saw your indignant denial in the American newspapers that you and your husband are divorcing," I said to her.

"It's too ridiculous to discuss!" she replied. "It started in a Swedish newspaper written by one writer who has always taken delight in writing unkind things about me. Other newspapers copied the story. I can't blame columnists if they read such an article and repeat it again in their newspapers, but I do blame the Swedish journalist who started it without verifying the truth of such a malicious story about my private life. I know from bitter experience it does no good to demand a retraction, which I could very well have done."

This was the only time any tinge of an-

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noyance crept into Bergman's voice. And she quickly laughed that off and changed the subject.

"I do want you to see the motion picture I made in Paris," she said. "It's called *Elena And The Men.* At least, that's what they call it in France. It reminds me of *Sarotoga Trunk* which was always one of my favorite pictures."

Ingrid's children

"Have you any plans ever to return to America?" I asked.

"No, I have no immediate plans," she said. "I expect to be in Paris a long time—I mean I hope to be and I shall have my children there with me while I am in *Tea And Sympathy.* I expect to take a house when we move there in October."

She took me into her bedroom and showed me other photographs of her three little ones, such healthy children.

"I suppose they speak only Italian," I said. "No, they speak a little English and Swedish," Ingrid replied. "I want them to be accomplished linguists. Today that's an important part of everyone's education."

Ingrid had never met Helen Hayes until they were brought together at Elstree Studios, where Helen is playing the Grand Duchess in *Anastasia*, and Ingrid is portraying her niece—supposedly the Czar's daughter. "I was so glad to meet her. Like all actresses I had a profound admiration for Helen Hayes' ability as an actress and now I like her tremendously as a warm, sweet human being.

"She sent me these," said Ingrid pointing to a bowl of roses on top of which was a painted egg with the Russian crest of the Czars.

Her fame again is climbing

I always liked Ingrid, from the moment I met her when she came to our ranch and saw her first orange growing on a tree, and was like a child. She sent the orange to Pia in Sweden and when it arrived it was as black as tar.

She was so carefree that day, so lovely and so delighted with the contract David Selznick had given her after she made such a favorable impression in *Interlude* that I was completely captivated by her charm.

Her rise was so rapid and she stood for the greatest and best in artistry as well as the highest in womanhood.

This last year, after a bad time in her acting career, she has again regained a certain amount of her fame and is again climbing high.

And, in my opinion she will never let anything break up her marriage. Rossellini, an impassioned, ardent Italian, gave her what Dr. Lindstrom (cold and not as responsive) failed to do.

Not that my conscience will allow me to say she did right, but Ingrid had much on her side and in her favor that has never been printed.

I have no intention of moralizing on Ingrid's flight into the arms of Rossellini. Fundamentally I believe Ingrid to have the right instincts and I know she has suffered at the scandal that has been associated with her name since she defied society and its conventions. I believe that she has paid dearly for her impulsive elopement. **END**

Ingrid Bergman will soon be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Anastasia *and Warners'* The Night Does Strange Things.

I needed to marry an older man

(*Continued from page 32*) in the darkness with your young love; or you, growing up together day by day, year by year as though some closeness has been bred into you by all the classes in which you have sat together and all the summers you have shared; or you, meeting in the spring of your last collegiate year and falling in love in those two incredible months. I cannot speak for you, but, for myself, I could not have married any of your tanned and self-confident young men. I *needed* to marry an older man."

She needed a gentleness and patience and understanding and sympathy that a young man could not have given her. She has always been drawn to men and women older than herself. She's always felt that young people are too involved *with* themselves to be able to give of themselves easily to others. They try to change each other, to possess each other. And she dosen't believe that any person can possess another person, even in intimacy. They can only give to each other freely.

To Marisa—and Jean-Pierre—marriage can be, must be, a perfect communion of two people who understand each other. Perfect communion of mind and body and spirit is not easily won. It must be worked at. It will not fall from the sky.

"My marriage is not yet perfect," Marisa rushes on to explain. "There are things I do not yet know about Jean-Pierre and things he does not yet understand about me. But already we share a closeness that I do not think I could have achieved with a *boy.*"

For Marisa, he's right

To Marisa the essence and joy of marriage is sharing this closeness. It is knowing that someone needs you and that you need someone and not being too proud or too afraid to say this to each other. It is love and tenderness and understanding.

"What is true for me and for my marriage will not be true for others and for their marriages. I can only speak for myself. I can only say what is right for me."

And for her, Jean-Pierre is right. She needs a husband who is also a friend, a companion, and a teacher. She needs a husband who is strong and who can teach her how to be strong, too.

Jean-Pierre is strong. He is satisfied with life. He has tasted even its bitterest moments, and yet he still finds life good. He has learned to enjoy life.

In the Sanskrit 'Salutation To The Dawn'—a poem in which the ancient people of India spoke their praise to each new day—is this line: *Today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of joy.* Marisa speaks the words, adding, "I do not know if Jean-Pierre knows this poem, but its words are almost a key to his enjoyment of life. He makes every minute of every day of his life important. He lives each day well."

To enjoy life—to spend no time in regret or fear—is a difficult thing to learn. Marisa makes things difficult when they are not. She is bruised by words, she is a little afraid of people.

Before Jean-Pierre she stood a while on the sidelines of life, in the far corner where the bright lights and the music and the circle of the dancers did not quite reach. The young men she knew plunged into the circle without waiting for her, and she could not follow them. Then Jean-Pierre came along and held out his hands to her and began to teach her how to enjoy life and how to enjoy people.

A new world

She has always chosen to stay home, rather than to go to a party filled with people she had never met. But all people seem good and beautiful to Jean-Pierre. He does not label them *good* or *bad* or *dull* or *stupid*. "He has led me also into his wonderful world of people and shown me how each person has worthiness in some way, and how I do not need to be afraid," Marisa explains, and for a moment her eyes mirror the bright new world Jean-Pierre has opened for her.

Jean-Pierre understands people, with the kind of understanding that comes from the sorrows and from the winters through which a person has lived, that comes only when a person is mature.

"Because I am not yet completely mature, I am glad to have this maturity by my side to help me grow," Marisa freely admits. "When I am sad or hurt, he will say, 'It is not right to be sad. Give each thing only the importance it deserves. Never look at anything as seriously as it appears.' And because he is too lighthearted to be serious for long, in a moment he will be laughing at something and I will be laughing with him."

Jean-Pierre has taught her many other things. He has taught her the meaning of love—and the meaning of loneliness. She never knew that she could be as lonely as she was when she left him in Paris a month ago and came to make her present picture, *The Eyes Of Father Tomasino*.

She would never be happy married to a younger man. "I think perhaps I would be too old for a man of my own age," she laughs. "I have usually been bored by young men and uninterested in the things that they can find to talk about and in the things that interest them."

No difference in age

When she is with Jean-Pierre there seems to be no difference in their ages. Because he is older he has known many experiences and many sensations that she has not known, but he shares these with her and makes them as tangible for her as dozens of colored balls. And in everything else—the things they laugh at, the way they think, the pleasures they enjoy —they are of the same age.

"Or perhaps I am a little older than my husband," muses Marisa. "At times I am sure that I am. I am always the serious one. I am the one who must lock the suitcases and put out the cat and wind the alarm clock or they would never be done."

On the first day of their honeymoon they were waiting in the San Francisco Airport for the plane that would take them to Hawaii.

"Come," Jean-Pierre said.

"Where?"

"We'll hire a car and I'll show you San Francisco."

"But the plane . . . do we have time?"

He laughed and took her hand. "If we wait at the airport we'll just be wasting time."

"Okay."

They hired a car and drove through the hills and threaded their way down the narrow streets of Chinatown . . . and stopped the car and stood on the shore . . . and threw a pebble into the bay. They drove over the bridges and back again, and watched the ocean glisten below them in the sun.

She looked at her watch.

"Is it time?" Jean-Pierre asked.

"Yes."

He drove up one hill and down another. He ran his hand through his hair and started up another hill. Fifteen minutes later he gave up.

"I think," he said, "that we're lost."

They were. It took them another half hour to find their way, and they got back to the airport just in time to watch their suitcases take off for Honolulu.

Absent-minded Pierre

That was not the last time they missed a plane. And they almost missed their wedding in the first place. They were stepping into the elevator on their way up to the judge who was to marry them. Someone shouted, "Jean-Pierre! Marisa!" And ran towards them with a piece of paper in his hand. It was their marriage license. Jean-Pierre had kept it "to make sure it will be safe," he had said. And he had left it in his bedroom when he picked his bride up to take her to her wedding!

Jean-Pierre is impulsive and absent-minded and undisciplined. Once in Paris he decided that he wanted to go to London. He didn't give Marisa any time to tell the cook or pack a suitcase. And the only thing that kept them from being in London that evening was the fact that he forgot their passports.

The next time they took a trip he very shyly handed the passports to her before they left.

Jean-Pierre is impulsive and undisciplined. But his wife does not like disciplined people. They are too cold. They do not have warmth and fire. And his impulsiveness is part of the joy with which he meets each new day. Even his absent-mindedness is part of his enjoyment of life. He cannot remember to catch a plane if there is something else to enjoy.

The two of us . . .

This enjoyment of life—this richness, this contentment that her husband has—Marisa hopes to acquire in time. "I have been married only six months," Mrs. Aumont smiles, "and yet already there is a certain purpose to living that I did not know before. With Jean-Pierre I find a certain security—not a financial, but an emotional security—that I did not have six months ago. Life has suddenly more meaning and in everything I do, in my thoughts, and in my feelings, there are always the two of us involved."

Marisa Pavan never asked Jean-Pierre his age. His age didn't matter. Once some of her friends said, "Oh, you're going out with such an old man!"

"Oh yes?" Marisa answered, "how old is he?"

"I remember their answers," Marisa smiled. "One of them said, 'He is forty-two.' Another said, 'He's forty-seven.' Another said, 'At least thirty-four.' Another said, 'I'm sure he's almost fifty!'

"'Oh?' I said and shrugged. 'It doesn't matter.'"

Then one evening Jean-Pierre said, "I'm worried, Marisa. You don't know what age I am."

"It doesn't matter, Jean-Pierre."

For a moment he was very serious. "It does. It hurts me. I can't tell you. I'll give you the passport and you can add."

He reached into his pocket and handed her his passport. Then he turned away and stared out the window. "I am so bad at figures," Marisa remembers, "I looked at the date and the year. Then I tried to subtract that year from 1956. But I didn't have a pencil and the figures got all jumbled up. Finally I threw the passport on the couch.

"'Jean-Pierre!'

"He turned back to me."

"'It's too much, Jean-Pierre. I can't count. The figures won't come out right. And I don't care! I don't care!'"

And she doesn't care. He is twenty years older than she, but—"It is Jean Pierre who knows how to entertain me when I am sad, knows how to make me happy, how to handle me, when to compliment me and when to be silent, when to protect me and when to hold me in his arms." Nothing else matters to Marisa Pavan—Mrs. Jean-Pierre Aumont. END

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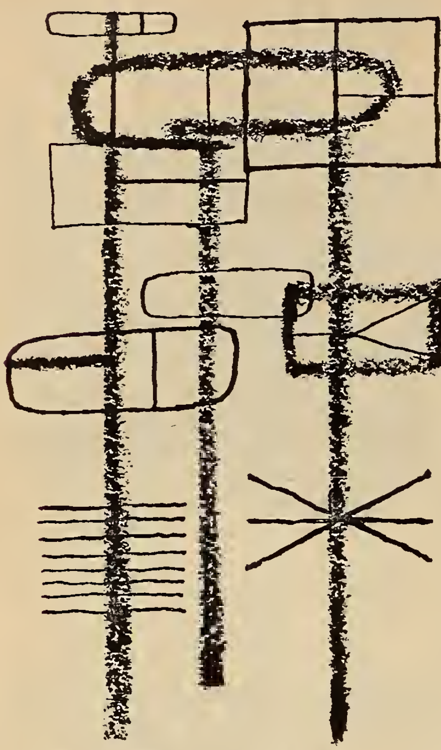

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marilyn enters a jewish family

(*Continued from page* 68) wanted—a blessing on the marriage."

Arthur was uncomfortable. "Well, I thought of it of course, and the folks would love it—but the thing is—a Rabbi can't marry us because you aren't Jewish." He paused. "Of course, if you *were* Jewish—"

There was a long pause. Then a voice, "Do you—would they—is there any way I could become a Jew?"

"Well, if you want to, there is."

"Want to," she said, "*want to!* I've been wanting to talk to you about it for so long! I thought after we were married I could —but I didn't know if anyone could just— become. I thought it was—closed."

"*Closed.*" he said, laughing. "Nope, not at all. We have to call a Rabbi, that's all, and give you instruction. Then there is a ceremony and they ask you questions and—that's it. If you're sure. You know you don't have to. Our marriage will be perfectly legal without it, and it doesn't matter to me. You have to be sure. You have to have thought about it."

She looked at him. "I haven't thought about anything else," she said. "With the possible exception of you."

They phoned a Rabbi, Dr. Robert Goldburg of New Haven. Yes, he would give the instructions and perform the conversion ceremony. No, no trouble at all.

In her room that night, Marilyn lay awake. Her mother-to-be had kissed her and cried. Her father-to-be had folded her in his arms. The warmth around her was to be hers, not by right only of marriage, but by right of faith. Whatever was to come, she would share with them, and they with her. Never had she felt so much that she was coming home.

The next day tragedy struck. They went for a drive, briefly. On the way home a reporter followed them, driving wildly to catch up to the car far ahead. Looking out the window as Arthur's car climbed the winding road, Marilyn saw the car below crash and spin. They got help and went home. "It's got to stop," Marilyn said.

"How do we stop it?"

She sighed. "Give them what they want. Get married."

They made arrangements quickly for a brief civil ceremony. When it was over, Arthur took her aside. "Honey, you know we are married now, even in the eyes of my religion. If you don't want to go through with the conversion, you don't have to."

"I want to be a Jew," she said, "as soon as possible. I want it now, before we go to England. I want to be married again, in temple. This doesn't change anything. I only want it more."

The Rabbi came to the house. All that day and all that evening he told Marilyn what it meant to be a Jew. Her husband was a "Reform" Jew, so she needn't keep Kosher, nor sit apart from him at services, as she would if they were Orthodox. She would light candles on Friday night to welcome the Sabbath, which lasted until sundown Saturday, but need not refrain from touching money or riding on that day. She would be, he told her, as Jewish as she wanted to be. He gave her the *Old Testament* to read. At the end of the evening, he took Arthur aside. Usually, he said, the conversion ceremony followed a much longer period of instruction. He knew there was no time for that, since they were due to leave for England. He understood Mrs. Miller's desire to be married again in the religious ceremony. She could return for more instruction when they came back. He would make an exception—the conversion would take place the next day and the second marriage promptly thereafter.

Arthur came back to Marilyn, who was waiting anxiously. "You'll do," he said.

* * *

And so, on that pale morning, Marilyn sat in the chapel, remembering.

A door opened and the Rabbi came in. "Marilyn," he said gently.

She rose and stood before him. Quietly the service began.

"Is it of your own free will that you seek admittance into the Jewish fold?"

"Yes."

"Do you renounce your former faith?"

She had had none; she renounced her lack of faith. "Yes."

"Do you pledge your loyalty to Judaism? Do you promise to cast in your lot with the people of Israel amid all circumstances?"

It is good, she remembered, to suffer— if you share it with others.... "Yes."

"Do you promise to lead a Jewish life?"

She thought of her new family, holding each other close in a bond of love. "Yes."

"Should you be blessed with children do you agree to rear your children according to the Jewish faith?"

Her children, who would forever know who they were, who would have an answer to their questions. "Oh, yes," she said.

The Rabbi smiled at her. "Repeat after me" he said, and together they spoke the ancient words of the convert:

"I do herewith declare in the presence of God and the witnesses here assembled that I ... seek the fellowship of Israel.

"I believe that God is one, Almighty, Allwise, Most Holy....

"I believe that man is created in the image of God; that it is his duty to imitate the holiness of God ... that he is destined to everlasting life...."

And then one of the oldest prayers the world has ever known.

"Hear O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is One.

"Praised be His name whose glorious kingdom is forever and ever."

Marilyn's voice stopped. The Rabbi said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart. Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt speak of them when thou sittest in thy house, when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up. . . ."

He read her the words of Ruth. Behind her she could hear the rustle as her family rose in their places and began to read aloud, "Let us adore the ever-living God and render praise unto Him who spread out the heavens and established the earth. . . ." They were praying—praying for her!

The Rabbi took her hand and gave her solemnly a name chosen from the Bible— a name she keeps entirely to herself. "With this name as token you are now a member of the household of Israel and have assumed all its rights, privileges and responsibilities." His hand was on her head. "May He from whom all come, send His light and truth to guide you.

"May the Lord bless thee and keep thee;

"May the Lord let His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee;

"May the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace. Amen."

It had been a long road, a hard road. But with shining eyes and a blessing upon her, Marilyn had come home. **END**

The editors of MODERN SCREEN *are grateful to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (parent body of the Western Hemisphere's 534 Reform Temples), and to its director of press information, Rabbi Samuel M. Silver, for the assistance given to us in preparing this story.*

Marilyn is in the 20th-Fox film Bus Stop.

wanted: a country gal

(*Continued from page 34*) here, without the hum of a movie lot, the smell of make-up and machinery, the thrill of knowing that his big scene was to start in a minute, that he, George Nader, would be before a camera, taking direction, moving into position—acting! What madness was this?

He dropped the spade and the hoe. Twenty minutes later, in the doorway where the young farmer and amiable putterer had stood, there appeared a movie star. Then he was driving his car down the winding roads back to civilization, crowds, people, the studio, the work he loved—the other life that gratified him, supported him, and was just as necessary to him as the garden he made.

Lonesome

But the closer he got to the city, the more nervous he became. Upon the hill he was safe and happy. Down there—the only trouble was, he got hurt sometimes.

For instance—there was the little matter of being lonely. A man may like his house and his garden and the world in general—but the nicer things are, the more he'd like someone to share them with. He often thought about his girl. He knew pretty much what she'd be like.

She'd have a sense of humor like his, consisting partly of a wry enjoyment of the confounded way things can go wrong, and partly of a quiet happy chuckle at something that tickles her fancy. If she wanted to play practical jokes or dance barefoot on tables, she'd have to find herself another partner; that wasn't for George. Secondly, she'd be bright; thirdly she'd be neat and sweet to look at, not necessarily beautiful and definitely not gaudy—and lastly, she'd have a deep, abiding love for one George Nader and a desire to settle down and raise a family.

But in the world of a movie star, the trouble was—finding her. Once he thought he had. She was Dani Crayne, and she liked him, too. So what happened?

Dani got lost

Never were there two young people who got more lost under an avalanche of publicity. It started out as fun—not exactly friendship, but certainly not great love—just a nice, healthy, dating relationship. By the time they had been out three times the columnists were complaining that they didn't know what Nader was stalling about—why didn't they get married? He and Dani found out more about each other in print than in person—including that they were going steady, engaged, broken-up, seeing others on the sly, and every now and then, that they were secretly married. By the time it was all over, a bewildered George was saying, "Everyone keeps asking me if it was love. How should I know? We never got a chance to find out."

Now, as his car hummed powerfully along, he suddenly realized he wasn't even looking forward to love. A pretty sad thing to think, considering he was thirty-five years old, earning a good living, and working in a town that probably had more cute girls than the rest of the world put together. Never mind, he told himself. Eventually, I'll find her—here, somewhere else—who knows? And when I do, and I fall in love with her, and people say to me, "Well, George?" I'll have an answer ready in advance to keep the hounds off the trail. Something like—"Oh, it's just publicity. I need it badly." He grinned to himself. At the door of the church, with the minister waiting, he'd tell the crowd, "Oh, it's just publicity." Ha!

He chuckled quietly to himself the rest of the way to town, parked the car and looked around for a place to grab a bite. Halfway down the block he spotted a guy he hadn't seen in maybe three years, and waved. The guy paused, peered, then grinned from ear to ear and started leaping fire hydrants and dodging trucks in his mad dash to George, who stood petrified watching the advance. It was as bad as he feared. A wallop of tremendous power hit him on the back and a voice screamed in his ear, "Hey, *George*—hear you're a great big movie star now!"

"Now, where the blazes," George muttered to himself, "is the conversation supposed to go after that?" Aloud he said, "Uh, no. Well, yes. I mean—I got a date, I'm late," and dashed off, leaving his friend to tell the old gang, no doubt, that Nader had gone Hollywood.

Friendship?

Well, it wasn't always like that, he reflected bitterly. For instance, George had one set of friends, a married couple, to whom he felt free to fly in times of stress and strain. There was always a racket going on in their house, a bunch of pals sitting around chewing the rag, a good loud babble from friendly people, each trying to sneak a word into the conversation and accepting cheerfully the impossibility of making themselves heard. Happily, George would head for this refuge, to be one of the gang. It worked great until one day he opened his mouth to make one of those vain attempts to be heard, and found that he could be. In fact, the minute he parted his lips, a dead silence fell on the room. With one accord, in all corners, conversation ceased and ears were lent to the words of Mr. Nader, the movie star. The sudden silence positively deafened him; in the middle of a sentence he sat with his mouth open, having forgotten what he planned to say. Finally he came out of it and went on. Five minutes later he tried again. The same thing happened. It wasn't a gag. "George," said his hostess encouragingly, "do go on." "Yes," voices chimed in, "what is it, George? Don't stop." George recovered his wits. "What the blazes is going on here?" he demanded. "Listen, I don't mind if you want to be polite, but what is this—I'm getting idolized? *Here?*" His accusing gaze swept the room. "Look, I knew you all when we used to borrow money from each other—when I—" But no one interrupted, no one said a word, sitting there fascinated. "Oh, what's the use," muttered George, and sat there, lonesomer than ever.

A fair exchange

Still remembering, George turned into a luncheonette and sat down at the counter. Quit this, he told himself sharply. The way you're going on there'll be nothing left to do but crawl into a hole and pull it in after you. Now figure—how many friends have you actually, honestly lost in this business? All? Good God, no. Half? Nowhere near. A third? A quarter? Well—maybe four or five. And how many new ones have you made? He counted. Two, three good ones, guys he could talk shop with and really learn something. Altogether, a pretty fair exchange.

His appetite restored, he reached for a menu and discovered that someone else had got it first, and was offering it back to him, with a pencil. "Autograph, Mr. Nader?" George roared with laughter.

"Did I say something?" the kid asked.

"No, not a thing," George chortled, signing cheerfully. "I was just remembering the last time I got asked. . . ."

It had happened a few weeks before

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by Dorothy Davis Smith

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when he was in the east.

George had been lying on his back, letting the waves tickle his ears. He was floating, not only on the cool Atlantic ocean, but in his mind as well. It was a swell day. Soaking up the sun on the beach with an old friend, a hot dog for lunch, no place to go, nothing to do. He opened his eyes, blinked at the sun, and peered towards shore. There, a comfortable distance away, was a scattering of people who didn't know who he was and didn't care. No one had stared at him, whispered about him, asked him to autograph an album—who'd have an album at the beach? George sighed, blissfully content. Then, something tapped him on the shoulder.

May I have your autograph?

It was so unexpected that he jumped. His feet went down and his head went after. Gasping and sputtering, he came up for air, shook the water out of his eyes and stared. There, treading water like mad, was a little girl, 'way out of her depths. In her eyes was a rapt expression, in her hand was clenched a soggy popsickle wrapper. She gazed at him adoringly. "Please, Mr. Nader," she panted, her short legs flailing the water, "will you autograph this?"

Now, chewing his lunch, he said to himself that that was the kind of thing that made it all worth while. Sure, he missed his privacy but, after all, how many men—even great men of history, say—had had their fans—or whatever they called them—risk drowning just for a signature? What, for that matter, had George Nader done to deserve such undampened ardor? Nothing. It was the business that did it. So don't knock it.

Nader versus Nader

All in all, it was a good world. This afternoon he would astonish the still-photo department by showing up of his own free will and suggesting that they take those portrait shots they'd been yapping about for months. Then he'd go over and have a chat with the director who had that new action picture coming up and wanted to talk to him. Maybe he'd drop over to one of the shooting stages and watch a while. And this evening—well, tonight would be *all right.* He'd pick up Gia Scalla—what a doll that kid was—and he'd take her to the première. Maybe afterwards they'd go over to the Palladium and close it, dancing up a storm, the way they had a couple of weeks ago.

And when they got to the preme, he could see it all in his mind's eye. At the door there'd be a man with a notebook, wanting to talk to him. "Hey, George," he'd say, "I hear it's quite a thing with you and Miss Scalla, here—and I can't say I blame you. What say I put it in tomorrow's column as a new romance, hey?"

But it wouldn't faze him, not for a minute. "Oh, I wouldn't," he'd say casually. "Matter of fact it's just publicity." He'd lean over conspiratorially. He'd whisper, "I need it badly!" And then he and Gia would see a good movie, for free, no less. And if things didn't go right—the day after he'd be ready for the country again—and it would be there—waiting for him. **END**

George Nader will soon be seen in U-I's Four Girls In Town *and* Joe Butterfly.

nick's and natalie's zany answers

(Continued from page 43)

NICK: *Two. One inside and one out.*

QUES: *That bathroom of yours looks like the inside of Ciro's restaurant.*

NATALIE: *Or sort of a super movie magazine, with all those pictures plastered up.*

QUES: *How about your bathrooms, Natalie?*

NATALIE: *I have two. One for me. One for my sister.*

NICK: *What's the matter? Don't your mother and father need one?*

NATALIE: *You have to love a nut like you, Nick.*

QUES: *How many servants do you have?*

NICK: *Servants, what's that?*

NATALIE: *I don't either.*

NICK: *Oh, yes, she does. I'm her only servant.*

QUES: ***Well, who washes the dishes?***

NATALIE: ***My mother, except now and then when there's company. Then a maid comes in.***

QUES: *Nick, you own your own home, don't you? How much did you pay for it?*

NICK: *$12,000. I could sell it for $18,000.*

QUES: *Natalie, how long have you lived where you live?*

NATALIE: *In Sherman Oaks for about three years now.*

QUES: *The poor man's Sherman Oaks or the rich man's?*

NATALIE: *Kind of medium—oh, I know what you mean. If you live north of Ventura, that's the poor man's. If you live south—that's the rich man's. So call me rich.*

NICK: *That's a big lie.*

QUES: *Natalie, do you have a swimming pool?*

NATALIE: *Yes, we had one put in about a year ago, but I haven't been swimming in it yet. . . .*

NICK: *I have . . .*

NATALIE: *. . . the reason is, I'm always going over to friends' pools.*

NICK: *Her folks use it, though.*

NATALIE: *And Lana, my little sister.*

QUES: *What about your brothers and sisters?*

NICK: *I got a brother.*

NATALIE: *I have two sisters. My older sister is married. They have two children. Two little boys. Sometimes I baby-sit. My little sister Lana Lisa is in a play now, and she's a very good actress. She's ten. She was in* The Searchers, *you know. She played me as a little girl.*

QUES: ***When did you make your first picture?***

NATALIE: ***When I was four. Then I was out of work for a year.***

NICK: ***. . . and at that age it's terrible to be out of work.***

NATALIE: ***Oh, shut up. I started again when I was six.***

QUES: *Here's a beauty for you. Do you own a toupee?*

NATALIE: *Sure, I own some falls. You know, when you need extra hair for certain roles.*

NICK: *I don't have a toupee, but I got no worries. Dick Widmark said that whenever I needed a hair piece I could have his old one. He has a receding hairline on one side, so he has to have one little piece sometimes. Just a little gismo.*

QUES: ***How many books do you read a month?***

NATALIE: ***I read a lot. Nick, here is an illiterate.***

NICK: ***I am not. I read a book once. Seriously, Natalie reads about ten. I read a couple.***

QUES: *What do you read?*

NATALIE: *We read Thomas Wolfe together. My favorite book is* The Little Prince.

NICK: *I like the* Young Lions *by Irwin Shaw.*

NATALIE: *I like that too. I read a good book,* The Young Lovers.

QUES: *Did you ever read* Bonjour, Tristesse?

NATALIE: *Sure. I wasn't too impressed, personally.*

QUES: *Strike that answer, it was a* Dell Book.

NATALIE: *So is* Young Lovers. *That was great, I thought. Isn't this an honest questionnaire? Won't you print my real opinion?*

QUES: *What's your favorite newspaper comic strip?*

NATALIE: Lil' Abner. *I understand that all the intellectuals read* Abner.

QUES: *How about you, Nick?*

NICK: Lil' Abner. *All the intellectuals read* Lil' Abner.

QUES: Nick, what book would you take to a desert island?

NICK: Natalie Wood's diary. What a question!

NATALIE: Oh, brother.

NICK: Confidential.

NATALIE: That's a dead question. If you had to go to a desert island who wants a book?

NICK: I wouldn't take a book. I'd take Natalie.

QUES: *Seriously—what book?*

NATALIE: *Seriously?* MODERN SCREEN. *Fool around with that answer.*

QUES: *What part of the country do you come from?*

NATALIE: *I'm from San Francisco.*

NICK: *I come from Pennsylvania, but I lived in Jersey City from five to eighteen.*

NATALIE: *Which was tough on Jersey City.*

QUES: Do you belong to a church?

ANS: (By both) Catholic.

QUES: *When you go where do you go?*

NATALIE: *Usually to the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood.*

NICK: *I go to early Mass up around where I live in La Canada.*

QUES: *How many days a year do you work?*

NATALIE: *Ho, we work every day. Some people have the idea that you only work when you're in front of the camera.*

NICK: *Myself as an actor about twenty-six weeks out of the year at the studio, but an actor works more than that. You can't figure. He dreams his work at night. They even have a little mike they put under your pillow now. Learn your lines while you sleep.*

NATALIE: *Yes, then there's publicity.*

QUES: *Do you have a budget?*

NATALIE: *No. Now that I'm eighteen, though, I have a small checking account and some charge accounts. I'm not very extravagant on clothes. Shoes are something else. I have a dress designer and he makes most of my clothes. More inexpensive that way. It's a little difficult for an actress. I'll find a dress I'd like to wear several times a week, but that's difficult when you are photographed so often.*

QUES: Nick, where do you buy your clothes?

NICK: You mean my one suit? I get all the throw-aways from Nat's dad.

NATALIE: That's true. Nick has one of his best neckties. He wants it back.

QUES: *Does either one of you have any pets, outside of each other?*

NATALIE: *We have a Weimeraner. That's a dog. Two parakeets. We just got a little tiny French poodle. Half poodle and half something else.*

NICK: *She runs a zoo.*

NATALIE: *I'm going to get an ocelot to go with my stuffed tigers.*

NICK: *I always wanted a dog, but I never had one. Maybe I should break down and have a good cry.*

NATALIE: *Don't do it. Sounds terrible on a tape recorder.*

QUES: *How old are you?*

NATALIE: *Eighteen. What else?*

NICK: *I'm twenty-five. I'm going to be twenty-five for the next five years.*

NATALIE: *I used to say I was older than I was, but now I'm going to stick to my real age.*

NICK: *Sure, until you get to be thirty. I know one actress in this town who's anyway forty. If she doesn't stop dropping a year of her age every year she'll be younger than her own daughter.*

QUES: *What's your favorite charity?*

NICK: *Natalie Wood.*

NATALIE: *I think Nick and I agree that charity is a personal matter.*

QUES: *Do you like music?*

NATALIE: *Love it.*

NICK: *Semi-classical. Classical. All the motion picture scores. There's your great modern music.*

QUES: *What about Elvis Presley?*

NICK: *I don't like Rock n' Roll but I like Presley.*

QUES: *That's a switch.*

NICK: *Really. John Derek saw Presley do his test at Hal Wallis and says he's just great. Wonderful guy, too.*

NATALIE: *Too many people have put a knock in against him. I like someone a lot of people are against. My favorite male singer is Sinatra.*

QUES: *How about female singers?*

NATALIE: *Peggy Lee.*

NICK: *Peggy King.*

QUES: Your screen names are your real names, aren't they?

NATALIE: He is Nicholas Aloysius Adamshock.

NICK: And hers is Natasha Stepanovana.

NATALIE: *See why they change names for movies? How would you like to be a theatre-owner and put my real name on the marquee?*

NICK: *You'd need two marquees and a teleprompter.*

QUES: *There's a question about smoking here. Natalie, do you smoke a pipe?*

NATALIE: *On occasion. Hope nobody takes this answer seriously.*

QUES: *What's your favorite drink?*

NATALIE: *I like beer and milk, mixed together. My doctor recommended it.*

QUES: Do you play the stock market?

NICK: I do. I have some Warners stock, some Associated Laundry. I had some uranium stock I bought for $3.50 a share. Sold it for 50c.

QUES: *You both drive cars. Ever get a ticket?*

NATALIE: *Oh, brother!*

NICK: *I don't get any tickets. I'm a fairly fast driver when conditions permit. It must have been fun to grow up where there were wide open spaces. Out here it's like driving in New York. You have to be sharp.*

NATALIE: *I only have about two tickets. I was sorry about them. One was making a turn where I shouldn't. I think the other was overtime parking. I've had minor accidents.*

QUES: *Do you have radio and* TV *sets?*

NICK: *I have a radio and a Hi-Fi gismo. No* TV *yet. I'm only just started in the business, really. There's a million things I want but I'm not nut enough to go way out on the time-payment limb.*

NATALIE: *I have a* TV *set. It's no longer heresy for a movie actress to admit she likes* TV *but I could do without some of the terrible corn.*

QUES: *Do you play musical instruments?*

NATALIE: *The piano.*

NICK: *I used to play the banjo. My ambition is to do a picture with Presley where we both play the guitar.*

QUES: How old were you when you had your first kiss?

NATALIE: Three.

NICK: For Pete's sake, who can you kiss when you're three?

NATALIE: *That was play stuff. My first* real *kiss was when I was five. I used to go to the movies all the time. And it seemed that every time a man kissed a*

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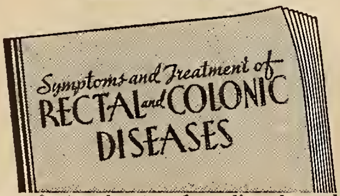

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girl, she'd lean back, look angry and slap him right across the face. So this intrigued me. So I got a whole bunch of my girl friends together and I talked this little boy into kissing me. When he did I slapped him in the face. I DON'T DO THAT ANY MORE.

NICK: *The poor kid probably is grown up now and so confused he goes to a psychiatrist.*

NATALIE: *That's right. And when he finds out what's wrong after spending $5,000 remembering, he'll look me up and sock me.*

QUES: *How about you, Nick?*

NICK: *It took me until twelve or thirteen to get nerve enough to kiss a girl. My mother had told me the facts of life, but another kid's mother told her son that if he kissed a girl she'd get pregnant and have a baby. I didn't want to get married so early.*

NATALIE: *That's funny. But sometimes it isn't so funny. Parents tell their children scare stories—not the truth. It gets them all mixed up.*

QUES: *You, for instance?*

NATALIE: *No, not me. Others I've talked to.*

QUES: *What's your favorite Hollywood restaurant?*

NATALIE: *A lot of us used to go to the Villa Capri. Where do we go now?*

NICK: *We used to go to the China Trader a lot. Any place that fancy strikes us.*

QUES: *What is there about publicity you are asked to do that you don't like?*

NATALIE: *Well, I don't like to do things that are phony. In other words, to pose for things. I'd rather do a layout than work in a gallery. Anything that is spontaneous is good. Posing with the turkeys and the firecrackers, I suppose it's necessary, but I don't care for it.*

QUES: *Where did you two meet?*

NATALIE: *We were both on an interview for* Rebel Without A Cause. *We met in the casting office. Both got the parts, too.*

NICK: *Out at Warners. She got a good one.*

QUES: *Do you go to night clubs?*

NICK: *Hate them.*

NATALIE: *Me too, except when somebody good is appearing.*

NICK: *Generally everybody goes there to be seen and not to have fun. You have to spend $60-$70. What for? We have more fun going to cheap movies—these thirty-cent re-runs. So-called glamour is a pain in the rear to most real people in Hollywood.*

QUES: *Now, about magazine reading, I suppose what you do is come into offices like this and steal them. I saw Natalie scooping up a couple of Dell Books, a copy of* Little Lulu *and* Tom And Jerry. *What do you read in magazines?*

NICK: MODERN SCREEN, *just* MODERN SCREEN.

NATALIE: *Seriously, there's an honesty about* MODERN SCREEN *I like. Sometimes I don't like, maybe, a few words they say about me, but I feel that they are trying to honestly interpret the lives of people in Hollywood. By the way, how's business?*

QUES: *Business? Fine. Sold out the last issue.*

NICK: *I know. My picture was in it, in Louella Parsons' column. I sent copies to nine million relatives.*

NATALIE: *We read a magazine called Wisdom. Ever hear of it?*

NICK: *Hear of it? I've got stock in it.*

QUES: *Do you read what's said about you in magazines?*

NICK: *You kidding? It doesn't make a damn bit of difference what they say about me as long as they say it.*

NATALIE: *You'll get over that.*

QUESTION: *Either one of you ever go to college?*

NICK: *I had a year.*

NATALIE: *I'm going to start* UCLA *this fall. Psychology and literature, things like that. Quite a few people in Hollywood do that during their time off, in the evenings. I don't understand why people think that the minute a girl has a contract waved in her face by a studio that she thinks she knows everything and doesn't have to learn.*

NICK: *That's right. Take Marilyn Monroe. Everybody figured her for dumb. It's terrible the way they razzed her for wanting to study, become a better person and a better actress.*

QUES: *Nick, I suppose you're going to* UCLA *too—to study Natalie Wood?*

NICK: *I already got my Ph.D. in that. Seriously, I have my G.I. Bill coming to me. I want to take evening courses in art—how to paint.*

NATALIE: *Take me along.*

QUES: *What about sports—swimming, riding, skiing, killing people?*

NATALIE: *I like boxing.*

NICK: *I like tennis.*

NATALIE: *I like bull fighting.*

NICK: *I like girls.*

NATALIE: *I like boys.*

QUES: *Nick, what are your hobbies, and don't give me Natalie Wood again*

NICK: *Sex and fruit juices. Seriously, I like to build cars.*

NATALIE: *I like clay modeling. I like to paint water colors, knit. Fool around with ceramics.*

QUES: *What's the worst thing about being a movie star, if there is a worst thing?*

NICK: *The hard work. You know, you somehow figure that when you get to be a movie star you get a lot of time off. It isn't true. A ditch digger has regular hours. I'm not squawking, but on my last picture we worked to 10 and 11 o'clock at night.*

NATALIE: *That's true, but you also get to meet a lot of fine people. People who have had rich experiences. I think it's a great thing. Everyone you come in touch with enriches your life, like from a prop man to a Senator.*

QUES: *. . . like famous and important people—Einstein, Bob Beerman.*

NICK: *Some day I'd like to do the life of Bob Beerman for the screen.*

BEERMAN: *(putting down his camera) It would be too sensational, too great. Nothing would ever approach it.*

QUES: *How many real friends did you pick up in the movies?*

NATALIE: *Two.*

NICK: *One.*

QUES: *Why are you still single?*

NICK: *You have no time to devote to romance. Natalie is the only one in the business that I'd marry.*

NATALIE: *If I waited for Nick to propose I'd be an old maid.*

QUES: *All right, why don't you two get married?*

NATALIE: *Because, we . . . we . . . well . . .*

NICK: *I don't know. we will some day.*

NATALIE: *Let's be real corny and say we're not going to—we owe it to our fans not to get married.*

NICK: *That's right. We're not going to get married, we're just going to have a big affair all the time.*

NATALIE: *No, we're not even going to do that.*

NICK: *Coward!*

NATALIE: *I think people have to decide whether they want to have a career or get married.*

NICK: *One or the other.*

NATALIE: *To get un-serious again, they say you have to be unhappy to be an actress. If you get married you're liable to be happy and that would ruin everything—you'd never win an Oscar.*

QUES: *At night, do you sleep in pajamas or a nightgown?*

NICK: *In the raw.*

NATALIE: *In the pajama tops.*

QUES: *Is it easy to "go Hollywood"?*

NATALIE: *Where did you pick up that old term? What you mean is "playing the whole role." "Playing the bit."*

NICK: *Like you're doing somebody a favor when you talk to them and you don't talk to anybody unless they can help you. Then when they help you, a couple of years after, you don't talk to them. With some older stars I know it's like a law.*

NATALIE: *Or playing the glamour bit. Like wanting a car eight blocks long with your initials on it in gold.*

QUES: *What's your worst fault?*

NICK: *Natalie trusts too many people. She's not gullible, but she's good-natured. Trusts people to be nice and gets hurt.*

NATALIE: *Nick's the same way.*

NICK: *We're exactly alike.*

NATALIE: *Except that I'm a little more talented. Be sure to print that.*

QUES: *Do you like to sign autographs?*

NATALIE: *I love to.*

NICK: *I'm sort of flattered.*

QUES: ***What's your favorite food?***

NICK: ***Fried baloney sandwiches with cheese on top.***

NATALIE: ***He wants to die young.***

NICK: ***Hers is snails.* Escargots, *she calls 'em.***

QUES: *Do you prefer a tub or shower?*

NATALIE: *Depends on whatever mood I'm in.*

NICK: *I like to take a bath in a pool.*

QUES: ***Do you worry about what people think?***

NATALIE: ***No.***

NICK: ***I did at one time.***

QUES: *What's your greatest extravagance?*

NICK: *Spending money. Natalie's is buying gifts for all her friends. She got me a typewriter once. There was a note on it, said, "I looked high and low for something to buy you. With this gift you will be able to spell love, friendship, sincerity and all the things you mean to me." She handed me the note first and I was wondering what it was, then she brought in the typewriter.*

NATALIE: *And then somebody stole it.*

NICK: *Yeah, now the louse is writing all those sentiments to his girl.*

QUES: *How do you save your money?*

NICK: *What money?*

NATALIE: *They save it for me.*

NICK: *Seriously, I put all my money into my house.*

QUES: ***If you weren't a star, what would you be?***

NATALIE: ***I'd be dead.***

NICK: ***I'd be in a grave next to her. That's our wish you know. To be buried together—cheaper that way.***

NATALIE: *Tab Hunter made out his will, you know.*

NICK: *Sure, after he saw* The Burning Hills.

QUES: *Have you made out a will?*

NATALIE: *What a depressing thought.*

NICK: *I've got nothing to leave yet. I may leave Beerman a few things. I don't know what. Maybe my old scrap book.*

BEERMAN: *I'll leave you all the pictures I ever took of Natalie Wood.*

NICK: *So I'll be rich.*

QUES: *What would you really like to do in pictures? Nobody ever asks an actor that. Outside of Marilyn Monroe. They asked her. She told them and she's been razzed ever since.*

NICK: *I know that Natalie would like to do something, some day, like Vivien Leigh did in* Gone With The Wind.

NATALIE: *Oh sure, something merely great.*

NICK: *Like a fool-proof script. So do I. I'd like to do* Ghunga Din, *the Cary Grant part.*

NATALIE: *I'd like to do* Band Of Angels.

NICK: ***I've got a question.***

QUES: ***What?***

NATALIE: ***I know. Can we stop now? . . . .***

ANSWER: ***Okay. Fade out.*** **END**

Natalie will soon be seen in Warner Bros. The Girl He Left Behind. *Nick Adams can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film* The Last Wagon.

pat wayne: actor or priest?

(*Continued from page 44*) football."

"Why don't you come down and sit on the bench?" the A. D. said. "You'll have a chance there."

Wayne looked speculatively at his wife. The Athletic Director grinned.

"I never heard of a woman sitting on a bench at a football game before," he said, "but this situation calls for a precedent. She can come, too."

Waye got to his feet, then halted. "I just thought of something," he said. "I'm a Glendale grad—and my boy's playing for Loyola. Which bench?"

"Take your pick," smiled the A. D.

Wayne looked out on the field. The Loyola squad had taken a time-out and some of the lads were sitting on the ground while others were pacing about keeping limber. One of them stood about a head above the others. His name was Pat Wayne, and he was John's sixteen-year-old son. He moved about slowly with the grace of a dancer. His shoulders were wide and his chest deep. He looked formidable.

"I'll probably never be allowed in Glendale again," Wayne said, "but I guess we'll take Loyola."

On the bench Duke and Pilar Wayne had rooting room, and the fans in the stands had no distractions, so the game went along as had been planned from that point on. But while the rest of the spectators followed the plays and the scores, John Wayne kept his eyes on his son. It wasn't hard, because the boy stood out like an apple on a stalk of bananas. There was no waste in his movements, precision in his playing and courage.

The Loyola coach leaned over to Wayne. "The lad's got it," he said. "He'll do well. What's he going to do when he leaves school?"

"I don't know," said Wayne. "He's got a mind of his own. But between us we'll work it out."

When the game was over, the kids stormed the field and Duke and his son signed autographs for about fifteen minutes. Then Wayne put his coat about Pat's shoulders and they walked to the car. It had been a big night in Glendale—and a big night in the relationship between John Wayne and his son Pat.

The edge of a decision

Every man likes to have a son in his own image. John Wayne has four children, two sons and two daughters, and he has no inclination to favor one over the other. Michael, his eldest, has just finished college and wants to make his career the business end of motion pictures. Consequently, he is working for his dad's company. He started at the top. The top of the list, that is, of fellows to call when the dirty work is to be done. Although he has been around movies all his life and knows the business pretty well, his father is determined that Mike will advance by the slow route—so he runs the mimeo machine and takes out the mail and runs the errands. He'll get along, but the hard way.

Duke's daughter Toni is married to a young graduate law student and Melinda, the baby of the family, is too busy growing up to be much of a problem. It is Pat, the

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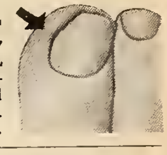

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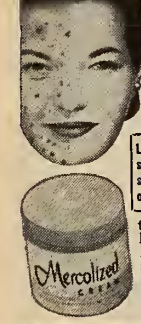

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one who resembles his dad most, and the one on the edge of a decision, who requires the care right now, and he's getting it for that reason alone. His father makes no pretense about wanting his son to follow in his footsteps, but most of the decisions to date have been the boy's.

When John Wayne and his first wife, Josephine, divorced more than ten years ago, because of a mutual incompatibility, it was a well-ordered separation, carefully arranged by two people who faced up to their responsibilities to their four children. It was agreed that the kids would live with their mother. That, accordingly to a pre-nuptial vow made by Wayne, they would be raised in the Catholic faith. And that in day-to-day living their mother would be their guide—but in major matters Wayne would take his proper place as head of the family. That is the way it has been.

Pat starts—at thirteen

Pat Wayne's entry into motion pictures was quite a natural turn of events. His dad was a star and his Godfather was John Ford, the director. Whenever Wayne goes on a long vacation he tries to take at least one of the kids along—and when he goes on a distant location he either has the kids come for a visit or, if it is rugged, he has one or both of the boys come along and stay the full period. When he went to Ireland to make *The Quiet Man* it was Pat's turn.

They were on the set one day when John Ford nudged Wayne. "I've been looking for a kid for the stuff we're going to shoot tomorrow," he said. "What do you think of that one over there?"

Wayne looked. Pat, tall for his thirteen years, was standing on a small hummock at the edge of the set dressed in blue jeans and etched against a blue, cloud-dotted sky. It was a fetching sight. He moved and it appeared that he was strung together loosely with wires. He kicked at a clod and there was a rhythm of grace as his foot went out and his blond wavy hair flew.

"I don't know," said Wayne. "It might get him into bad habits."

"What's the matter," said Ford, "don't you like this business?"

"Sure," said Wayne, "but—"

"But what?"

"How do you know he can act?"

"Is that what you used to call what you were doing when I first met you?" Ford said.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Wayne.

Ford beckoned to Pat. "Come here, lad," he said. Pat strolled over. "Go over to the wardrobe tent and get yourself fixed up with something to wear tomorrow."

"What for?" Pat said.

"You're just like your father," Ford snorted. "Always asking silly questions. Now get moving."

And that is how Pat Wayne started acting in the movies. It wasn't much of a part, to be sure, but by the next day's end John Ford looked at the boy in a different light. Something like the way he had looked at his father twenty-five years before.

Spending money

Maybe it is true that you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. But in the case of a young boy you can lead him anywhere and make him do anything if you pay him for it. The next summer vacation Pat Wayne began cozying up to John Ford like a cat after a milkman. Actors' salaries are regulated by a union and it pays considerably better than mowing lawns. Ford found something for him, of course, and he did the same the following year. At first Duke Wayne took it in stride. This was just a way for the kid to pick up spending money. And then one day he looked more closely at the rushes. The boy had grown to a stalwart six feet. He had filled out and when he walked into the scene like a veteran. Duke leaned over to Ford in the dark.

"The kid's pretty good," he whispered. "And he can act!"

"It just goes to prove," Ford muttered, "that talent isn't hereditary."

But acting in the movies was just fun and a pocket money business until one day in 1953 when John Ford dropped by Wayne's house one evening, ostensibly just to say hello. He finally, however, got around to the real reason for his visit.

"What," he asked, "is Pat going to do for a career?"

"Well," said Duke, "maybe because he's not quite fifteen years old yet I haven't discussed it much with him. Why, is there a hurry?"

"Could be," said Ford. "I'm going east next month to make *The Long Grey Line* and there's a good part in it for the boy. You said once you didn't want him to get any bad habits. If he does this it might be the turning point. From then on he might be an actor. You tell me what to do. We can quit now—or go ahead."

Wayne got up and strolled around the room thoughtfully. "I don't know, Coach," he said. "This business has been good to me. It's a good life. But it's up to the boy. Why don't you talk to him. Tell him what you told me—and whatever the two of you decide is all right with me."

Later that night Ford telephoned. "Maybe you'd better retire right now without a struggle. The boy's going east with me."

The months went by and *The Long Grey Line* was released, and one day John Wayne walked into his office and stumbled over a carton of mail.

Pat appeal

"The mail must be awfully heavy this week," he said to his secretary. "I haven't had that much in a long time."

"It's not yours," the girl said. "It's for your son Pat."

"Hmmmm," said Wayne.

Although there is a rare rapport between John Wayne and Pat Wayne a boy seldom ever tells his father everything that is in his mind. Consequently, aside from casual advice, there was never much discussion of movie-making between the two. Pat was interested in school most of the time and when they got together that was what they talked about. Then Duke went to Honolulu to make a picture for Warner Brothers. He got a telephone call from Ford before he left.

"I'm going to the Islands, too," said Ford, "to make *Mister Roberts*. There's a part in it for Pat. Okay?"

"It's okay with me," said Duke, "if it's okay with him."

And so father and son found themselves that summer both working in the Hawaiian Islands. Pat was on the Island of Oahu, while Duke was working on the fringe of the jungle on Hawaii, 170 miles south.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Duke was sprawled in a wicker chair on the lawn of the house he had rented watching the surf spray over the black lava rocks of the nearby shore when a car pulled into the driveway a hundred yards away. A fellow in a T-shirt, navy trousers and a pea cap got out, lugging a duffel bag and started toward the house. He looked familiar.

"Pat!" said Duke. "What are you doing here?"

"I just thought I'd come by for a visit," the boy said as they hugged. "I got a couple of days off."

"Well, kick off your shoes and sit down," said Duke. "I don't work tomorrow either."

And they sat by the sea and talked and laughed until it was time for dinner.

The future

Later on, with the moon shining as bright as an arc light through the waving palms, they lay on the grass and felt their full stomachs and listened silently to the pound of the waves as they hit the beaches with a rush that had started in China. After a while Pat leaned up on his elbows.

"I want to talk to you about something, Dad," he said.

"Go ahead," said Duke. "I figured you did."

"Well," said Pat, "It's about this movie-acting."

Duke just waited.

"You want me to be an actor, don't you?" said Pat.

"I won't lie to you son," said Duke. "I think maybe I would. I've done all right—and I want you to do all right after I'm gone. But most of all I want you to be happy."

"That's just it," said Pat. "I'm not sure I would be happy being an actor."

"Have you got something else in mind?" Duke said.

Pat waited a long time before answering. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think I have."

"Shoot," said Duke.

"Well," said Pat, "I've thought about it a lot—and I think maybe I'd like to be a priest."

It was Duke's turn to pause and he did, a long pause. Pat finally broke the silence.

"You wouldn't like that, would you, Dad?" he said.

"Again I won't lie to you, son," said Duke. "I'm not a Catholic, and I didn't have any idea you thought that way. But I never met an unhappy priest, or a priest that wasn't a fine man, so I can't knock it. I suppose that's something a man has to work out all by himself."

"I wanted to tell you before I told anyone else," said Pat. "You wouldn't try to stop me, would you?"

"No, son, I wouldn't do that," said Duke. "But I would want you to be very sure. It's a one-way road, you know."

"Thanks, Dad," said Pat. "I've still got to go to college and I'll have four years to think it out. I just wanted you to know how I felt now."

"Do you want to quit acting now?" Duke said.

Pat sat up. "Heck, no!" he said. "At these prices?"

They both chuckled at that—and haven't brought the subject up since. But in the heart and mind of the boy there is the breath of a call. And in the heart of the man there is a prayer that the boy makes the right decision.

The mail since that day in Hawaii has been piling up for Pat Wayne until it's almost on a par with his dad's. And there is seldom a week goes by that some producer or another doesn't call John Wayne asking if Pat's services are available for a picture. Only C. V. Whitney and Meriam Cooper got anywhere, though. John Wayne himself acted as his son's agent.

"We have great plans for the boy," said Cooper. "When you sign this contract Pat will be a star."

"Oh, no he won't," said Duke. "I want a clause stating that he doesn't get solo star billing."

"Why?" said Cooper. "Every kid wants to be a movie star."

"I have my reasons," said Duke. "And another thing. This contract will only run for four years—until he finishes college."

"Why?" said Cooper.

"That's the way it has to be." said Duke. "And the pictures will have to be made during the summer, so it won't interfere with his studies."

"We can tutor him," said Cooper, "on any subject he picks."

"I doubt that," said Wayne. "And at the end of the four years, Pat is a free agent. He can work for anyone else he chooses."

Cooper's mouth hung open just a little. "Say," he said, "has he got another deal lined up for then?"

Wayne walked over and looked out at the blue sky. "It could be," he said. "Anyway, he's going to be free to do what he has to do when the time comes. I want him to be happy."

And that is the way it is today. Pat Wayne's star is high now. There is no question about it. Within the next four years he will be famous. He'll make money and be the envy of every boy at Loyola Jesuit College. And then, when he graduates, he can go ahead and follow in the footsteps of his dad—or he can turn the other way and follow in the footsteps of his father. The choice will be his alone.

END

John Wayne will soon be seen in MGM's The Wings of Eagles

kim novak's beauty hints

(*Continued from page 49*) standing pin curls across the top of her head every night just after she's had her long, lazy tub bath. They do not bother her while sleeping since she never sets the back of her hair. In the morning, she doesn't comb or "part" it. She brushes the curls out, so that her hair has its soft, lustrous, and apparently "tousled" look. It is, as you can tell by this, nothing of the sort. It is part of Kim's art of grooming to conceal art.

Kim cuts her own hair, too, and it is beyond her why more girls don't follow her example. "All you need," Kim says, "are scissors, practice and two mirrors in a very good light, one to see the front of your head, the other to check the back and sides. Jean Simmons trims her hair with manicure scissors, but personally I like to use regular barber's trimming shears. You can order these from any beauty supply house. If you've never cut your hair before but want to wear it in any style except up in a braid or a chignon, I advise your taking off just a little at a time, a snip here, a snip there until you get accustomed to the shape of your head and the shape of your face. If you go at it carefully, you just about can't do yourself harm as you find a cut best for you. It's like taking a splinter out of your finger. If somebody else does it, they go too far and hurt you, but you soon know just how far you can go. With haircutting, even if you get a bit too much off front, back or sides, here or there, it can't hurt much. It will soon grow in again."

She uses lavender mascara on her eyes for day time, changing it to black mascara for evening, applying the mascara to both her upper and lower eyelashes. Notice that "for daytime" and "for evening." Right here is another of Kim's glamour-beauty secrets.

"I advise all girls when they possibly can to make up in daylight, and out in the sun, too, if that's possible," Kim says. "The object of make-up, at least if you want to attract men, is to look as though you didn't know it existed. Of course, all modern boys know about lipstick and eyebrow pencil and all the rest of it, but if you can get them to think you are the wonderful exception who uses none of these, you are really the for-sure card in their date books. Therefore, if you put on your make-up in the sunshine and it

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doesn't glare off your face, if powder doesn't show or isn't too light, or your lipstick too red or your mascara and eyebrow pencil too obvious, you can be sure you'll look completely natural in a night light."

Kim laughed, suddenly, in the midst of this beauty talk. "I have a very good reason for being almost gone on the subject of make-up looking natural," she said. "This also goes back to my teens in Chicago."

"I doll myself up"

"The object of my silent adoration was the brother of my girl friend, and he was a sergeant with all the appeal of a uniform. So one night when I knew he was going to be home on leave, I dolled myself all up. I set my hair in a very special do, 'way up on top of my head. I poured on cold cream, scrubbed it off, put on about a ton of lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, rouge, everything and anything I could think of, including about a quart of perfume. Then in the tighest dress I owned, and wearing the highest heels, I went over to my girl friend's house.

"I saw right away that the sergeant was noticing me, and just a little later, I realized with absolutely delirious happiness that he thought me quite old—all of seventeen. My girl friend, thinking to help me out with my crush, asked me to stay the night with her. Delightedly I accepted, and it wasn't until I went to share her room with her, around midnight, that I realized the corner I'd got myself in. For I knew that if that boy saw me without my make-up, he'd know how young I was. So because I was as dopey as you can only be at that age, I went to bed without touching my hair or taking off any make-up. The next morning I looked horrible. The boy just laughed at the sight of me and never looked at me again."

Her skin is naturally very dry, and California makes it more so. For this reason, while she lathers her body with soap in her bath she doesn't use it on her face but creams her face at night, after removing her make-up with skin freshener. To keep from getting too greasy from this, she uses a mild astringent in the morning. On her body, she rubs in bath oil or a body cream, though for the sheer luxury of it her favorite bath is a fluffy milk bath rinse, in which she sometimes lolls for hours. She follows that up with a bath oil rub when she gets out. She never bathes in the morning, but bounds out of bed and does exercises.

Fingernail care

Each morning, after her exercises, Kim checks the state of her manicure and pedicure. She finds that giving herself a complete pedicure once every two weeks is sufficient—but every day or so, nonetheless, she touches up her toenails with a quick flick of filing and makes their outline neat by the use of a few drops of cuticle remover applied with cotton wrapped around an orange-wood stick. For polish, she uses the brightest red she can obtain.

Her manicure, however, is different. Because she has nervous hands, and even in a scene will restlessly pick at her fingers and chip the polish, she prefers to use colorless nail polish. This doesn't show, fortunately, with colorless polish. But because of this habit, Kim gives herself a complete manicure once a week at least, with frequent "touch-ups" in between if she's really snagged her nails.

When it comes to the actual process of making up, Kim uses cream or oil to clean her skin and make it glisten, and a light touch of eyebrow pencil on her brows. She sees to it that she tweezes out any stray eyebrow hairs that may come too close to her nose on either side, but otherwise she lets her brows alone as they are naturally well-shaped and slender. While she uses lavender mascara, she thinks girls should experiment, use blue or green or brown mascara if that is best for their own eye shade. Also Kim believes that you should match your make up to the color of the dress you are wearing. She advises you to don the dress for a "sunshine trial" too, when making up, even if you are wearing the dress later in evening light. "I have a friend with hazel eyes," she says. "Sometimes they are green, sometimes they look brown, sometimes black. It depends upon the color of the dress she is wearing and it is twice as effective if she uses mascara to go with the dress shade."

When it comes to face powder and lipstick, Kim is very, very special. "On me," she says, "indelible lipsticks always turn blue in shade, after an hour or so on, no matter how true-red or pink they looked when I first applied them. I like real reds, or true pinks, and I've found for me the best thing is to mix my own. I don't put it in a tube or lipstick case or anything like that. I find lipstick colors I like with the sunlight trial. Then I mix them with a little white greasepaint."

She doesn't use cheek rouge, because she likes to have only her lips and her eyes emphasized. But she is very particular about face powders.

"The shade and texture of your powder can make you look younger or older," Kim declares. "Just as no popular girl would go around wearing, let's say, orange all the time, so I think she shouldn't always use the same powder shade. Different dress colors cast different highlights. If a girl has to be careful of money, I'm here to tell her she can do more with the right shade of powder and an old dress than she can with a new dress and wrong powder."

One perfume

But again, very individually, and contrary to most girls, Kim does not believe in lots of perfumes. "Perfume stirs up memories, especially for men, since their sense of smell is subtler than ours is. I think you should be associated in a man's mind with only one fragrance. I use *Ma Griffe*, which to me seems neither too heavy nor too insipid. It's nice to have a man come into a room, sniff, and say, "My girl must be here somewhere."

Neither does Kim wear jewelry, particularly such touches as earrings or necklaces. "I want people to look at me," she grins, explaining that one.

When she goes out, her clothes see to it that people do look at her—but at home she goes 'way to the other extreme and trots about in slacks and shirts with the tails worn outside. "In clothes," declares Kim, "I don't believe in being 'just under' very well dressed. I want to be all or nothing at all, either very, very chic in something Jean Louis or another great designer has done for me—or just completely casual in sloppy stuff. Yet the rules for looking great in your clothes are almost entirely those I think are wisest for make up. Try on your dresses a dozen times by yourself alone. Walk around in them, sit down and stand up in them until you know exactly what they will do for you. Then when you go into a room, look as though you weren't even remotely aware of the effect of them." Kim laughs.

"See how simple this all is?" she asks.

And the funny thing is—it is pretty simple. **END**

Kim Novak will soon be seen in Columbia's Pal Joey *and* The Jeanne Eagels Story.

TV TALK

Desi Arnaz surprises pals. . . A. A. complains of too much publicity from Lillian Roth. . . Fess Parker too nice?. . . The facts about Webb.

Julius LaRosa is so happily married to his bride that he's a joy to see when he talks about her. He just grins and burbles away: "I got the prize of the world," he beams; "I sound moonstruck, I know; I'm sorry, but I mean it. She's sensational!" Proof of Julie's affection came when he made such a hit subbing for **Perry Como** this past summer (he got a rating almost as high as **Jackie Gleason's**). He rushed out and bought his new wife a cute little black and white poodle with a big red ribbon around its neck. A lot of performers would have rushed out and bought themselves a new car or a cashmere coat or two. . . . Every single word you read about how smart a businessman **Desi Arnaz** is, is true. Everybody knows what a big filming outfit Desilu is—one of the biggest TV filming operations in Hollywood—but lots of people find it hard to believe that old band-leading, Cuban-talking Desi is really the brains behind the business. He is. He has himself two assistants who are just as smart, moneywise, as they come; and these two swear that Desi beats them when it comes to financial savvy. **Lucille Ball,** incidentally, couldn't care less. She grimaces at the mere thought, waves a languid hand, and leaves it to Desi. She's an actress, period. She's proud of him, of course, and she knows—better than anyone—what a boon his thriving business is to Desi's ego. He was getting tired of being Mr. Lucille Ball. Now, as **Liberace** says about himself, he can laugh all the way to the bank. By the way, Lucy, as you know, is one of the most outspoken women in Hollywood, and she proves it all the time. Most TV stars, at the end of an interview, will ask the interviewer over again "sometime" or at least pretend that they enjoyed the question-and-answer session. But about the nicest thing Lucy can say to a newspaperman is "It wasn't *too* painful." That, from her, is praise indeed. As far as we're concerned, a "not-too-painful" statement from Lucy is worth a lot more than the insincere gush you get elsewhere . . . Another oft-repeated statement can be verified. **Jack Webb** *is* the hardest-working man in the world, or the TV world anyway. He lives for his career, and will spend any amount of time and trouble on the smallest detail. Believe us, when he has action take place in a smoke-filled room, he sees to it that people have filled that room with real smoke. But one thing you keep reading about Jack that is not the truth is that *he* decided to keep on making *Dragnet* films for five years. Not at all. He was dying to quit, but the sponsor insisted. 'Way back when the sponsor took a look at the very first *Dragnet* and bought the series, the contract read that Webb would have to continue it for five years if the sponsor wanted him to. At that early stage of the game, Webb was broke—a beginner who'd done some radio shows and a little movie acting. He *had* to be Sgt. Friday for five years. Now, however, he's through; and he's a happy man. His new show, *Noah's Ark,* fulfills his ambitions (for the moment anyway) because he can produce and direct and he doesn't have to act. Jack Webb has no desire to continue acting . . . It was no surprise when **Jimmy Cagney** made his TV debut on **Robert Montgomery's** show. They're old friends from way back, and Cagney recently bought a farm in New York State practically next door to Montgomery's. It's Cagney's second farm; his other one is on Martha's Vineyard, where he raises fancy cattle. His house is a very unpretentious wooden farmhouse, with a small pond in the front yard, set way back from the road in the middle of the island. He loves it there (more than Mrs. Cagney does; she's a little lonely), but he may have to give it up. Even though he's had it for years, he's still considered a newcomer by the natives, who are very clannish people, and they have no compunction about helping themselves to the stones in his walls if they need them for some building project! They figure the island is theirs, and that includes Cagney's rocks. If this keeps up, he may have to devote all his farming time to his New York place . . . Montgomery, too, has another establishment besides his New York farm (and his city apartment), but his is an enormous, elegant pink house sitting under scores of green trees. It's 'way out on Long Island, with a large pond in the back yard and the Atlantic Ocean on the front doorstep . . . The late **Jimmy Dean** once auditioned for a part in *Mama* . . . We've told you how hospitable **Fess Parker** is and how he gets his friends interviews with vice-presidents they could never see otherwise. Fess carries this be-kind-to-your-friends routine so far that he even offers other people's homes to them. One business acquaintance of Fess's was quite startled one day when a young man appeared on his doorstep, baggage in hand, and announced that Fess had said he could stay there! . . . Many members of Alcoholics Anonymous are not at all happy about **Lillian Roth's** publicity. They claim that one of the main points of the organization is that its members *are* anonymous, and they disapprove violently of her appearance on *This Is Your Life,* of her book, and of the movie *I'll Cry Tomorrow* . . . **Janet Blair** sounds more and more like **Mary Martin.** Close your eyes and hear those liquid Martin tones when Janet talks. It's really amazing.

The "brains" behind the Desilu filming outfit is Desi Arnaz, shown here with wife Lucille Ball, celebrating another happy anniversary.

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